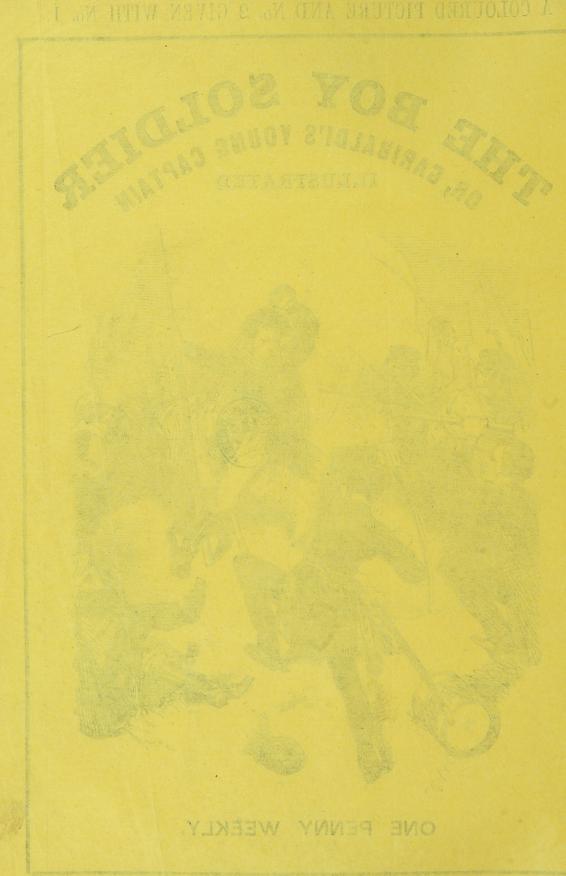
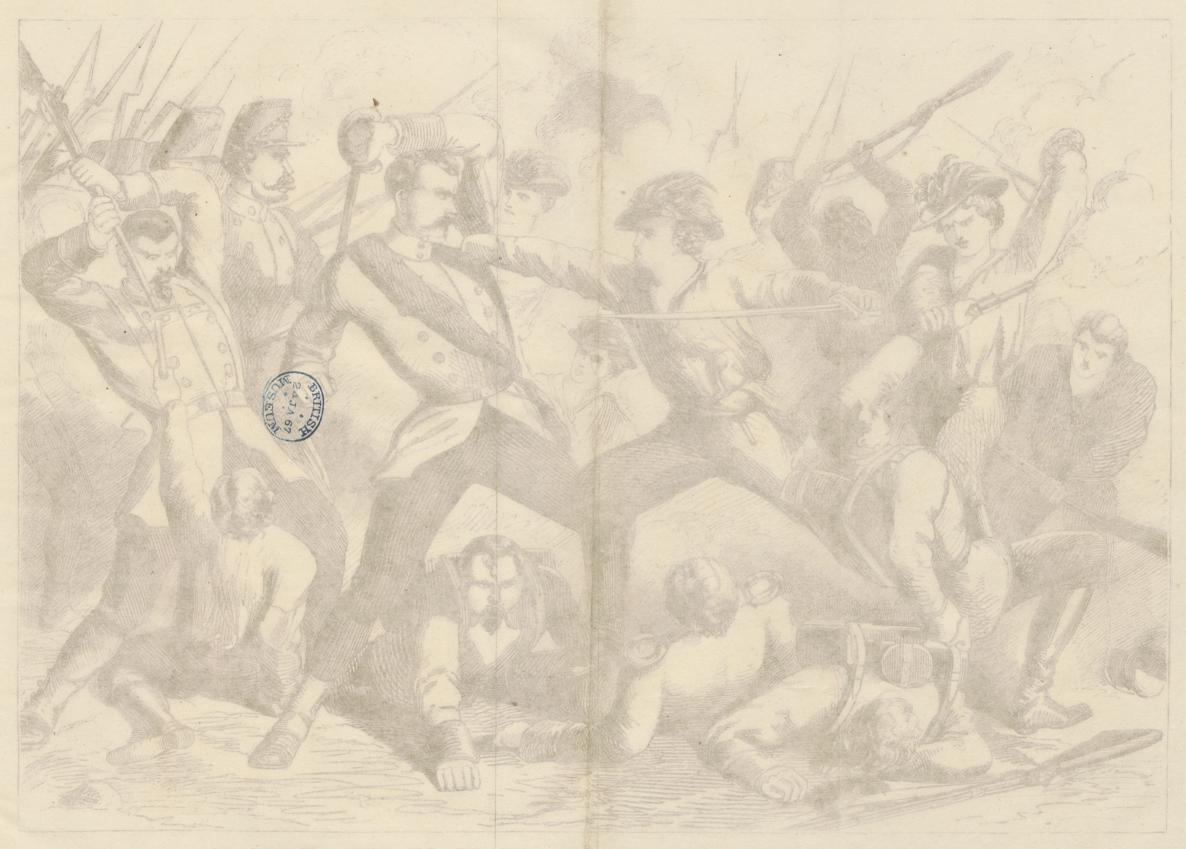


ONE PENNY WEEKLY,



GIVEN AWAY WITH NOS. 1 & 2 OF THE "BOY SOLDIER."



THE YOUNG ENGLISH GARIBALDIANS ATTACK ON THE AUSTRIANS.

GIVEN AWAY WITH Nos. 1 & 2 OF THE "BOY SOLDIER."



THE YOUNG ENGLISH GARIBALDIANS' ATTACK ON THE AUSTRIANS.

THE '

BOY SOLDIER;

OR,

GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.

后

A Robel.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

NEWSAGENTS' PUBLISHING COMPANY, 147, FLEET STREET, E.C.

MDCCCLXVII

HHT

SOLDIER:

TOUNG CAPTAIN



ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

BOY SOLDIER;

OR

GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



"Spare me! spare me!" the old man cried.—The youth rushed upon him with an angry oath, knife in hand.—Old Ford seized his upraised arm with a grip of frenzied energy.—A fearful struggle for life or death ensued.—See page 10.

CHAPTER I.

"HURRAH FOR GARIBALDI !"-THE RIOT AT BROM-LEY HALL ACADEMY-REV. JONATHAN GRAVE-STONES AND HIS BODY OF TEACHERS ASSAIL THE INSURGENT SCHOLARS—THE SCHOOL ROOM BARRICADED—THE STUDENTS' WATCH-WORD, "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"—DESKS, STOOLS, AND BENCHES USED FOR BREASTWORKS-THE "GREAT BATTLE AT BROMLEY HALL"-CUT HEADS AND SORE BONES-CAPTAIN FRANK, LEADER OF THE STUDENTS' BAND - THE GARIBALDIANS VIC-TORIOUS - YOUNG FLINT, THE SPY AND IN-FORMER!

"HURRAH for Garibaldi!"

"Nine times nine, and one cheer more for the brave Garibaldians !

"Up with the Red, White, and Green!"

Such were the shouts of the students at Bromley Hall Academy, when the news arrived there of the then approaching war for Italian Independence.

"Silence in the classes!" roared old Gravestones, the reverend president, rising from his desk. "Silence there, or I'll punish the first boy that raises his voice again!"

"Hurrah for Garibaldi!"

"Garibaldi for ever!" shouted twenty voices on the instant.

"Silence! I say, Frank Ford, and all the rest, or

I'll lock you up and punish you!"

"Three cheers for the brave Italian !" said Frank Ford.

The cheers were given with such a triumphant shout that it alarmed the whole Academy.

"Down with school tyrants!" said Frank Ford, brandishing a long ruler, and waving his handker-

"Seize that youth, Mr. Shanks!" said the president to his chief tutor. "Joel Flint, assist him. Knock the young scoundrel down if he resists!'

Joel Flint, the sly, cunning lawyer's son, the chief spy and informer on the whole school, rushed

at his old enemy, Frank Ford.

On the instant, young Frank jumped upon his desk, and knocked Joel down with the ruler!

"H-o-o-ray! h-o-o-ray!" said the boys, with a

wild shout of joy. "Down with the Spy! down with the Sneak !"

"Seize him, Mr. Shanks! seize him! Knock the young villain down!" cried the angry and tyrannical old master, seizing a small, stout riding-whip from the desk, and advancing to thrash the noisy youths.

"Stand back, Mr. Shanks, stand back! We do not wish to hurt you," said Dick Fellows, jumping to Frank Ford's side. "Stand back, sir, we do not wish to hurt you. It is old Gravestones we have a grudge against. He and his wife half starves the

scholars, and we won't stand it any longer."
"What is that I hear?" roared the master, getting
red in the face. "What! to be insulted in my own place in Bromley Hall Academy by a dozen unruly boys! What next! Seize every one of them, I say, and birch them till they bleed again! Rush

"Do you hear that, boys? We are to be half starved, robbed of our pocket money, refused holidays, and then be birched till we bleed again. Will

you submit to that?"

"No! Never!" was the shout of about twenty sturdy youths, out of some one hundred or more, who were at that moment assembled together.

"Lock the doors, my boys, lock the doors," said old Gravestones, whip in hand; "they shan't escape my vengeance this time. I know them every one.

Seize your sticks and rulers, boys, and help your master and the tutors to subdue these vile young rebels. Every one who does so shall receive a shilling, and two days' holiday."

This promise was received with loud shouts by many who recognised Joel Flint as their chief and

Joel himself, though bleeding from the nose, and with a black eye, quickly locked the doors, and seized a poker.

"Come on lads," said he, "we'll give them Garibaldi !"

In a moment the whole Academy was in the

greatest uproar. Chairs, tables, benches, stools, writing desks, and all were thrown down, and the fight commenced in

earnest! The red-faced, pot-bellied master, whip in hand, led the way, and laid about him right and left, with

more vigour than judgment.

Many of his blows fell upon his own favourite

scholars, who were all well-known "sneaks." Some shouted, others yelled; ink-stands, copy-books, dictionaries, slates, spelling-books, Latin grammars, Greek lexicons, all were used as weapons or missiles.

Blows were freely exchanged on both sides. Screams, yells, and cheers were heard on every

Some were limping about with sore shins.

Others had received nasty knocks with rulers from Frank Ford's band of young Garibaldians.

All was a perfect Babel of confusion and noise. Some tried to escape through the windows, but they were too high from the ground.

Others rushed to the doors, but they were locked, and the keys were in the gaunt and angry master's pockets.

Shouts of triumph and defiance rang out from Frank Allen's brave band of twenty.

"Seize them, lads; seize them," cried Joel Flint, "give them no quarter, they have always

been 'the cocks of the school' in everything."
"Do you hear that?" shouted Frank Ford and Dick Fellows: "No quarter, mind; let 'em have it! Have no mercy on the half-starved, craven crew.'

Joel mounted on a desk and aimed a terrible blow at Dick Fellows with a long poker, which, had it hit him, must have killed him on the spot.

At that moment, however, Frank Ford reared himself up, and, with all his strength, gave the sneak, Joel, such a "nose-ender" with his right flat as knocked him headlong off the desk head over heels among his noisy followers.

"Hurrah! boys, the Sneak shuns the combat," said Dick Fellows, with a loud shout. "Give it to 'em."

"Let 'em have it."

"Fire away! Don't spare 'em."

"Down with mouldy bread and sour milk !"

"Fight for your rights."

"They have stolen our pocket money and half starved us," said first one and then another of the twenty young Garibaldians.

The master and his tutors now knew not what to

Frank Ford and his comrades defied all attempts to secure them.

Some of the scholars were crying and bawling in various corners.

Others had black eyes and bloody noses, presenting altogether not a very enviable or inviting appearance.

This partial defeat only exasperated the master, his assistants, and monitors all the more.

They would not give in, nor own that they had

been beaten by a score of rebellious youths,
"Surround 'em! surround 'em!" bawled Joel at the other end of the large, long room, who had now got possession of the coal skuttle and was

throwing coals about with great violence.

One large lump, which he had aimed at Frank
Ford's head, just missed it, and smashed a large

globe that stood near by.

A cheer rose from the young Garibaldians as they

perceived this trick of the Sneak.

"Two can play at that game," said Tom, Frank's

The young Garibaldians now fought their way to the coal cupboard, which was at their end of the

"Don't let 'em get at it," shouted old Grave-stones, who with his friends was unable to storm the strong barricade of desks and benches the young

Garibaldians had raised against them.
"Fight 'em, lads; fight 'em," said he, "but don't let 'em secure the coal cupboard, or they'll smash

everything in the school."

Dick Fellows with Frank Ford led on a dozen of their followers, and the fight for the much-coveted coals was hot, desperate and short.

At length they gained possession of it, and beat

back their opponents.

A shout of triumph was raised. "Three cheers for Garibaldi !"
"Liberty or death !"

"Down with oppression and tyranny!"

The coal cupboard was a very large one, and filled with coals.

This proved a mine of wealth to the young Gari-

They showered dozens of lumps upon the heads of their assailants, and the fight now became hotter than ever.

Coal dust was thrown into the eyes of those nearest to them, while lump after lump, and cobble after cobble, was fired in all directions, greatly to the master's anger and dismay.

Perceiving the destruction on all sides from the

lumps of coal, he shouted out,

"Surrender! Give up quietly, and I'll let you off.

"Never!"

"No surrender!"

"Hurrah for Garibaldi and liberty!"

"If you will not submit, you young imps of the devil, I will make you," said the master, with an angry oath.

With a determined rush he dashed at the young

Garibaldians' barricade.

But a shower of coal dust was thrown fairly into his eyes, and, for the moment, almost blinded him.

With a yell of pain he retreated to the door, stamping and swearing.

He opened the door in order to escape.

His wife and two daughters stood outside in terror and alarm.

As soon as they saw the black and grimy appearance of the master, with several large bumps about his head and face, they screamed with dismay and fainted on the landing.

The master not heeding them was about to pass by and go downstairs when his foot caught in his wife's dress.

He fell headlong over the bannisters on to the

landing below.

Perceiving the retreat of the master the tutors and scholars were about to follow his example in order to get out of harm's way.

This the young Garibaldians perceived.

With a loud shout they issued from behind their barricade, and charged their opponents with such ferocity that they drove them all helter skelter before them down stairs, freely dealing blows to the right and left until the school-room was cleared, and they remained masters of the well-fought ground!

"Ho-o-ray!" they shouted again and again.

"Three cheers for Garibaldi !"

The demand was responded to, and they made the Academy ring again with their loud and deafening shouts!

But while all this riot was in progress among the young Garibaldians, what must be said of Tony Waddleduck, or "Paunchey," the "Fat Boy" of the school, as Hugh Tracy and others called him?

Tony, fat, dreamy and sleepy as he always was, had just laid his head down on his desk for an after-

noon nap when the row began.

He had eaten too much at dinner; his pockets were crammed with cakes, apples, and whatever he could buy, beg or steal, and at the moment when he should have been helping Frank, Dick Fellows and the rest, he was curled up all of a heap in his own particular corner, and snoring as loudly and soundly as a young prize hog.
"Wake up, Tony. Look out, Paunchey," said

first one and then another of the young Garibaldians, when they found themselves furiously attacked by

Joel Flint, and other fierce antagonists.

"Wake up, Tony! Now then, young Paunchey," shouted Tom Ford, "don't you see that war has commenced? Wake up; this won't do you know if you think of joining Garibaldi in Italy; come, Paunchey, roll up your sleeves, and let's see what

you can do."
"Eh? What?" said Tony, gaping and yawning, still half asleep, and not feeling at all inclined to be roused up. "Eh? what? Oh, let me alone, I be roused up. want to sleep."

This was said in such a plaintive voice by the fat boy that young Tom Ford roared with laughter.

"Sleepy, eh? Why, you're always eating and eping," said Tom Ford; "I never saw such a chap; no wonder you're all fat, and bursting out your clothes, Tony. Come, take this stick, and fight like a man; we are nearly overpowered."

"Fight! Why, I might get a slap on the head." He was about to close his eyes again and drop off to sleep, when a heavy dictionary was shied at his

head.

Tony did not see it coming, but he felt it when it did come, for it left a bump of respectable looking size on his forehead, and made "Paunchey's"

eyes dance again with surprise.

With a yell of anger he roused himself up, while, with a large apple in one hand, which he munched from time to time, and a long ruler in the other, he jumped over the barricade of desks, and his fat, puffy, pudding-bag looking person was soon lost among the friends and followers of the master and Joel Flint.

Tony, the fat boy, was a big youth for his age, and, though sleepy and lazy, would fight light a trooper—when he couldn't get out of it!

When old Gravestones rushed out of the schoolroom in despair, and fell over his wife and tumbled down stairs, the first person to raise a shout of triumph was Job Parsons the page, or "Buttons," as he was generally called by the students, from three rows of large brass bottons with which his tight-fitting jacket was ornamented.

Buttons' hair was generally unruly, and all he

could do with soap, comb, and brush would never

keep his front locks from always standing on end.
"Now's my time for a jolly good feed!" thought Buttons. "The boys will be blamed for all that disappears. Now's your time, Job; the preserves await you!"

He did not like the master much, or any of the family, for they half-starved him, and were perpetually knocking him about and abusing him.

Poor Job, the unfortunate "Buttons," had no friends save the young Garibaldians, and when he heard of the riot, and of the master's disgrace, he raised a faint shout of joy, and forthwith rushed to the larder to help himself to all the luxuries he could lay hands upon while the noise and confusion lasted.

He remained in the larder quite long enough to demolish a bottle of jam, and his face was smeared

all over with it.

He was just finishing his stealthy repast when he heard the heavy fall of some one down stairs.

He dropped the jam-pot with a loud smash upon the floor, and rushed out in alarm.

He had awful fears of the master catching him in the act of petty peculation, and he shivered in his shoes !

"Oh, crikey!" said Buttons, when he saw his master sprawling and groaning upon the floor. "Oh, here's a go! he's half killed! what a jolly lark! I wish it had been Missus though, or that ugly tutor, Shanks! Here's a spree! the young Garibaldians have raised the standard of revolt! I hear 'em! Oh! that's their cry! "Liberty or Death!" just so. I could tell Frank Ford's voice among a thousand. Hooray! I'm one on 'em, too. Here goes to strike against short commons and tyrants !"

So saying, Job, or the enthusiastic "Buttons," rushed into the kitchen, tumbled over the cat, upset the cook, and seized the rolling-pin!

So armed, he dashed upstairs, bent on giving Joel Flint "one for himself" on the sly.

But though the young Garibaldians had defeated the grim old master and his half-starved assistants they had not come out of the battle without losses of one kind or another.

Dick Fellows had his left arm in a sling. Another one had a huge bump on his head.

A third had a very suspicious black mark under his eye, and so with others, who, more or less, had received as hard knocks as they had given.

"Hurrah for Frank!" some shouted, in boisterous mirth.

"Yes, three times three for 'Gallant' Frank, captain of the Garibaldians!"

"Three times three for 'Gallant' Frank!" roared a number of merry voices.

"What shall we do next?" shouted some.

"They have gone down to fetch the village constables!" cried others.

"Who cares for the Bobbies?" laughed Frank Ford. "There are only three in the village, and we are able to beat off any dozen of them."

"So we can, so we can.

"Let 'em come, that's all ; we'll show e'm what stuff English boys are made of, won't we, lads?"

"Bravo, Frank; we'll follow you anywhere."
"Then let's go and liberate our companions the master and assistants have locked in the library," said Frank; "we must not let them suffer for us, shall we, boys?"
"No, no!" roared many voices.

"To the library! to the library, lads! Follow me !" said Gallant Frank, long ruler in hand.

"Bravo, boys! Lead the way, Frank! we'll show

old Gravestones whether he can half starve us, and

do what he likes," said Dick Fellows.
"Lead on, 'Roaring' Dick!" sang out a dozen merry voices, "To the library, lads! to the library!"

With a loud, wild shout that echoed throughout the whole Academy, Frank Ford and his brother Tom, followed by Dick Fellows—"Roaring" Dick, as he had been christened-and a number of other determined youths, rushed out of the large schoolroom, and mounted the stairs.

On their way they were vigorously opposed by Joel Flint, old Gravestones, the master, and a body

of assistant tutors.

These worthies had been so roughly handled in the recent melée that they did not at all relish the idea of any fresh encounter.

But Joel Flint, who had a deadly hatred of Frank Ford and his friends, as will be afterwards seen, hit right and left as the young band of Garibaldians attempted to mount the steep, broad staircase

towards the library.
"That's it, Joel ! that's it Joel !" cried the master,

"have no mercy on the young blackguards!" "Go and fetch the village constables, quick!" roared out Mr. Shanks, the long-legged, herringbodied, half-starved, cadaverous-looking head tutor. "Go and fetch the constables, boys; quick!" he shouted, "or we shall all be murdered!"

A blow from Frank's ruler soon laid this long,

lean gentleman flat and sprawling on the floor.
"Come on, lads," cried Frank, "mount the stairs, and fight your way up, our companions of the band must and shall be liberated."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted his campanions.
"Three cheers for Garibaldi!"

"One cheer more for Garibaldi's young captain, brave Frank Ford!"

After much hard fighting the young Garibaldians fought their way upstairs towards the library, the prison-house of their young companions.

When they arrived almost at the top of the landing another and a stranger episode took place.

Mrs. Gravestones and her scraggy daughters, with the aid of several servants, procured several buckets of water and slops.

From their elevated position on an upper landing they could see the whole battle raging below.

With shouts and shrill cries of passion, these in-furiated females stood ready to shower the water and slops down on the young Garibaldians.

"Throw it down, wife! throw it down!" said

Gravestones, with upturned face.

"Now's your time, madam!" screamed out Joel Flint; "now's your time! Drown 'em! drown em!"

At the word of command Mrs. Gravestones and the other females poured down the water and slops !

But they missed their aim.

So excited were they that it all fell upon the master, assistants, and Joel Flint, buckets and all!

Old Gravestones and his friends now retreated slowly, and shut themselves in the library, followed by Joel and the rest.

The Garibaldians were disappointed at this trick, but not discouraged.

They rushed at the door, and hammered at it with all their might, but without making any impression

Joel, the cowardly cur, with the master and his chief assistant, Shanks, no sooner got into the library than they began to vent their vengeance upon several of the young Garibaldians who were prisoners there.

These Joel hit and cuffed with all his might.

None of them were half his own size, or near his own age, for he was a tall, gaunt, ugly youth of eighteen, while neither Frank Ford nor any of the Garibaldians were more than fifteen or sixteen.

The cries of the young prisoners reached the ears of their comrades outside on the landing.
"To the rescue, lads! to the rescue!" shouted

"Gallant Frank" and "Roaring Dick."

This appeal was answered by a deafening, determined cheer from their followers, which so terrified the mistress, her daughters, and servants, that they locked themselves in their bed-rooms, and barred the doors.

"Do you think they'll dare to break into the library?" gasped old Gravestones, looking deadly

"Dare? Aye, they'll dare anything, the young imps of the devil! Don't you hear them cheer-

ing?" said Shanks.

- "I do. The school will be nought else than ruins if they go on in this way, Mr. Shanks," sighed Gravestones. "Do you hear that other cheer down stairs?"
 - " I do,"

"What can it mean?"

Shanks, the long-legged tutor, did not know, but the truth was this :-

Frank Ford, finding that his followers increased more and more every moment, sent his brother Tom below, to lead the insurgents there.

Tom Ford was in his glory.

He addressed the boys in a few stirring words. Standing on the steps of the Hall-door he said, "We have revolted against the master, boys, be-

cause he half starves us.

"Bravo!" "That's true!"

"He keeps our pocket-money, and illtreats us!"
"He does! he does!"

"The band of Garibaldians have risen in insurrection against his miserly, stingy ways!"

"Quite right!"

"Don't we pay well for our board and school-

"We do, of course !"

"Then, shall we be treated like niggers or Hindoos!"

"No, never!"

"Then strike for Liberty and Justice! Join the Garibaldians under Gallant Frank and Roaring Dick!"

"We will! we will!"

"Follow me, then! Three cheers for Gari-

The cheers were given lustily, and with a right good hearty will.

"Down with tyrant masters!"

" Ho-o-ray !"

"Follow me, lads," cried Tom Ford.
"To the larder! to the larder!"

"To the wine cellar! that's the place, there's

plenty of wine there; but we don't get any of it."
"That's true; our 'relations send it to us: but
we don't get any of it."

"Old Gravestones drinks it all."

"Liberty and justice!"

"Hurrah for Garibaldi!"

Locks and bars in the cellar doors were wrenched off, and the doors themselves broken open.

Wine, fruits, pastry, beer, ale, and quantities of edibles were seized and consumed on the spot! Chief and foremost among them all were the Fat

Boy and Buttons. These two youths were now in their glory!

The entire school was now almost in the hands of

the young Garibaldians, who carried everything before them.

" Lock and bolt the school gates, lads," said Tom Ford. "Don't let any of the villagers in."

This was quickly done, and to prevent any one climbing over the wall, several of the band stood sentry upon it ready to give the alarm should any one attempt to climb over to the rescue.

But while a large number of the students were thus engaged below in the cellars, and lower parts of the house, Frank Ford and his companions were

having a dreadful fight.

They got into the library by bursting open the door, and the contest there became fierce, hot, and determined.

The prisoners no sooner saw their friends than they turned upon the master and his assistants with great fury

With a well-timed aim gallant Frank hurled a heavy book at the master's head which struck him fairly between the eyes, and his nose swelled up on the instant to treble its ordinary size, and that was by no means very small.

With eyes blackened and swollen, and face and shirt front smeared with blood, the master jumped into the midst of his assailants, and fought his way towards a small private door, and vanished

none knew whither.

Mr. Shanks, Joel Flint and a score of overgrown boys beat a retreat, and hastened from the spot, shouting, "Fire! fire!" "Murder!" "Thieves!" "Robbers!" "Police! police!" in wild, discordant voices.

Mr. Caspar, a favorite tutor among the boys, finding that he could not restore order or harmony, gave up his cane to Frank Ford, and left the spot laughing, and loudly cheered by the young Garibaldiaus.

Shanks, however, managed to escape the same way as the master had done, through the small

private door of the library.
"Hang the luck!" said Roaring Dick, in disgust.
"He has escaped us!" "I'd give a sovereign to have him here, the brute!" said Frank Ford, in anger. "Oh, I would pound him !"

"Can't we break that door in and seize them

both ?" Frank suggested.

"Of course we can; here goes. Come on, lads," Dick replied, and they all assailed the small private door with redoubled energy and fury.
"It could not be forced!"

It was lined with iron, doubly bolted and barred!

"There is some mystery here!" said Frank, in a whisper to Dick.

"I am sure of it," was the almost inaudible reply of young Fellows.

There was a mystery!

A dark, deep, cruel secret it was.

Well might the master, and Shanks, his slavish, cruel, hireling assistant, tremble with fear when they heard the fiery students banging against that iron door!

CHAPTER II.

THE MIDNIGHT MURDER-CONSPIRACY TO DISIN-HERIT OLD FORD'S NEPHEWS-THE HAUNTED HOUSE-POLICEMEN ON THE WATCH-THE UN-KNOWN ASSASSIN - THE HIDDEN TREASURE-VILLAINS FOILED.

THE night was intensely dark, and black, heavy clouds rolled lazily in the heavens.

Sudden faint flashes of lightning darted through the sky, and low, rumbling, distant thunder gave

token of an approaching tempest.

All was quiet in the streets at the west end of London; scarcely a single person was abroad, and a solitary policeman could be seen here and there in his heavy overcoat and shining cape slowly and drearily walking his lonely beat.

The appearance of all things in the heavens and in the streets betokened the fast approach of a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain.

It was late.

The bells of neighbouring churches had tolled the hour of ten, and their solemn sounds fell upon the

ear with a melancholy cadence.

The winds sighed mournfully at times, and then again at intervals increased in violence till they screamed aloud as if the cold bleak winds were peopled with a thousand mysterious voices high in rage and anger.

Suddenly, and when least expected, the lightning

flashed with almost blinding brilliancy.

Its fiery forks struck a solitary tree in the large garden of a two-story house, which stood alone and

far apart from others in the street.

The tree was instantly shivered into a thousand splinters, and deafening thunder peals burst right over the house with tremendous power and unearthly grandeur, shaking tiles off the roof, breaking window panes, and causing more than one chimney pot to topple over and fall into the yard and garden with a teriffic crash.

The policeman, to escape the deluging rain that now poured forth from the heavens, stood in a

neighbouring doorway.

He was in full view of the lonely, tumble-downlooking house, which, as we have said, stood far from the street, surrounded by a large garden, and he perceived that the solitary tree which had stood near the entrance gate had been felled to the earth.

Ere many minutes had elapsed he was joined by his sergeant, a red-faced policeman, with enormous sandy whiskers, and he, too, crept into the doorway out of the pouring rain.
"Terrible storm, Tomkins?" said the sergeant to

"Yes, sir; just such a night as 'ud suit some on

'em to crack a crib."

"Just so, just so, Tomkins; but I don't think any of that craft will trouble your beat. What are

you looking at across the way?

"Well, sir, I've been for some time a looking at that there house opposite, that old, two-story red brick building standing there all alone in that big wilderness of a garden. I don't like the looks o' that place much; what a dark, dingy, miserly, cut-throatlooking place it is!"

"Just'so; that's what they call the 'Haunted House;' it's gone under that name ever since I entered the 'force,' and that's a good many years

ago."
"But it ain't haunted, is it?" said Tomkins, who in the "force."

"Haunted, no; but there's been some very queer

stories told about it, I can tell you."

"Well, I don't know whether it be haunted or not," said Tomkins; "but I have heard of haunted houses afore now, and it strikes me that that is, if there ever was one. You should have seen how the lightning struck that tree down in the yard; it shivered it all to pieces in a minute; the light was so brilliant for a short time that I thought it would blind me."

"So the old tree has fallen at last, eh?" said the sergeant. "Well, I thought it would one o' these stormy nights. It has been shaky and withered this many a year."

"See how that single light moves about in the second floor window," said Tomkins. "I never

much liked the looks o' that place."

"So it does. Somebody sick, I suppose."

"Who lives there?"

The "Oh, a miserly old devil named Ford. house belongs to him; he's only got two servants, a red-headed slavey for cook, housekeeper, and general servant, and a man-a sort of half-butler, half-gardener, half-anything. Both of 'em look as thin as starved rats, for the old man is so stingy."

" Is he rich?"

"Rich? No; he can't be very well to do, or he wouldn't live as he does. He had a horse once; but he soon sold him, 'cause he couldn't abear to buy him beans or oats."

He must be an old miserly hound, then."

"I believe you. He gives his servants five pounds a year, and allows 'em seven bob a week to keep themselves, so I hear, and thinks it quite enough to get fat on."
"61 Z" whistled very low at this, as if it were too

hard to believe.

"Fact, though," said the sergeant. "Did you ever see him?'

"No, never. He's a curiosity whoever he is." "No; nor anybody else, as I've heard of. Nor the servants either much. The old cook goes out every night to buy sixpennorth o' "pieces" at the market-stalls for the governor's grub, I've heard; but the half-starved, hang-dog-looking butler isn't seen at all. He tends on the old devil night and day, so I hear."

While they thus spoke together, "61 Z" nudged

the sergeant, and said in a whisper,

"Did yer see that ?"

"What, the shadow o' the man passing the blind ?"

" Yes."

"Is that the butler, I wonder?"

"I dare say it is; but come, the rain has given over. We must make a move.

So saying, the two policemen left the doorway, and resumed their duties.

They walked leisurely down the street, and their heavy footfalls soon died away.

The church clocks struck eleven.

While the two officers had stood out of the rain looking at the Haunted House, as it was called, the proper name of which was "Red Lodge," their conversation had been overheard by a man, who, like themselves, had crouched in the dark recesses of a spacious, overhanging, beetle-browed doorway near by.

This person was a tall, stout, middle-aged man, and wore a large cloak that enveloped him com-

pletely from head to foot.

He had walked up the street unseen by the officers, and his boots were encased in gutta percha goloshes, so that his footsteps could not be heard.

He was on his way to "Red Lodge;" but he

wished to enter it unseen.

The voices of the policemen had prompted him to hide near them, and listen to all they said,

So well did he crouch in the deep dark doorway, that their sharp eyes had not perceived him.

Had they by accident turned their lamps upon him, he would have opened the street door, and entered, for he had lodgings in that house; but for reasons of his own, did not wish to enter that night.

In truth he had lodgings at several places.

This house was No. 56, Barlow Place, and from his third floor front room he had a full view, both night and day, of "Red Lodge," and of all who entered or left the so-called Haunted House.

From some strange cause, he had hired lodgings also in a house in the next street, the back garden of which communicated with the garden of No. 56,

Barlow Place.

He also had an office in the city, and at each of these three places he was known by a different name.

In the city he wore a moustache.

At Barlow Place he only wore whiskers.

At his other lodgings opposite, No. 56, he was always clean-shaved, and with not the least sign of

a hair upon him!

He had very great reasons for this strange conduct, and so suspicious was he of everything and everybody that he feared least his own shadow even might, by some strange chance, reveal to the world who and what he was, or what his intentions

When the policemen had gone far out of all hearing, he glided from his place of concealment like a guilty shadowy thing, and crept across the

road towards Red Lodge.

He crouched low as he passed under the wall which surrounded this Haunted House, and made his way towards the back entrance of the lodge.

For a moment he listened, and seemed fearful of

being seen or heard.

A low whistle -a very faint note-was borne upon the wind.

He stopped.

Presently a man appeared at the back gate, and opened it.

"All right," said the man, a strange, villanous-

looking fellow, with a hairy cap.
"Is the dog dead?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"I did for him with a piece of poisoned meat. The cook is out."

"And the butler, too?"

- "I've seen nothing of him all night." "How long have you been here?"
- "Two hours or more." "Is the coast clear?"

" It is."

"Have you listened at the old man's door?"

"I have."

"Is there any one with him?"

"Old Davy the butler has been with him all the time, I think."

"What have they been talking about?"

"He says he has been much worse since he called in Dr. Warner."

"Oh! indeed! who is this Dr. Warner?"

"Don't know; never saw him. He has altered his will once more."

"The devil! he is always altering it."

"That's no matter; it won't hurt us much, I think."

"Not a particle."

"But are you sure he ordered all his securities and leases to be turned into ready money?"

"Yes; I heard him tell the lawyer so last evening.

"And he is to call with the money to-night?" you said.

"Yes; in bank-notes."

"All right. The prize is ours, my boy. When are the two lads expected home?"

"In an hour or two. He has been raving about

Frank and Tom all night, and has left them every-

"There won't be much left for any one, after we have had our hands upon it. He's worth half a million altogether."

"Half a million, and all in one pile!" said the

villain, in astonishment.

"Yes, perhaps so; if the lawyer does what the old man has told him, he will bring it with him tonight."

"Then, I had better stay about here, and be ready

to help you?"

"No occasion. Do you go and watch in front of the house. Mind no one sees you."

"All right."

"Have you laid hands on anything yet?"

"Well, not o' much value," said the ugly rascal; "but, as I was looking about, I prigged this out of his nephew's room."

"What?"

"Why, this, you see," said the ruffian, exhibiting a gold-handled dagger. "It's a pretty little thing, and I thought as how it might prove useful in case any one should tap me on the shoulder, and say, 'Look here, Bill, you're wanted.'"

"Let me see it. Why, this is young Frank's?"
"I know it is. I took it out of his room, as he's not at home. I thought a boy like him wouldn't

want such a thing as a dagger.

"You need not take that away; we musn't play our game for such trifles as this. I will return it." "Just as you like, but you'd better keep it; it might come in useful if you were disturbed, you

know." "Nonsense," said the elegant stranger, in a soft voice; "there is no work of that kind needed."

He made a motion to his rough companion, who left the spot noiselessly.

He looked after him to see that the ruffian had disappeared, when he rapidly passed one hand across his face, and in a second his false whiskers and moustache disappeared!

He next pulled off his wig, and placed all these

articles in his hat.

With noiseless step he ascended to the sick man's

chamber, and listened at the door.

He peeped through the key-hole, and saw old Davy nodding, half asleep, in an easy chair, beside the sick man's bed, who was groaning and moaning, and faintly calling for his nephews, Tom and Frank.

Slipping off his cloak, he placed it with his slouched hat in a small cupboard on the landing. He next produced a new opera hat, flat as a pan-

cake, from under his waistcoat, and put it on.

So changed did he now appear that it would have puzzled any one to have recognized him.

He touched Davy, who woke up out of his doze with a sudden start, and for a moment looked as if he beheld an apparition.

"Hullo, doctor, is it you?" he said.

"Yes, Davy, I have taken so great an interest in Mr. Ford's desperate case that I could not sleep till I had called again."
"Werry kind o' you, sir, but I don't think as how

all the medicine in the world 'll do him any sort o' good now, sir. He's werry low, sir, werry low; he's fast asleep."

"Does he speak much, Davy?"

"Oh, yes, sir, he raves enormous about his nephews, Tom and Frank."

"Why, Davy?"

"Why, you see, sir, both o' them young gents are his brother's orphan children, and wild, harumscarum young devils they are too; and for all Mr.

40

Ford can do, he can't keep the young beggars at school.

"Why, not?"

"Why, they is always talking of Garibaldi, and swears they'll go and help him to fight in the cause of them organ-grinding, hurdy-gurdy Italians, as comes about the streets with performing monkeys."

"Oh, indeed," said Dr. Warner, with a ghastly smile, showing his large white teeth. "I suppose, then, that they have often quarrelled with their uncle?"

"Oh, yes, werry often."
"Indeed! you are sure of that?" said the doctor, with a fiendish smile; "it is very important to be remembered."

"Indeed, doctor."

"Oh, yes, I have heard that they threatened Mr.

Ford's life once if he dared to disinherit them."

"It's the fust time as I ever did then, doctor. He's got plenty o' money, and I know he is going to leave it all to Tom and Frank."

"And nothing to you?"

"Not a farthing."

"That's very hard, considering how long you have been a good and faithful servant to him.

"Werry bad, sir-werry bad it is. I suppose I shall go to the work'us when he's "snuffed out," as they say—have a brown coat, metal buttons, a hoil-skin hat, and a broom. Ah, your's is a Christian heart, doctor, and no mistake; you are a real gentleman."

"Are you sure Mr. Flint, the lawyer, will call to-night?" asked Warner, doubtingly, and with a very

anxious look.

"Sartin, doctor." "The old man sleeps well, you say?"

"Uncommon well, sir, and it's a pity to wake him up till the lawyer comes, for he'd better have a good long sleep afore he dies."

"Just so, Davy; quite right. Do you remain here, then, till Mr. Flint comes. I will return home, and call after all the law business is over."

"Quite right, sir; just as you please."

"If he is restless, and wakes, give him some of that medicine I left and plenty of wine—it will compose the old man. If he should call out when you are not in the room you needn't be alarmed."

"Oh, no, sir, I've got used to that. He does shout out in his sleep awful sometimes, though."

The doctor left the room, and as he did so, cast sidelong glance at Davy, who, as soon as Dr. Warner had gone, helped himself very freely to the sick man's wine.

The doctor imagined he would be sure to do this, and had dropped into the tumbler a small drug

while talking to him.

Dr. Warner stood peeping through the keyhole, and observed Davy help himself to wine, and smiled, for in less than two minutes Davy began to yawn and twist about uneasily in his chair."

"So far all works well," said the doctor, "and now, if Flint only does his part, our fortunes are

made. What a time he is in coming."

While thus musing on the landing in the dark, the doctor felt some one touch him on the shoulder.

A cold tremor ran through his body.

He clutched the dagger his ruffian companion had given him, and would have dealt a deadly blow, so excited had he now become.

"It's me," said a faint voice.

"You, Flint?"

"Yes. How is he?-have you given him the fatal dose you spoke of?"

"Ye-e-s," said the doctor, with chattering teeth.

"Then all is well," said Flint.

"Where are the deeds and cash you were to have brought with you? Have you turned everything into ready money?"
"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In his room. I left the bundle of notes safe

under his pillow this afternoon."

"Why, Davy said you were to call to-night with the money, and finish making his will, altering it in favour of his nephews, Frank and Tom."

"I know he thought so, and so did the old man himself. But do you think I was going to do it? No, not me, because I knew you would do for him before midnight, according to promise, and then it would be too late for any alteration to be made."

"Just so, a good thought. But why leave such a vast sum under his pillow, Flint?"

"Ain't the nephews coming to his death-bed? I have written for them."

"Well?"

"Both of us will then be sent out of the way, and, as it is well known that the old man has often had violent quarrels with them, they will be suspected, and-

"I understand," said Warner; "but the money

had better be secured first."

"Oh, there is no need to fear, no one would suppose that any vast sum would be concealed in such an unlikely place as beneath his mattress under the pillow."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"Why, let us both watch until the nephews arrive, and, directly they are in the house, let's accuse them of having poisoned their uncle, and have them arrested."

"It is not a bad plan," said the doctor, "I accede

to it."

"Where will you watch?" asked Flint.

"At the back of the house."

"Well, so be it; and I at the front; we cannot help but catch them."

So arranging, the lawyer and doctor descended the stairs.

"I have nicely played the game with Warner," said Flint. "Frank and Tom will not return. went down to the school and saw old Gravestones, and arranged everything. I knew that both of them were harum-scarum boys, and wished to go to Italy; to get them out of the way I gave them £500 each, in the master's care, to leave England, telling him that their uncle, the old miser, had changed his mind, and had made them sole heirs to his vast property, and that he was well in health. They are on their way now to the south coast, I should think, and will soon reach Italy; but they won't live long there, I fancy, among the knife-using Italians; my son Joel has plans of his own; he knows what he's up to, and will soon rid the world of the two brats, while I, in the meantime, will change my residence, and, with old Ford's money, which I have safe in my office, will live for the rest of my days in ease."

Thus musing, Flint, the crafty lawyer, hurried

away from the spot, saying,

"As Warner has poisoned him so much the better, but he'll find nothing beneath the old man's pillow save a bundle of worthless papers. matters, this sham doctor will never see me again."

The lawyer hurried through the streets at a rapid rate towards his dingy offices in the city, and was

soon out of sight.

"What an ass Flint was to put the money in such a place," thought Warner. "But his idea of the boys returning and being found in the dead



THE DEPARTURE OF THE YOUNG GARIBALDIANS .- See No. 3.

man's room, and in possession of the treasure which the will says was left to us in equal shares, will damn them before any jury and screen us. But Flint supposes he is dying. He is *not* though; he will live if something is not done. Suppose I were to use his nephew's dagger? That would be still greater proof against them. And then to seize the treasure unknown to Flint, eh? Ah! a capital plan; but how to do it? Let me see, let me see," thought Warner; "they are expected home at twelve to-night! It does not want many minutes to that time now. Still the old cook has not yet returned. A good thought; I will wait until she

rings; the back doors are fastened; she can't get in. Old Davy will go down and open the door; while doing that I can slip in, and—and——"
Warner did not speak aloud his thought, but

after a moment's reflection, he said,

"I will do it; the treasure shall be mine, and mine alone! Why should I share it with Flint? No, I will not; as I will do the deed let the booty be mine. The lawyer is timid, I am not; he shall not share with me; in twelve hours I will be far from the spot. No one knows me. Flint all through this affair has been crafty, but he shall find me to be more cunning than himself."

No. 2.

At that moment there was heard a loud ringing at the bell.

"'Tis the cook," said Warner. "Let me see if

the noise will wake Davy."

He peeped at the key-hole, and saw Davy stirring. "Now's my time," said he, putting on his former disguise, namely the false wig, whiskers, moustache, slouched hat and cloak.

"It must be done," he said, as he peeped through the keyhole, dagger in hand.

At that awful moment the solemn sounds of Big

Ben were heard.

Slowly boomed forth the mystic hour of twelve! Warner felt the blood creeping through his excited heart like icicles.

A deathly damp oozed from his brow.

He could scarcely breathe.

He had not gazed at the sleeping man more than a second when he was horrified at what he then saw in the sick man's room.

A youth in a mask, dressed much like himself, entered old Ford's bed-chamber, knife in hand

The young stranger seemed to have glided in through the wainscotting in some mysterious way, and with noiseless step.

He hurried to the bedside of the old man, who

now suddenly awoke.

With a loud shout and scream of alarm and horror, old Ford rose bolt upright in his bed.

The young assassin was for a moment surprised,

and he hesitated what to do.
"Spare me! spare me!" the old man cried. The youth rushed upon him with an angry oath, knife in hand.

Old Ford seized his upraised arm with a grip of

frenzied energy.

A fearful struggle for life or death ensued.

"Spare me! spare me!" the old man gasped.
"You know me not," the villain hissed.
"I do! I do! You are my nephew—my nephew

—I will bequeath all to you, but spare my life."
"Down, miser, down!" said the desperate assassin, with an oath. "Die—die like a dog!" he said.

The next moment he plunged a long thin steel weapon into the old man's side, who fell back with a loud groan, dying.

With a low, fiendish laugh the assassin rushed

towards the chamber door to escape.

There stood Davy, concealed and gazing on the frightful scene, almost distilled to a jelly with fear and trembling.

"Oh, heavens! it is-it is-I know him!" he said, and fell on the landing, fainting, as the assassin rushed past him and dashed down the stairs.

HAPTER III.

THE OLD GARDENER'S SECRET - THE ANCIENT ROOM — CONSTERNATION OF JONATHAN AND SHANKS — THE REVOLVING CUPBOARD — THE SURPRISE-THE DISCOVERY.

"OH, heavens, Shanks! surely those wild devils will not dare to break into this room?" said old Gravestones, with looks of terror upon his pale and

haggard face.
"I don't know, sir," said the red-haired Shanks, with a bitter smile upon his bloodless lips; "but it appears to me, now that they have got the upper hand of us, that they'll attempt anything."

"But if they find out --

will have to go through many rooms before they get to theirs."

"But they might, you know; and, if our secret is found out, they would kill us."

"Then we must fight," said Shanks. "They are but youths, you know, and one determined man is worth more than any dozen of the young brats.'

The Rev. Jonathan did not quite understand this, for he had fought against the young Garibaldians for a full hour, he knew, and had got much the

"I'd give a hundred pounds to see Frank Ford or Dick Fellows lying dead at my feet !" said the master, bitterly.

"Have you any arms-a pistol or sword?"

"No, nothing."

"Then I fear if they do break in upon us, we may get roughly handled, for nearly all the boys have joined them now."

"So it seems, from their wild shouting. Look out of window, Shanks, and see what they are

doing."

Shanks did so.

The instant he did so his red head was recognised by the boys below, and a shower of apples, potatoes, stones, and such like, were thrown up at him.

"They have ransacked all the cellars, sir," said

he. "The young imps of the devil!" said the master; "I'll have all the young villains transported."
During all this time Frank's followers had been

hammering at the iron door, but without success.

They might have remained outside a long time, but just as Frank and Dick were about to give up the task in despair, old Giles, the bandy-legged gardener, appeared on the stairs, radiant with smiles.

"Don't speak my name, Frank," said he, "but I'm right glad you've served old Jonathan out at last; I knew it would come to this before long.

is he?"

"In the small room with the iron door. the place he keeps his money?" said Frank, in a whisper.

"No, lad; but that room leads to another where

he keeps a great secret.

"A great secret? What do you mean?" asked

"What I mean is this, lads; but mark me, don't let any more than two on ye know it at once. He's got a great secret in one of the rooms in this house."

"Has he?"

"Yes; and a live one," said Giles, with a knowing wink, "at least, they were alive when I last saw 'em, poor devils."

... "What do you mean, Giles?"

"I mean nothing, my lads; but he thinks there is only one way into that room of secrets, but he's much mistaken, I know another," said Giles, "and if you wants to know all about it, why, I'll show you the way; but, mark ye, lads, come this way, and when you have found it all out there's only one thing I'll ask of ye."
"What is it, Giles?"

"Why, this, don't you kill Mr. Jonathan!"

So saying, Giles led Frank and Dick away to the end of the corridor, and pulling out a rusty key opened a door.

It was a small, empty room, damp, mouldy, and

full of rat holes.

"Well, what have we to do here?" Frank asked. "There is nothing here, Giles."

"Perhaps not, Master Frank; but there is in the next room,"

So saying, old Giles went to an old worm-eaten cupboard, and opened it.

When he had done so he turned round and said, "If you make any noise old Jonathan will hear it; the small room with the iron door is next to the one we are now going into. I'll peep in first, and see if he is inside."

With an ease which surprised Frank and Dick, Giles crawled into the cupboard, and removed a small piece of wood from the back of it, which gave him an insight into the next room.

"No one there," said Giles. "Come into the cup-

"We can't: it isn't large enough." "But you must squeeze yourselves in."

"What for?"

"You'll see what for in a minute."

Frank and Dick crept into the cupboard with much labour.

In an instant it turned on a pivot!

They found themselves in the next room!

The sight which they then saw filled them with surprise and indignation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTIVES RESCUED FROM A LIVING TOMB-AN IMPORTANT CONVERSATION OVERHEARD-THE DARK CONSPIRACY-THE HAPPY RELEASE -FINDING OF THE MONEY SAFE-THE DISTRI-BUTION OF COIN.

HUSH-S-S-H!" said old Giles, with a finger on

his lip in token of dead silence.

Frank and Dick looked on the scene before them with beating hearts, and cheeks flushed with

In a corner of that small, dark, damp, and com-

fortless room lay a boy and girl asleep!

They were reposing on a dirty straw mattress upon the floor, and covered with a ragged counterpane.

A single chair, on which stood a small basin of water, with soap and a dirty towel, was the only article of furniture in the place.

A pitcher of water, and an old stale mouse-eaten

loaf was near the bed.

The girl appeared to be about fourteen years of age, a pale, pallid, pretty girl she was, with long, black, wavy hair, beautiful eye-lashes, and pouting lips, which disclosed in sleep her matchless teeth.

She was thin and haggard from want, neglect, and cruelty, yet, for all this, as we have said, she was pretty, nay, captivating, and as she smiled in sleep she affectionately threw a slim, white, delicately-formed hand and arm around her brother's neck, and caressed him unconsciously.

The boy seemed to be a little younger than his

sister.

He had a manly face, but marks of sorrow had left deep lines upon it.

Frank and Dick looked on in wonder.
"What mystery is this?" asked Frank, in an almost inaudible whisper.

"I will tell ye all by-and-bye," said old Giles, with a deep sigh.

"But we must rescue and save these poor crea-

tures," said Frank.
"Silence, I say," old Giles answered, "silence, or all is lost. Jonathan may overhear us, and then all our good intentions would be foiled. They shall be rescued, but not now. See how they sleep, poor dears! Old Jonathan puts drugs in their food so as to make 'em sleep as much as possible.

Hush-sh! don't you hear him talking in the next

Frank listened, and heard his own name mentioned.

This excited his curiosity intensely, and he put his ear to the key-hole.

"If that young imp of the devil gets possession of my private desk I am lost," said Jonathan to Shanks.

"Why so, sir ?"

"I received a letter from Flint this morning, together with 1,000 pounds in bank notes."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"Might I ask what for, sir-for what purpose?"

"That secret remains with me, Mr. Shanks. When you have married my daughter Sophia you will be a blood relation, and I can then explain all, but suffice it to say I have made up my mind that neither of them shall receive a penny of it. I will keep it for my myself, and transport the young rascals for theft or on some other false pretence; it is easily done. I know that such a turn of affairs would greatly please Flint, their uncle's lawyer."

"It is well Mr. Caspar never knew anything of

those two brats, sir.'

"Just so, just so; nobody knows a word about it, Shanks, but you, myself and my wife. Did you give them that sleeping draught as usual this morning?"

" Yes."

"That's right, let 'em sleep away their life; they won't get very fat on what I give 'em, eh, Shanks?" said Jonathan, with a fiendish grin.
"I think not," Shanks replied; "but it is a very

great responsibility, sir."
"I know it, but I am well paid for it, you know. Those two half-starved brats are worth £1,000 a year to me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I have had 'em here this last eight years or more. They haven't been out of that room once since. I don't know how it is, but they won't die, Shanks."

"No, they seem to linger on, sir. I don't know what keeps life in 'em; I'm sure their allowance of bread and water, and their daily sleeping-draughts

can't make e'm very fat."

"I wish they *would* die, you know, Shanks, because if they did it would be a thousand or two in my pocket, but why, you know, is a dead secret to any one but me at present." 8

Frank heard all this conversation with a beating

The first impulse of his noble nature was to liberate the boy and girl, and then have Jonathan arrested.

But he thought that after all he had done in causing the riot, and breaking up the school, his word would not be trusted by any one of a jury.

He knew not what to do, and turned his head to consult Dick Fellows.

At that moment the boy and girl awoke.

They smiled gladly when they beheld their old and long-tried friend Giles, but were astonished at seeing Frank and Dick.

The young girl blushed, and hid her face be-neath the bed-clothes, as her gaze met that of

Frank.

"Silence!" old Giles whispered to them. "Make not the slightest noise, as you value your lives. have brought these two young gentlemen to assist me in carrying you both away.'

At these words the girl and boy stared wildly for. a moment, and then streams of silent tears flowed from their eyes.

"Thank Heaven !" they sighed,

While Giles was meditating what to do Frank's heart leaped into his mouth with excitement.

The sight of the pale, pretty girl filled him with

joy and enthusiasm.

He knelt down, and clothing the girl in an old ragged blanket, took her up in his arms like a child, and kissed her affectionately often and often, as he said in a whisper,

"I will save her, if I die for it!"

Dick Fellows instantly did likewise with the boy. Old Giles was thunderstruck at the strength Frank and Dick thus unexpectedly displayed.

He could not have believed it possible.

But all they did was done so quietly that old Jonathan, in the next room, could not hear them, not even a footstep.

In a few seconds they had passed through the cupboard before described, and were free from the

dingy, dreary prison.

"This way, this way, lads," cried old Giles. "Take them out by the back door. My cottage is not far off; no one will suspect them there."

Frank and Dick descended the back staircase, each with his precious burden, and, unobserved even by the riotous students, who were merrily and noisily carousing below, staggered away through the orchard, and reached the old gardener's cottage in safety.

Old Giles's wife was amazed.

She held up her aged hands in wonder and

"There is no time for words or explanations now, good wife," said Frank. "Clothe this girl and boy as best you can; they must fly from this place at once."

"Night would be safest," said Giles.

"At nightfall, then, let it be," said Dick.

Not stopping to speak more at that moment, Frank and Dick returned to their friends, but said not a word of their strange discovery of the imprisoned and half-starved boy and girl.

"Now's the time for our pocket-money, lads," said Frank. "I've found out all about it. Follow me: I know where the master's safe is. He has me; I know where the master's safe is. He has been robbing all of us this many a day. Whoever wants his money, let him follow me."

The word "money" acted like a charm upon the young insurgents, and with a loud shout they followed Frank and Dick to the private room of old

Foremost among them all was the red, excited Fat Boy, who was puffing and blowing like a grampus.

As soon as they reached the door of the master's

private room they burst it open.

Inside were discovered Mrs. Gravestones and her daughters.

Madam and her two scraggy daughters rushed from the room screaming with alarm.

The desks were soon broken, and in one of them was found a memorandum-book which contained every item of money received for the students, but

none of which had ever been given to them.
"Here it is, lads, here it is!" said Frank. "Here's the little book which proves what a scoundrel old Jonathan is! Listen!"

And in great excitement Frank Ford read as follows :--

"'Received for Dick Fellows, £200; ditto for Hugh Tracy, £300; ditto for the young scamps, Frank and Tom Ford, £500 each, a penny of which they shall never receive!'

"Do you hear that, lads? You now see how great a villain the old wretch is. But listen :-

"'Received for the "two brats," £400."

"Who are the two brats?" asked many.

"Ah, that is a great mystery as yet," said Frank, with a knowing wink. "It will all come out in a short time; won't it Dick?"

"I believe you, my boy," answered Dick.
"Here's some more items," said Hal; "the old devil seems to have his knife in all the young Garibaldians. Listen :-

"'Received from Steve Gray's parents, £300 in all, a penny of which he shall never have."

"There are twenty other items here, lads, shall I read 'em ?"

" No, no !"

"Where's the money?"

"Let's find it, and divide as the book says." "Agreed! agreed! Hurrah, for gallant Frank! It's no theft to take our own!" said many. "Three cheers for Garibaldi's young captain!"

"Here's the safe, lads," said Frank, opening a cup-

board. "Pull it out, and burst it open."
"No need of that," said Hugh Tracy, "here's the key; I took it out of the old woman's pocket."

In less than a minute the safe was lugged out of the lower compartment of a cupboard and opened,

The money was found!

With the book in hand Frank Ford called off the amounts due to each youth, and which Hugh Tracy and Dick Fellows handed over to the rightful

"Now what shall we do?" asked a dozen voices. "Pack up your trunks, lads, as quick as possible, and let's away," said Frank Ford. "I shan't stop within these walls two hours longer."
"Nor I! nor I!" shouted a score of voices.

"I'm off to join Garibaldi!" shouted Frank. "Bravo! bravo! So will I! And I! And I!"

roared more than a score, right lustily.
"A steamer starts for Italy to-morrow, lads," said Hugh Tracy; "it leaves Southampton with

several bands of volunteers. Who will go?"
"All of us! Every one!" resounded on all sides. "Then, let us pack up, and get off as soon as possible."

"Agreed! Who shall lead us?"

"Frank Ford !"

"Garibaldi's young captain !" "Bravo! bravo! so he shall!"

"Then, let each one go his own way, and meet to-morrow evening at Southampton," said Frank. "I will lead you !"
"Agreed! agreed!"

Within a short time nearly all the students were

prepared to depart.

It was arranged among the young Garibaldians that all were to meet at Southampton on the following evening, so that by going different ways and by different conveyances their flight from Bromley Hall Academy might not be so much noticed.

Ere long, then, a goodly number of students had departed, some by railroad and others by the river steamers which were not far away from the academy.

Frank and Tom Ford made up their minds to visit London that night, but what their object there

might be they told to no one.

Frank and Tom, together with Dick Fellows and Hugh Tracy, stayed behind for some time until they could procure a conveyance in which to bear away Annie Morton and her brother Joe, the two youthful prisoners they had rescued that day.

Frank jumped upon the box, and, whip in hand,

drove off at a rapid pace.

Tom was inside with the poor, friendless orphans, while Dick Fellows and Hugh Tracey sat upon the roof, and waved their handkerchiefs in triumph, as they dashed along on their way to London.

It was well that Frank and his friends departed when they did, for a dozen stout and determined constables arrived at Bromley Hall Academy, armed to the teeth, and well primed with old ale.

But the birds had flown.

The sight of his private desks and money-safe broken open and rifled, caused Gravestones to curse.

"Follow me, Shanks, follow me; my worst fears are aroused. If our secret has been discovered we are ruined!"

Up stairs they went, both together, and darted into the room. It was empty!

With a shout of long pent-up rage, he foamed at the mouth, and stamped and swore until almost black in the face.

"Idiot!" he said, addressing Shanks, "I knew that this would come to pass. Why did you thwart

"I did not interfere with your plan, sir," Shanks answered, meekly.

"Liar!" stammered old Jonathan.
"Sir?"

"Don't stand there sirring me."

"I do not understand-

"Not understand, eh, when I call you fool! liar! idiot! ass! eh?"

"Rev. sir-

"Rev. devils!" said Jonathan, stamping with rage. "I am undone; I must fly! The two birds have flown; I tell you this, sir, is your doings!"

" Mine, sir ?"

"Yes, yours. Take that, sir, for your pains," said he, and at the same moment hit Shanks a violent blow in the face, which knocked him down.

With a loud laugh of mingled rage, disappointment, and venom, he flung open the door, and darted out of the room, saying between his teeth, and in a hissing tone-

"I must away to London at once, or all is lost! and reach it I will before midnight chimes from the

tower of St. Paul's."

In a low, hissing tone he added, "I will have ample revenge!"

CHAPTER V.

THE ALARM-DESPERATE SITUATION OF WARNER -THE DEAD MAN'S DYING GRIP-THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE OR DEATH-THE DAGGER USED-THE TREASURE GONE-THE PARCHMENTS-THE ASSAULT OF THE POLICE-THE SECRET PANEL THE ESCAPE, AND FEARFUL FALL-WHO AND WHERE IS THE MURDERER?

For a second or two Warner was struck dumb

with astonishment!

"Who could the assassin be?" he thought. "Was it one of the nephews? They were both expected home that night, and at twelve o'clock. It must be one of them. Yet he knows nothing of the concealment of the treasure. What a fool he is; how lucky it is for me! It will save me doing the nasty job, and yet I can secure the treasure, for he is dead!"

Thinking thus, he opened the door and entered

old Ford's room.

With hasty steps he rushed towards the old man. To get at the treasure he had to raise the body. In hurry and excitement he did so!

He threw his arms around the old man, and lifted up the body!

In doing so, a quantity of blood spurted from the wound!

Old Ford was not dead !

With a dying, convulsive grasp he seized Warner by the throat with a grip of steel!

Warner was almost paralysed with fear.
"Help! help!" faintly sighed the old man.
"Murder! he is here! Help! help! I am dying!" Warner struggled violently to get free from Ford's suffocating grasp, but could not. He became black in the face, and was nearly

choked.

To add to his horror and fright, there were now heard loud noises outside in the street!

They approached nearer and nearer.

Hurried heavy footsteps were heard upon the stairs "This way! this way!" said the voices.

"Murder! help! murder! villains! police murder!" shouted Davy, at the top of his voice.

"Death and damnation!" gasped Warner, struggling desperately to release himself from the dead man's hold. "I must be quick or the blood-hounds will be upon me!"

With all the energy of death and despair staring him in the face, he made one last and desperate effort.

With young Ford's dagger he cut, and slashed, and jagged at the dead man's hand.

He was free!

He hurled the body upon the floor.

It fell with a heavy sound.
"I have time yet," he gasped, in great haste.
"The treasure shall not escape me."

He threw the pillows about, and searched for the miser's fortune.

It was not there-neither in cash or notes. With a terrible oath of disappointment he seized

a small bundle of papers he found there.
"Haste! haste!" cried Davy. "He is here! he

is here !"

The noise of feet clattering up the front stairs aroused him into energy.

"It was Davy who has caused all this alarm," he said. "He shall die for it!"

He rushed towards the helpless old butler, and would have stabbed him on the spot.

The glimmer of a policeman's lantern upon the stairs quickly approaching the landing made his heart sink within him.

He had not time to s'ay old Davy, so slammed

the chamber door and locked it.

"I am surrounded and hemmed in on all sides," he said, "but I will fight dearly for my life. Which way did that young assassin enter?"

On the instant he sounded the walls in every

direction and on all sides.

"Break the door!" "Burst it open!" "Rush in upon him, my men!" "Take care; he is armed!"

"Dash in upon him!" "Kill him like a dog, if he dares resist !"

Such were the confused sounds of angry voices

outside.

Truncheons battered at the door with dull, heavy sounds.

But the door was old, heavy, doubly-barred, and made of stout English oak.

It seemed to resist all the efforts of those pushing against or battering at it. "Here's an axe! here's a strong axe!" said one.

"Give it to me," said the sergeant.

"Hand it this way," said 61 Z, who had now arrived upon the scene.

Crash! crash! bang! bang! went the axe at the

Warner now felt like a man who had not many minutes to live.

He sounded the walls in every direction, and yet he could not find the secret entrance through which the assassin had got in.

The door was fast giving way to the terrible blows delivered on it by the powerful arms of two

or three determined officers.

There was no light in the room, and Warner could see by the fitful rays of their lanterns through a broken panel how fierce and determinedly the constables were working to get in.

"One moment more, and the hounds are upon

me," said the desperate villain.

Least when he expected it, the door fell in upon the floor with a loud crash.

The officers and others rushed into the room. Several of them stumbled over the dead man's

body, and were smeared with blood.

Warner, unseen, retreated behind the bedcurtains, and fell against a panel of the wainscoting.

It gave way!

A single panel turned on its hinges! He fell through it, whither he knew not. It was a tremendous fall!

The secret panel closed on its hinges again.

The officers were foiled! The villain escaped!

CHAPTER VI.

THE ALARM-THE PURSUIT-BILL BARNEY, THE HALF-BRED PUG-CABBY AND HIS SUSPICIOUS FARE-OLD FLINT IS FLEECED-CABBY DRIVES OLD FLINT HOME, AND THINKS HE SMELLS A MOUSE.

OLD FLINT, the cunning, foxy lawyer, had not gone far on his way home when he overtook two policemen. They were Sergeant Ruff and policeman

Tomkins, No. 61 Z.

"I don't care what anybody says, sergeant," Tomkins observed, "I always did and always shall think that that there house is no good, and so that's flat. It looks like a murderer's den to me, and always did. It's so gloomy, and stands out o' the way of all other houses, as if it had a guilty conscience, and didn't went to be stared at much." and didn't want to be stared at much.

Sergeant Ruff laughed, as he remarked quietly "Ah, my boy, you haven't seen as much o' this here world as I have. When you've been six-and-twenty years in the force you'll not be so taken up with the look o' houses as the physogs o' cracks-

men and the like."

"That may be, Sergeant Ruff," Tomkins answered, "but no good 'll come out o' that 'ere queer-looking place, if I'm any judge, for it looks to me more like a genteel 'smasher's crib,' or some respectable 'fence,' than anything else. And talking of queer-looking faces, I must say I see two or three o' sich like about and around my beat to-night as I never seed afore."

"Ah! indeed! you never mentioned it before, Tomkins. Was to-night the first time you observed

them?"

" No. Me and Smithers, 47 Y, whose beat joins mine at top o' the street, have noticed it all this week; but, barring the looks o' the chaps, I didn't see anything worth talking of. Nothing was done, All my beat and his was quiet and you know. snug; but I didn't fail to make a note or two in my book, for the inspector's use, if required."

"Quite right, Tomkins, quite right."

The two policemen walked on slowly, and Flint heard no more, for he hastily turned down a byestreet without being seen by either of the officers.

He had not gone many yards-in truth, he had but just turned the corner out of view—when his heart beat wildly, and his limbs trembled so widently that he could scarcely walk.
"Mur-d-e-r! mur-d-e-r!" faintly cried some

distant voice that was borne on the passing breeze.

He stopped near the entrance to a mews, and under its dark shade he listened with distended eyes. "Mur-d-e-r! mur-d-e-r!" were the ominous

sounds which greeted his astonished ears.

In an instant he heard the rapid footsteps of the

two officers running up the silent street. In a few moments, several rattles were sprung. The echo grated upon his ears, and seemed to cut his very heart strings asunder.

A flash of lightning—a vivid unearthly, blinding

flash-crossed the street.

A terrific peal of thunder crashed over his head.
"The vengeance of heaven follows me!" he moaned, and sank down in his hiding-place more dead than alive.

"Murd-e-r! murd-e-r!" still rang out through

the streets with heart chilling echoes.

The policeman's rattle was sprung again and again.

A cold sweat oozed from his body, and his teeth chattered like one attacked with deadly ague.

From all directions he heard heavy-booted policemen running towards the scene of blood !

He perceived two of them rapidly approaching

the spot where he then stood.

His heart almost leaped into his mouth, and he could have shouted out aloud with mental torture.

"The deed is done! Ford is dead! I know it—I feel it!" he gasped. "Warner has been true to his word, and I have been false to mine! No matter. Oh! that I were safe in my office—a thousand pounds to be anywhere but here."

The two officers he had heard approaching him slackened their pace, out of breath, as they came

nearer to the mews.

"I am betrayed!" he moaned. "Warner is caught, and has confessed all. I am a dead man! they have tracked me !"

He fell in the corner in which he stood; but the

two officers passed him by.

Oh! what a relief it was to Flint.

He felt as if a ton weight had been lifted off his

"I must be quick," he muttered. "The whole neighbourhood will be aroused in a few moments.

As he spoke he heard windows raised in all directions, and could plainly catch the distant sound of voices murmuring in the direction of old Ford's house.

By a lucky chance a four-wheel cab came into

the street at a slow pace.

The horse and driver seemed drenched with rain.

The horse and driver seemed drenched with rain. "Drive on cabby, be quick!" said the voice of some one inside; "drive sharply, I tell you, and I'll pay you well."

"All right, sir," said cabby, an old man, clay pipe in mouth, muffled up to the nose in endless handkerchiefs and wrappers; "all right, sir, I'll go as fast as I can," and whipped up his poor jaded heast accordingly. jaded beast accordingly.

All the whips in the world, however, would not have forced that poor, weak and broken-winded animal to hold up his head and go faster.

It was not in him, and cabby knew it, for he was a "long night man," and any sort of horse is conand any sort of horse is considered good enough for a stormy night, whether it be lame, broken-winded, or even half-dead.

"Drive on, cabby, drive on," said the impatient

gentleman inside.

"All right, sir, don't be in a hurry; as fast as I can, sir. 'Orses ain't steam engines, you know, sir, and I don't wish mine to bust his biler.'

"Oh, that I had a cab," said Flint, half-aloud, just at the moment when a rough costermonger-

looking fellow was passing him.

"Hullo!" said the rough-looking stranger,
"what's all this, eh? Why, blow me, if there ain't
an old gent knocked all of a heap in the corner here. Hi, cabby!"

The rough-looking fellow approached old Flint

and raised him up.

"Rather queer, sir; nasty night, ain't it? little too much wine, I take it. I thought so. Hi, cabby !"

Thus hailed in a very noisy style the cabman

stopped.

His fare, however, was so disgusted that he opened the door and slipped out without the driver perceiving it.

"What d' yer want a 'ailing me? Don't yer see

as how I've got a fare."
"Well, if you has, it licks me," said the roughlooking fellow, looking into the cab, and laughing; "you must a been havin' a snooze, old 'un; there's nary party inside as I sees on, but there is a hold party jest here as vants a lift up; he vishes to go to the city.'

The old cabman cursed and swore at the trick played on him by the stranger, and, in a very loud

manner observed,

"Jest to think as how that there party should a come puffin' and a blowin' up to the rank, and 'drive like the devil!' says he, and then, cause a 'orse isn't a hexpress engine, he hooks it. I vish I honly 'ad 'is 'ead 'ere,' said cabby, making pretence of having a man's head under his left arm, "I vish I honly 'ad 'is 'ead 'ere, that's all, he's a werry suspicious-looking article, whoever he vas."

After a few seconds old Flint recovered himself

and explained that the dreadful thunder and lightning had discomposed him for a moment and that

he had fallen and cut his cheek."

"Jest so, sir," said cabby, winking at the roughlooking stranger; "jest so, sir, it is werry queer weather; unkimmon I might say."

"The old gent vishes to be took to St. Paul's," said the rough-looking fellow, with a knowing

wink at cabby.

"All right, master, jump in."

Flint walked slowly to the cab and got in, but not before giving several quick, inquisitive glances at the stranger and cabby, who were whispering together.
"I thinks as how I've seen your mug afore," said

cabby to the stranger, in a very dry and quiet way.
"Has yer," said the stranger, "an vhot of it?"
"Just so."

"Vhere?"

"At the Bailey," said cabby, in a faint whisper, and winking. "Any swag?"
"Not a ha'porth?"

"Gammon Bill Barney, the pug, ain't soft. Where shall I see yer to-morrow, Bill," said cabby, with much earnestness, "at the station, eh?"

"The 'Cat and Bagpipes,'" said Barney, with a

look of anger. Vhat time?"

"Arternoon."

"On the square, Barney; honour?"

"Oh, in course."

"All right; I'll be there."

So speaking together cabby drove off with his fare, muttering,

"Who'd a thought a seein' him up here in this

genteel part o' the town ; summat's up, or it ain't Barney's fault. I suppose I shall see all about it in to-morrow's 'Tiser.'

Barney looked after the cab for a moment, and then glanced at a handsome gold watch and chain

he pulled out of his capacious pocket.
"The old cock looked werry queer though; but vot's the use o' the time o' day to him? Lor, how easy it slipped out of his pocket, to be sure, this 'ere pocket-book an' all."

Barney looked at the treasures with a fond eye, and then, after a moment of deep thought, ran

after the cab.

He soon overtook it, and, with great agility climbed up behind without being heard or seen

while rumbling over the noisy stones.

"I must not be seen around that there quarter in a hurry," he said to himself; "the sooner I gets out o' the way the better. Nobody knows my lodgin's, and if they does, vhy, I can get a dozen to swear I didn't leave my crib all night; aye, I could have a dozen halibis for a pint o' gin, and square it with 'em all in less nor no time.'

So thinking—cabby of Bill Barney, and the latter of cabby—the vehicle drove on through Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Barney, unobserved, slipped off into a quiet street, and walked rapidly towards his "crib" as he called it, down one of the numerous dirty streets and alley-ways of Drury

CHAPTER VII.

MYSTERY FOLLOWS MYSTERY - THE DOUBLE MURDER - THE HEADLESS BODY - FIRE THE COURT—THE BODY RESCUED BY LONG TOM THE COSTER AND "BRUDDER BONES" -VISIT OF THE UNKNOWN.

THE old cabman drove his unknown "fare" through the streets, perfectly unconscious that Barney the "fighting cove" had been riding behind.

"This 'ere's a jolly rum go, an' no mistake," he mused, as he "touched up" his jaded animal oc-

casionally, with a low "ge-et alorng, will yer?"
"I begins for ter think as how there's some nice little game on hand. Howsomedever, I'll give 'im a call to-morrer or next day, and see vhat's in the

While thinking thus, old Flint inside pulled the "check string," and the "four wheeler" stopped.
"Vhat now, sir?" asked cabby.
"Are there any public-houses open, cabby?"

Flint asked, in a weak voice.

"Vell, it's rayther early, guv'nor, but I dare say as how there's one or two in the Garden."

"Then, drive there; I feel faint. You needn't go right into Covent Garden, you know, but stop at the corner of the street."

"All right, sir."

Once again cabby cracked his whip, and turned his horse's head in the direction of the market.

Ere long they reached Long Acre, when the

cabman stopped.

"We are quite near enough to a public-house now," said Flint, nervously. "Do you go, and bring me a half pint of brandy; you can keep the change for yourself," he observed, handing cabby a crown-piece.

For a moment the cabman imagined that "the old gent was arter doin' ov 'im out on his fare," but when he had "collared the dollar" he felt easy, and went to the nearest public-house for the

When he returned Flint had disappeared,

The lawyer, it would seem, watched cabby into the public-house, and saw him stop for a second or two and speak to a policeman.

Flint's heart leaped into his mouth!

"What if he suspects me!" thought the old

His resolution was taken immediately.

He slipped out of the cab, and darted down one of the many, dirty dark and narrow streets that lead to the Seven Dials.

Having gained this neighbourhood, he knew not for a moment which of the streets to turn down towards his abode, in Green Court, Strand.

Ultimately the rattling of cab wheels startled

him like a hare.

With a quick step he trudged through the blinding rain, which now began to fall, and soon found himself in Drury Lane.

With more courage than was his wont, he chose one of the numerous dirty, narrow side streets.

Through the slush and half-putrid garbage he trudged, picking his way through the carts, barrows, baskets, and what not, belonging to a numerous family of "costers" abiding there, and soon found himself in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

With a fast beating pulse, he stood for a moment out of the rain under a doorway, and reflected on

what he had better do next.

"Shall I go to my lodgings or to the office?" he

The rain abated a little, but it was still pitch dark. He crossed over towards the railings, and crept close to them on his way towards Carey Street.

As he did so he distinctly perceived the figure of a man hurriedly gliding through the drizzling rain on the opposite side of the way, in the same direction as himself.

For a moment Flint stopped, and allowed the

man to go ahead of him.

This the unknown did, and was soon lost to view. In a few moments Flint resumed his quick walk towards his lodgings, situated in Green Court not far off; but when about to turn down the court, he heard and saw some one violently pulling the bell at the very house in which he lived.

He knew not who it was, but thought it wise to

stop and listen.

A neighbouring door was open in the court.

This afforded him shelter.

He peeped out, and soon perceived that the landlady of his house opened the door, candle in hand.
"Who do you want?" asked the landlady, in a

sharp, cracked voice, and by no means gratified at being thus disturbed in her slumbers. "Who do you want at this unnat'ral time o' night?"
"Does a Mr. Flint live here, ma'am?" asked the

stranger, politely.

"Do you mean Old Flint?" asked the angry landlady; "if so I understands yer; but we doesn't know any Mister Flints here. What do yer want of him?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," the stranger replied,

"Well, then, if it's nothing in partic'lar, why do yer come at this time o' the mornin' for ?"

"Is he in?"

"No, he isn't, and-

"Where is he, then? Has he lost anything?" "How should I know; who do you take me for, eh? I'm not his wife, nor mother neither; the old miser can't have lost much, I wouldn't give twopence for all he's worth."
"Hasn't he an office somewhere, ma'am?"

"Perhaps he has, and perhaps he hasn't; but if he has it can't be worth much, or he wouldn't live in Green Court. I takes it his office ain't much better than a dust-hole, if he has any."

"He may have an object in living here," said the ranger, in an emphatic manner. "Well, it doesn't stranger, in an emphatic manner. matter for the present. Good night, I'm sorry for troubling you; I shall call again.

The landlady slammed the door in the stranger's

face, who slowly left the court.

Flint, from his dark place of concealment, eyed

the stranger as he passed.

"It isn't Warner," he thought; "who can it be?" In a few moments he let himself into his lodgings with a latch-key.

To his no small amazement he found his own

room door ajar.

For a moment he hesitated what to do; but, at last, thinking he had forgotten to shut it when he went out, he screwed up his resolution, and entered.

Yet, as he did so, he kept muttering to himself,

in the dark,

"It wasn't Warner, yet who can it be?"

As thus he whispered, an echo seemed to say to him,
"Who can it be?"

As he sat in his dark room he felt cold shivers creeping all over him.

" Lost anything? What could he mean? Me lose anything? Not very likely, indeed; no one knows what I have got hidden away in my office; the old iron safe is crammed with one thing and another of value. What shall I do now? pack up my papers and leave, or stop till morning? Morning," he thought, "perhaps Warner will be here before then."

All this time Flint felt the cold shivers thrill

through his very heart.

He felt as if he was surrounded by ten thousand

Whichever way he cast his eyes in the darkness, he thought he saw Warner standing over the helpless body of the murdered Ford.

He opened an old cupboard, and, from a bottle,

took a hearty drink of gin.

This, for a moment, seemed to cheer him; but still he felt his heart quaking with fear,

The darkness of his little room seemed intolerable to him.

The very air seemed peopled with unclean spirits shouting "Murder! Mystery!" in his ears.

His very soul seemed appalled, and he could have shouted out aloud with mental fright and anguish.

He lit his lamp.

He next turned towards his bed to seek for some-

thing hidden beneath the clothes.

Upon a sudden he started back with horror at what he saw.

He gasped for breath.

His eyes seemed to start from their sockets.

His teeth chattered with fear.

The whole of the veins in his face, hands and neck were swollen with horror.

The lamp dropped from his hand upon the floor

with a smash. In an instant the oil ignited in all directions

around him. This he knew not at the moment, for his heart,

soul and mind were deadened with fright and horror. He sank upon his knees with hands clasped before

"Oh, horrible!" he gasped, with a foaming mouth, and fell prostrate on the floor.

The sight he had seen, indeed, was terriblehorrifying!

A headless body lay gory and ghastly in his bed !"

NOTICE.—No. 3 will contain the Voyage to Italy, and the commencement of the Boy Soldier's Adventures. With Nos. 3 and 4 will be GIVEN AWAY TWO HUMOROUS ENGRAVINGS, representing the Fenian Attack on, and Departure from, Canada. Order early No. 3.

24 JA 6

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



"IT WAS THE HAND OF A HEADLESS MAN!"-See page 24.

The clothes were all soaked with blood!

For a moment or two he lay prostrate and helpless upon the floor.

The flames, which now began to encircle him, aroused him from his almost deadly stupor.

He jumped to his feet like a lunatic.

"I am a dead man "he gasped. "I am pursued by avenging furies! I am doomed!"

Trembling in heart and limbs, with every thought concentrated in his own safety, he closed his door and locked it, and took the key with him.

He noiselessly descended the stairs and escaped into the street.

In a second he had disappeared with the fleetness

of a hare.
Within a few moments the flames burst forth
No. 3.

from his room in one broad sheet, and the whole court was in an uproar.

"Fire I fire I" were the sounds which Flint heard in all directions.

Still he ran on.

He was almost blind with excitement, and ran full butt against a policeman.

"Hillo! what's up? You look frightened!" said the policeman. "What have you been up to, eh, old un?"

"N-n-nothing," gasped Flint. "There is a fire broken out! Don't stop me; I'm going to fetch the engines."

" Fire! where?"

"In Green Court," gasped Flint. "Don't stop me !"

"All right," said the policeman. "Look sharp;

you're sure to earn a crown."

Flint ran one way and the policeman another. Soon a bright flame burst forth from the court. But there was still another cry which startled both Flint and the policeman more that that of " fire !"

It was the wild shout of-

Murder!

Which now broke forth from the court as a headless body was dragged, half charred, out of Flint's room by the brave exertions of Long Tom, a coster, and "Bones," otherwise Joe Banks, who travelled about the town and country, sometimes as a "tumbler," and at others as one of a band of "niggers," both of whom lived near by.

"Murder I" thought the policeman, as he hastened towards the fire. "Then that old man did it !"

CHAPTER VIII.

MARK, THE FOSTER-BROTHER, TURNS SOLDIER-PLOTS AGAINST NELLY LANCASTER-THE SWORN AND DEADLY FOE-SPIES ENGAGED BY JOEL-THE FAT BOY AND BUTTONS IN ECSTACIES— THE JOURNEY—OLD FLINT'S PLOT DISCOVERED -THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

According to a previous arrangement made with the young Garibaldians, Frank and his brother Tom proceeded straight to London the same night they left Bromley Hall, but for what purpose they told no one.

Dick Fellows hinted that they had gone to see

their old uncle before leaving England.

Hugh Tracy, however, thought differently, for neither Frank nor Tom had ever been on very good terms with "the old miser," as they called him.

In fact, the truth was they had had violent quar-

rels with him.

It was also rumoured among the young Garibaldians that they had had frequent "rows" with the old man, and it was said their uncle did not much care what they did or where they went to.

Be that as it may, and let the opinions of his young comrades be what they might, both Frank and Tom appeared upon the scene again at the appointed time and place, greatly to the delight of the "Fat Boy," and young "Buttons," both of whom entered heart and soul into the proposed trip to Italy to join Garibaldi.

The "Fat Boy" didn't much care about the prospect of fighting the Austrians, it is true, although he was no coward when "cornered" and compelled to use his fists, or any weapon that was handy.

In truth, he saw nothing else in the proposed expedition than pilfering, and plundering, and sacking villages and towns for the sake of booty, devilment, and good living.

Fat as he was, he was always ripe for a lark and fun of any kind, but his chief delight was in "feeding" well upon the fat of the land, and of sleeping any number of hours he could get.
"Buttons," on the other hand, was quite the

reverse of the Fat Boy.

While "Fatty" was round, unwieldy, slow, and possessed of an unlimited appetite, young Buttons was quick, slim, always wide awake, tricky, and slimy as an eel-here, there, and everywhere at

He delighted in adventure of any sort, was active

as a cat, and cunning as a young ape.

"Buttons" was much beloved by all the young Garibaldians, would go anywhere, or do anything for them, was up to all sorts of larks and madcap freaks with policemen and servant-girls, was always getting in and out of scrapes of all kinds, and fond

of singing songs,

When Frank and Tom joined their comrades it was observed that the former looked pale, nervous, and full of anxiety, but this soon disappeared, and although he shunned all mention of London and of his uncle, he soon regained his usual flow of good-humour and "dash."

Some proposed that they should start by the

steamer from Southampton to Italy

This proposition was opposed by Frank, who whispered mysteriously about policemen being on the look-out for them there to arrest them.

Buttons immediately proposed that they should knock down the first "bobby" that dared oppose

Fatty, for his part, didn't care which route was selected so that it was easy and pleasant, and didn't

involve much jolting about.

After a lengthy conference between Frank and other young leaders it was decided to pass over to France, and take a steamer that was to sail from Marseilles with a crowd of disguised volunteers who were bound for Garibaldi-young men who had for the most part at one time or another been in the French army.

This was agreed to by all unanimously, and particularly by "Fatty," who had loving, longing dreams of French fruits and famous French wines and brandies, commodities which young Paunch greatly delighted in whenever his limited allowance

of pocket-money would "run to it."

Away then they started by rail for Dover, and a merry, noisy party they were, singing and shouting, smoking and drinking all the way, greatly to the annoyance and alarm of sundry old ladies and gentlemen who were fellow-passengers.

Buttons had never been on the railway before. The luxury and ease of a "first-class" carriage were delightful to him, and his mirth and noisiness

knew no bounds.

Dick Fellows, Hugh Tracy, Tom Ford, and the other young leaders sang patriotic songs until almost hoarse with shouting.

But Frank was dark, silent, and moody.

He had the pale, restless look of one who was fearful.

His face was sorrowful, and almost haggard. He seemed at times like one who had dread remorse for some fearful crime.

He was thoughtful of what Joel Flint had said before they parted during the riot and heat of con-

flict at school-

"Frank, I am your mortal enemy, and until death! I will follow you like an evil genius throughout the bounds of the whole earth!—you cannot, you shall not escape me! I will ruin you—nay, blast your name and character wherever you go! When you shall be branded as a traitor I will laugh with scorn; when you stand in the felon's dock, a convicted thief and assassin, my revenge will be complete, but not till then. Fly where you will, you shall be followed night and die! We are sworn enemies! I will drive you to madness and despair!"

This fearful curse Frank well remembered, but why Joel entertained such an inveterate hatred he could

not tell.

Their natures were opposite. Joel was much older, but still they heartily de-tested each other, and were deadly enemies from the first moment they had ever met.

A strange fatality hung over them. One was clever, the other a dunce.

Frank was loved by more than one fair damsel, where Joel was despised.

Young Flint could never attain distinction or honour of any sort while Frank was in the field, and this he knew.

Frank was beloved by all, and Joel the reverse.

The best and the bravest at Bromley Hall chose

Frank for their leader.

While Joel was deep in cunning, and a coward at heart, Frank was open, brave, and generous to a fault.

Joel hated his school-fellow with the bitterness of a devil

Frank despised Joel, and treated him with supreme contempt.

But while Frank had friends who would fight for him to the death, Joel also had a band of followers who, in secret, obeyed all his orders.

Joel had money.

How or by what means he got it need not now

be said.

With this money he bought up spies—dark daring fellows it were well to avoid; but of this Frank and his band of young Garibaldians knew nothing.

They little dreamed that there were active spies

and informers in their ranks!

But this was true.

Joel Flint had two of his friends among Frank's followers

Well, then, might Frank, as he sat in a first-class carriage on his way to Dover, smoking a cigar, remember Joel's ominous, poisoned-tainted threat,

"When you are branded as a traitor, I will laugh ith scorn! When you stand in the felon's dock, with scorn! a convicted thief and assassin, my vengeance will be complete! but not till then!"

Dover was soon reached, but directly the train arrived, and after his companions were comfortably provided for in a cosy inn not far from the steamboat pier, Frank hired a horse and dashed off into the country towards a neighbouring village.

What his object was none knew, not even his

brother Tom.

His presence for some time was not missed, and when it was very little comment was made thereupon, for, during the last day or two, Frank's behaviour had been so mysterious and unaccountable that no one could imagine what troubled him.

As to the Fat Boy and Buttons, they vigorously laid siege to an immense veal pie, nor did either "give in" until the savory dish was demolished washed down with ale, after and abundantly which, Fatty and Buttons indulged in a cigar, and soon were "gloriously tight," singing and brawling loudly, but not very musically.

At a furious rate Frank galloped and soon arrived

at the village.

He dismounted at the "Red Lion," tied up his horse to a post, and bent his steps hurriedly to-

wards a humble cottage.

Before he reached it, however, his approach was perceived by a strong, rosy-faced youth, about his own age and size, who rushed forth from the cottage to meet him.

"What, Frank !" "Brother Mark!"

Such were the greetings of the two foster-

For it must be explained that Frank and Tom

Ford were twins.

Their mother had disappeared suddenly, unaccountably, and mysteriously, when they were but a month old, and they had been reared from the breast by "good old Mother Tilton," and at the same time as Mark, her only son.

While Frank and Tom's father lived, "Mother

Tilton," as she was affectionately called by the twin brothers, was well provided for by their father, but he, a captain, had been, as it was supposed, drowned at sea, and therefore the two boys were left to the care of their old miserly uncle, who had been murdered in the "Red House." "Mother Tilton" had almost been forgotten and uncaredfor by any one save Frank, who, at times, sent her small sums of money to help her along.

This was discovered by their uncle, old Mr. Ford, who forbade his nephew's generosity.

But Frank took no notice of his uncle's order, and gave the poor woman all he could spare or scrape together from his pocket-money.

For it must be confessed that though Mark Tilton was far below his foster-brother's sphere in life, being but a plough-boy working on neighbouring farms, Frank loved him intensely, if not even more

than his own twin-brother Tom.

A long time had elapsed since they met each other before, but Frank had written to him often, and poor Mark so loved him that he had frequently begged to be taken in his service as "a servant,"

so as to be near him.

The idea of Mark being a servant to him, Frank would never think of, if even his means had been ample enough to support one, but he sighed to think that such a generous-hearted lad as Mark was, should be doomed to the toil and drudgery of such labour as "a poor plough boy."

When they met, therefore, and shook hands, Frank turned very red, while tears gushed from poor Mark's eyes, who was much tempted even to act

like a girl and kiss his foster-brother.

"Did you take the letter to the seminary?" Frank asked, hurriedly.
"I did, brother," Mark answered, with a trembling

voice, and lowering his eyes.
"Well, speak out, Mark," said Frank, with a heaving bosom, and biting his nether lip; "speak out; don't be afraid, no one hears us. Did she refuse to see me?"

" No."

"Then shall we meet at the old spot?"

"No, no," answered Mark, clasping both Frank's

And why not?" "No?

"She is not there."

"Not there?" said Frank, turning pale; "not there? What mean you?" "She has been removed."

"Removed! Oh, Heavens! where? Speak!"

"Nay, do not blame me, Frank. I have often taken your notes to Nelly, as you know, and always sent you her loving answers."

"I know it. But speak, explain; where is she?

How is this?"

"I do not know, brother Frank; all I could find out was that she had been removed."

" Why ?"

"Because her father, the banker, discovered that you loved each other. Mr. Flint was down here t'other week, and, I fear me, he has not mended matters much between you and her rich old daddy.'

"Him again," said Frank to himself; "it seems to me I am always to be thwarted by one or the other of them, father or son; curse 'em. Who told you

this?"

"Polly, the young housemaid."

"Then you brought my letter back."

"No; I did not learn all this until I had delivered it."

"Ha!" said Frank, with a rising colour, "am I, then, betrayed?"

"I did not betray you, Frank, I'd suffer death first."

"Then where is my letter?"
"They sent it off to her father."

"Who will, of course, tell all to Flint, and he to

his triumphant son." "But she cares nothing for him."

"That remains to be proved," said Frank, with a sigh; "he may do me much mischief, but if he dares step in between me and Nelly Lancaster I'll

kill him like a dog."
"And right, too," said Mark; "and so would I if any one dared interfere with me and little Polly, the young housemaid at the seminary; so help me,

bob, I would."

"So Polly told you all this?"

"She did, and said as how she'd found out that Nelly, for a time, had been removed out of your way to a seminary, at a place in France called

Marseilles."

"Marseilles! 'tis the very place I'm going to, Mark," said Frank, with a flushed face. "I'll find her if I search for my whole life; she never shall give her hand and heart to that dastard, Joel Flint, I know what his father is aiming at, and striving I cannot be mistaken."

for. I cannot be mistaken.

"You going to France?" asked Mark, in surprise. "France, yes; and from there to join Garibaldi. If I do not find Nelly I care not if I'm shot dead in

the first battle we're engaged in."

"Fight for Garibaldi," said Mark, looking thoughtful, "going to help him for the cause of liberty?"

"Yes, Mark."

"Then I am one in the same cause, Frank; come, take me," Mark said, with a flushed face, and full of enthusiasm.

" You, Mark?"

"Yes, me. Come, say the word, Frank; we are foster-brothers, you know, and have been nourished at the same mother's breast; we have laughed together, played together, slept together, quarrelled and fought together. Why not let me go with you, and, if need be, let us die together!"

In a moment the two foster-brothers clasped each other in their arms, and tears flowed down the

cheeks of both.

town pale; "not

"So be it, then, Mark," said Frank; "yours is in truth a true, kold heart; come, then, let us live together, and, as you say, 'if need be, let us die together.'"

CHAPTER IX.

ELLEN LANCASTER'S HIDING-PLACE DISCOVERED-MEETING OF THE LOVERS-PERILOUS POSITION OF FRANK FORD-MUTUAL VOWS-THE FAT BOY AT SEA-HE HAS A GLORIOUS SALT-WATER BATH-BUTTONS TURNS NURSE.

THE prospect of a short sea voyage across the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, greatly delighted Buttons and the Fat Boy, who never in their

lives before had seen salt water.

The first thing that the Fat Boy did, therefore, to prepare himself for such a trip was to stuff himself at the inn with edibles and drinkables to such an extraordinary extent that he seemed swollen out

to double his crdinary size.

In truth his clothes were much too small for him at any time, but on the present occasion his buttons went popping off in all directions, and he looked like some enormous pudding when helped on board by Buttons and some other good-natured Garibaldians.

Young Buttons went so far in his mirth as to hint the necessity of "ducking" the Fat Boy in the sea-water, but this proposition roused the corpulent

youth from his half-sleepy state, and he threatened a thousand things against the mischievous but fro-

licsome page.

When they got on board, and the steamer had started, all went well for a time, and the young Garibaldians sang songs in right merry style assisted in no small degree by the stentorian lungs of Mark, and the small voice of Joe Morton, the rescued boy, who seemed to be the gayest of the gay among

Poor Joe felt delighted that his sister had been placed in a comfortable home in London by Frank and Hugh Tracy, and seemed to care little for himself, since he was now on his way to Italy, where, as he said, his only brother had gone to long before.

A few hours of fast travelling by steamboat and an express train found the young Garibaldians safe at Marseilles, full of fun, and ripe for mischief.

Buttons soon recovered from his salt water bath when they arrived at Calais.

Not so the Fat Boy, however.

He would not recover, but had to be carried about

by his comrades, who heartily swore at him.

It was not until he had been put into a warm and comfortable bed in Marseilles, and several draughts of good old brandy had been imbibed that he showed any signs of vigorous life again.

Buttons was ordered to sit by his bedside and

attend him.

This he did faithfully enough, nor did he forget to help himself to many of the good things which were especially prepared for the fat volunteer.

Even in sleep Fatty thought of the sea, and all of a sudden, while dreaming, he imagined himself

to be desperately swimming for his life.

In one of these moods he struck out his hands so violently and vigorously that he knocked Buttons and the astonished French landlord sprawling on the floor.

But while the young Garibaldians were strolling about the town in their red shirts and plumed hats, seeing all the sights, and smoking cigars, Frank went forth in all haste to seek Nelly Lancaster at the English Seminary

After much exertion he discovered her hiding-

place.

His heart beat wildly with excitement.

She was found!

He espied her at a first floor window of the English Seminary, looking out upon the glorious sunset. "Nelly !" he cried.

In an instant she recognised him!

With a faint scream and tearful eyes she gazed down upon him.

How was he to reach her?

She was far beyond his reach, he knew, and his

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes," was the faint reply of the sobbing girl.

"I cannot get out, Frank!"

"No matter," said Frank; "if you cannot get out I can get in, my lassie."

On the instant his resolution was formed.

He clambered up the water-pipe with the agility of a young monkey as he was.

In a few moments, and before Nelly could raise any cry of alarm, he stood with one foot on her balcony, yet still holding on to the water-pipe for support.

In an instant the pipe fell to the ground with a

loud smash!

Frank's position was perilous in the extreme. Both his feet slipped from under him.

Next moment he would have been dashed to the ground !

He clung to the balcony, and for a second swung between earth and air!

With a terrible struggle he exerted all his strength, and Nelly helped him to climb.

He secured a firmer hold, and soon placed one knee outside the railing.

This saved him.

He clutched the balcony rail afresh with a grip of iron, and nearly wrenched it out of its place in the stone-work.

He was safe!

In an instant he and Nelly were clasped in each other's arms, and there, in the silence of that room. and beyond all hearing or prying eyes, Frank told again his tale of love in her not unwilling ear.

Nelly leaned her head upon his breast, and with many kisses scaled the vow "to love him, and him

only until death !"

CHAPTER X.

FRANK'S PARTING WITH NELLY LANCASTER-THE RESOLVE-A GIRL'S LOVE AND DEVOTION-THE SHIP'S DEPARTURE.

IT must not be supposed that Frank and Nelly Lancaster were allowed to remain long undisturbed, during their loving interview in that snug quiet room of the English Seminary, for it must be confessed that they were several times disturbed.

During their conversation Nelly confessed to him her fears that he was beset and surrounded by many enemies, the chief of whom was Joel Flint.

She knew not why, but she felt alarmed for Frank's fate, and shed many many tears when he told her that he and his young band had resolved to join Garibaldi, and help to fight his battles for liberty and freedom!

How Frank and his young affianced bride contrived to escape from the Seminary that evening, and the exciting adventure which ensued must

remain for another chapter to tell.

Suffice it for the present, however, to say that they did manage to elude the vigilance of the master and mistress as well as the many teachers of the Seminary, and that Nelly went forth to the steam-boat pier to see her lover and his friends depart.

A sorrowful and painful moment for Nelly was her parting with Frank Ford. Yet he kissed her oft, and wiped her tears away, promising at the same time to write to her constantly, and inform her of

all that happened.

"I know that I shall achieve honour and distinction, Nelly," said he, "and that ere long will return safe and sound to claim you for my own, and at the same time to shame my old uncle, who has ever predicted the very worst career for me."
"But what if you are hurt, Frank?" sighed Nelly.

"Perhaps in some far distant battle-field you may lay wounded and dying, and with no one to assist or

"Never fear, dear one," said Frank, placing his arm tenderly round her slim and tapered waist, " never fear, my own one, when dangers are greatest, I will think of you, who art my angel and guiding star. As long as you love and pray for me, no great harm can befall me."

"Why not let me come, Frank?" Nelly asked,

with a flushed cheek.

" You, darling ?"

" Yes, me."

"You are but a girl, and would quail before the many scenes of strife and bloodshed which I shall have to go through,"

"You mistake me, Frank. I should not quail or tremble. I am an English girl, remember, and though but a girl, I could face and encounter any

danger while with you."

"It must not be, Nelly," said Frank, with a choked utterance. "No; it must not be. I know that you love me, and dearly too; but if a single hair on your sweet head were harmed through me, I should die with shame and remorse. Come, Nelly dear, think no more of this your mad intention. Remain true to me, continue your studies at the Seminary, and wait patiently till I return."

"But why go at all ?" "Why, Nelly?"
"Yes, why?"

"Am I not dependent on my uncle for education? Am I not looked upon by him as a burden? I am called a poor beggarly orphan by all who know me, called a poor beggarly orphan by all who know he, and shall I longer remain a recipient of his charity, or the charity of any one, while my heart prompts me to seek my own fortune, and achieve both a name and fame?"

"Do not go," still Nelly sighed. "Do not, Frank, run into these dangers for my sake; do not."

"I must, Nelly. I shall return one of these days, honoured and loved by all. Would you not love me

I must, Neily. I shall return one or these days, honoured and loved by all. Would you not love me all the more for that? ("If I do not," Frank thought to himself, as he deeply sighed, "I shall die upon the battle-field.") "Besides," Nelly, he continued, "you are rich. Your father is an immensely wealthy banker. He hates the very sound of my

"I know he does, Frank; but I do not," said Nelly, in a sweet voice.

"I know that, my own one," said Frank, "and it is only to prove to all that I love you for yourself, and not for money, that I now go. It is to show to all that I am worthy of your love that I thus jeopardise my life to gain honour and renown."
"Have you heard the news?" Nelly asked.

"What news?"

"Before my father sent me here I heard it said that Joel Flint was going to be admitted into my father's bank, and that ere long he would become

one of the partners."

"I guessed as much," said Frank, biting his lip. "Oh, that I were rich, so that I might be always near to you, Nelly!" he sighed; "but the fates forbid. But come, there is no time to lose; the signal is up and flying at the mast-head; the vessel will depart ere many minutes, Nelly, dear. Painful as it is, we must part; all my friends you see yonder are gathering around the companion-ladder; one more kiss—one long and loving embrace, Nelly and then-

Even as he spoke, Nelly fell into his arms and

nearly fainted.

Within five minutes Frank and his friends ascended the vessel's side, and ere long the steamer gracefully glided from her berth and put to sea.

Loud were the cheerings of the young Garibaldians, but Frank stood upon the paddle-box waving his handkerchief, and long after they had left the wharf he could see Nelly standing there weeping and sobbing.

"He will not let me go," sighed Nelly, sobbing, as she stood looking after the steamer with streaming eyes, "he will not let me go because I am a girl. But," she said, after a long pause, "I will go! Yes, I too will share his danger, but he shall never know it."

The parting indeed was painful to both; but

destiny divided them, and ere they met again strange and startling adventures fell to the lot of

What those exciting adventures were we shall

quickly see.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST EXPLOIT—SEIZURE OF THE SCHOONER YACHT "KAISER"—THE SPIES AT WORK—THE CONFLICT-THE VICTORY-INCREASING DANGERS THE ITALIAN COLOURS HOISTED-FATTY HAS ANOTHER BATH.

THE steamer sped on her way merrily towards the shores of Italy, and all the Garibaldians on board enjoyed themselves vastly in all manner of ways.

The captain, who was an Italian in the French mail service, advised all the young Garibaldians to disguise themselves, for the vessel had to call at the Austrian port of Trieste before reaching the harbour of Ancona, where the Italian fleet lay.

When they were but two days' journey from Trieste, and while pleasantly journeying up the Adriatic Sea, Frank called his friends together and

addressed them privately.
"We are all bound on a dangerous expedition," said he, "and before we join Garibaldi it is necessary that you should formally elect some one to lead

"We have chosen you for our captain," cried all

"Yes, that is very well," Frank replied, "but you had better vote upon the subject. Let each of you write upon a slip of paper the name of the one you have most confidence in as your intended captain, and afterwards there cannot be any dispute; as far as I am concerned, I care not who is captain—whether it be Dick Fellows, Hugh Tracy, or any other, so that the selection is properly settled by vote.'

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted all; "we will vote

for it at once.'

In a moment each one wrote the name of his choice on a slip of paper, but without signing his name thereto.

These were all cast into a hat and afterwards ex-

amined.

Except two (!) all had voted for Frank as their chosen captain, and the choice was hailed with loud applause.

Who these two were who had voted against him

no one could discover !

Murmurs were heard against them, whoever they were, but it could never be discovered, for each and every one swore that they had voted for Frank and

So well did the two spies conceal their guilt that no one could ever have suspected them of the

base designs they had in view.

"Well, comrades," said Frank, when the election was over and ratified, "you have elected me to a very honourable, responsible, and dangerous post; but you may rely upon it I will never disgrace you. Remember, we are English boys, and must show to all that we are not only brave, as all Englishmen are, but prove to them that we are a little more than brave. Wherever the most danger is, there let us be; and, with our banner unfurled, prove to all that Garabaldi has not misplaced confidence in us."

"We will! we will! Three cheers for General

Garabaldi !"

"And now," said Frank, "since you have elected me of your own accord, I will read to you a letter, which I received from Garibaldi while in Marseilles."

Amid loud applause, Frank read as follows :-

WHEREAS the King of Italy having been graciously pleased to appoint me, Guiseppe Garibaldi, Generalissimo of all the Volunteer Forces raised for the Liberation of Venetia, I have, under the powers conferred on me, accepted the services of a Gallant Band of English Boys, raised and commanded by Frank Ford, otherwise known as the "Boy Soldier," who will in future be known as "Garibaldi's young Captain," and whose deeds, with those of the Band under his command, will add fresh lustre to the English boys name, and prove worthy of ranking beside the laurels gained at Cressy, Agincourt, Waterloo, and a thousand others.

Lonato, July, 1866.

Disguised as they now were, the young Garibaldians could not be taken for any other than ordinary passengers.

(Signed)

As they approached the Austrian port of Trieste it was arranged that they should land, and in the night seize some Austrian vessel, and make sail

towards Ancona,

"For it won't do for us to arrive among the Italians like empty-handed beggars," said Hal. "There are many schooners lying in the bay, and nearly all of them carry a couple of guns. Suppose we seize one in the night, and, under cover of the darkness, escape into some Italian port, and make a present of our prize to Garibaldi?"

This proposition was received with loud applause

and great enthusiasm.

The French steamer arrived at Trieste during the afternoon, and as they were entering the port Frank's quick eyes espied a beautiful, fast-sailing schooner lying a few yards from shore.

She had two brass guns on board, her colours were flying, and altogether she looked a very

tempting prize.

When the steamer arrived at the wharf all the young Garibaldians landed, and strolled about the town enjoying themselves.

No one would for a moment have suspected that these good-looking, generous, and well-dressed English youths were Garibaldians in disguise.

Wherever they went they were well received.

Their passports were minutely examined by the hawk-eyed police on guard at the Custom-House; but these important papers were pronounced quite correct, and the youths were looked upon as so

many young English travellers.
All their luggage had been directed to Ancona, so that when the steamer sailed again that evening they felt perfectly satisfied that their trunks, boxes and the like would be safely landed at the Italian

According to Frank's directions, all his followers gradually directed their footsteps towards that part of the port where the beautiful two-gun schooner

"At midnight, when all is quiet, let us assemble by twos and threes under the long shed on the wharf near where the schooner lies," said Frank.

In the meantime, he, Hugh Tracy, and Dick Fellows strolled about until they came within a few yards of where the "Kaiser" was.

They found out that the beautiful schooner was the property of the Austrian admiral, who was on board a frigate out at sea.

All the schooner's crew, it was supposed, were ashore enjoying themselves.

There were but four men left on board during the

Frank laid his plans, and hired two or three boats, which some of his band rowed down towards the

appointed spot.

These were hidden under the deep shadows of the wharf until midnight should arrive.

But before midnight Frank changed his mind.

He knew not why nor wherefore, but he had a misgiving in his own mind that treachery was at work somewhere.

When the cathedral clock struck eleven, he selected twenty of his followers, and placed ten in

each boat.

He, Hugh Tracy, Fellows, and Tom got into the third, and were about to leave the wharf, when Mark, Frank's foster-brother, jumped in also, and would share in the danger.

At a signal from Frank the three boats glided from their hiding-places like shadows and crept

towards the schooner unobserved.

They floated with the tide until they were securely fastened under the lea.

All was breathless suspense and excitement. The cathedral clock chimed the half-hour. This was the signal for the boarding party.

In an instant Frank, followed by his brave companions, climbed up the vessel's sides, and in a

The men on deck were surprised—thunder-struck!

They at first supposed themselves to be in some dream.

They were not long undeceived.

Frank rushed at one, and knocked him down. A hand-to-hand fight now began on all sides, for, contrary to all expectations,

There were twenty stout Austrian sailors on board!

Mark, the foster-brother, with more prudence than the rest, dashed down the hatches on the heads of the sailors who had not rushed on deck.

It was instantly fastened down, and securely. By this move those below could not rush to the

assistance of their friends on deck.

With no noise of any kind save the desperate clinking of swords, Frank and his followers continued the conflict until at last they had struck down the last man, and the "Kaiser" was theirs!

The young Garibaldians would have cheered

oudly, but this Frank forbid.

The anchor was slipped in an instant—the beautiful little vessel began to move slowly and grace-

It was drifted towards the long shed.

In a moment all the young Garibaldians leaped on board.

A sail was raised, Mark, the foster-brother, took the helm, and soon they were on their way out to sea, with the Italian colors flying in the night winds!

This had scarcely been done, amid loud cheersfor Frank could no longer restrain them-when they perceived a great commotion on shore.

A large body of soldiers had just then marched down to the long shed, but were a few minutes too late!

"We have been betrayed!" said Frank, bitterly. "Some one has informed upon us!" said Hugh, with an oath.

The soldiers fired, but their shots fell short.

Again and again they fired, but with no better result.

A cannon shot now came plunging over the schooner, and Fatty on the instant crouched very low out of the way behind a huge water-cask.

Another cannon shot came whistling along, and smashed the immense water cask, almost drowning the unfortunate fat youth hidden behind it.

Fatty groaned aloud.

Beyond this no damage was done.

The sails were quickly set, and off darted the

schooner like a swallow on the wing, amid great cheering.

But all danger was not yet over.

They were pursued by another schooner which continually fired at the "Kaiser" but without

Another and a greater danger was yet in store

for them.

They had to pass the Fort.

Frank knew this, and prepared for the worst. Instead of going away from the fort he crept

close up to it.

This made several of the Garibaldians turn deadly pale for they knew the schooner would be treated to a whole broadside from the fort, and expected to be sunk on the instant.

Fatty and Buttons squeezed themselves into the smallest possible space under the bulwarks, so as

to be out of the way.

But Frank's plans were right.

The schooner as she passed by the fort was so close to it, under the walls, that when the broadside was fired at them the shots whistled over head, for the gunners could not depress their guns so as to hit the gallant little craft !

Shot after shot, grape and canister shot, were showered down upon them, but not a single bullet

touched any of them.

The sea rose around them on all sides, like immense water-spouts, shooting up in columns, but beyond a good ducking no harm was done and amid loud cheers the gallant little craft shot by the fort, and was soon far out at sea, pursued by two Austrian sailing vessels, whose shots were plunging all around them in the moonlit waters.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LUMINOUS SKELETON AT BROMLEY HALL-THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY-STRANGE DISCOVERY BY OLD GILES, THE GARDENER-THE HAND OF THE HEADLESS MAN-THE APPARITION-THE RESOLVE FOR VENGEANCE.

THE distance from Bromley Hall Academy to

London was inconsiderable.

The anxiety of old Gravestones for the safety and recapture of the brother and sister he had so brutally treated, and for so long a time, filled him with alarm.

There was a deep, dark mystery which hung around those two children, one, indeed, which old Gravestones would not have had the world know aught of for thousands of pounds.

He was sick at heart, therefore, as he journeyed towards London, and resolved upon having ven-

geance upon some one.

Who that one was will be hereafter seen.

While he was away, therefore—in truth, but an hour or two after his departure from Bromley— Mistress Gravestones called in the aid of all her servants to re-arrange the wild disorder of the academy.

Among those she first consulted was Giles, the

old gardener.

Giles was glad of this, for it proved that no one knew of his having taken any part with the young Garibaldians.

Least of all did she imagine that Giles was the chief conspirator against her husband, and had dis-

covered the two living secrets.

"I must not let her suppose that I knew anything about the two missing children, or else all my plans will prove fruitless for the future. How well

the old hypocrites conceal their guilt, though! I must not be behindhand in cunning, and will wear as pleasant a face as they. I know what they are, but they don't know who I am."

Thus old Giles, the gardener, mused, and as he moved to and fro, he muttered,
"Bromley Hall is a very ancient place, and there are more secrets in it yet than many dream of, but if I live I will unearth them all."

If any one could have seen old Giles's face at that moment they would have been surprised, nay, startled at the terrible changes which came over it.

At one time he smiled, and looked as placid and innocent an old man as could ever be seen.

At other moments, however, his lips trembled, a deep, dark flush spread over his face rapidly, his eyes glared wildly around him, and he clenched his thick, bony fist with savage earnestness.

"I have sworn it!" he said, in an earnest savage whisper, when he found himself alone and far from all observation, "I have sworn it! They know all observation. "I have sworn it! Iney know not who I am, ha, ha! I am old Giles the gardener, eh? Well, well, so let them think for the present. When my time comes they will find out their mistake! Frank and Tom Ford are to be their next victims, I see; but it shall never be! Oh! that I had completed all my plans, and could seet my not around the villains all at once! Some cast my net around the villains all at once! Some are in my power now; but, patience, I have sworn to be revenged, and will be!"

Instead of helping the servants to repair the damage done by the riot to the house, furniture, &c., Giles stole away unobserved to the room where

the girl and boy had been confined.

Here he rummaged about for some time, but found

nothing worth the search.

Determined not to be foiled he entered the master's private library, which was still open.

But this he did not dare do until long after dark. For a moment he listened as if uncertain how to act, for he heard footsteps moving quickly to and fro.

With great resolution, however, he entered, provided with a small dark lantern.

He did not go to the master's desk. He touched not the open safe.

Parchments, deeds, mortgages, letters, and the like, lay strewn around in wild confusion.

Such things, however, had no charm for old Giles.

With the scent of a bloodhound he stood upon

one particular plank in the floor | He lightly stamped his foot, but for what pur-

pose did not at that moment appear.

Shortly, however, the plank rose at the other end, slowly at first and by almost imperceptible degrees. After a second or two it was suddenly raised four

or five feet from its proper place by some mysterious means that Giles knew not.

He did not stop to inquire how or by what means the planking was thus raised, for he left the spot whereon he stood and looked into the hole thus disclosed.

He started back as if struck by a bullet.

A perfect skeleton lay within!

It was robed in white satin, and decked in long faded wreaths of flowers!

Dust and cobwebs hung over all—the body had been mouldering there for many, many years.

There were blood marks on the white garments!

They were rent and torn as if some violent struggle had taken place before death.

For some time old Giles, dark lantern in hand,

stood gazing at the strange sight as if stupefied with wonder.

He knelt down after a time in order to take a fuller view of it.

The head had been severed from the body; it was not there.

A headless skeleton it lay, robed in blood-stained

silk! A deep, dark mystery it was, one that old Giles could not then solve, but as he gazed on the bleached bones tears rolled down his face as he

sighed,
"Twas twelve years ago this very night since first we missed her-would that the hour of ven-

geance had arrived."

Giles little dreamed, however, as he stood gazing on that silk-clad skeleton, artfully concealed beneath the floor, that on that self same night twelve

years before the gipsies prophesied-

"Giles, there are dread secrets at Bromley Hall, and one shall be discovered by you years hence, many years; but remember, at that same moment that one secret is discovered at the Hall, another murder, another headless mystery, will lay exposed to view in a lonely court in London, both deeds of blood accomplished by the same hand."
Still gazing on the headless body, Giles turned

deadly pale.

His lamp suddenly went out!

He trembled, and felt a sense of holy awe creep over him.

Minutes seemed like hours to him, and a cold sweat oozed from his brow.

He seemed scarce able to move or breathe.

Why had his lamp gone out?

Had any one observed him?
Thus thought he as he heard the winds sigh mournfully past the window and the rain patter against its many diamond-shaped panes.

A sudden flash of lightning dashed vividly through the dark and spacious room, which for a moment lit up everything in an unnatural manner.

A deafening peal of thunder instantly succeeded, and seemed to crash right over Bromley Hall, and shook it to its very foundation.

Then all was black again.

Dark it was, indeed, except where the skeleton lay!

That spot, however, from some awful cause, was not dark !

Every bone emitted a pale, phosphorescent glow!

The outline of each was clearly defined !

The bones were a skeleton of bluish-white, glowing in the darkness of its prison chamber!

This it was that made Giles stare with surprise, and caused him to tremble.

There was so much that was unnatural in this appearance that it made him quake again.

Suddenly he heard the door behind him violently thrown open!

It was a fearful moment to Giles.

He could not turn to look-he dared not! He seemed rooted to the spot.

The footfalls of a man approached him ! A heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder!

He slowly turned his head. He saw no one near !

Yet he felt that strong and heavy hand upon his shoulder!

The suspense was horrible-appalling.

A flash of lightning of dazzling brilliance filled the room again.

He looked around him wildly. It was the hand of a headless man!

24 JA

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE STRUGGLE FOR THE AUSTRIAN FLAG .- SEE pa gc 32.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CHASE-THE RUSE-THE SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT -ITALIAN COLORS RAISED-THE STRAY SHOT-HUGH TRACY AND FRANK AT WORK.

THE first exploit of the gallant band of young Garibaldians caused Captain Frank to be lustily cheered by his followers, who rent the air with their joyful shouts.

They rushed towards him and seized his hand with a firm and hearty grip of friendship.

Fatty, who still lay concealed in some out of the way place, far from harm's way, could not understand the meaning of so much shouting and bawling.

He imagined that they had yet to run the gaunt-

et of other Forts, and, as an occasional shot from the ships in chase whizzed overhead with a screaming sound, and plunged into the sea around the "Kaiser," he hid himself still more closely under the protection of the bulwarks, and almost squeezed the breath out of the body of young Buttons, who was by no means so fearful as his corpulent companion.

"U-u-gh !" groaned Fatty, aloud. "Oh, lors! here comes another shell, Buttons, don't yer hear it?" and with that he kicked and plunged as if he expected each moment to be annihilated. "Oh, lors! that dare-devil, Frank, will be the death of us all, I know he will. U.g.h! here it comes whistling along I I don't mind fighting, you know, Buttons,

No. 4.

he said very confidentially, but in a sorrowful voice, "in fact I rather like a little of it, but them beastly cannon balls and screaming shells, Buttons, make my hair stand on end-

"With fear?" asked the page.

"Fear? no, with astonishment," said Fatty, "that's all. Who told yer I was afraid, I should like to know?" he said, very valiantly.

"We shall get used to them things after a time," said Buttons, "when we reach Garibaldi; there's plenty of 'em there. They say the general don't care no more about 'em than so many pills !"

"Pills, eh?" sighed Fatty, "rather hard 'uns, I should fancy! I should never be able to digest one; I'd rather swallow a good sized apple-dump-ling."

"Hillo, there!" said Frank, perceiving Fatty ensconced safely under the bulwarks, and with a smile upon his handsome face! "Hillo, there, what's

"Oh, we're only having a quiet snooze, Captain Frank," said Fatty, with an air of great innocence

and simplicity.

"Having a sncoze, eh?" said he, laughing. "Can you sleep while all the shots and shell are flying about ?"

"Sleep! lor' bless yer, yes, do we, Buttons, eh!" We don't mind it,

"Don't you?"
"No."

"Then you must be a brace of very brave boys," said Frank.

"So we are," said Fatty; "we don't care about the shots and shells, do we, Buttons?"

Buttons did not answer, for he felt very much

ashamed at being thus discovered hiding.

"Well, then, if you don't fear the shot and shell so much the better," said Frank, "for I expect the next one that comes will knock both you into

Fatty didn't wait to hear a single word more.
"Eh? Oh, lor!" said he, with staring eyes,
'you don't mean that, Frank?"

"I do, though,"

In an instant Fatty jumped from his hidingplace with the agility of a cat, and disappeared out of view.

He rushed down into the cabin, and locked himself in the pantry, among the plates, dishes, and jam pots!

Frank's position on board the yacht was a very dangerous one.

They were now sailing out to sea at a "clipping" pace, and the little vessel seemed almost to fly

across the dark blue waters.

The two vessels pursuing them were losing ground each moment, but from the number of signals exchanged between them it seemed certain that they were determined to recapture the "Kaiser" if possible.

Mark, his foster-brother, had been born at Dover,

and passed all his life near the sea.

He well knew how to manage a vessel, and it was under his direction that all the sailing arrangements were carried out.

He stood at the helm and steered her bravely, nor did he flinch when more than one shot rushed over head near him, and rent great holes in the

Under his orders the yacht carried every yard of canvas she possibly dare do in safety, and as the gallant pretty little vessel dashed along it seemed like some snow-white bird upon the wing.

"I wish I could understand their signals," said

Frank, to his foster-brother, "then we might know what was best to be done."

"It is easy enough, Frank."

" How ?"

"I dare say if you search the cabin you will find an Austrian signal-book, which will explain all.

"A good thought; but what are we going to do with the number of prisoners we have safely secured under the hatches?"

"Leave that to me, Frank. Let a dozen or two of your boys stand guard over the hatches; if any of 'em dare show a head, or attempt to rush up, blow their brains out, that's all; if they are civil and peaceable, promise to land 'em at some spot on the coast of Dalmatia, looming up yonder leeward of

"But can it be done with safety?"

"If we make out their signals we shall soon know. Search for the signal-book; this is the admiral's yacht, remember, so there must be one somewhere on board."

Frank always had great respect for his fosterbrother's advice and sound sense, and his behaviour ever since he had joined the young Garibaldians showed to all that he was a great acquisition to the whole party, for the greater the danger the cooler was Mark.

Giving orders to his men to guard well the hatches and keep a sharp look-out for any stray shot that came from the two pursuing vessels, Frank and Hugh Tracy descended into the cabin.

They went to work cautiously in their search, for they knew not as yet the ins and outs of the admiral's cabin, and thought perhaps that some of the erew from hidden places might rush out and murder them.

As they walked into the cabin both were struck with amazement at the beauty of all around them.

Pictures of great price, mirrors, chandeliers, carpets, gold and silver ornaments, massive clocks, chronometers, telescopes, books, and splendid glass were in profusion.

For a moment Frank and Hugh held their breath

in wonder!

At that moment a tremendous crash of crockeryware was heard in the pantry.

At the same moment a cannon shot whizzed right

through the cabin.

It came in at one side and passed out the other, leaving huge holes and a mass of splinters on every

In an instant afterwards Fatty rushed forth from his hiding-place, looking as pale as death, and with hair on end.

His face and hands were all smeared over with raspberry jam with which he had been quietly regailing himself.

With a loud groan he ran on deck, shouting he was shot, his companions mistaking the jam on his face for blood.

"A close shave that, Hugh," Frank said.
"Yes, and no mistake; if we intend to remain here long, we must grope about on our hands and

Nothing daunted they began their search, and discovered a copy of the latest edition of the Austrian navy's signal-book.

This was a great prize.

"Do you continue your search," Hugh said;
"Frank and I will go and endeavour to make out what those two vessels are saying to each other."

This he easily managed to do.

With a pair of splendid double-eyed sca-glasses, found in the cabin, Frank distinctly saw the number and colour of the various flags which the two

vessels were hoisting and lowering.

These he called off as he perceived them, while Dick Fellows, with the signal-book, read out aloud their meaning.

"What are they talking about, Dick?"

"They say we can't escape, for we are running right into the jaws of the Austrian fleet, which is cruizing thirty miles eastward off the harbour of Ancona."

"The devil !" said Frank. "We must change our

course, then."

"No, no, don't do anything of the sort, Frank," said the foster-brother; "if you sail towards the coast of Dalmatia yonder, you run greater risk. Stop till the moon sinks; in the darkness we shall be able to give them the slip or double on 'em."

"What are they saying now?" asked one.
"I make out that they fear we may land and rescue the Italian spy, who is confined in the coast-guard house, a few miles up the coast. They say the spy is a handsome girl in the pay of Gari-baldi."

" Are you sure?" "Yes, certain of it."

"What else?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"They can't make out why we don't fire back on them."

"A good thought !" said Mark, the foster-brother.

"What is !"

"Why, not firing on them."

"Why so?"

"Let your boys, Frank, pretend to be fighting among themselves."

"What's the use of that?"

"Never mind; you'll soon see. Watch their flags closely in the meantime, and, Dick Fellows, don't make any mistake in reading the meaning of the signals Frank calls off to you."

At a word from Frank the young Garibaldians began to dance around the deck in a wild manner,

as if they were fighting among themselves.

In an instant the two pursuing vessels began to

signal each other again,

"I told you so," said Mark, laughing in high glee, "I told you so; up gotheir signals. Now, Frank, let's hear the news; what are they say-

Frank called out the name and number of each

flag.
"By Jingo!" said Dick Fellows, in great glee; "they think we are fighting among ourselves."

"Are you sure?"

"No; now I come to look at the signals again, I find they say that the Austrian prisoners here on board have risen up in revolt against us!"
"Bravo! I thought they would," said Mark, the

foster-brother.

"What shall we do next, Mark?" asked Frank. "Haul down the Italian colours and hoist the Austrian flag over it; let them both fly together." "What does that mean?"

"That the yacht is Austrian again,"

- "Oh, no, don't do that," cried several; "it would be cowardice!"
- "But you must," said the foster-brother, "without you wish to run amuck among the Austrian fleet not far off."

This was accordingly done.

As soon as this was perceived by the two pursuing vessels, they hoisted other signals which read.

"Have you retaken her?"

"Say yes," cried the foster-brother. "Hoist Nos, 1 and 20."

This was done.

In a moment faint cheers were heard from the Austrian vessels.

"What shall we say now, brother?" Frank asked.
"Hoist signals to say 'we have retaken the
"Kaiser," and will join the Austrian fleet; don't fire at us any more.'

For a few moments Frank and Dick Fellows rummaged among the signal-flags in the box, and

hoisted the proper ones.

They were quickly perceived.

Faint cheers were again heard from the Austrians. A parting volley of blank cartridge was fired in token of joy, and in a few moments the two pursuing vessels changed their course, and sailed again for the harbour of Trieste, perfectly satisfied that all was right.

"I told you we should deceive them," said Mark, the foster-brother, in high glee, "if you followed

It was well, indeed, that Frank and the rest did follow his advice, for at that instant a steam-vessel was observed to have joined the chase which must, sooner or later, have overhauled them.

As it was, this vessel was informed by the others of the favourable turn things had taken on board the "Kaiser," and she, like the others, turned her

head towards Trieste again, flying the signal, "Well done, 'Kaiser.' Glad to see our own flag flying again. Have no mercy on the young Gari-

baldians !"

CHAPTER XIV.

TERESA, THE CAPTIVE ITALIAN SPY-RELEASE OF THE PRISONERS-THE BAPTISM OF FIRE-THE RAVINE-THE SPY-THE AUSTRIANS ALARMED-THE FIRST VOLLEY-THE FAT BOY IN TROUBLE THE SURPRISE—BRAVERY OF YOUNG BUTTONS -HE SCALES THE WALLS OF THE FORT.

WHILE Frank and his foster-brother, with Dick Fellows, were successfully deceiving the Austrian vessel, Hugh Tracy diligently carried out his search in the admiral's cabin;

The moon had now gone down upon the troubled

sea, and all was darkness.

With lantern in hand, Hugh opened numberless boxes, and discovered many things that proved of great service to the young Garibaldians.

In one chest of immense size he discovered more than two hundred red shirts, and in another as many felt hats adorned with dark green plumes. What this meant, Hugh could not understand,

for they were Garibaldian uniforms.

In another chest he discovered several hundred American revolvers, quite new, and with plenty of ammunition.

In another, he found several cases of swords, and a few rifles which could discharge twenty shots in a minute.

Ammunition for these arms he found in abun-

After turning over many desks and chests, he found a large quantity of gold coin, and much correspondence which came from Austrian spies in the Italian camps.

The rifles, revolvers, red shirts and hats he immediately distributed, according to Frank's orders, among the young Garibaldians, who hailed these treasures with loud shouts and cheers.

Such were the very things they most needed, and

proved invaluable to all.

Frank himself now joined in the search.

He divided all the money he found among his

followers.

Each one was well supplied with meat, bread and wine from the well stored pantrys, and ere an hour had passed all the young soldiers were as merry as crickets, chief of whom was the Fat Boy, who, at the first mention of wine and good food, crawled from his hiding place among the empty water-casks.

After a time a loud knocking was heard at the

main-hatchway.

This was raised a few inches.

A rough-looking seaman who spoke Italian, which Frank well understood, begged to be allowed to come on deck.

As the young Garibaldians were all well-armed, and did not fear any mutiny, this was allowed.

"What do you want?" asked Frank.

For a moment the Italian seaman looked astonished at the number of red-shirted youths around him.

Tears stood in his eyes, as he said,

"Now I understand all, my young friends. Every one of you belong to Garibaldi."

"We do," Frank answered, proudly.

"I see that from your dress, and, moreover, you are brave English boys?"

"Every one is English."

"And you forfeit all to fight for Italian liberty?" "Yes, we do; and will sacrifice our lives if need be."

For a moment the Italian seaman hung his

At last he said.

"Let me join you?"
"You?"

"Yes, me. There are twenty more beside me in the hold, who hate the Austrian yoke. Some are Poles, some are Italians, some Hungarians, and some from other parts. We all love Garibaldi, and will fight for him if you will let us free."

"But why are you serving on board an Austrian

vessel, then?"

"Because we have been forced to do so, my

young captain."

"I have been sent by my comrades to ask this wour of you; will you grant it? Will you "I have been sent by my comrades to ask this favour of you; will you grant it? Will you let us help to fight your battles for Italian independence? If you distrust us, sail away to the first Italian port you like, and then you will soon see how quickly we will keep our words, and join the volunteers."

For a moment Frank knew not what to do.

He was fearful of some plot. "What proof can you give us of your sincerity?" Frank asked.

"Do you know anything of the Austrian's inten-tions?"

" I do."

"Tell me them ?"

"The Austrians seized one of Garibaldi's female spies-her name is Teresa Fazzi."

"Well?"

"She is now confined in the strong coast-guard house, near the light-house?"

"What light-house?"

"The one you see some fifteen miles away, there yonder, where the small light twinkles above the waves like a star."

"Is that the light-house?"
"It is, The coast-guard house is but a mile higher up the beach."

"How know you she is there."

"I saw her arrested this morning in Trieste.

They removed her out of town for fear of any rescue being attempted. To-morrow she will be taken to Venice. She is a most important prisoner for the Austrians, and I fear me they will torture her to death but what they will extract every secret from her."

Here the Italian sighed, and hung his head. "Why do you sigh?" Frank asked, with compas-

sion in his voice.

"I saw her pass, and in my heart I vowed to attempt her rescue."

"You?"

"Yes, captain; we both belong to a Secret Society, having in view the deliverance of Italy from the Austrian yoke."

'How know you this?"

"She made certain signs which I could not mistake. We both belong to the same secret order, as I have told you, and could recognise each other anywhere."

"What order is that?"

"Nay, signor, I could not, I dare not, reveal that; it is too great a secret. Perhaps ere many days you yourself, nay, every one of your gallant young band, may belong to it, and then you will not only be surprised, but commend and admire my silence.

"Perhaps so; and what is your name?"

"Antonio Ricci. It is all important that Teresa be released, and to-night."

"Ah, indeed !"

"Yes, she ought to be at Ancona ere this, for she bears important information to Garibaldi."

"Well, if this be so, why not let us change our course, and assail the coast-guard house?" said Frank.

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted all.

"Then so be it. We might as well fight our first battle with the Austrains to-night as at any other

This proposition was received with applause by all the young Garibaldians.

The Italian seaman, Antonio, shed tears of joy when informed of their intention. After a long consultation together, it was agreed

to release the Italian prisoners, and arm them. When this determination was made known to them by Antonio and Frank, the prisoners leaped for

On their bended knees they swore to be faithful

and true.

Some wept, others laughed with joy, while many kissed Frank's hands in token of humble submission,

admiration, and loyalty.

They soon changed their hated Austrian uniform for a red shirt, and ere long the yacht "Kaiser,' with her two brass cannon charged with grape shot, turned her course towards the light-house.

The plan, as agreed upon, was this:—
The yacht was to sail in towards the land, and, in a small inlet about two miles south of the lighthouse, land a part of the crew.

It would then sail an equal distance above the coast-guard fort and land the rest, leaving some one behind to guard the "Kaiser."

At a given signal, which was to be a red rocket fired from the yacht, both parties were to march towards the fort, and assail it on both sides at

A part of the Italian sailors and young Garibaldians, led on by Hugh Tracy and Dick Fellows, were the first party landed, while Frank Ford and the rest were also landed above the small fort.

There were two of the young Garibaldians left

behind to guard the yacht, and these two, unknown

to Frank, were spies!

When the red rocket was fired by Frank he marched his men towards the fort through a small dry ravine which ran at the back of it.

He gave particular orders that every one should arm themselves with two six-barrelled revolvers and a cutlass; which they did, for every one of the youths, sailors included, knew very well that some hard fighting would be required ere they overcame the Austrian guard.

Tony, the Fat Boy, was among Frank's party, but, instead of arming himself with two revolvers, he had at least a dozen in his belt, all doubleshotted, besides an immense sabre he had picked

up in the cabin.

In truth, as he trudged along, puffing and blowing, and munching a piece of bread, he looked like a walking magazine of fire-arms, and, to add to his load, he filled a large havresack with bread and meat, and had over a pint of wine in his canteen !

He tried a cigar on the march, but it was too

much for him, and made him groggy.

He drank of the wine freely to quench his thirst after eating an enormous quantity of salt beef, and, long ere a shot was fired on either side, the Fat Boy was pretty well "tight," and, as he said, "dying

for a fight."

Young Buttons was made head of the commissariat department for the occasion, and was accompanied by several of the youngest of the Garibaldians whom Frank did not think it prudent to expose to the chances of the battle. They were well laden with refreshments, which, with young Button's assistance, they lightened at almost every step.

However, all things seemed to prosper this the first land exploit of the young Garibaldians, and they crept close up to the fort through the ravine

without being observed.

They lay close to the ground waiting for Hugh Tracy's band to arrive and "open the ball" on the other side, and could plainly hear the Austrian sentinels challenging each other in their rounds.

Frank, in a whisper, explained everything to his followers, and all was in readiness for the surprise and attack, when Tony whispered to Frank, in a hurried manner,

"Do you see him?"

"Who ?"

"Why, don't you see yonder one of our band talking to that Austrian soldier just above us on the

Frank turned his eyes, and perceived a person dressed like one of the young Garibaldians, but who it was he knew not, conversing with an Austrian

"Who can it be?" thought Frank. "Surely none of my party have been taken prisoners?"

He counted his men, and found them all right. But while he turned deadly pale, and whispered "treason" to himself, he knew not what to do.

To fire, and shoot down the villain, whoever he was, would have been easy enough, but it might ruin his plans.

He sat considering what to do for some moments, when the sentinel and the stranger suddenly disappeared from view.

In less than two minutes drums were heard

beating wildly in the coast-guard fort!

A discordant jar of voices was heard-a loud, angry murmuring sound it was-which betokened that the enemy had been secretly informed of the expedition, and were hurriedly assembling to thwart it !

A few moments passed—awful moments of suspense they were to Frank-still not a shot was fired to indicate to him that Hugh Tracy and his band had commenced the fight.

"Hide yourselves in the darkness of the ravine," said Frank, in a whisper; "we mustn't begin till our comrades have arrived on the other side. Hide, I tell you, Fatty! Creep low behind the rocks and cle'ts; let no one breathe aloud !"

He had just said these words when a company of Austrian marines appeared at the head of the

ravine.

The form of each man of them was clearly visible against the bright blue sky.

The officer at the head was sword in hand,

"If the young Garibaldians are down here," he rif the young Gardandians are the said, with a loud laugh, "we can't very well miss them, comrades. The spy said they were here, but I don't see anything of them. Do you, my lads?"

"No, captain," said the soldiers.
"Well, no matter; in case there be any one lurking and prying about, we might as well give them a good volley."

"Oh, the villain!" Fatty sighed. "He's going to give us a 'good volley!' It's all up with us now, Buttons. Give us a swig at the wine afore we dies!"

"Hus-s-s-h!" said Frank. "Hold your tongue, you big donkey. Keep quiet and crouch low; they can't hit you."

"Oh, can't they, though? I know better than that. In a moment or two they'll make cat's meat of us all! Oh, lor! I feel the bullets drilling holes into me even now! Ugh! this is soldiering, is it?—to be made a target of, and mustn't fire a pouch in return! Well, I suppose it's all right; give us another drink of wine, Buttons; it's all up with us, and no mistake! Good-bye; take care of yourself. Remember Tony to all his old friends."

"Who goes there?" asked the Austrian officer of marines, interrupting Tony's whispered words. "Who goes there?" he repeated. "Friends or foes ?"

"Friends or foes, eh? It's coming now, Buttons, look-out!" gasped Tony, coiling himself up behind a huge stone like an eel.

"Ready!" said the officer to his men.

On the command forty bright barrels were levelled at the ravine.

Fatty, in trying to creep closer under the rock, lost his balance, and fell into a hole hard by some fifteen feet deep.

"Fire!" was the next command.
On the instant a sharp report broke upon the night air, and forty bullets went whistling and pattering through the ravine.

Directly they had fired Frank listened, for he thought some of his men were hit.

But not a sound was heard, save a deep sigh from Fatty in the mud-hole.

"Bravo!" said Frank, half aloud, "Not one hurt. They stand it like fire-eaters."

"They can't be there," said the Austrian officer. "I think not," said another, "or we must have hit them."

"So much the better, then. Let us return, and

rejoin our companions."

They moved off with measured tread, but had not gone far when a loud noise of fire-arms was heard in the opposite direction.

"That's Hugh and Dick, for a thousand pounds!" said Frank. "Now's our time, my lads. Let's rush forth and help them; no cheering or shouting

yet, mind. We must first get some one into the

fort."

The firing between Hugh Tracey's party and the Austrians was now very rapid, and wild shouts from the Italian seamen rent the air.

"Follow me!" said Frank.

Sword in hand, he rushed forth from the ravine, followed by his men, silent and determined.

"The gate is open ! rush into the fort and secure

it!" shouted one.

They did rush towards it, but it was slammed in

their face!

All, or nearly all, the garrison were out fighting ; not a man was on the walls, and therefore Frank knew there was no time to be lost, or Hugh Tracy's party might be overpowered by numbers.
"Here, Buttons," said Frank, "do you want to distinguish yourself?"

"Of course. What's up, Master Frank?"
"Why, this; there is a female imprisoned in there, and we must find her out,"

" Well ?"

"Will you do it?"

"Of course; if you give me a couple of revolvers to defend myself. But how am I to get in, the gates are closed?"

"Oh, we'll soon manage that."

In a moment eight of the Italian seamen formed a platform with their bodies against the wall; upon their backs jumped four boys, who did like-wise, on the top of those clambered two others, thus forming a perfect scaffolding of human bodies, up which young Buttons had to climb.

As they were on the dark side and at the back of the fort, this stratagem was not perceived by the

Austrian guards.

Provided with a long rope Buttons mounted on the back of first one and then another of his companions, and was soon safe on the top of the wall, concealed by some projecting masonry, and out of

In a moment the scaffold of bodies was destroyed, and as they marched off towards the spot where Hugh Tracy and his men were fighting, Frank, full of glee, pointed out a dark speck on the wall of the fort, which was creeping along like a huge cat.

It was Buttons crawling towards the roof of the

prison !

CHAPTER XV.

FLINT'S MOVEMENTS AFTER THE FIRE-UNEX-PECTED MEETING WITH WARNER AND THE PUG -OVERHEARD CONVERSATION IN THE COFFEE SHOP-ARRIVAL OF TWO OFFICERS WHO SEARCH IT-THE THREE VILLAINS ESCAPE.

"WHERE can the murderer run, or hide from the sight of man his red-dyed hand?"

Such were old Flint's thoughts as he hastened away he knew not whither from Green Court.

Still, as he ran, blinded with agony and despair, cold perspiration oozed from his brow and his limbs shook under him.

Where could he go? He knew not.

Whichever way he went, he cast his eyes towards the sky and could see there the red glare of the

flames of his own burning dwelling.

And as often as he thought of his small, dingy chamber, with its worthless furniture, and as often as his fiery brain reverted to the horrible spectacle of the headless body in his own bed, he groaned aloud with mental agony.

"Who was that stranger?" he thought, that called at his lodgings in so mysterious a way.

What could he want?

What did he mean by inquiring for him so familiarly by name?

What was his purpose in asking "if he had lost

anything?"

What had he lost at all?

He knew not.

Was it Warner in disguise?

No, this could not be; the voice, the manner, the height, and walk of the person was not Warner.

Who else could it be?

"Was it a detective?" he thought, and, as he did so, his teeth chattered again.

But suppose it were a detective; how could he

have found him out so quickly?

He had ridden home from old Ford's place and

had not tarried on the way.

"Surely," he thought, "the police cannot have found out a clue already? But suppose they have arrested Warner," he sighed; "if such be the fact, then it explains all,"

He stood under a doorway to let many persons

pass who were hurrying towards the fire.

Engine after engine came tearing along towards Green Court, and policemen in squads were hurrying thither also.

He heard some of them say that the whole court

would be burnt to the ground.
"I wish it may," sighed Flint.
A fireman coming from the conflagration was

heard to report that a life was lost.

"Who could it be?" thought the lawyer.

"Is the party known?" asked a policeman of the fireman, as they walked on together.
"Yes," the latter replied, "the landlady says

the missing man is an old chap named Flint; the headless body she swears looks very much like that of his son; but she's not quite certain."
"You don't mean that?" said the policeman.

"I do though. The old lady is frantic about the loss of her house; and swears she distinctly

heard the old man go upstairs into his room but never come out again." "But wasn't the old chap discovered when they

pulled the body out into the court?'

"No; you see, the 'Coster' and the 'Darkey' were almost suffocated in pulling the body out. They had bundled out all the other lodgers into the court, when the landlady screams out, 'Old Flint is there still!"

The Coster and Darkey volunteered to go into the

house again to look after him.

This was before any fireman had come on the spot; but directly they reached the front door, the whole place fell in with a loud crash, leaving nothing but the four walls standing.

"It's a horrible affair."

"I believe you," said the fireman.
"And a mysterious one to boot," said the policeman. "There must have been murder, then?

"Without a doubt."

"And so the father was buried alive in the ruins?"

"It seems so."

"This makes two murders as have occurred tonight," said the policeman, as he and the fireman

passed out of kearing.

"My son! my only son, Joel," gasped the law-yer, "murdered!—his head cut off! It cannot be! And yet the old landlady has seen him before—the last time he came from Bromley Hall. Oh, heavens, it cannot be! and all this tragedy—this double tragedy—is the work of cursed gold! Oh, that I had never been born! Until I robbed the widow and fatherless, years and years ago, I never felt that hellish thirst for money which now consumes me. It is a curse upon me! My hands are blightedmy heart has turned to stone, and I am a blooddyed villain for the sake of pelf !"

These words were uttered by old Flint with so much earnestness that his brain seemed all on fire.

Acts in his life, long years past, now flitted through his mind like so many revengeful demons. He thought he could even hear voices of the dead

shouting in his cars-

"You have robbed the orphan and widow; you have foresworn their right and title; you have conspired for their death. You have done all this for gold! gold! gold! Where is now the peace of mind and happiness you promised yourself would come when you had accomplished your last purpose on old Ford? Gold you wanted—gold you have—gold shall be your curse! Your ill-gotten wealth, like a mill-stone round your neck, shall pull you down to the lowest loathsome pit of hell!"

These thoughts, as they flitted through his feverheated brain-these imaginary voices which shouted in his ears with the strength of the town crierseemed to chill his very marrow, and his eyes emitted a fiery glow as if his aching brain was nought but a burning furnace inhabited by shriek-

ing devils.
"Oh, the curse of money!" he groaned. "What would I not now give for a moment's peace and innocence! But my heart is seared with crimemy hands are red with blood-aye, as gory as Warner's! What shall I do?-confess all and then destroy myself?"

For a moment he reflected, and then laughed in

a wild defiant manner.

"Kill myself!" he chuckled, "what an idiot I am to think of such a thing! No, no; courage, Flint, courage. What is man without money? am not the only one who has gotten it dishonestly, and by blood, too. They live and prosper—why not I? Yes, so I will. I will live like a prince on the fat of the land, and drown all remorse in the best of wine."

Walking to a pump, he washed the blood off his hands and face—the blood which had flown from his cut face, and the dark gory stains on his hands, which had smeared them when fumbling the bed-

clothes in his room.

This seemed to refresh him much.

He next went into a public house, and had a quartern of hot brandy and water. This was quickly and ravenously gulped down, when, to cheer himself still further, he went into a second and a third public house, and had a like quantity.

The effects of the brandy was soon apparent, so much so, that on his way through the streets he laughed and chuckled to himself, and began laying

out his plans for the future.

In imagination he pictured to himself a palacelike residence, splendid parks and orchards, magnificent carriages and horses, and his son Joel a

Member of Parliament.

"I must keep out of Warner's way, though," he thought, "or there will be murder between us. For this purpose, in case I might meet him on some dark night, I will always go armed-yes, I'll carry two revolvers, double-loaded, and a dagger. But, Lor, what should I fear him for? He'll never trouble me; the police are close to his heels by this time. I hope they'll hunt him down! Calcraft would then have a job. I wouldn't mind giving a strong pull at his legs myself. Ha, ha! He's the only one that knows anything about it; if I get

him out of the way I can hold up my head with the best in the land. Flint, Mr. Flint, et ? Well, well, how I have deceived them all! Ha, ha! They may hunt for Mr. Flint as long as they like. Old Ford used to call me by that name, and I adopted it. Even Joel doesn't know anything to the contrary; he little thinks that his and my right name is Smidt. A fine old Datch name, truly, and I'm not ashamed of it. The Dutch are the cutest and coolest villains out. Ha, ha! I will go over to Germany, and buy a grand title. Let me see, for a few hundred pounds I could be made a count, a baron, or even a duke. What would sound the best ?- Count Smidt, Baron von Smidt, or -- Yes, that's it: Baron von Smidt, of- Where shall it be? Oh, I know, old Ford has the title to an estate he bought there among his papers in my safe. I'll go by the title of that domain. All is mine now. Ha, ha! Money's the thing. Joel will marry a lord's daughter, or something grand, and we will live in princely style."

While thus thinking as he walked along, he stepped into a coffee shop that had just opened,

and soon fell asleep over a cup of tea.

It was in a very low neighbourhood, dirty and ill-lighted.

He was aroused by the whispered conversation of

two men, several boxes away. "Don't speak so loud," said one; "that old chap

might hear us."
"No fear," said the other. "He's sleeping as sound as a top."

Greatly to old Flint's surprise he heard these two

men whispering about Ford's murder.

One was Warner, entirely changed in dress; the other, Bill Barney !

He was horrified to discover this, but still held his head low, and snored on as if fast asleep.

He heard Warner say that after he had "finished the old man" he looked for the treasure, but found none. He managed to escape, and rushed off to old Flint's lodgings just in time to find it all in flames. Here he met with Bill Barney, who had been roused out of bed by the clamorous noise of "fire !"

Warner appeared sadly disappointed that he could not discover what had become of the lawyer, whose throat he threatened to cut on the instant

he met him unless he divided the booty.

A threat which the half-bred pug coincided in fully, as he murmured,

"Jest so; cut his wizzon fust, and chuck him in the Thames arter, is my adwice; no marcy on sich slimy coves as he is. Jest you on'y point him out to me, that's all, I'll soon 'do' for him."

At that instant two policemen came in and called

for the landlord.

Warner and Bill Barney moved away from each other and began to read newspapers, hiding their faces as much as possible.

The two policemen wished to know if the landlord had let any of his beds the night before to any persons of suspicious appearance, "as there was a

party which was wanted."

The landlord protested that though his shop was a dirty, dingy one, and situated in a very disreputable neighbourhood, he was sure that none of his beds had been let out to improper persons, men or women; an oath, by the way, which most coffeeshop keepers will willingly swear to, although they know, on the contrary, that after certain hours their rooms are frequented both by prostitutes and thieves more than any other class.

The two officers went upstairs to examine the apartments, for suspicious parties had been traced

there.

Warner and Bill instantly left the shop, and, as

the latter said, "hooked it.'

Old Flint had been perspiring with fear, but also decamped very hastily, greatly to the surprise of the officers when they returned a few minutes after-

They had not found the person they particularly "wanted," but they did not go away empty-handed, for they had discovered four thieves in the housetwo professional pickpockets and their "gals," notorious prostitutes of the Haymarket, who drugged gentlemen and robbed them, as a genteel and lucrative mode of living.

These were lugged off to the station-house, kind reader, whither let us go, and see what was doing there regarding Old Ford's murder at the Haunted

CHAPTER XVI.

SANGUINARY COMBAT IN THE DARK RAVINE-FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD-FATTY "THE FIRE-DEVIL"—EXPLOITS OF THE YOUNG LEADERS-MARK, THE FOSTER BROTHER'S DEED O DEED OF BRAVERY-THE VICTORY-THE CAPTURED FLAG THE SURRENDER-THE AWFUL EXPLOSION.

FRANK had not gone far with his men when he perceived the dangerous position in which Hugh Tracy and his party were.

They, like himself, had journeyed up the ravine, and hid themselves for a time until the proper

Shortly a company of Austrians appeared at the head of the ravine, which stopped Hugh's progress.

When he heard the firing, however, he made sure that Frank had been attacked, and therefore ordered

his men to begin firing.

Nothing could have been better for the Austrians,

who were very numerous.

They returned the fire, and for some time the young Garibaldians maintained their ground.

But they had to give way before superior numbers, and were slowly retiring down the ravine again, knocking over Austrians at every step.

The enemy, with loud shouts, and notwithstanding their number of killed and wounded, bravely followed, and were then fighting there at the moment when Frank's party arrived, and screened them-selves from view in the edge of the ravine, right behind the Austrians.

He saw at a glance how matters stood, and in order to encourage his friends fighting below he and his party raised loud shouts and cheers for Gari-

baldi!

These shouts were recognised by Hugh Tracy's party, who answered them, and made the ravine echo again with their lusty cheers.

The Austrians were much surprised, but did not

prove cowards.

They were now taken in front and behind by the young Garibaldians, who, on all sides, showered vollies of shot upon them without mercy.

The fight was now becoming hotter and more

desperate each moment.

The Italian seaman who had joined Frank performed prodigies of valour.

Amid cheers, shouts, groans, and oaths, the combat continued.

The Austrians could not escape, they were assailed with such fury on either side that they knew not what to do.

"Surrender !" shouted Frank on one side.

"Never!" was the response.

"Then let them have it, lads," said Frank, and his followers fired faster than ever.

The poor Austrians did not know what to make of They were far more numerous than the young Garibaldians; but the latter seemed to fire six shots to their one; and no wonder, for most of them had breech-loaders, and rifles which could fire twenty times per minute, so that they literally poured balls into them like showers of hail stones.

Frank, though brave, was also wise. He did not madly rush into the thick of the fight, and thus

leave his comrades without a commander.

He did much better than this.

The Austrian officer in command rode a horse which Frank made up his mind to have at all costs.

But how to get it he did not know. Chance soon gave him an opportunity.

The Austrian ordered a part of his men to wheel about and charge Frank's party with the bayonet. This they attempted to do.

But Jack was as good as his master, for Frank, nothing loth, cheered on his men, and with sword in hand dashed at the Austrian officer on horseback in front.

For an instant the mounted Austrian was as-

tonished to see such a youth assail him.

But next moment their swords clashed, and it was a hand-to-hand encounter, short and desperate.

The officer tried to ride over Frank; but the youth was too nimble. He jumped aside, and the sword which was aimed at his head, clove the air !

With a loud laugh of triumph, Frank struck the officer on the sword-arm, and not only disabled but unhorsed him !

In a second Frank jumped upon the animal, and with a loud shout he galloped towards Hugh Tracy to give directions.

The Austrian flag was waving in the breeze amid

fire and smoke.

On his way to Hugh, Frank made a dash at it. He cut the bearer down, and the force of his blow severed the flag-staff in twain.

He was now surrounded on all sides.

The colours were snatched up by some brave Austrian, and Frank, though not disgraced, was obliged to fight his way out of the throng, whose bayonets were all pointed at his breast.

Frank at that moment was unhorsed.

The young Garibaldians seeing his danger rushed closer and closer on the foe with wild shouts. The meeting was a deadly one.

With pistols, knives, bayonets, cutlasses, and rifles the combatants met breast to breast!

It was a fearful moment.

The fight was still terrible, intense and unequal, for the Austrians were far more numerous.

But this the young Garibaldians did not seem to care much about, for their foes were falling fast on every hand.

For a short time longer the sanguinary combat lasted, but the enemy were beaten at all points.

Some clambered up the rocks out of the ravine, and thus escaped certain slaughter.

Others hid themselves behind rocks, and in clefts, but the greater part still fought on bravely.

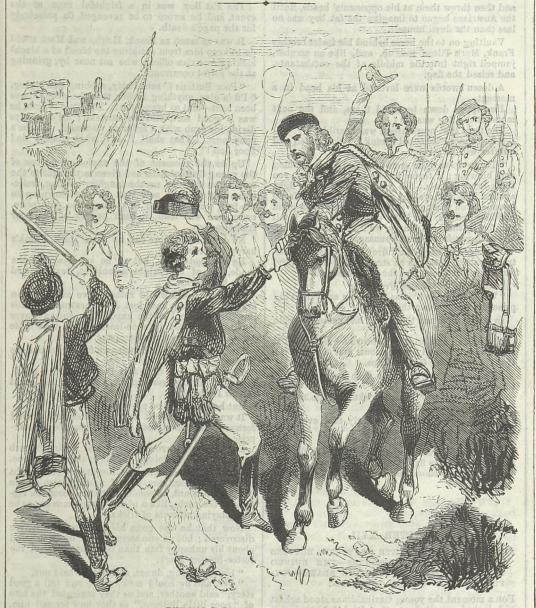
How long the fight might have lasted there was no telling, for the young Garibaldians discovered they had met men who were not cowards.

"Fatty," who, to his credit, it must be confessed, fought like a lion during the whole affair; many had fallen before his strong arm.

His arms, and sleeves, and face were all dyed with gore, and his hair stood on end as if with fright.

"The flag! The flag!" he cried, and rushed into the thickest of the fight. "We'll teach 'em what

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE INTERVIEW WITH GARIBALDI .- See No. 6.

John Bull is made of, my boys ! Hooray for the flag ! On to it, boys !"

It is more than likely that the Austrians would have very soon found out what Fatty was made of, as he rushed in among them, were it not for Frank,

Tom, Hugh, and Dick, who came to his aid.

Even they could not make much impression on the close ranks before them.

At that moment, more than a dozen took a de-liberate and deadly aim at Frank, who was again on horseback.

They fired, and his horse fell.

It was not shot-it had been baulked in its stride by Frank's foster-brother, Mark, who saw the danger.

No. 5.

This stumbling of the horse saved Frank's life. On the instant several rushed at him to despatch him.

Mark, however, was near.

With a six-barrel revolver in one hand, and a cutlass in the other, he discharged the one right into their faces, while with the other he cut and cleaved a way for Frank out of the infuriated

The young captain remounted his horse on the instant, and dashed towards the standard, round which Hugh, Dick, Tom and Fatty were fighting like braves.

They could not secure it.

One after another did Fatty fire his many pistols,

and then threw them at his opponents' heads, until the Austrians began to imagine the fat boy was no less than the devil himself.

Vaulting on to the horse behind his foster brother Frank, Mark Tilton rose up, and, like an acrobat, jumped right into the middle of the combatants, and seized the flag.

A dozen swords were levelled at his head in a moment

He slipped down to avoid them, and the next moment the flag was his!

The fight that now ensued was horrible.
"Surrender!" shouted Frank. "Surrender, and quarter will be given."

"Throw down your arms!" roared Fatty, puffing and blowing; "throw 'em down this instant, you thick-headed fools. Do you think you can fight against English boys, eh? Not you, you tallow-faced hounds; you must eat more roast beef and plum pudding first, eh, lads? Put down your arms, I tell you, or, by the Lord Harry, we'll spifflicate you all, and turn you into German sausages."

This speech from the "fire devil." as the Austrians called Fatty, as he stood blood-stained and furious before them, had the proper effect.

"Surrender !" shouted Frank.

"We do! We do!" was the sullen answer, as the prisoners threw down their arms.

In a few moments the firing had ceased on both sides.

Groans and and cries were heard on all sides, but these were drowned by the shouts and cheers of the triumphant young Garibaldians.

At that moment a bright flash swept upwards towards the sky.

A terrific explosion followed like the concentrated energy of a dozen earthquakes.

It shook the ground so violently that every one fell in amazement and horror.

The truth was quickly known.

Hissing shells went screaming through the air, and legs and arms flying in all directions!

The Fort had blown up !

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER THE BATTLE-FATE OF YOUNG BUTTONS THE SPOIL AND PRISONERS—THE RUINED FORT—THE UNKNOWN SPY—THE ALARM—JOY-FUL MEETING-RESCUE OF TERESA.

For a moment the young Garibaldians stood aghast and looked appalled at the frightful explosion which had shaken the earth.

They knew not what to think or how to act. They had valiantly vanquished the Austrians, it is true, in this severe night encounter, but their hearts were sad at the extraordinary fate of poor Buttons.

The Italian seamen, who, a moment before, were loud in shouts, cutting and slashing at the Austrians, looked grim and sorrowful.

"Poor Teresa!" they sighed. "Alas! she deserved a better fate; she was one of Garibaldi's chief spies, and was worth more than her own weight in diamonds to the Italian cause of liberty."

Bloodstained and wounded as many of them were, they shed bitter tears for poor Teresa's luckless end.

The Fat Boy was in a frightful rage at the event, and he swore to be revenged on somebody for the page's death.

It was as much as Frank, Hugh, and Mark could do to keep him from shedding the blood of a blacklooking Austrian officer, who sat near by, grinning at the awful occurrence.

"Poor Buttons!" said Fatty, sobbing and crying, "I'd 'a give anything rather than he should have been hurt—and so brave, too! The little beggar, he was a good sort, and no mistake; he'd always divide his grub with a fellar as wanted it. But he's gone now. What shall I do? what shall I do? gone now. Poor Job !"

Up to the moment of the explosion, no one of the young Garibaldians had given a thought to the worth, the bravery, or the laughter-making, frolic-some Buttons, but now that he was blown up in the fort while engaged in a dangerous enterprise, every one was loud in their praises of the poor friendless boy.

No one seemed more cut up than Mark, Frank's hardy foster-brother.

He did not speak, but as he sat down in the shade, out of the bright moonlight, tears flowed down his cheeks,

"Ah! Frank, I would rather have sacrificed an arm or a leg than have lost Job Parsons. He was the life and soul of the expedition, and a braver boy never stepped in shoe-leather than that same care-killing, laughter-loving page.

Frank and others had their own feelings about the matter.

They knew well that Job Parsons was a goodhearted, harum scarum fellow, and they felt great sorrow for his loss.

But how could it be prevented?

It was not their fault that he had shoved himself forward, and volunteered on that hazardous enter-

They had endeavoured time and again to curb his wild, reckless doings, but it could not be done.

He would do this and that, despite all that might be said to the contrary, and if nothing else was to be done on board, he would clamber about the rigging of the yacht, like a nimble young monkey as he was, playing all sorts of tricks.

Now that he was gone his good qualities were discovered; but no one seemed more down-hearted about his unhappy fate than the Fat Boy and the foster-brother Mark.

"He could sing, dance, and fight," said one.

"Yes, and he could cook, wash, and tell a good story," said another, and as they lamented the fate of "poor little Buttons," as they now termed him, they felt deep and sincere sorrow for his sudden

But what must the young Garibaldians now do?

They had fought well, and were victorious. They had a number of officers and privates prisoners; but the fort was blown up, and the true object of their mission—namely, the rescue of Teresa, the Italian spy-had failed,

"We must not remain here long," whispered an Italian seaman in Frank's ear; " we must not long remain here," he repeated, in a very solemn, and rather ominous tone. "You don't know these Austrians as well as I do."

"What do you mean, Pedro?" Frank asked. "I mean this, my young captain. The Austrians have a splendid code of signals."
"Well, what of that?"

MATARIA STIPPINITAMENT TO THE RESERVE

"I have no doubt they know all about it by this time in Trieste.'

"I do not understand you."

"Well, captain, I mean this. The fort did not blow up of its own accord."

"Well?"

"Before it blew up there must have been some good cause for it, and the telegraph was used to warn the garrison in Trieste of what was going on."

"Just so."

"Well, then, after they had telegraphed for more men, and for ships to be sent out to catch us, the magazine was fired, no doubt by the orders of superior officers, and I feel certain they have already got up steam, and are on their way hither with one or two vessels. We must leave this at once, or we may be all lost."

"Right, Pedro, right," said Frank. "Did you hear that distant gun just now?"

"Yes, captain, I did; it was that which made me speak thus boldly to you."

"What did it mean?"

"It is a system of signalling the Austrians have, They are on the alert all along the coast."

"But I don't like to give up all our prisoners, Pedro."

"You need not give liberty to all, my young captain," said the Italian.

What, then?"

"Make all of them march through the rain towards the yacht, carrying their arms."

"Carrying their arms? They are more numerous than we are now, and might turn on us again."

"No, no, captain," said the Italian, smiling; "there is no fear of that if you do what I tell you."

"What is it?"

"Disarm two-thirds of them, make the other third carry all the guns and ammunition,"

I see, I see."

"Let the unarmed march in front with little escort, as those carrying the arms and ammunition will be too heavily loaded to offer any resistance. Let them march behind, surrounded by our men.'

"Just sc, Pedro; it shall be done."

"And quickly, captain, pray, for I hear the Austrian signal guns firing all along the coast; we shall not have much time to spare."

After a few moments' conference with the young leaders, it was resolved to follow Pedro's plan.

Two thirds of the prisoners were disarmed and marched in front, the remaining third carried the guns and ammunition of the remainder.

This was done so quietly and quickly that in a few moments all the Austrian prisoners were on their way to the yacht through the dark ravine, the wounded Garibaldians being carried by their comrades.

When the "Kaiser" was reached all the rifles, swords, ammunition, bayonets, and the like were piled on board, and, except the officers, all the Austrians were liberated.

The "Kaiser" was soon ready for sea, and all things were right for a pleasant start and a quick run over the Adriatic to Ancona.

"Where is Tom and Mark?" asked Frank, as he missed them when calling off the names of his fol-

"They have gone to look at the fort; they won't be long.

Ere many minutes Tom and Mark appeared in the distance, dragging between them a rough, drunken Austrian soldier, who was cursing and swearing and struggling to get away.

"Any sign of young Buttons?"

"Have you seen him anywhere?"
"How did it blow up?" asked first one and then another, in great haste and eagerness.

All that Mark and Tom could answer was that they had not seen the slightest sign of either one or the other of them.

"All I could learn," said Tom, "was that this wretch here bad something to do with it, and have brought him here as a prisoner."

"Then let us set sail," said Frank.

In five minutes the yacht, with flowing sheets and a gentle breeze, rolled gracefully in the wind, and had left the shore more than a mile behind.

The fate of Buttons was still the chief topic of conversation.

"Who was that fellow we saw talking to the Austrian officer at the head of the ravine just before they fired on us?" asked one.

" Don't know."

"Wasn't it Buttons, think you?" said one of the two who had been left in charge of the boat. "It might have been, you know."

"What, Buttons turn traitor?" said the Fat Boy, indignantly. "Look here, Jenkins, don't you dare whisper anything o' that sort again in my hearing, or I'll knock you down."

Jenkins didn't utter another word, but moved off,

biting his lip.
"Jenkins," said Frank, "did you and Smalls stay on board all the time we were away?"

"Yes, nearly all the time, captain," Jenkins answered; "but we just went on shore to have a little look at the fighting, and returned in a few

moments again. "Did you see anyone skulking around?"

" No."

"Nor any one go on board."

" No."

"How far did you go?"

"About a hundred yards off, that's all. Why?" "Oh! nothing," said Frank, moodily, and walked towards the wheel, where Mark was steering.

The two or three wounded Garibaldians were all comfortably lying on deck, and all was peace and quiet again.

Most of them dropped off to sleep after the hardfought battle they had gone through; but the Fat Boy was consoling himself with a cold fowl, and a bottle of wine, both of which he had "hooked" from one of the Austrian prisoners, who were grouped together in the head of the boat, and well guarded.

He was munching away, and paying very great attention to his bottle of wine, when some one crept slowly towards him and said in a whisper,

"You might give a fellow a bit I think, Tony." "Wh-h-h-a-a-t!" gasped the Fat Boy in surprise, with his mouth half-filled. "Wh-h-a-a-t! is that you?"

"Yes, me."

"What! Buttons?"

"Yes, Buttons."

In a moment the Fat Boy seized Job round the neck, and began to blubber like a child.

The noise he made awoke all his comrades, who, when they discovered the cause, clustered round the page, shook him by the hand, and cheered loudly for his safety, while Fatty, like a rough bear, nearly hugged him to death.

"But how is this, Buttons? There is some mystery here. How did you escape?"

"What of Teresa? Did you discover her?" "Not only discovered her; but rescued her," said Buttons. "She is now sleeping in the cabin."

"And neither of you got hurt?"

"Not the scratch of a pin."

Loud shouts rent the air on hearing this good

"But how did it all happen? how could you escape the explosion?"

"That remains to be told, Captain Frank," said Buttons, laughing. "When we are well rested, if you don't mind, I'll spin that yarn to all assembled."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted the young Garibaldians, in high glee.

At that moment Mark pointed towards the south. A steamer was approaching at full speed; but was yet some distance off.

They began to fire at the yacht; but their shot and shells fell wide of the mark and spurted up the water in heavy columns full half a mile wide from the "Kaiser."

"We are discovered," said Mark, " and chased. Tell the lads to hoist every stitch of canvas. We must fight our way out of this."

Bang! bang! went the enemy's guns; but the shots fell short.

"Hugh, load the two brass rifled guns," said rank. "We'll just give the Austrian a taste of our quality when he comes near enough."

The guns were loaded, and Frank pointed them. "Don't fire yet," he said. "Wait for the word from me."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the Italian gunners and young Garibaldians, full of enthusiasm.

Frank stood beside the guns, telescope in hand, ready to give the word of command.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"YvdW ... What's all. Why?" moodly, and walked

THE OLD IRON SAFE AND ITS TREASURES-PRE-PARATIONS FOR LEAVING ENGLAND-THE TELE-GRAPH AND DETECTIVES WORK TOGETHER-"IS THAT THE MAN?" - THE MYSTERY NOT CLEARED UP-SUSPICION ON FRANK.

INSIDE the office sat a spruce, well-shaven inspector, pen in hand, while inside and outside of the little square room sat several policemen, most of them in plain clothes, wet, muddy, and tired with their work.

Drunkards, thieves, and riotous persons of both sexes came in, conducted by various officers; the charges against them were taken in a short, business-like manner, and the luckless individuals quickly confined in various cells of very small and uncomfortable dimensions.

This was nothing.

The telegraph from Scotland Yard was working rapidly, and the inspector knew very well that something more than common had taken place.

He read the message and seemed shocked.

It was about old Ford's murder at the Haunted House.

The "case" seemed a difficult one, but the inspector, after a moment's thought, called in Sergeant Gale, and police-constable Stiff.

Both these officers were in plain clothes. Quiet, fatherly, innocent-looking fellows they were, with no flurry about them, and always took things very coolly.

Innocent as they looked, however, they were as sharp as needles, and it might be truthfully said, as it often had been said, that a thief or desperado might as well have the devil after him as either Gale or Stiff.

They received their instructions, and quietly left the inspector's little office, as if they were going to bed, instead, perhaps, of never seeing one for a week to come.

"It was a very difficult job," the inspector said; but then he knew that both Gale and Stiff were used to "difficult jobs" all their lives, and rather liked them than otherwise, as all good officers do.

They went their way, plunged into the dark streets around the police station, and vanished none knew whither.

Of all this Old Flint knew nothing.

He hurried homewards to his "office" so called. a two-roomed den, situated not far from Lincoln's Inn, which boasted of little more than an iron safe, piles of parchment, books, and cart-loads of legal rubbish; while in the front apartment stood a Led and wash-stand.

When he entered this office he sank back perfectly exhausted into an old arm-chair.

The shutters were up, but the grey light of morning stole through the cracks, and shed a dim uncertain light on all around.

All was quiet; nought but a mouse gnawing in the deserted cupboard, or rustling among books and papers on the floor and tables, broke the stillness of the scene.

With candle in hand he walked towards his iron safe, and opened it.

He drew a small stool towards him, and sat down to pore over his deeds and treasures.

His old eyes sparkled with delight as he conned the will and a number of valuable title deeds of his murdered client-Mr. Ford.

Bags there were also, filled with gold almost to bursting.

A small drawer was packed with diamonds of great price.

"All these are mine," he said, as he surveyed his

He took up a large bundle of bank notes, a very large bundle it was indeed.

"This is the result of the many sales of old Ford's property," he mused. "What a silly old fool he was to trust any lawyer with so much wealth. Well, I am no worse than the majority of my calling; they are very much like pawnbrokers; it's two to one if the client ever gets back what he entrusts to them, and then not till they've been well bled first—ha, ha! lawyers for ever. They call us spiders waiting for a fly; so we are, but the fly doesn't get off casier than a lawyer's patron."

These thoughts made the old man chuckle again. He paid a visit to his mouldy cupboard, drank heartily out of a bottle of gin he always kept there, and then locked up the safe again.

He slept for two or three hours, or at all events tried to sleep, and rose again as tired as ever.

He had great affairs to settle, however, which required all his cunning and firmness.

He dressed himself more carefully than was his wont, and went to a box-maker, and had there and then a strong deal box made according to his orders, such an one as would just contain the iron safe.

This was brought home and paid for.

He next put a large quantity of gold and notes into his pockets, packed the safe, and then went to a

A van and two strong men soon arrived.

The safe was placed in the strong deal case, nailed firmly down, and directed to-

"Samuel Sneider, Esq., Dover. To be called for "

It was conveyed away to the railway station, and was to reach Dover that same evening.

"So far, so good," said Flint. "All my valuables are safe, at all events. In case anything should happen," he thought, "and I don't reach Dover, I'll drop Joel a line, in care of the master at Bromley Hall, and tell him all-that is if he is alive; for, thought he, "I can't believe that the body found is that of my own son."

The letter was written and sent off by post.

"Now," said old Flint, "my hardest task is to be done. I'd rather face the devil himself than do it; but if I don't wish to be ferreted out by the hawkeyed detectives, and looked upon as an accomplice in old Ford's murder, I must go to the house at once and play the hypocrite."

The lawyer fortified himself with a hearty breakfast and several draughts of liquor, after which he called a cab and drove off to the Red House.

He got out of the vehicle some distance from the house, and walked up boldly towards it.

There were two policemen in the garden, who shoved him back and would not let him pass.

A wink from Sergeant Gale, who sat at the parlour window, told them how to act, and they allowed him to pass in.

"What—what in the name of goodness, is the matter?" gasped the lawyer, with well-feigned surprise, as he confronted Gale in the entrance hall, "What has happened? What are policemen doing here, I wonder?"

"Doing their duty, sir," answered Gale, scanning the lawyer from head to foot with a keen, quick glance that made old Flint wince again. "What do you want here? Who are you and what are you?" asked Gale.

Flint explained in a few words.

"Old Ford's lawyer, eh? Well, he won't want any more lawyers," said Gale, in a careless way.

"What do you mean? I've been his legal adviser for years."

"He's dead."

"What?" " Murdered."

"Mercy on us, you don't mean that ?"

"I do; murdered last night,"

"Who did it?"

"That remains to be found out; but I don't think, between you and me," said Gale, laying his hand on the lawyer's shoulder, "I don't think it will be long before we lay hands on one of 'em."

The lawyer faintly smiled, and, do all he could, was unable to keep from shaking.

"Then there is more than one?" the lawyer

"It looks like it, from the butler's statement." "But his property, his property," said Flint. What has become of that?"

"Stolen, I suppose; we found none."

"What, all his title-deeds and money stolen?"

"Was there any?"

"Any? why a vast amount in notes and parchments. He always concealed his most valuable papers under his pillow. All gone! Lord a mercy on us, what a strange world we live in! Who'd a thought it? Why, I came expressly according to his order this very morning to make out a new will in favour of his two nephews, Frank and Tom."

"Indeed !" said Gale, with twinkling eyes. "And where are these two youths?"

"At Bromley Hall."

"And were they, up to the present time, not mentioned in his will?"

"Yes; they have behaved very badly to the kind old man, and, so I hear, have often threatened him if he disinherited them."

"Just so," said Gale, making a note in his pocketbook. "Just so. Frank—Tom—Bromley Hall.
Just so."

"I prevailed on the old man but yesterday to alter his will in favour of them, but he put the parchment under his pillow, and said he'd see about it by this morning. Poor man! good old soul! murdered, eh? Lord have mercy on us all!" said Flint, shedding tears. "In the midst of life we are in death! Heigho! that it should have come to this !"

Flint was allowed to proceed upstairs.

As he passed, Sergeant Gale whispered to the butler.

"No, sir, that's not him. He waren't near here since yesterday. That's nothing like the party I saw dash by me down stairs. It's not him."

"That the party you saw, Tomkins?" whispered Gale, to 61 Z.

Tomkins was "dead certain" he wasn't either of the men he had seen prowling around the neighbourhood for the past week, and equally sure was Sergeant Ruff.

Old Flint went upstairs with Davy, the butler, and viewed the body of the murdered man.

With many sighs and groans, he moaned and bewailed the old man's death, and with crocodile tears in his eyes, placed a crown piece in the butler's hands as he walked down stairs again.

"Mysterious affair, Sergeant Gale," said Ruff, afterwards.

"Just so-quite. We've found out, though, how the murderer escaped; through that panel at the back of the bed. Davy says he must have got in that way; but it seems there were two engaged on the job. One escaped at the front door, and the other, who evidently knew but little about the panel, missed the ladder, and fell into a cellar below, whence he escaped through a trap-door that opens into the back garden. We have traced the footsteps of the last one through the garden and mud as far as the cab-rank, but there we must stop for the present."

"Anything else?"

"We have found the nephew's dagger in the bed, and have missed several things out of Frank's room

-his gold watch among other trifles. I have already had it stopped at all the pawnbrokers and goldsmiths; a keen eye is already on all the smashers and cribs of the Israelites."

"We may trace them, after all?"

"Perhaps so; I found a pair of gold studs on the floor, and a pocket-handkerchief also, which may give us a clue by-and-bye."

While speaking thus to his brother officer, Flint disappeared so suddenly as to excite the suspicions of Sergeant Gale, who directed a plain-clothes man to watch him, if possible.

This could not be done, however, for Flint disappeared like a shadow from the premises.

As he left the house, and faced Barlow Place, he looked up, without any object.

In the first floor he espied a man looking down upon him with fiery eyes.

It was Warner!

CHAPTER, XIX.

KNAVE MEETS KNAVE-SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF OLD JONATHAN-THE QUARREL-THE COMPACT -THE WRITTEN CONFESSION-THE RESOLVE.

In great haste old Flint returned home, for the savage look of Warner, as he gazed out of window, sent a thrill of horror through the old lawyer's craven heart.

"He looks every inch a murderer," thought Flint, "and he would not be over scrupulous in finishing me off, if he got a chance. If he got a chance," mused the scoundrel, "but I'll take very great care he doesn't get a chance; if he does, it's all up with my prospects of wealth and happiness. I'd just as soon meet the devil himself as Warner at this present moment,"

With the instinct of a doubly-dyed rogue as he was, he slunk into the first public-house he came to.

It was well that he had done so, for, as he peeped through the door, he perceived Warner, in a fresh disguise, dash past wildly, looking up and down the street in search of him.

"Luck attends me yet," said Flint. "And now

He swallowed his brandy hastily, and perceiving that Warner had over-shot his mark a long way, and had hurried down the street, he jumped into a cab and drove off rapidly towards his office near Lincoln's Inn.

He paid the cabman and slunk through the bye streets until he was near his own office, and then darted upstairs with a quick step and unlocked his

"A few hours will settle all," he said to himself, as he sat in the arm-chair playing with his fingers, "a few hours will settle all. I shall be far away by this time to-morrow, and I defy any of them to discover me then."

While thus musing, the door behind him opened, and in stepped Jonathan Gravestones with noiseless foot.

When Flint by instinct turned round and perceived him, he was so shocked for a moment at the unexpected encounter that he staggered again and turned pale.

"Th-h-hat you, Jonathan? L-l-l-or' b-l-l-e-ss my soul, how you did frighten me!"

"Did I?"

"Yes, upon my word."
"Why?" asked the Rev. Mr. Gravestones, in a calm sepulchral tone. "I don't know; but you did, though."

"It looks like it; why, you tremble even now."
"Do I? Lor' you don't say so."

"Yes, you gasped for a moment as if you saw a blood-stained murderer before you."

"A what?" said Flint, shuddering at Jonathan's cold manner.

"Why, a murderer; but I'm not one, am I, old Flint, eh? Ha, ha!"

"You, n-n-o-o. What makes you look so pale, Jonathan ?"

"A great deal. We have been partners for years, haven't we, Flint?"

"Partners, Jonathan, in what? I don't understand you."

"You are very dull of comprehension, then, all at once. Do you forget the two brats?"

"Hus-s-s-h!" said Flint, "Let me close the door; we might be overheard. How did you find out my office, my dear Jonathan?" asked the lawyer, with a bitter smile.

"Why, as I had very important business with you, you know, I-

"Yes, my dear friend, but it ain't necessary to mention any names, you know. We understand each other-walls have ears,"

"Very well, then, as I wanted to see you regarding the two--"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"And as I could never get you to give me your right direction, I watched for several hours, and at last walked upstairs after you."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the lawyer, with an hyenalike grin, as if he would very much like to snap Jonathan's head off. "Really! And what do you want now you have come?"

" Money."

"Nonsense; did you not agree long ago to keep them for a certain sum per year, and so much extra when they-"I did." - You know.

"And are they dead?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean that, my dear friend Jonathan," said Flint, squeezing him by the hand; "you don't mean that? Lor', you don't know what a relief it is to me to hear that!"

"I'm glad to hear it is a relief to you."

"When did it happen?"

"Yesterday."

"And you came up to London immediately to tell me of it?"

"I did."

"Oh, Jonathan! you are a friend," said the lawyer; "a friend indeed! Are they buried?" "Yes."

"Where?"

"In the stream."

"Jonathan, your hand, my dear, dear boy. You could not have acted more wisely. If you had bought coffins and all such rubbish, why-

"There would have been a very unpleasant investigation and such like; and we should have been presented with a rope by Calcraft, that is all."

"How funny you are, Jonathan. You always were a droll dog, you know, ha! ha! Ah," said Flint, pouring out a glass of spirits for himself and friend, "ah, I very seldom touch spirits of any kind, but I must drink a toothful to our joyous meeting, for a friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Just so, and that's the reason I came up to see you, Flint.

"About the money, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, it isn't convenient for me to pay you such a large sum to day, Jonathan, but I can do the next best thing. I will pay you part in cash, and give you a check for the rest."

"That will do; draw it out."

Flint did so, but could scarce keep from laughing as he wrote it, for he knew his account at the bank had been closed weeks before.

But of this Jonathan knew nothing.

He looked at the check, and placed the cash in

his pocket.
"And now that the two brats are disposed of

what does it benefit you, Flint?"

"Not one farthing, my dear sir, not a groat." "Then why have you taken so much care of them for years past."

"Merely a whim to oblige a distant friend," "You must be a kind fellow, considering how

much you have already paid me in their behalf." Flint only smiled.

He thought to himself "I shall soon be out of his way.'

While old Jonathan, on the other hand, chuckled

to himself,

"This makes the second big pull I've had out of old Flint on account of that boy and girl; he little dreams they are not dead, though. I wish they dreams they are not dead, though. I wish they were, for in that case I might have a little peace of mind; as it is they may turn up again at any moment, and I, having had most to do with them, shall run the risk of transportation for life. matter, while Flint lives I am sure of money."

He did not mention anything about the school riot, but simply said that Frank and Tom had left.

"And Joel ?"

"Oh, he's all right; he went to dine at the banker's yesterday, and intends to come to town shortly."

"I'm glad of that; Joel will do well wherever he goes. I have sent off a very important letter to him."

"At the school?"

"Yes."

- "Oh, indeed, he's sure to get it; he's a fine lad, and brave as steel. He gave Frank and Tom such a trouncing yesterday, a real good thrashing it was. I didn't interfere, you know, for I hate those two Fords."
- too, hate them. I should not have much cared if he killed them both."

For a moment there was a dead silence.

Jonathan eyed Flint very closely, and the crafty lawyer did likewise.

"And so you arrived in town this morning, eh, Jonathan?"

"Of course I did. What makes you think I came last night?"

"Oh, nothing." Another pause.

"Have you heard any news?" Jonathan asked in a very careless manner.
"What news?"

"About a very shocking murder which took place last night."

"Murder ?"

"Yes; not only one, but two."
"Two?" gasped Flint, fairly taken off his guard.

"Yes. What makes you tremble?"

"Me tremble? I don't, on my honour." "Your honour isn't worth much, Flint," said Jonathan, grinning.

"What do you mean? Why do you stare at me

SO ?"

"There are two large placards posted on the

walls already about the murders."

"Well, suppose there are, what's all that to do with me? What are you so hideously grinning at, Jonathan, surely you don't think that I-

"There is £100 reward offered for each of them,"
"Indeed! Well, and if so, what then?"

" I can find out one of the murderers.

"Can you, though, really?" said Flint, attempting an air of great indifference. "You must be very clever, then, or know something of the murders."

"No, not so very clever, Flint. But, as I was about to say, I can earn £100 by informing on one,

and you can earn the other £100."

"Me?" said Flint, jumping out of his chair as if shot; "me? What the devil do you mean? Is the man mad, or what?"

"Perfectly sane. Sit of speak so loud, or I might-Sit down, Flint, and don't

"You might. Go on, might what?" "Why, choke you, and take the contents of you heavy money box.

" Choke me?"

"Yes, and I will, if you are not civil. Sit down."

Jonathan spoke so calmly, and with such earnest-

"Come, come, Jonathan. No larks, you know. A joke's a joke; but —"

"This is a very grim joke, Flint; it's a hanging matter, you know. Who killed old Ford?"

"Old Ford killed! you don't say so?"

"None of your hypocritical specific of Flint."

" None of your hypocritical surprise, Flint. You know he was murdered."

"Me? How should I know it? Poor old man! Murdered, eh?"

"Where is all his fortune, parchments, title deeds, and the like ?"

"How should I know? I didn't do the bloody

"I know you didn't; but you procured it."

" Procured it ?"

"Yes; where are all the deeds and parchments." "I gave them to old Ford, yesterday. I haven't got a penny's-worth belonging to him. If they are lost the murderer must have stolen them."

"Liar!" hissed Jonathan between his teeth. "You know you lie in your throat. You never gave him anything yesterday."

"Upon my-"There, don't damn yourself any more, Flint. I know you of old. We have been mixed up in crime too long together to boast much of honor or truth. Who was your cut-throat in the affair?"

"I know nothing about it."
"But you see I do. You haven't heard anything about the murder and conflagration in Green Court either, I suppose ?"

"How should I? I never lived there. Where is it ?"

"What about the headless body found in your bed, Flint?"

Flint's head sunk upon his bosom. He felt almost choked with passion,

"Who and what are you?" he gasped, rising in "Are you a fiend incarnate come to taunt me? Away, man! Annoy me no more. I know nothing of what you speak, Quit my place, I loathe you."

"How soon you have changed your tune. Sit

down, Flint; let us talk over matters. "Proceed. I hear, d—n you."

"There have been two murders. You are concerned in one, and I could explain the other, if necessary."
"Well."

"You have gained Ford's property and title deeds by one."

" No."

"Yes."

"Well, suppose it." "No, I won't suppose it, for I know it."

"What, then?"

"I want half."

"What?" gasped Flint.

" Half."

"You must be dreaming, Jonathan."

"I was never more wide awake in my life."

"But suppose I do not?"

"I will denounce you to the police." "And if I cannot at the present moment?"

"There remains then but one of two things, Flint," said Jonathan, suddenly rising, long dagger in hand.

"What! a dagger?-violence?"

"Yes, a dagger, Flint, that shall pierce your deceitful heart if you dare attempt to stir or raise

any alarm."
"What would you have me do, then?" said Flint, trembling in every limb, as Jonathan stood over him, weapon in hand.

"Have you do?"

" Yes."

"You have not his wealth here, you say?" " No."

"Then take up pen and paper."

" For what purpose ?"

"To write a full and true confession of old Ford's murder on stamped paper. I will attest it as witness."

"Confession! what criminate myself?"

"Yes, or die. The confession will be held by me for four days. If in that time you do not produce a fair half of old Ford's treasures, I will deliver this in person at Bow Street. Choose—the confession or instant death!"

Flint was conquered.

He trembled like a leaf, and turned ghastly pale as he wrote the confession.

"There," said he, handing it to Jonathan, "will that do?"

"Yes."

"I have four days clear?"

"You have."

"In that time you shall see me."

"'Tis well; don't forget the hour-nine in the morning, on the fifth day, exclusive of this."

"I will not, you may rely upon it. I value my life more than wealth."

"Do so; or tremble !"

Jonathan cast a withering glance at Flint as he left the room, and shook the confession in his face.

" For the present, farewell, said he.'

"Must there be, then, still another bloody deed?" mused Flint, when left alone. "Four days hence! What a world of time! I shall be hundreds of miles away; yet I'd give £10,000 to see that villain powerless at my feet. We shall see; four days will work wonders!"

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER SEA-FIGHT-FATTY TURNS GUNNER, AND "TOUCHES OFF" A CANNON-HIS NOTIONS OF KICKING-THE AUSTRIAN SUNK.

For some time Frank and Hugh Tracy stood each at his gun, ready to fire.

The Austrian steamer came nearer and nearer, and endeavoured to get the yacht between them and the shore.

This was good seamanship, for there were many rocks against which the steamer must have struck,

But Frank did not want them to get such advan-

tages.

Under Mark's directions, the yacht tacked and went before the breeze at a spanking pace, the steamer full tilt after her.

"We can't avoid it, lads," said Frank, "they are getting closer and closer; we must fight her while we have a plank standing."

"So we will! so we will!" shouted all in triumph.

"Then prepare, my lads!" said Frank; "buckle

on your swords and pistol-belts!'

They did so in a moment, and all was ready for action.

"Look out, Frank; here it comes!" said Dick Fellows.

At that same instant a terrible shell whizzed right over them.

"Two can play at that game, my hearties," laughed rank. "Let 'em have it, Hugh. Now then, Frank. ready?"

"Aye, aye!"
"Fire!"

At the same instant the two brass cannon were discharged.

Their shells screamed through the air in a beautiful luminous flight, and then came down smash upon the steamer's decks and exploded with a terrific report.

"That's it, my lads, load again," said Frank, "we've got the range. Let 'em have it! Never say die!"

In a twinkling the guns were reloaded with shells and again discharged with accurate aim.

This time the missiles struck the vessel just between wind and water, and stove in the side.

In an instant they bursted and blew up all the machinery, tearing the vessel fore and aft, leaving her a mere wreck upon the water.

Still the Austrians fought; they disdained to lower their flag to a mere yacht, and worked like brave men, firing gun for gun.

"Let me have a touch at 'em," said Fatty; "let me point the gun this time, Frank," said he; "you'll see, I'll send 'em all to Jericho."

Frank allowed Fatty to point the gun, which he did long and carefully

"It's ready; touch it off!"
Some one "touched it off" accordingly, but the recoil of the gun knocked Fatty head over heels sprawling on the deck.

"Crikey! don't it 'kick?" laughed Buttons. "I believe you," said Fatty, growling, "harder

than any horse as ever I ever come anear. The shell, however, was well aimed, for it struck the Austrian fair amidships.

It was a true point-blank shot, and in a few seconds a terrible explosion took place.

Fatty's shot had hit the powder magazine! In a second a column of fire and smoke rushed into the heavens. The young English boys rushed eagerly forward with anxious faces as they saw

THE BOY SOLDIER: OR. GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



"THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL EMERGED FROM BEHIND THE TREE, PISTOL IN HAND! "-See page 48.

showers of shells fly through the air like so many fire-works.

Burning timbers lay flickering on the waters, and a dense mass of sparks fell all around.

The Austrian vessel had disappeared.

It had sunk !

Not a vestige of that proud, well-manned ship remained!

Every soul on board had perished!

"What do you think of that, boys, eh?" shouted Buttons. "Who'll say that Fatty can't hit a hay-stack, again? Hooray, for Garibaldi! Hooray for us English boys! Lor, I wish we could only meet a yacht full of Austrian boys as old as we are, eh,

Fatty, my boy? We'd give 'em a rare doing in the shake of a sheep's tail."

"Yes, it's all very fine o' you shouting, Master Buttons," said Fatty, rubbing his seat of honour, and with a rueful face, "but I've a good mind to wallop you for laughing at me, The gun only kicked me, eh? If I was to kick you half so hard. as it did me there would be nothing left of you. Don't you laugh at me any more, you little powder-

"Want a cake, Fatty?" said Buttons, on the sly.
"I don't mind," said the Fat Boy.
And in a moment the two "pals" were as thick as two thieves again, and munching biscuits and Italian sausages, of which Fatty was immensely fond, and could devour any possible quantity put before him.

"Fine, ain't it, Buttons?"

"I believe yer.

"Who wouldn't be a soldier?"

"Ah! just so; all but the knocks. When one of them there round cannon shots hits a feller aside of his nob it tickles him rayther."

"I should just say so; make him scratch his head a trifle, eh, Buttons? Any more sausage left?"

"Yes, here's another dose for you," said Buttons, handing him a "chunk" of about two pounds weight. "It wouldn't do for you to be a commissary."

"What's a commissary?"

"Why a chap as has the care of all the grub."

"That's just what I would like. I wouldn't look after myself first, eh, Buttons? Oh, no, not the

slightest."

"If you were you'd eat up all the grub," said Captain Frank, who, some distance off, had been listening to the comical snarling of Master Buttons and Fatty, could not but smile as he whispered to Hugh Tracy,

"Hugh, just listen to Fatty and Buttons; they are very loving now, but in a minute or two they will be quarrelling like a couple of angry dogs."

said Hugh; "but still they like each

other."

"Like each other? I believe you, and would shed their blood for each other."

"Fatty seems to take to Buttons amazingly." "Yes, and Buttons to him; they are a strange pair, always up to some devilment or other. you remember the trick Buttons played on him

coming across the channel?" "No; what was it?"

"Fatty was getting very sea-sick, and Buttons tried to coax him into some exercise in order to shake it off, 'You can't do this,' said Buttons, standing on one leg, and holding out the other

with the right hand.
"'Can't I though?' said Fatty, who considers himself one of the nimblest fellows in the world. Can't I though? You just see.' I was standing by, and, after several tumbles, Fatty did it.
"'But you can't do this, though?' said young

Buttons, standing on his head.

"'Yes, I can,' said Fatty, 'but the deck is too slippery.'
"' Well, do it on this tub,' said Buttons.

"What makes you laugh?" said Frank,

"It would make the devil laugh to see what occurred."

"What was it?"

"Fatty's head knocked in the top of the tub, and he went up to the shoulders." "In what?"

"In soap fat."

"You don't mean that ?" said Frank, grinning.

"I do, though."

"But did young Buttons know it ?"

"Of course he knew all about it, and it was done on purpose; but he never let out, for while Fatty was puffing and blowing and cleaning himself, the little imp of a page was laughing till the tears ran out of his eyes. Had Fatty ever suspected it was done on purpose, I fear he would have given Master Buttons a sound hiding, as much as he loves him, He is the very devil for practical jokes, and is the life and soul of all the Band."

After an hour or two of repose, Frank roused up Buttons, who, with Fatty, was lying snoring on the

"Come, Buttons, you must go with me into the cabin. I want to see and speak to Teresa the spy," said he.

"Don't wake her up yet," said Buttons, "for she told me as we came on board that she hadn't had

any sleep for several nights."
"Well, then, let the young maiden sleep on.
Have you made her comfortable?"

"Oh, yes; she's in the admiral's bunk, and your brother Tom is at the cabin-door, guarding her from all intrusion."

"Right; and now that we are sailing merrily towards the port of Ancona, and no enemy in sight,

suppose you tell us how you got on in the Fort."
"Yes, Buttons, let's have it," said the young Garabaldians, who now clustered around him and

sat on the deck.

The Italian seamen seemed much interested to hear all about it, so they also formed part of the audience, Frank and Dick Fellows translating to them Button's story as fast as he told it.

In order to "whet his whistle," as Mark the foster-brother called it, Captain Frank gave Buttons a bottle of wine, which he stood beside him, but kept a close watch on Fatty, who once or twice very cunningly stole it, and helped himself.

"Well, here goes, gentlemen," said Buttons.
"I'll tell you all about it, provided Fatty doesn't call me a liar half a dozen times in every minute, as he always does."

"I'll take care of that," said Hugh, "If Fatty dares touch your bottle or interrupt you, he shall be put on short commons for a week, the worst punishment we could inflict upon him, for we all know how he loves his bellyful."

"Well, then," said Buttons, "you left me on the wall of the Fort."

"Just so," said Fatty; "we know all about that,"
"Silence, Paunchey," said Hugh, flourishing a
ppesend. "Proceed, Buttons; we are all attenropesend. tion."

"Well, as I lay on the top of the wall, I began feel very shaky and very nervous. I stayed to feel very shaky and very nervous. I stayed there for some few minutes, and then began to crawl like a cat. I had a full view of the courtyard below, and could see the soldiers marching up and down. There were not more than half a dozen left in it, for all the rest had marched out through the gate to give battle to you in the ravine. The guards when left alone began talking to each other, and, thanks to the few lessons of German I learned from you, Captain Frank, at school, I found out that the female spy was confined in the colonel's house, which formed part of the Fort. How to get there I didn't know, but after a time I mustered up courage enough to crawl towards it on my hands and knees. I found a skylight open, and got into it. The place was all deserted; for every man was marched off to fight; everything seemed in confusion as if they had hurriedly got out of bed; watches and other valuables were lying about loose in the room, but I was so excited I did not touch anything."

"Oh, there's a crammer," said Fatty. "Wouldn't

I, though ?"

"Silence, Paunchey!"

"As I descended the stairs I got into a room where several officers had been playing cards and drinking wine. There were several purses lying there filled with gold coin. I took a good drink of the wine, and thinking that a little money might come in servicable, took the purses."

"Halves, then, say I," said Fatty. "Let's have everything on the square."

"Silence, thick-head !"

"Well, I went in and out of every room, but couldn't find the prisoner. I felt awful mad, and didn't know what to do. I got on to the wall again, and crawled further on, until I got to a dark, gloomy prison house, with strong iron bars over the

"While doing this, I heard one of the soldiers say that they had removed Teresa out of the colonel's house to the prison for greater safety when the fight began. But which cell she was confined in I had no notion.

"From the distant shouts I began to imagine that our Band was getting the worst of it, for one of the soldiers said to another that they had better open the magazine, and get out more boxes of ammunition for their use.

"This they did, and very carefully. So sure did they feel about the safety of the Fort, that all of them, save one, who stood guard at the gates, pulled off their coats, and began to lug out cartridge boxes.

"'Now's my time,' said I, 'there is no one looking,' and with all the activity I was master of, I ran along the walls towards the prison house.

"I must have been seen by the sentry at the gate, for he shouted out,

"'Halt! Who goes there?'
"I lay flat behind a large stone, but didn't answer, and he fired.

"The bullet just grazed my clothes, and to de-ceive him, I screamed out as if shot dead.

"This seemed to satisfy the guard, and he loaded again, saying,

"'That was a good shot. I hit him, whoever he

"In an instant the men came out of the magazine, and rushed towards the gate, and I could hear the guard tell his comrades that some deserter, perhaps, had tried to escape, and that he had knocked him off the wall as dead as a herring.

"This explanation seemed to satisfy the others,

who returned to the magazine again. "In the meantime I lay behind the stone, and not far from me could hear a soft, plaintive voice humming a tune.

"It was the voice of a female, and I swore to find

out who and what she was.

"As I crawled towards the prison I saw a white

handkerchief wave through the bars.
"'It must be Teresa,' I thought, and this gave me fresh courage.

"I crawled on until I was right on to the roof of the prison. There were no chimneys to get down, and what to do I did not know. As the moon was obscured, I dropped the end of my rope down.

"She seized it, and tugged it three times.

"It must be her,' I thought.
"In a moment, I heard her singing again. She dared not speak out aloud, for fear of being overheard by the guard below, so she let me know what to do by putting her words into a song, which I made out was—

"'Happy night! the end has come; deliverance is nigh!

"This was repeated three times rather quickly, and in a moment afterwards she sang the same words twice, very slowly, but in each case with great stress on the word 'end.'

"For a moment I could not imagine what she meant by repeating, 'Happy night! the end has come; deliverance is nigh!' in such different voices.

"'What if I am discovered and betrayed?' I thought, 'I don't understand her meaning. "In a few moments all appeared explained.

"It appeared to me that by singing the line three times she meant there were three bars to her window and that by repeating it twice slowly afterwards, she meant to let me understand she was in the second story of the three story building.

"This was correct.

"I tugged at the rope to let her know I understood her meaning, and found that the end was firmly fastened. I tied the other end to a lot of large spikes on the wall and slipped down, slowly and carefully."

"Crikey," said Fatty, "if you'd a fell, Buttons?"
"If so I should have been smashed to atoms on the stone court-yard, that's all."

"It would have been all up with your cocoa-nut

then," said the Fat Boy.
"Silence, beef-eater!"

"Well, as I slipped down the rope the spikes above began to get shaky, and one of them fell on the head of a soldier below.

"He looked up; but the night was then so dark and windy that he didn't see me; he, perhaps, thought that the gale of wind which had just sprung up had loosened one of the tiles."

"It spoilt his 'tile,' I should think, and no

gammon."

"Silence, Fatty !"

"I trembled for my very life, for I feared that the other end of the rope would give way.

"Just as I was descending and near the prison bars the rope slipped from the spikes.
"I fell!"

"To the ground ?"

"No; I seemed to have had the strength of a lion; I felt the rope was loose, and I held out my hand to Teresa, whose arms were stretched through the iron bars.

"She clung to me with a grip of steel.

"It was for a few moments a terrible struggle for life or death.

"My eyes began to swin with fear, my brain reeled again. Had she not upheld me as I then was I should have been dashed to pieces!

"In a few moments I partly recovered myself.

"Teresa was almost fainting.

"She had supported all my weight with her out-stretched arms, and I could see her eyes flashing like some wild woman.

"'Oh, holy mother !' she said, 'save the boy.' "I felt filled with fresh courage, made a last

vigorous effort, and clutched a single bar.
"Oh! the struggle to get up was awful; it was

like a dozen deaths.

"I remember little of what took place, for I was so excited. All I know is that when I pulled myself into the window Teresa shricked out,

"' Good God! I thank you,' and fell back into her

"Her screams seemed to have excited the attention of some one below, who felt certain that something was up."

"Of course there was. Wasn't you up at the window?"

"Fatty, we'll put you on half rations if you don't

keep quiet."
"Well, go on Buttons; take a drink of wine," said Hugh, "it will refresh you."

"I knew that no time was to be lost, so began tugging at the centre bar, and after a time Teresa recovered and assisted me.

The perspiration poured off me, and I puffed and blowed—well, like Fatty, when he pulled his head out of the tub of soap fat."

"None o' your chaff, Master Buttons," said Fatty,

not at all pleased with the allusion.

"After about ten minutes the centre bar got shaky, and all at once it gave way, and both Teresa and I fell right on the prison floor, both of us still having old of the bar.

"I jumped to my feet in a moment, for I heard the footsteps of some one approaching up the stone

stairs.

"'Oh, Mother of Heaven!' sighed Teresa, 'we are discovered! we are lost! It is the goaler!"

"'Hush!' said I, 'do not weep!'

"'But you are but a boy,' she said. 'What can

you do with a big soldier like he is?"

- "'Well, you shall see.' If I am a boy, I'm an English boy,' said I, 'and a match any day in the week for any two Austrians.'"
- "There's cheek! he ain't got no small opinion of his little self," said Fatty, "has he?"

" Order !" "Silence !"

"Turn him out !" said several.

"Well, when I heard him coming to the door, I saw the light of his lantern through the keyhole, and had a peep at him, and a big, ferocious-looking devil he was.

"'He is suspicious,' said Teresa; 'he has visited me twice to-night. We are lost; you will be

killed!

" Shall I ? said I. 'You'll see whether I am or

"I laid hold of the iron bar, and held it over my shoulder ready to give him 'what for,' when he came in.

"I stood behind the door, and, as he opened it, I

hid behind.

"He came in, and, just as he did so, I gave him such an awful bang across his long legs, and over he went sprawling on the floor.

"I stood over him with the iron bar, and threat-

ened to kill him.

- "He drew his sword like lightning, and was about to give me a dig, but I gave him a gentle tap on the head and knocked him senseless.
- "I took the keys from him, locked the door, and descended the stairs, but not before I had coiled up the rope, for I knew that we dursn't go into the court-yard.

"As we went below, I espied an empty room, and went into it.

"The window was without bars of any kind, and looked into a garden outside the walls of the Fort.

"Tying one end of the rope to a fire grate, I showed Teresa how to escape.

"She was all game, and slipped down the rope

like as if she had been Blondin. "I saw her run off towards the ravine, and felt

happy I had rescued her. "But all was not done yet.

- "'I must have satisfaction out of these Austrians," I thought, and not knowing how the fight was going on, made up my mind to blow up the whole place before I went!"
- "Game as a pebble he is," said Fatty, in a soft voice, "Here's his health;" at the same time seizing Buttons' bottle of wine, and taking a long drink ere it could be taken from him again.
- "I boldly went down stairs to the kitchen and got some lucifer matches and a piece of rag burning in the ashes.

"'This will do the trick,' I says, so creeps out into the court-yard towards the magazine.

"The place was very large, and soldiers inside were working in the dark. "They were lugging out boxes of cartridges and

placing them on the parade ground. "When the fourth man had gone out with a box

I slipped in and hid myself.

"I placed the smouldering rag under a case of loose cartridges, put the matches near it, and near them put a handful of cartridges.

"I knew that the rag would take a full quarter of an hour in burning before it reached the matches, and the lucifers, once touched by the heat, would fire the cartridges, and then all was up.

"All this didn't take me a minute to do; and, like a lamplighter, I retraced my steps to the kitchen, siezed a roast fowl and a string of Bologna sausages, and slipped down the rope into the garden.

"You may be sure I ran as fast as my heels would let me until I reached the ravine, where I

met Teresa, who was there waiting for me. "I sat down for a moment or two out of breath,

and began to think the soldiers had discovered the

burning rag and put it out. "But in case they hadn't, and fearful any of the stone-work might be blown near us, I looked out for a place of safety.

"I soon found a large, low, projecting rock, and

there I placed Teresa and myself.

"I was just on the point of having a drink of wine out of my canteen when a sudden flash of light rushed up into the sky like a pillar of fire, and next moment was followed by a terrific explosion which shook the whole ravine.

"The Fort was blown up into the air, and cannon balls, shells, wheels, boxes, swords, muskets, and a thousand other things came down in a shower near where we sat.

"I never saw such a fine sight in all my life; and

here I am safe."

This story of Buttons' adventures was listened to with great delight by all who heard it, and at its conclusion three hearty cheers were given for "Garibaldi's Young Soldiers-long life to them !"

Fatty, though, when he had helped to finish the page's bottle of wine, lolled back and was soundly snoring, while two of the boys, with tar and brush, were very quietly painting a pair of moustaches and whiskers on his round pudding face.

CHAPTER XXI.

REJOICINGS OVER FRANK'S VICTORIES-ANCONA MAKES HOLIDAY TO MEET THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS-GARIBALDI VISITS THEM-THE PLACE OF HONOUR IN THE ARMY BESTOWED ON THE ENGLISH BOYS-JOEL FLINT'S EMIS-SARIES BEGIN TO WORK-THE PLOT AND PLAN.

THE sight of a yacht approaching the harbour of Ancona—a vessel which was well known to have belonged, if, as the Italians thought, it did not then belong, to an Austrian admiral—excited the suspicions of various men-of-war that were cruising off that port.

They steamed out to meet it; but, before they could fire a shot, Frank hoisted his ensign, and soon signalled to the Italian guard-ships how matters stood on board.

Deafening cheers was the answer to their signal flags, and the Italian men-of-war saluted the gallant little "Kaiser" and her crew with guns of welcome.

The telegraph on shore was soon at work, and long ere Frank cast anchor in the bay, the whole town poured forth to the landing-place to welcome the brave young Garibaldians.

According to orders, all the British boys dressed themselves out in their gayest and best uniforms; rifles on shoulders and with colours flying, they and the Italian sailors marched four abreast through the town.

Bells rang, people cheered, the streets were crowded, a regiment of Garibaldian volunteers marched out to escort them with bands and

The whole city was joyful, and as Frank Ford, sword in hand, marched at the head of the English boy-band of soldiers, fair women waved handkerchiefs and kissed their hands in token of admiration to the brave boys.

The newspapers were filled that day with long accounts of "the capture of the 'Kaiser," and the heroism of such mere boys, as they were called.

The commandant of the town, however, ample proof of the statements rumoured abroad, and seemed astounded at all he heard.

Wherever the boys went they were treated like conquerors; they were not allowed to pay for anything.

This just suited Fatty, who, as may be supposed, was in his glory, and almost danced his legs off that same night with lots of pretty girls at the Casino.

Frank and his gallant little band marched out to their camps, situated in a beautiful grove near the edge of the town.

Fatty was very sorry to leave Ancona and all its

goodlings behind him.

Had it not been for Frank's positive orders he would willingly have remained in the city for a whole month, stuffing himself and capering about with young ladies.

But Frank was a soldier.

Merriment was all very well in its way; but the young Garibaldians had come to Italy to fight, not for pleasure, as he knew very well.

There were thousands of soldiers camped near them, and many Garibalbian volunteers also; but none of them could equal Frank's company in cleanliness, beauty of drill, and soldierly conduct.

After three days of hard work in drilling, Frank began to think of doing something.

He hated idleness.

He was a bold youth, and wanted excitement.

While his company were on parade one day, a loud flourish of trumpets and rolling of drums was heard in the distance.

Cheers and shouts from distant camps echoed on

Frank could not make out what it all meant.

In a few moments, however, a cloud of dust was perceived in the distance.

One minute after a body of horsemen appeared.

Thinking it might be some general, Frank waited until the escort approached, and then the whole company, like one man, presented arms in fine style.

It was General Garibaldi!

He and his escort halted.

For a moment all was dead silence.

Garibaldi looked at the Boy Band with admiration.

They stood there as solid as a stone wall.

Not a boy stirred. Garibaldi's lips trembled.

He wanted to say something, but could not.

He was pleased, surprised, astounded at the soldierly appearance of the youthful English Band.

A solemn pause ensued.

The boys were too good soldiers to cheer or break their ranks without a command from their captain, and he did not like to give the order without Garibaldi's permission.

The old Italian chief waved his hand,

"Shoulder arms! right face! arms aporte! break ranks !" said Frank, quickly.

In a moment the English boys rent the air with their shouts, and flocked around Garibaldi like children.

His officers never seemed tired of shaking hands with the Boy Band, while Garibaldi himself extended his right hand to Frank, and said in a tremulous voice,

"The war has scarcely begun, and yet you have immortalised yourselves! I have heard of all your bold achievements, and give you the place of honour among my volunteers. English boys, I thank you for your heroism and devotion to the cause of Italian liberty! For the present, farewell. In a few days we shall meet again. You are all ordered off to Lombardy, where it will not be long ere you meet the Austrians again face to face. Captain Frank Ford and the Company of English Boy Soldiers, I thank you in the name of Italy. May all honour and glory await you !"

Loud and prolonged cheers followed General Garibaldi as he rode off the ground, noisiest of all being Fatty and Buttons.

"He might have asked us to have something to

eat and drink, eh, Buttons?"

"Garibaldi don't eat," said Buttons, grinning. "What?" said Tony, with an astonished look. "Fact, so I've heard."

"Gammon, Buttons."

"Well, if he does, he lives on gunpowder; and as to sleeping, they say he never does—least, so I've heard—and if he does sleep, he lies on a bed stuffed with bayonets instead of feathers.'

Tony made a "drive" at Buttons, who was grinning like a young monkey; but that lively youth

nimbly got out of the way.

"I hope Captain Frank will bring a fellow something home from the supper he's going to to-night," said Fatty. "I wouldn't mind a tuck-out of duck and green peas."

"So he's going to the officers' supper to-night, is he?" said one Italian to another, who had heard Tony's last remark. "Couldn't we manage to go there also?"

"Why not? We have uniforms—who will know us ?"

"But are you sure that Captain Frank Ford is the person mentioned in your English letter?"

"I am positive." "What do you propose?"

"Let us go to the supper, and trust to chance for the rest. The deed must be done."

"True, and quickly."

"Then, until to-night, farewell."

Such was the brief conversation between two swarthy individuals who had strolled into the volunteers' camp.

Who they were no one knew, although dressed like officers of the Italian army.

What they were we shall very quickly see.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BANQUET -- PROFESSIONAL DUELLISTS HIRED BY JOEL FLINT - THE INSULT - TONY IN RAPTURES.

THE night was beautiful and calm; the stars shone forth from pure Italian skies, while the horned moon peeped over the tree tops of the grove where

the Boy Band were encamped.

Sounds of martial music fell upon the ear from a large and distant tent, in which a party of officers were assembled round the festive board doing honour to the arrival among them of Frank Ford and his gallant English boys.

Songs and toasts and cheers were heard, and loudest among them all could be heard some half dozen English boys who were at the table.

Here and there a sentinel could be espied in the margin of the wood, and as he silently walked his post, his bayonet glittered in the starlight.

Two men were seen to approach the banquet tent. They stopped, and for a moment conversed in whispers.

Any fear ?" said one. " Not the slightest."

"What soldier is on guard?"

He it is we shall have to encounter." " Pedro.

"But will he let us pass?"

"I have no doubt; leave that to me. Come." They advanced towards the banquet tent, boldly. "Halt! who goes there?" the guard shouted. "Friend, with the countersign.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," said the sentry.

The two strangers approached.
"The countersign!" said the soldier, levelling his musket at them.

"The brave English Boys!"

"Right !" said the soldier. "Pass on."

"I told you that was the countersign to-night for all the volunteer camps."

"Who told you?"

"One of the young Garibaldians—one that Frank Ford little dreams of."

"How well he is watched." "Young Flint is no fool." "He pays us well though." "Yes; and regularly." "But shall we not be detected?"

"No; trust to me. You see I have two tickets to the banquet?"

"How did you get them?"

"From the same one who gave me the countersign."

"Excellent."

"They will take us for strange officers, that's all." So saying, the two strangers walked into the tent, and took seats in a very cool style.

They were not noticed; song and laughter were

the order of the night.

Frank was there, surrounded by Hugh Tracy, Dick Fellows, Mark, and a very large, red-faced youth, who it was easy to distinguish was Mr. Tony Waddleduck, who, with a face like a full moon, was bowing right and left, and drinking lots of the best

For some time he had been mistaken by the Italian officers for Captain Frank, who treated him to a great display of bowing and hand-shaking, which Tony amply repaid, and made several visits to the wine tables long before his young captain arrived.

How he had managed to get a ticket of admission to the banquet was a mystery to Frank.

The truth was Tony had been strolling out for a walk, and the sweet, savory smell of costly eatables in a neighbouring tent assaulted his nose with so much order that he could not repress a sigh of

"Oh! Buttons, if we were only the lucky ones. eh?" he thought, and scratched his big head for an

He soon got one.

He boldly marched up to the cook, and bribed

that functionary with a sovereign !

The sight of the precious coin delighted the chief cook, who soon managed to abstract a dinner ticket from the colonel's tent, and this he gave to the delighted Fat Boy.

This was how he got there; and, in order not to create any disturbance, Frank whispered to him to

behave himself, and he might remain.

To say that Master Waddleduck enjoyed the eating part of the banquet would ill-express what he did and what he felt.

He whispered to Mark "that this was the happiest moment of his life," and, as he did so, sighed, and unbuttoned his jacket.

Knife and fork in hand he made sad havoc with all before and around him, never having time even to pass the time of day with his next neighbour.

After two courses had been gone through his vest

was unbuttoned.

After the third course his shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his face was as red as a beet-root with eating.

In truth he astonished the waiters so much that they stood and looked at him in wonder. whole ducks, to start with, had mysteriously disappeared from the dish before him; one bottle of wine had washed them down.

Puddings whole were demolished, a perfect pyramid of tarts vanished like snow down his

capacious throat.

In truth it might be said on this occasion that Master Tony had stuffed himself up to his shirt collars, for his eyes were staring out of his head, and he could scarcely breathe.

But still his jaws worked first on nuts and then on fruit until at last he was conquered, and fell asleep in his chair with a cigar in his mouth.

The chief toast of the evening was,

"Capt. Frank Ford and his Boy Band of Gallant Garibaldian Volunteers."

The whole company rose, glass in hand, and honoured the toast with three times three.

All we have said.

Not all.

There were two individuals who did not rise and drink.

They sat with an air of defiance, and with a smile of disdain upon their lips.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "I beg you all to rise to honour this toast.'

Still the two strangers kept their seats. For a

moment there was a pause.
"Why don't you rise, eh?" said he, looking daggers at the two strangers.
"We do not rise to drink the health of such per-

sons as he is," was their cold, ironical answer.
"Sir," said Hugh to one.

"Sir," said Dick Fellows to another, indignantly.

"I repeat that we do not rise to drink the health of such a person as he is," "What mean you?"

"Turn them out." "Explain !" "Who are they?" "Pitch 'em out, waiters," shouted Fatty, waking

up. "Gentlemen, what means all this?" asked the president. "Explain!"

"Impudent dogs!" said Hugh, striking one of them in the face.

"Take that, fool !" said Dick to the other, tossing

a glass of wine in his face. In an instant all was a scene of noise, confusion,

and uproar. "What means this?" shouted the president.

"Satisfaction first and explanation afterwards," said the strangers, drawing their swords.

"I hope Capt. Ford will not allow any one else to fight for him," said one, with a sneer.
"No fear of that," said Fatty. "If he won't I

will, so have at you when and where you will."

It is impossible to describe the tumult which now took place.

Swords were drawn, and blood would have flown

upon the spot. But this was not permitted.
"Follow us," said the two strangers, "follow us, if you are not cowards.'

Hugh, Dick, Frank, Mark, and Fatty were on their legs in a moment.

"When and were ?" said Frank,

"By moonlight at midnight near the river. little grove is there, we can settle our difficulty without interruption."

"So be it."

"Remember, midnight!"

"I shall not forget," said Frank.
"Who and what are they ?" asked a dozen voices.
"I know not," said Frank. "They are officers; they have insulted myself and friends. Nothing remains but to wash it out in blood!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

TREACHERY-THE AMBUSCADE-THE DUEL-BOY SOLDIERS TO THE RESCUE-SUDDEN SUCCOUR-TERESA-THE PISTOL SHOT-FRANK WOUNDED AND SAVED.

As may be imagined, the interruption to the banquet which the Garabaldian officers gave to Frank Ford and others of the English Boy Band, caused the greatest excitement in the camp.

Some attempted to dissuade Frank or Hugh from fighting. But this they would not listen to.

"We came among you as friends," said Frank, "and as friends you received us. If I am unworthy to command the Boy Band, then let me retire and be the least among them; but never shall it be said that their leader ever showed the white feather, or was any other than an English Boy Soldier."

"But who are they?"
"What are they?" asked first one and then another.

"Will you go out to fight men in mortal combat that you know nothing about ?"

"They may be your enemies."

"They certainly are not my friends," said Frank.
But I mean they may be jealous of you, they

may have evil designs."

"That may or may not be, gentlemen, but all I know is, that they have come here among you dressed in the Italian uniform; they had the password and passed the guard; their tickets admitted them to the banquet, and that's all I know about it. I will meet them if I lose my life."

"But you must not," said Dick. "They insulted

Hugh and I; we are the ones to settle this matter."
"True, true," said Fatty. "Rather than any

harm should befal Captain Frank, I will have a

go in' with them. The captain must not fight."
"But the captain will," said Frank, smiling, "Meet me in the grove beside the river at midnight; and, mark me, friends, let none of the Boy Band know a word of this, or they will be up in If I fall I shall die like a true British Volunteer, and will show my back to no cravens, let them come in dozens even."

"If he does go, I shall go too," said Fatty, "and see fair play; if any on 'em tries to act foul, I'll pepper 'em without mercy."

So saying, he examined his revolvers, and double-

loaded them.

He put the sharpest edge possible on his large sword, and made up his mind to "give some of the

beggars particular fits."

Hugh and Dick tried to persuade Mark the foster-brother that there would be no fight after all; but he was loth to believe it, and in a few minutes slipped out of sight.

Frank sat in his tent, alone.

He was not afraid of the coming combat, for that was last in his thoughts.

But he could not help confessing that do what he might, or go where he would, he was thwarted always in his best intentions, and visibly surrounded

by enemies.

"They are strangers to me," he thought, "and men, while I am but a boy. What harm have I done either of them that they should thus publicly insult me, and fasten this quarrel upon me? I have never done harm to any one in my life, yet why am I always harassed and annoyed?"

He knew not.

Yet, as he sat in the silent tent and thinking of his only love, little Nelly Lancaster, and planning out a pleasant and happy future for them both, a voice seemed to sigh near him - a voice he had heard once before-which seemed to say,

"I will follow you through the world like an evil genius! You cannot escape me! Never will I be content until I see you standing in the dock a branded felon, and swung to a tree as a murderer !"

His flesh creeped as he thought of Joel's fearful curse; but then his mind became calm again when he thought of Nelly Lancaster, "his guiding star," whose sweet look of innocence seemed to throw a mantle of heavenly protection around him.

One hour followed another quickly, and, as he knew, it was now near the hour of twelve.

He rose, and buckled on his sword and pistols. Hugh and Dick were at hand, and all three left the tent together.

"If I-if I fall, Hugh," said Frank, "let no one say I died a cur, for you are witness I did not seek this meeting with these strange men."

"Your honour is safe in my keeping," said Hugh. "Trust me for that."

"And if—if I should fall, Hugh," said Frank, with a choked utterance, "undo my waistcoat, you will find a small miniature photograph; you may not know how I prize it. Give it—send it to Miss Lancaster at the English seminary at Marseilles; she gave it to me long ago."

While thus the two young friends spoke to each other in confidence, they approached the shady

grove beside the river. The far distant cathedral clock solemnly and

faintly tolled the hour of midnight.

The echo fell sweetly on Frank's ear, whose thoughts were now all of Nelly Lancaster.

He, Hugh, and Dick wore long black cloaks, and as they advanced through the moonlight to the grove they espied three men there awaiting them.

"You are punctual, gentlemen," said one of the

"Yes," said Dick; "English youths generally are

when there's a fight on hand."
"Oh, indeed," was the sardonic reply; "and what do you propose doing? Have three pairs of duellists, or one pair at a time?"

"Just as you please about that," said Hugh, carelessly throwing his cloak on the grass. "It's just

as our captain likes."

"And I do not like it," said Frank, stepping forward, "The insult was intended for me not for

Hugh or Dick."

"Captain Ford is quite right," said one of the Italians; "the insult was intended for him and no one else. As you had two friends we brought two."

"It little matters," said Frank, "if you had

brought a dozen."

"But we have not brought a dozen. I hope, as an Englishman, you will believe us. There are only three."

"Well, and now that we are altogether and bent

on mischief, in what way have I ever offended you?"
"We will fight first, if you please, and make explanations afterwards."

"I am not an advocate for duelling, gentlemen it is a thing very rare among Englishmen; I would rather shed my blood in some nobler cause than a common brawl."

" Captain Ford has the reputation for bravery." "I have, and would prove it in any honourable cause; but to my English notions duelling is unmanly, brutal, and even cowardly; it does not show the bravery so much as the reshness of those who engage in it."

"Then you refuse to fight?" "I do until you show cause."

"Then must I brand you as a coward," said the Italian, lifting his sword to strike Frank across the

"Enough!" said Frank, whipping out his sword in a trice, and keeping his dark antagonist at bay. "Enough! you are mad, you thirst for blood! Then take your chance-have at you !"

So saying, Frank dashed at his unknown foe, and their weapons flashed in the moonlight like light-

With the fury of a tiger the Italian rushed on to

Frank, and his eyes flashed fire.

Young Ford was so active, however, that he danced about with great nimbleness and a smile of confidence on his handsome face.

"You have made a mistake, signor," said he, laughing; "I am not a boy when I take sword in

hand."

The Italian grinned ghastly in reply; but all he knew he could not even scratch Frank, who several

times had punctured his enemy.

Meanwhile, while Frank was thus bravely fighting, Hugh and Dick drew their swords, and stood ready to protect their captain from any unjust interference.

The fight now became fast and furious.
The Italian thought that his superior strength would have soon beat Frank to the ground.

But failing in this, he ground his teeth in rage to find he had "caught a Tartar" in the modest English youth.

Not a word was spoken by the four seconds all this time, but it was evident that they were all very greatly excited, and little would have been required to draw them into the fight.

Frank, finding that his enemy's strokes were

getting weaker and weaker, pushed him harder and

harder.

24 JA 67

With a loud laugh of mocking triumph he dashed at his tall antagonist, and after feinting once or twice, stabbed the Italian for the third time; the blood now gushed in purple streams.

This brought him on his knee in a second.
"Apologise, or die!" said Frank, standing over

him, with upraised sword.

At that moment a pistol shot was fired by one of the Italian's seconds.

Frank was struck, and staggered back with a

sharp cry of pain.
"Treachery!" he cried, and leaned against a

In a second the truth was now revealed. Frank's death had been resolved on by fair means or foul.

With a savage oath Hugh and Dick rushed upon the two cowardly seconds, and the fight which then took place was fierce and desperate.

The Italians were excellent swordsmen, and for a long time kept Hugh and Dick at bay, although not without being probed more than once, and "pinked" in the arm.

Finding that Frank was faint, and almost helpless, the wounded Italian gave a shrill whistle.

A half-dozen ruffians answered his summons, who rushed out of their place of concealment in the grove.

But just as they did so they were met with great fury by Mark, Buttons, and the Fat Boy, who, unknown to any one, had climbed up a tree near by to witness the duel, and see "fair play."

Pop! pop! pop! went Fatty's revolver among the dusky villains, who were hit about the legs, and

yelled with pain.

This only excited the brown-looking scoundrels all the more, who fought with the fury of fiends.

The grove was now all alive with combatants. The clink of swords was incessant, but not a word or oath scarce passed the lips of any one of them, so deadly was the combat.

Frank, however, was faint with loss of blood, and

lay under a tree.

Not far from him crawled his antagonist through the shade, with a long knife between his teeth.

Like a tiger-cat he crawled, bent on murdering the brave youth, who, unconscious, looked deadly pale, and fondly murmured from time to time the sweet name of his own beloved Nelly Lancaster.

Onward crept the assassin slowly, and his eyes flashed in the moonlight like two burning coals.

He foamed at the mouth.

His hair was wild and disordered.

He gasped with mad passion as now he had approached unseen within three feet of young Ford.

He leaned on one hand, and slowly raised the knife for the last fatal stroke!

His eyes danced with made delight.

His teeth shone like the fangs of a deadly viper. "Now," said he, "is the moment of my triumph. "Thus shall the English dog die!"

The knife was about to descend with unerring aim into the heart of the unconscious boy, when-

The figure of a young girl emerged from behind the tree, pistol in hand! The Italian saw her.

He trembled like a wounded snake. The pistol was presented at his head !

It dazzled his eyes.

He gasped.

He foamed at the mouth. "Teresa !" he gasped.

Crack! went the weapon. He fell, with a loud groan, bleeding on the grass!

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE NIGHT VULTURES AFTER THE BATTLE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT-STRANGE SCENES-ACTS OF DARING - VICTORY - THE UNKNOWN FUGITIVE - TERESA GIVES LIGHT TO MANY THINGS.

THE fight between the Boy Soldiers and the cowardly rascals who had planned Frank's assassination was fierce and desperate.

Like a young lion just uncaged Mark, the fosterbrother, rushed into the thickest of the fray.

With one desperate stroke he cleaved the skull of the villain who had fired at Frank, and he tumbled to the ground all but headless.

No. 7.

Fatty could not fence well, but his strokes fell on

all sides like as if he were felling a bull.

In his shirt-sleeves, the manner in which he always liked to fight, he rushed hither and thither, dealing terrible blows all around him.

"Give it to 'em, Fatty!" shouted Buttons, in great glee. "Let the sooty-faced devils have plenty of it! Don't spare the elbow-grease, my round-bellied friend!"

Hugh and Dick fought like true soldiers; and great cause had the cowardly villains to repent their treachery.

On all sides lay some one or other bleeding and groaning, but still the battle went on.

THE GHOST! THE GHOST!! THE GHOST!!! NOTICE.—A humorous Engraving of the Appearance of the "GHOST OF BUTTONS" to the Fat Boy will be Given Away with Number 9.

Finding themselves mastered and with no hope of making any impression on the brave Boy Soldiers, those who were able took to their heels and fled like deer from the spot.

They did not go, though, without a parting salute from Hugh, Dick, Mark, Fatty, and Buttons, and such a "popping" and "cracking" of fire-arms was

never heard there before.

That their shots did some execution was plain, for several of the villains were seen to fall, but these were rescued by a fresh body of villains who had concealed themselves in the wood and were afraid to take part in the combat.

At this moment a fresh party of young Garibal-

dians came running on the scene.

In a moment everything was explained to them, and they dashed out of the grove after the scoundrels, bent on destroying every one of them.

Even little Joe Morton was there among the company, and although he could not yet shoulder a rifle, for he was not strong enough, he carried a revolver in each hand, and acted as bravely as any

"Who told you to come out of your shell?" said Buttons, to him. "You are a big youth to come out with a revolver in each hand!"

"Well, you ain't much bigger," said poor Joe, ildly. "Musn't I try to help Captain Frank when mildly. he rescued me and my sister from certain death?"
"That's all square enough," said Buttons, stretch-

ing himself up to his full height-not much above four feet; "but then, you see, you haven't smelt as much powder as I have."
"Well, if I haven't, I soon will," said Joe. "So

here goes !"

With that, little Joe dashed out of the grove, pistol in hand.

They soon overtook their cowardly enemies, who were trying to get across the river.

The young Garibaldians, however, prevented

They arrived on the spot just in time to seize their boats.

"Who is that in that small boat pulling away for his life?" asked Hugh.

"I don't know," said Dick; "I didn't have a good look at him."

"It looks like Joel," said Buttons, "as much like him as two peas in a pod."

This idea was scorned by all, for each one thought Joel was too much of a coward to leave England for Italy.

"Whether it's Joel or not," said Fatty, give him a rare warming, see if I don't !"

Saying this, he took the two revolvers from Joe Morton, and let fly six shots at the suspiciouslooking person in the boat.

A loud cry of pain was heard.
"That's hit him!" said little Joe, in great glee. "Give him another dose of Morison's blue-pills !" shouted Buttons. "Hang the expense, Fatty, brimstone is cheap, and lead is dull as ever in the market-fire away !"

"Drill as many holes into him as there are in a sieve."

"Let daylight through his ugly carcase, Fatty!" True to these repeated injunctions on all sides, Master Tony Waddleduck "fired away, Flannagan," as he called it, until the boat had drifted beyond his range.

But while Buttons, the Fat Boy and Joe were thus amusing themselves by dosing the unknown with "blue pills," as the bullets were called, and knocking splinters out of the unlucky boat, Hugh Tracy, Dick Fellows, and Mark, led on the young

Garibaldians against the remainder of the ruffians, who were fighting hard to get away.
"Surrender, rascals! surrender!" shouted Hugh,

sword in hand.

"Down with the villanous sweeps !" said Dick. "Throw down your arms, or we'll give no quarter," shouted Mark, i. stentorian tones.

"Never," said several.

"Fire away, then, boys! kill every mother's son of 'em !" said Hugh.

"Make short work of 'the treacherous devils!" said Mark

"Aim low, lads," shouted Dick, "aim low. Make cat's meat of them all."

Many tried to jump into the river and swim

"Hillo, there, hillo !" shouted Fatty, running up breathless. "Come on, Buttons, here's a go, Tracy is driving all the noor devils into the river, Won't is driving all the poor devils into the river. this be a fine place for eels, eh?"

"Come back, you black-headed villains, come back, or I'll scratch your heads with a charge of duck shot, my jokers," said Buttons.

True to his word he loaded his rifle with a handful of small shot and let fly at the swimmers.

"They won't want any combs after that, I think," "They won't want any composition and rounds, said Fatty; "see how that big chap yonder is scratching his cocoa-nut!"

"Help! help!" shouted one unfortunate in the water; "help! help! I'm sinking!"

"Poor devil," said Buttons.

In a moment his heart melted.

He jumped into a boat in an instant and rowed off to rescue "the poor devil," as he called him.

The drowning man grasped the boat, in order to save himself, and clutched the gunwale with the energy of despair.

"Take care, Buttons, take care !" shouted Fatty. He had scarcely got the words out of his mouth when the boat capsized !

"Thunder and lightning," growled Tony, "why, Buttons is overboard | The young devil! why didn't he let the Italian get in alone?"

In a moment his clothes were off.

He dashed into the water, and dived like a duck. In a moment or two he appeared on the surface. Buttons was nowhere to be seen.

Fatty cast an anxious look around him for the page.

He dived again.

So long was he under water that many thought he was drowned also.

Hugh and Dick jumped into a boat and rowed off. Mark jumped into the water, clothes and all.

The moment was intensely exciting!

Like a huge Newfoundland dog Mark plunged with rapid strokes through the water.

At that moment the stranger who had escaped in the boat had reached the opposite bank.

He was seen to level a rifle at Mark.

Bang went his weapon, and his shot struck the water.

In a second Mark turned a complete somersault and disappeared.

In a moment, however, he was seen again, holding up the half-dead form of the page with one hand while he swam towards the shore with the

A rousing cheer hailed this gallant exploit. In a few seconds Fatty's red face re-appeared on the surface of the water.

He saw how things stood with Buttons, and plunged after Mark, who was exhausted, and almost sinking from weakness.

"Give him to me, Mark; save yourself, my boy," said Fatty, puffing and blowing like a young whale.

Mark would not.

Fatty, however, seized Buttons by the heels, while Mark held up his head, and in this way they gallantly brought the brave boy to shore.

Fatigued as the brave young Garibaldians were, they easily captured nearly all the Italians who opposed them, and marched them off as prisoners of war.

Mark was wounded slightly by the rifle shot in the shoulder, but did not heed it much, but helped Fatty to revive young Buttons, which he soon did.

They carried him in a blanket, while Hugh Tracy and Dick Fellows cared for Frank, who was quickly

put under the skilful care of a surgeon.

Then the procession marched back to their camp. Not one of their own party was killed, and as they passed the camps of other troops, they found them drawn up, and at that moment about to march out to the rescue of the brave band of English Boy Soldiers who had fought so well.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HEADLESS SPECTRE-SHANKS IN TROUBLE-OLD JONATHAN'S YOUNG WIFE-A WOMAN IN LOVE AND HATRED-CASPAR IS CAST FRIEND-LESS ON THE WORLD-THE CONFESSION.

THE terrible aspect of the headless ghost standing so close beside him with his hand laid on the old gardener's shoulder was something so unexpected and horrible that Giles trembled in every limb, and felt almost distilled into a jelly.
"Heavens!" he gasped, as he looked at the

headless apparition.

He would have sunk to the ground, but the grasp of the headless being held him up without the least

apparent effort.
"In the name of all that's holy tell me who and

what ye are ?" said Giles, with a great effort.

The headless being stirred not.

Yet a voice, calm, sepulchral, and of thrilling tone, which came as if from the depths below, answered, slowly,

"I am the Mystery of Bromley Hall!"
"What would you have me do? Oh, speak!
let me not die of fear," said Giles.

"Get thee hence to thy cottage, then; let not the master of Bromley Hall ever suspect that you know aught of his bloody secrets, else death will follow." "I will."

"Be mute, know nothing, pretend silliness; vengeance will come, and thy aged hands shall help it on."

"I will obey."

"Mark me; whatever you are told to do, do ye without question, and, ere midnight chimes from the village clock, I will visit thee again but stay not here one moment longer than necessary, or you are lost. Fasten down that panel in the floor; time will shortly reveal all to you. For the present, farewell !"

As he spoke, he raised his hand from Giles's shoulder, who covered his face with his hands as the figure appeared to sink through the floor!

For a few moments old Giles stood trembling

with wonder and surprise.

"Was he dreaming?" he thought, "or had all this strangely horrible apparition been real?"

While he stood mute, and with trembling limbs, the panel of the floor was closed of its own accord!

The boards flapped to again as if fastened with springs, and made the old gardener start again, and return to consciousness.

His lamp had gone out; he was in total darkness. For a moment he knew not what to do.

He groped about and found his extinguished lamp, but that was of no earthly use to him.

He was now startled afresh by the sounds of light

footsteps approaching along the corridor.

It was by this corridor that he had to escape!

What was he to do?

He listened.

The footfalls were light and cat-like. Were they those of man or woman?

He knew not,

Suppose he had been watched or tracked thither? And suppose, also, that they had come to murder him?

All these things flitted through the old man's mind.

And he trembled, for he was weak and feeble, and unable to make any stout resistance in case of

Where should he hide?

While he thought of all these things he heard the suppressed breathing of some one near him.
"Is that you?" sighed a faint voice.

For a moment there was no answer.

"Is that you?" was repeated.
"Yes," sighed another voice not far off, as of some one approaching in the contrary direction.

Old Giles was in a fix; he was caught both ways,

and knew not what to do.
At last he laid himself flat on the floor of the

corridor, with his face downwards.

In a few seconds, through the intense darkness, he espied the shadowy form of a woman approaching on one side, and in the opposite direction the figure of a man.

They were both creeping along like guilty things, and as if afraid of the sound of their own footsteps, and were feeling the sides of the wall as they advanced.

"Who could they be? and what were their mo-

tives?" thought the old gardener.

What other horror was he about to witness?

He knew not, but held his breath.

At that instant some one stumbled over him, and fell with a loud noise.

In an instant Giles vanished from the spot. It was the tutor Shanks and the mistress of Bromley Hall!

What could they want there at that lone hour,

What could they want there at that lone hour, and in total darknes?
"Oh!" groaned Shanks, in pain, as he lay sprawling on the floor, "oh! that must have been a ghost or the devil himself."
"Silence, fool!" said the faint voice of Jonathan's guilty wife. "Huss-sh! Do you want to alarm

the whole house?'

"Did you not see it?" said Shanks, trembling in every limb. "It flitted down the corridor like a spirit. The house is haunted; I know it is.

"Hus-s-sh, booby," was the female's answer.
"Come this way; you are timid; be not a coward.
Follow me."

Shanks crawled along in great pain, and followed his mistress into the very library old Giles had just left.

She locked the door upon them.

They were now alone, "What want ye with me, mistress?" Shanks asked, in a doleful tone.

"Are you certain that Jonathan did go to London, and that he does not suspect our meetings?"

" I am."

"Then all is well; the children have escaped." "Yes; and he knocked me down for it."

"That is of no consequence."

"Isn't it, though? I had a good mind to knock him down as dead as a herring with the poker."

"And if you had all our plans would have been useless.'

"What do you propose? Let us fly from this

place at once. The Hall is haunted." The mistress of Bromley Hall curled her lip dis-

dainfully as she thought,

"What a craven-hearted cur I have enlisted in my cause. I begin to hate and loathe him! Would that Caspar had listened to my whispered proposals instead of this red-headed ass; but he would nothe spurned me. What woman can forgive a man for that?" she thought. "He shall live to repent his high-born pride. I'll teach him that he cannot thwart me, and let him see how much he has lost in spurning the desires of his master's wife, the Yet how different is Caspar to this whiteidiot! livered fool! He is my tool nevertheless; I will use him as such, and then when my own purposes are secured, I'll cast him from me. Oh, Caspar, Caspar," sighed the wicked wife to herself, "why did you ever darken the doors of Bromley Hall? Why did I ever see you, that my heart and soul and mind should thus be racked and torn both day and night? How handsome, noble and brave he is compared to this coward at my feet; but he spurned me, he loathes me. I will be revenged!"

As thus she thought the heart of the mistress of Bromley Hall heaved with mingled feelings of

guilty passion and hopes of revenge.
"What do you wish, mistress?" asked Shanks, trembling, as he stood beside her in the darkness. "Why do we meet here again and run the risk of exposure?"

"Trembling fool!" thought madam. "He has the heart of a dog." And then, half-aloud, she said, "Your master has determined to dismiss you, Shanks."

"Me? Why?" he said. "It was to be Mr.

Caspar."

"It remains with me which of the two shall

go."

"Then, of course, seeing how much I have done "Then, of course, seeing how much I have done one intimate we are, I will be the one for you, and how intimate we are, I will be the one to stay."

"Would you have Caspar expose us?"

"He knows nothing."

"That is doubtful. Have you not noticed his proud curling lip of late? I have, and could have knocked him down times and times again, onlyonly you were not man enough, Shanks. I could love any one who did me that service," said the mistress, who, as she looked back at the many secret advances she had made to the young and good-looking Caspar, and remembered his proud scorn, her heart and soul were heated to a burning pitch of revenge.

"Would you have Caspar leave, then, to triumph

over us, Shanks?"

"No, how can he? Master will not give him a character; he cannot get another situation without one, and must go begging from door to door, or starve."

"But he would still have a tongue in his head, and might speak aloud his suspicions. What is to prevent him?"

"What, then, do you propose?" "Could you not slip something into his trunks before he takes them away?"

"Money?"

"Anything would do; we could miss it, have him arrested, and his trunks searched; you could swear anything against him,"

" Me ?"

"Yes, you; are you afraid to tell a lie?" jeered the mistress of Bromley Hall, scornfully,

"No; but I shouldn't like to meet his gaze when in the dock."

"Why not?"

"Well, I don't know, but there is something about his proud looks I could not withstand under such circumstances."

"Then leave it to me, idiot; what a man fears to do a woman will; aye, and with a smile, too." She added, "He does not sleep in the hall to-night?" " No."

"Then go your way; leave the matter to me.

See me early in the morning.

Shanks skulked away from the library, and a cold sweat was on his brow.

He was a mean-spirited coward.

Every one in the Hall knew that he bitterly hated young Caspar the tutor-yes, hated him with the bitterness of gall.

He was a bright scholar, and the only son of a very poor gentleman, long dead, and it was whispered that young Caspar was the sole hope and support of his widowed mother.

Shanks dared not pick any quarrel with Caspar, for fear of instant punishment on the spot, and this only increased his hatred all the more.

It was because of Shanks's intense hatred that the mistress of Bromley Hall had picked him out as the

instrument of her revenge.

"What will she want me to do next?" he thought, as he stealthily crept to his own chamber. tremble before that woman; she has murder in her eyes at times. How the devil we have managed to hoodwink her husband so long is a puzzle to me. She must be a witch or a she devil; her passions are never satisfied. If old Jonathan knew all he would murder us both, I know."

Like a ghost or some evil spirit, the mistress went to her own room, and there, in the silence of

the night, looked over her drawers.

She took from thence a jewel case, and wrapped several valuable diamonds in small pieces of

With a bunch of small keys in her hand and a lamp, she stole away to Mr. Caspar's room.

No one was there.

She looked about with a pale face and quiver-

ing lips.

"Fanny loves him, and has long done so," she ought. "Sophia had a sneaking liking for him thought. "Sopnia had a sneaking fixing let and also. But what do I care for all that? I love him also!" said Madame, with a fiery eye. "They are not my daughters—they are the children of Jonathan's first wife. I am not within twenty years as old as he is. Why did I marry him? Aye, why I cannot tell. I was a poor French tanker and he a righ delting old fool. He was of teacher, and he a rich, doting old fool. He was of high position in the world; I was not. I was dehigh position in the world; I was not. termined to rise somehow or other, and so became mistress of Bromley Hall; but what a curse it is upon me! I loathe my husband's very name, and would laugh with delight to see him lying dead at my feet! Oh! the curse of pride! Oh! the intolerable weight of riches where there is no love! Why did I not marry some one young, handsome, and brave? I had the chance once; aye, a noble young soldier that adored me! But he lies buried in the Crimea. No one that I have ever seen, though, ever inflamed my heart as Caspar does. But he rejects me! he hates me! what care I for honour, for riches, for fair fame? Why, nothing! I would give the world to be free again; but the law binds me down to live with a man I hate! Oh, Caspar! Caspar! why force me to weep? why force me to transport you? I would fly to the ends of the earth with you, if you would but smile on me and hearken to my proposals! But no! he shuns me! I have dressed, and sang, and danced to please I have done everything that a Frenchwoman could do to win him; but no! he is like the rock unchanging! Nought, then, remains but revenge!"

Lamp in hand she opened Caspar's trunks, and

examined their contents.

She took out all his things and laid them on the floor, in order to replace them in proper order and

to dull the young tutor's suspicions.

Among his bundle of letters she found several beautifully written in a female hand, and signed,

"Your loving, and ever true, "Grenhock Hall."

"Then this explains!" she gasped. "He is en aged! Grenhock Hall! It must be Marion Newman, the squire's daughter! It is a secret correspondence! What a discovery! She has incorrespondence! What a discovery. Set anything between them. How sly; and even to dupe me! Marion, you shall pay dearly for all this deceit! Perhaps she even suspects me of loving him. How lucky that I have found them out. I'll tell the squire. They shan't escape me!"

With that she placed the most tender and loving

of Marion's notes in her own wicked and passiontossed bosom with eyes glistening with rage

Among other things she discovered photograph, which she tore up with a bitter smile and burnt the fragments over her lamp.

Next she found Caspar's own likeness among

some loose papers, but this she kept.

Placing the diamond rings and other valuables in different parts of his trunks, artfully concealed, she replaced all his things as she found them, locked the boxes, and returned to her own room.

That night she passed like one harrassed by evil spirits, bent on perpetrating some fearful crime.

Next morning she rose late, and as she looked in the glass was astonished to find how haggard she appeared.

Dressing with great care, and making herself look as captivating as possible, she sailed into the breakfast room pale, calm, and looking more disdainfully than ever at Sophia and Fanny, her scraggy step-daughters.

"Has Mr. Caspar returned to the Hall?" she asked a servant. "If so, tell him I wish to see him in the parlour, and alone."

Mr. Caspar was waiting in the parlour when

Madame entered it.

"My husband, Mr. Caspar," she said, "has gone to London on important business. He attributes the riot among the students to your influence."

She dared not confront the young tutor's steady look and handsome face, but actually trembled before him,

"He has told me to discharge you, sir, and refuses to give you a character.

A pang shot through his soul, for he thought of

his poor, helpless mother. For a moment there was a dead pause.

"And am I, then, to be turned helpless on the world?" Casper sighed. "Good heaven! what is to become of me? I have led a dog's life here for many months—aye, a living death—but have borne it all for her sake!"

"My husband's orders must be obeyed, Mr. Caspar, It is your own fault that you have not made friends, instead of enemies, at the Hall."

"How, Madame? I do not understand you!"

said Caspar, in doubt.

"Had you hearkened to me," she began.

But her utterance became choked, tears gushed from her eyes, her bosom heaved; but still, as she sank into an easy chair, her face was rigid and pale; no sigh escaped her-it was smothered in its birth.

She looked the picture of death!

Fearful that some sudden sickness had overcome her, the young, pure-minded tutor hastened to her side, and proffered his assistance.

"Do not touch the bell !" she gasped. "Hand me some water; I shall be better presently; it is only

a passing faintness."

He did so.

Her hands trembled; the glass fell, and was

smashed on the floor.

To the young tutor's astonishment, she sank upon her knees before him, clasped both his hands in hers, and wept!

"What means this, Madame?" said Caspar. "You are unwell—seriously ill. I had better ring for Miss Sophia, or Fanny."

"No, do not touch the bell, on your peril!" she gasped. "I am unwell-my heart bleeds!"

"Madame, rise, I beg of you. Let me call some

one. Suppose we were discovered thus?"
"I care not. Oh, Caspar, Caspar! pity me! pardon me! do not go and leave me thus lonely in this hated place !"

"Your husband, Madame-

"Would he were dead! Listen to me, Caspar," she said, holding up her face, and with a convulsive effort. "Listen! Remain with me, or let me fly with you-I love you!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

NIGHT VULTURES OF THE BATTLE-FIELD-TERESA CAUSES THE ARREST OF PEDRO, THE SENTINEL -REVELATIONS OF THE AUSTRIAN SPIES.

THE sudden and strange commotion that ensued after the battle of the English Boy Volunteers with the unknown band, after the three duels, did not subside in the Italian camp of Garibaldians until the safe return of Frank Ford and the other young leaders from the scene of action.

When the truth was fully made known that he had not only successfully fought his duel, but also vanquished a numerous band who had set upon him and his friends in such a cowardly manner, the Italian volunteers shouted with admiration.

Teresa, Garibaldi's chief female spy, knew more

about the whole affair than any one else.

She did not disclose anything, however, to the noisy multitude of soldiers, but went straight to General Garibaldi's head-quarters, and informed the old hero of all that had happened.

"And do you mean, Teresa," the old general said, "that these mere boys, this band of young English volunteers, had the rash bravery to engage in conflict with twice their own number ?"

"Yes, general, I do, and they vanquished them

completely."

"Then this band of scoundrels must have been

lying in ambush."

"They were. They crossed the river in many boats, for the most part dressed like Italian troops; but in a fortunate moment I discovered that they

were a gang of hired assassins in the service of some Englishman, who has a deadly grudge against young Captain Ford; but his name I have not yet ascertained."

"I hope he has not escaped," said the old general,

with a bitter smile.

"I am sorry to say that he has, general. When he found that the young Englishmen were beating all opposed to them, he, like a cowardly knave, left his hired villains in the lurch, and decamped; he even fired at some of the brave boys who were rescuing one of his own followers from a watery grave."

"Dastard that he was; would that the brave young English boys had captured him, then we might have known the secret plot which is afoot

against young Captain Ford."
"I fear, general," Teresa replied, "that there is more than we can see on the face of it; but leave it to me, and I swear to unravel this plot and mystery ere long. There is one thing we can say, and no one dare dispute it, that this courageous band of English boy volunteers are the bravest of the brave."

"I know that," said the old general, with a smile, "I know what English boys are too well to dispute your words, Teresa. I have had English boys under my command in every—yea, in all my engagements on land and sea, both in Europe and South America, and more heroic youths never were than they are. English boys are equal to men of other nations. There is nothing that they will not attempt, and, I believe, nothing but what they can do. If we do not find some hazardous enterprise for them to undertake they will be sure to find out one for themselves," said Garibaldi, laughing. "Let us hope, however, that they will curb their fiery tempers, and be cooler than they generally are."

Teresa was delighted to find that General Garibaldi had formed such a high opinion of her young

and gallant friends.

She did not tell him, however, what she had heard in the English camp, namely, that the Boy Band were getting tired of doing nothing, and that they had made up their mind on a series of daring adventures on Austrian territory, and that all arrangements were perfected for carrying them out.

This was true, however, as we shall shortly see. When Teresa returned to the camp of the young English boys, she found that the general commanding had summoned a court martial to enquire into the late duel and subsequent encounter.

Frank was very weak from loss of blood, but yet

able to walk.

Had it not been for Teresa's timely aid, he must have been slain.

All the young Garibaldians were safe; none of

them were dangerously hurt.

Despite the labours of the court marshal, it was unable to fathom the cause of the late strange proceedings.

Pedro the guard was arrested; but he, like the rest, was sullen, and refused to reveal ought he knew of the unexpected and bloody encounter.

The two men disguised as Italian officers, though suffering from wounds received in the duel, were heavily ironed, as was also Pedro the soldier, who, without doubt, knew more about the plot than he cared, or perhaps dared, to reveal.

Next day, and greatly to the surprise and pleasure of the young English boys, Garibaldi sent an order for them to march to the Austrian frontier, where they would have ample opportunities for action.

They were ordered to the extreme front of the Italian line of frontier in Lombardy.

This news was hailed with joy.

Frank received his orders under seal from General Garibaldi himself.

A special train was got ready for them, and off they started with wild "boorays."

At thirty miles per hour they rattled along towards Lombardy.

The people of towns and villages had heard of them, and met them at various stations with fruits, wine, cigars, and all things that money could buy.

This sort of thing greatly delighted Master Fatty and the comical Buttons, who danced and sang all the way in great glee.

Sometimes Fatty indulged in very wild capers. He and Buttons and several other harum-scarem young devils climbed on to the roof of the carriages and amused themselves with singing and shouting, and dancing to the tune of a fiddle which one of the party could very well play.

The engineer and guard protested against such mad freaks, and appealed to Frank, but he only

laughed and said,

"Never fear, they won't hurt themselves; let 'em have their way. They are brave as steel, and have more lives than a cat."

The spot which General Garibaldi had selected for them to watch and guard was a most dangerous

one.
They were placed far in the front, and many miles from the general army, right in the teeth of the Austrians, who were strongly posted with a large army on the opposite bank of a small river.

To keep their movements as secret as possible, Frank would not let any of his men put up their tents or make any fires, lest the white canvas and smoke should be observed across the river.

Twelve youths were picked from the company, and posted under cover of night close by the river.

Fatty and Buttons were among them.

Fatty, for his bravery in the late fight, was made a sergeant by the unanimous wish of his comrades, and Buttons was likewise henceforth to be styled "corporal.

Frank, Hugh, Dick and Mark, as the chief officers, held a council of war the first night of their ar-

rival.

Fatty and Buttons were bent on mischief.

As they lay beside the river wrapped up in their blankets side by side these two young devils made plans of their own.

They could hear boats passing and repassing on the river, heavily armed by Austrian guards, and, from a good knowledge of Italian and German, which both had more or less achieved at Bromley Hall, or during their recent travels, they were able to make out and understand the conversation they overheard.

"By Jingo, though, wouldn't it be a lark if we were to cross the river, and surprise some on 'em?" said Fatty. "What say you?"

"Captain Frank, perhaps, wouldn't like it."
"But how is he to know? I'm game."

"So am I."

"What say you, then, suppose we do have a jolly spree when the other guard relieves us, Buttons ?"

"How many will form the party?"

"Oh, about a dozen."

"But we shall want horses."

"That's easily managed. Let us all swim across the river and 'nail' a dozen from yonder cavalry camp in the valley just before us."
"I don't mind, When will the next guard re-

lieve us?"

"In about an hour."

"Then I will go and visit all our fellows on guard, and put them up to our move, shall I?"

"Yes; and tell 'em not to show themselves to the Austrians, for they are very vigilant on the river to-night. If they were to know we were so near 'em, Buttons, they would land a regiment in no time, and then it would be all U-P with us."

"All right, trust to me; I'll tell 'em."

So saying, Buttons crept away through the trees,

and left Fatty at his post.

In a few moments the Fat Boy, while passing across the river-all the Austrian guards on the opposite bank-faintly heard the splash of approaching oars.

He cocked his big ears, and opened his eyes in

wonder.

"Jerusalem!" he gasped. "Why, here's a boat and two men coming across. What are they up to, I wonder? What's their little game? Surely they can't have found us out already?"

Now, some boys in Fatty's position would have felt alarmed, and roused all the soldiers.

But he didn't.

"I'll see what they are up to first," he thought, "and if one lands I'll brain him, that's all."

He hid behind a huge tree.

The boat came nearer and nearer without noise, and managed to reach the Italian side through dense shadows without being perceived by any of the young Garibaldians on the look out, who might have fired. They reached the shore, and one man stepped out of the boat.

"You ain't afraid to go, are you?" asked he in

"Me? No. What makes you think so?"

"Why, you looked pale coming across, and seemed

"Did I?

Well, the truth was, as we came across I thought I saw the glitter of bayonets in these woods here."

"Bayonets? Ha! ha! what nonsense! Why, none of the Italians are within twenty miles of here; there are none outside of Milan, Crema or Brescia. Ha! ha! what would the Archduke Albrecht think if any one told him that his chief secret agent,

Major Andre, was afraid to cross the river? Ha! ha!"
"Well, laugh as you will," the officer replied, "I
dare say I don't look much like a major now, do I,
with this peasant's dress on?"

"No; it's a capital disguise. Where are you

bound for this time?"

"Milan; we have several Austrian agents there unknown to Victor Emanuel, who regularly supply the Court of Vienna with news of all military movements going on. The archducke has received much information of late, and he wants me to go and see with my own eyes whether the Italians are on the move or not, for a great battle is expected."

"Well, good luck to you, major," said the boat-man, who was also an officer; "good luck attend

you. When do you intend to return ?"

"In ten days. If you do not see or hear of me in that time you may rest assured I have been discovered and cast into prison. Good night."

"Good night."

The Austrian watched the boat disappear, and then he clambered up the river bank with a quick and nimble step.

As he came nearer to Fatty it was clearly seen that he was a person of superior rank and condition. He was tall, powerful and active.

Fatty, behind his tree, eyed the major like a

cat does a mouse.

The Fat Boy trembled with excitement, for the Austrian was near him.

"Halt!" said Fatty, suddenly darting out, sword ad pistol in hand. "Halt! surrender or die! No and pistol in hand. gammon, mind yer!"

The Austrian was staggered.

In an instant he jumped on one side out of Fatty's way, and tumbled head over heels down the bank again and disappeared !

Fatty was astonished!

As well he might have been, for the Austrian

tumbled with the ease of an acrobat!

"Who'd ever a thought it?" gasped Mr. Waddleduck, in amazement. "Why, he made a double sommersault backwards, and has broken his neck for certain. But where the deuce has he gone to? I should much like to capture him; he's the best tumbler I ever see, beats all the travelling circuses hollow!

But while Tony stood looking down the steep bank after the missing Austrian, and knowing not what to do, he heard a scuffle going on in the

bushes just below him, near the river.
"Hillo! what's that? Has a rattlesnake got hold

of him? What a scuffle it is!"
"Help! help!" said a voice in English.

In a moment, as if aroused from his stupor of surprise, Tony slipped down the bank, and rushed to the rescue.

He was confounded to find that the Austrian was struggling with two of the Boy Band, who had per-

ceived him.

One of them had been struck on the head with a stone. The Austrian was bleeding from a severe cut in the face, and lay on his back endeavouring to rid himself of a second boy, who was straddled across his chest, and had handcuffed him!

This boy was little Corporal Buttons ! "Thunder and lightning!" said Tony, "that

ain't you, is it, Buttons ?"

"Yes, it's me. Why didn't you crack him on the head when you had him? He's safe now. I perceived the whole affair. His fall stunned him. Jake Somers and I slipped down after him, and bound him hand and foot while but half-conscious. He fought well, though, and almost kicked the life out of Jake. He tried it on with me; but I was too quick for him."

"Do-you-mean-for-to-tell-me that this is the chap as took a back sommerset," said Tony, looking at the prostrate Austrian in wonder, "and not dead yet? Well, all I've got to say is, that his bones must be made of cast-iron, and his body of

indian rubber, that's all."

The Austrian still struggled to get away; but Fatty reasoned with him in a very peculiar manner.

"It's no use o' you plunging about in this ere style when you're tied legs and wings, my circusjumping gentleman. Not a bit o' use in the world. I knows yer, and a very smart, active gentleman you are, without a doubt. They must have been good hands at gymnastics where you came from."

At the same time he pounded the Austrian in the ribs occasionally, to keep him quiet, and to find out whether he really was made of india-rubber.

With the assistance of others, Fatty and Buttons, and Jake Somers carried their prisoner up the bank, and marched him off to Frank's head-quarters.

From papers discovered on the prisoner, and which he had not time to destroy before pinioned by Jake and Buttons, much very valuable information was gleaned regarding the Austrian movements; but what it was Frank did not then reveal.

After a short consultation with Hugh, Dick, and Mark, Frank made up his mind to go on a secret

expedition that same night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SECRET EXPEDITION BY NIGHT-THE FARM-HOUSE SURPRISED—MAJOR ANDRE'S SECRET-THE AUSTRIAN PAYMASTER HAS DEARLY FOR HIS RIDE-SERGEANT FATTY AND CORPORAL BUTTONS TAKE A NIGHT GALLOP IN SEARCH OF PREY.

SERGEANT FATTY didn't like to be left out of it, whatever it was, nor did Buttons, hence, after much coaxing on the part of Tony, he and Job were allowed to form two of the party.

"But what are you going to do?"

"That will shortly be seen," said Frank, "Come, buckle on your pistols and swords, and follow

"Are we going on foot?" said Tony, dolefully. "I can't a-bear walking; it hurt's a fellow's corns

"No; we are not going to walk this time, we shall ride, Tony."

Fatty and the rest were delighted.

Frank picked out ten persons altogether, and went out of the camp towards the river.

"The capture of that spy is worth more than £10,000 to us, Tony," said Frank.
"How?"

"You will soon see. From his papers I have found out many things which will be quickly explained. Follow me in silence, and don't dare walk out of the wood,"

After half an hour's walking, one after the other,

in silence through the wood, Frank stopped. "Here's the ford," he said. "Tuck up trousers, and follow me! we shan't be seen."

In the greatest silence they did as commanded. and followed Frank, who was already in the river up to his knees.

In ten minutes they had forded the river.

But now the adventure began.

Keeping close under the high bank of the river, they crept up the stream for a considerable distance, and even passed several sentries without being seen.

In twenty minutes they came to an old farm-

No sounds were heard; not a soul was stirring,

not even a watch dog could be seen, "This is the house," said Frank, "Open the

garden gate quietly. Enter the back way." Hugh was the first to enter, followed by the rest,

without the slightest noise.

At that instant a ferocious bull-dog rushed out of his kennel with a fearful growl, and was about to jump at Hugh's throat.

In a second Frank's sword flashed in the moon-

The dog's head was severed from the body at one

stroke, and rolled on the ground!

Fatty and Buttons were inclined to laugh at the quick work their captain had made of the ugly beast, but Frank cautioned silence.

"Keep close to the wall," he said, "in the deep shadows, and be ready, pistol in hand, while I go to the front door."

With his sword-hilt Frank rapped at the door

loudly "Hillo! house here! In the name of the

emperor, open !"

In a few moments the bushy head of the farmer appeared at the window.

"Who calls house at this lonely hour?"

"I do; open instantly. I come from Major Andre."

"Major Andre?"

24 JA 67

"Aye; come, come, old man, be quick, without you want the Italian light cavalry surrounding your

"Major Andre, eh?" muttered the farmer, as he descended the stairs. "Surely he can't have returned so quickly? There is some mystery here. I must be cautious with this stranger."

The door was half opened by the old farmer, who

said,

"You come from Major Andre, do you?"

"Yes; you have a dozen horses here, fully equipped, and ready for the use of his friends?"
"So I have, youngster," said the old man, drily,

"but not for you."
"Not for me? What mean ye?"

"I mean this, my boys, you have come to the wrong house; you are one of Garibaldi's English boys. Now, if you'll take my advice, you'll be off with yourself as soon as possible. I don't want to hurt you, seeing how young and foolish you are, but if you must know the truth, I'll tell you that I have not only the twelve horses, but the twelve men here."

"Twelve men?" said Frank, surprised, certain that he had fallen into a trap. "And where are

they?"

"I'll soon let you see. You have played your part very well, but you ain't quite so old in the tooth as I am. If you don't believe me, and want

to see 'em, I'll wake 'em up for you."

"Hold!" said Frank, who perceived that the old
man was about to raise an alarm. "Hold, on your life !" said he, presenting a pistol at the old man's

head.

"Two can play at that game, rash youth," said the old man, snapping a revolver full in Frank's

The weapon missed fire, and next moment Frank seized him by the throat, and flung him on the floor.

"Make the slightest noise, and you are a dead man!" he whispered in the farmer's ear. "Tell me on the instant where the men and horses are." "Release your hands from my throat, and I will,"

the old man gasped.
"Then, do so, quickly."

"The men are Austrian hussars. They came tonight, and are sleeping in the hay-loft, over the barn. The horses are in the stable."

"What brought them here?"

"The Austrian commandant received information from an English gentleman that a desperate band of young Garibaldians would perhaps be sent into this part of the country; and, to guard his mail-bags and despatches, he sent twelve hussars here to escort it on its way from Vienna."

"Ah! an Englishman informed him, eh? Didn't

you hear who he was?"

"A young man of property. His name I did not learn. He hates this young band of Garibaldians intensely. I myself heard him say he would give a thousand pounds for the head of Frank Ford, their

captain."
"Very merciful and polite, I'm sure," said Frank, with a broad grin. "And when is this mail coach

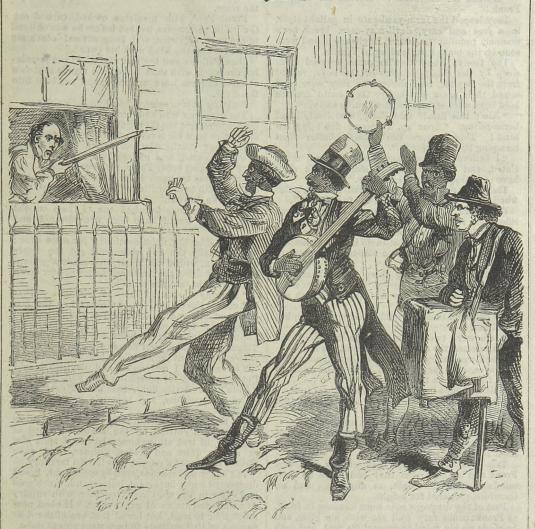
expected here? Does it carry money?"
"It does, and will call to-night. I expect it in about two hours."

"Enough, old man. Now, as you value your life, show the way to your stables," said Frank,

putting a pistol at the old man's ear.
"Who is that? Who is below?" said the voice of a soldier, poking his head out of the hay-loft door not many yards away, "who is below, there? speak, or I fire!"

A sharp click of a pistol was at that moment heard!

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE DETECTIVES AT WORK .- See No. 9.

"Answer him," said Frank, in a whisper; "but be careful. I am not alone, mark you!"

"Who is there?" said the soldier, again, harshly. "It's—it's only me, lieutenant," the farmer feebly replied.

"Then, why didn't you say so before? I thought

I heard scuffling going on in the doorway."
"Oh, no, nothing of the sort," Schwabe replied;
"I was only a little restless and couldn't sleep."

"Retire to bed again and try," said the soldier.
"But now you are up go into the stables and give an eye to my men's horses. Are they ready for an instant start? All saddled I hope?"

"Y-e-e-s, sir!" the farmer answered, with a trembling voice.

All this time Frank stood over him, pistol in hand, and the young Garibaldians were crouched in the shade ready for their captain's command.

"It was well you answered him as you did, farmer," Frank whispered, placing the cold barrel No. 8. of the revolver to his temple. "Now, show the way to the stables."

Old Schwabe did so.

Frank followed him closely for fear of any treachery.

By a lucky chance heavy, black clouds now obscured the moonlight, and like shadows the young Garibaldians crept towards the stables.

It did not take a moment for them to adjust the stirrups and mount an animal each.

The stable-doors were cautiously opened.
"At the word of command, follow me!" said
Frank, "Are all ready?"

"Yes."

"Then, away !"

In a trice Captain Frank put spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed into the farm-yard.

He was quickly followed by the rest, who, as they plunged after their daring leader, raised a loud shout of,

THE GHOST! THE GHOST!! THE GHOST!!!

NOTICE.—A humorous Engraving of the Appearance of the "GHOST OF BUTTONS" to the
Fat Boy will be Given Away with Number 10. Be sure and get the Picture from your
Bookseller.

"Hurrah for Garibaldi! Hurrah for Captain

Frank!"

They leaped the farm-yard gate in gallant style, in a free and easy, devil-may-care, break-neck manner, peculiar to young Englishmen, and were

soon on the main road leading to Vienna.

The twelve hussars, who were aroused from sleep by the ringing cheers of the boys, rushed from the hayloft, half dressed as they were, and seized their arms, but before they could fire the bold boys were several hundred yards away.

"Ain't this fine?" said Fatty, who dearly liked horse-riding. "Spur up, Buttons; don't lag behind! This is rare fun; much better than

tramping it, eh, corporal?"

"I believe you, sergeant," said Buttons, much elated, and galloping madly along. "We shall have capital sport with these nags."

They had not ridden more than a dozen miles when Captain Frank halted at the foot of a hill.

He placed three of his men in a wood on one side of the road, and three on the other; the remaining four he placed here and there on the roadside with instructions what to do in case of need.

He himself went up to the hill-top, spy-glass in

He had not been long there ere he heard the rattle of wheels.

In the distance he saw a four-horse coach approaching very rapidly.

He expected that it would come up the hill, but it did not.

There were two roads, and the driver of the coach selected the one that ran round the hill.

Frank was annoyed; but he galloped back to his comrades, and they retraced their steps so as to meet the coach on the other road.

Half an hour's hard riding brought them to it. All the young horsemen went out of sight into the woods, and waited patiently

In about ten minutes the coach appeared,

But in its round-about journey it had been met by half a score of dragoons who had been waiting for it!

This was a discovery that greatly surprised Frank and his boys; but they had made up their minds to have the coach, at any price, and so, therefore, prepared for a fight.

Part of the dragoons rode some distance in front,

as Frank could very well see with his glass, and he made up his mind to conceal his men, and dash in between the coach and its advanced guard.

"Do you see that canal yonder?" said Frank, pointing in the distance. "Well, that is used for canal boats now. The mail coach will have to cross the draw-bridge. Let four of you dismount, and lie near the bridge, and when the six dragoons in front have gone over, rush out and swing it backwards. Do it quickly and cleverly, that will stop the coach, and while all are surprised at the bold measure, the rest of us will secure the mails.'

Four of the strongest boys were selected and galloped to the canal bridge, which was always lowered after boats had passed for the use of ordi-

nary road traffic.

The rest concealed themselves.

In ten minutes the advanced guard of six dragoons galloped past, and went clattering over the bridge.

In an instant four stout youths rushed out from their places of concealment, and with all their strength quickly pulled up the drawbridge.

The coach was stopped on the instant, and in a second was surrounded by the boy volunteers.

The driver was knocked off his box by Hugh Tracy, who dismounted his own horse, and took the reins.

Frank Ford, with revolvers cocked, turned out the inside passengers, but not before he was obliged to fire once or twice, and bang several obstinate passengers on the head with his sword.

Dick Fellows and the rest dashed at the remaining dragoons with such force and vigour that two or three of them were unhorsed, and tumbled into

the ditch.

Fighting now became general on both sides. The dragoons who had crossed the bridge were unable to return, but they fired across the canal, and more than once hit several of their own friends.

The four youths who had drawn up the bridge now remounted, and galloped to Frank's assistance-foremost being Fatty, revolver in hand.

Frank was engaged in a desperate sword encounter with two ferocious Austrian officers, who

fought like demons.

Had not Buttons knocked one of them on the head Frank would have been overpowered and slain.

On all sides the fight continued for some time; but gradually the boy volunteers got the upper hand, when, with a wild shout, they made a general charge and drove the Austrians helter skelter down

the road right into the canal! "Hoo-ray!" shouted Fatty in triumph. "That last charge licked 'em, eh, Buttons? like the last charge of the guards at Waterloo, and Alma, and Inkerman! Ho-o-ray for us! Three cheers for Captain Frank! Three cheers for old Garibaldi!

Three cheers and a good hooray for everybody !" It was a gallant fight while it lasted.

"It was what I call quick and devilish," said Buttons, wiping his perspiring face, and laughing. "Didn't the devils fight, though? Never mind, we've whopped 'em, and nobody's much hurt on our side."

But though Frank's foresight was the real cause of victory in cutting off the advanced guard of dragoons, he took all the honors bestowed upon him in a very quiet and modest manner, and gave instant orders for a retreat into Italian territory.

The coach was reached, and, by moonlight, Frank discovered many important letters, and much gold and silver in the mail bags, together with sundry Austrian despatches of great value. H chad not much time to read, but found that one of the de patches related entirely to important recent doin of his brother Tom and the Italian crew in the gallant yacht "Kaiser," which had sailed out of Ancona, and been "playing the very devil," among Austrian ships in the Adriatic.

· CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TREASURES OF THE MAIL COACH-WHAT THE AUSTRIAN DESPATCHES SAID-THE GAL-LANT DEEDS OF THE YACHT "KAISER."-TOM FORD AND HIS BRAVE CREW-THE PURSUIT-FATTY TURNS CRACKSMAN—THE VOLLEY—THE ESCAPE—THE DESPERATE FIGHT—THE DES-PATCHES ARE READ ALOUD.

FATTY, who was much tired with his long ride on horseback, coaxed Hugh Tracy to let him drive the four horses.

Hugh did not object, and Tony, full of glee, mounted the box, and whipped up his horses in true coachman-like style.

One or two of the young band, slightly hurt, were

placed inside, and all the spare horses were led by

the bridle rein

" Now," said Frank, "since we have accomplished the object of our expedition, let us make the best of our way to camp again, for there can't be a doubt but that the Austrians will soon be out in strong force, and will scour the whole country in search of us. Whip hard, Tony. Come, lads, don't spare your spurs, we must get to the other side of the river before sunrise, or its all up with us."

Fatty did whip hard, and shouted till he

frightened his four horses into a mad gallop.

But at the same time it must be confessed that a great deal of his wild cuts and great carnestness arose from a very particular cause, which was this:

Young Buttons and he had discovered a small hamper of wine and edibles under the box seat, and, as might be expected, neither he nor his young chum the "corporal" breathed a word of it to any one until they had stuffed themselves almost to suffoca-

How much of the cold fowl and wine the sergeant and corporal made to disappear will never be known.

But little, nay, very little remained for the rest of the hungry volunteers, although Master Tony, with a knowing wink at the corporal, and his mouth full of ham, swore roundly that he was as innocent as a baby, and had never touched it.

The river was reached at last. But how were they to cross it? This was a puzzle to all.

"Here, Fatty," said Frank, laughing, "come down off that box; you will never sink, you are all blubber and wind; fat people float the longest, and you can swim like a duck; jump in and swim across, there's no danger, we aint pursued; try the depth, and find a ford if there is one."

Tony didn't much like the job, but he soon stripped

and jumped in.

He swam about for some time, and going up the stream a little distance, found shallow water.

He carefully tried the depth across, and reported only three feet in the deepest part of the ford.

All the party turned to the spot, and following Tony, their leader and guide, were soon half-way across up to their middle in water, the coach in

While they were thus crossing, and congratulating themselves on their successful adventures, a loud clattering of horses' hoofs was heard approaching.

Turning towards the bank they had just left, they saw in the distance a full squadron of Austrian

hussars approaching at a gallop.

"Crikey! we're in for it at last," said Tony, getting out of the water, and behind a tree as quickly as possible; "look out for your heads, lads, they will be sure to fire."

With the strength and energy of desperation the young volunteers spurred and whipped their horses vigorously, and were just on the point of gaining the bank, when a volley was fired at them.

This only roused the little band to greater exer-

No one was hit, but the shots flew all around them, whistling very unpleasant tunes in Tony's big ears, as he hurriedly put on his clothes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HAND TO HAND COMBAT-THE PURSUIT-THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN-THE SUR-

"LOOK out, lads !" said Frank, laughing, when all the party had safely landed on the other side; "look out, lads, these hussars will give us a rare peppering if we don't mind; lay low, and return their fire.

Crack ! whiz ! bang ! went the rifles, and showers of shot whistled all around the boy band in a very

unpleasant manner.

Crack ! crack ! c-r-r-ack ! still went the Austrian guns, but they did no harm to the young volunteers, who were concealed behind trees or in the deep grass.

When they had been firing thus for some time their commandant was seen to leap his horse into

the river.

"Follow me!" he shouted.

The trumpets brayed out hoarsely.

"Keep cool, lads," said Frank, "and do as I tell you. All of them will not dare to follow their brave leader. Don't fire at him, let us catch him alive ; he's a gallant fellow whoever he is."

While Frank thus spoke a part of the Austrian hussars leaped into the river and followed their leader.

The rest remained behind.

"Ready ?" said Frank, in a hoarse whisper.

"Aim!" he repeated, after a moment of intense excitement.

"Fire!"

On the instant the boy band "let loose" upon the Austrians with rifles and revolvers in rapid

Dozens of the Austrian hussars were knocked over in the course of a few minutes, and all was confusion among them.

"Half a dozen of you follow me," said Frank.
"Fatty, you make the best of your way down the river road with the mail coach; we will soon over-

In a few seconds Frank and a half-dozen brave boys mounted their horses and leaped into the

river!

The act was full of daring. The Austrians were amazed.

In a moment, Frank, followed by Mark, Dick, Hugh, and some others, swam their horses right into the middle of the Austrians, and fought them hand to hand!

The Austrians on the bank feared to fire lest

they might hit some of their own men.

Thinking that no half-dozen boy soldiers could do much with double that number of war-like hussars, they quietly sat on their horses awaiting the issue of the combat going on before their own

Never were men more mistaken than these same

Austrians!

Frank and his brave boys defeated all opposed to them, and captured the commandant likewise!

This bold, brave deed was accomplished by the

gallant Frank in a moment, for the Austrian officer made but one thrust at him, and in a second was disarmed and unhorsed.

Seeing their officer captured, the hussars hastened out of the water in dismay, and began to fire rapidly at the bold youths who had defeated them.

Frank and his followers were content with doing what they had done, and soon reached their own side of the river in triumph.

But now another episode occurred in this hazardous night's work.

The Austrians all along the river front were thoroughly alarmed, and the report of heavy firing brought artillery to the spot.

They could not cross it in time, but they opened fire so vigorously with shot and shell that more than once the mail coach was in great danger of

being smashed upon the spot.

One shell went whizzing and screeching very close to Fatty's head, closer than he desired; and he whipped up his horses with the energy of desperation.

But which road had he to go?

This puzzled him.

There were several roads, but he knew not which

They had accomplished wonders that night, but now all depended on finding the right road to their

"Do you think the Austrian beggars will dare to follow us, Captain Frank?" asked Fatty, red, out

of wind, and perspiring.
"Think, Tony?" Frank answered, laughing. "I

am sure they will !"

"Oh, Je-rusalem!" groaned Tony. "What blood-thirsty scoundrels the white-coats are! Get along!" said he, whipping up his horses into a gallop.

They had not gone far, and knew not which way they were travelling, when some one shouted out

loudly in front,
"Halt! halt! for your lives!"

Frank dashed forward to see who it was, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, when he was again challenged,

"Halt! halt! for your lives!"

The band were now approaching a dense thicket, and all was dark.

"Who shouts halt?" demanded Frank, in a resolute tone.

"I do!" was the stern reply.

In an instant a grey-headed old friar stepped into view before him.

"Why detain us, old man? Who and what art

ye ?"

"A friar, as ye see by my garb; my object is to save your lives."

"Ah! Know you, then, who we are?"

"I do, brave youth. But, listen to me; you and your band are strangers in this part of the world, and know not the roads."

"'Tis true; and we are pursued!"

"No you are not."

"Not, say you?"

"No; but the Austrians have cut off your retreat, nevertheless. They have crossed the river lower down, and now occupy all the roads."

"How know you this?"

"From yonder hill I saw what took place between you and your enemies, and right bravely you fought; but they know more about the ins and outs of this country than you do. They crossed lower down; if you had not returned to the river and fought them, you would have had time to escape. But they full well knew the stubborn courage of you English boys; and that half hour gave them time to perfect their plans to cross the river at three points and cut off your retreat."

"And have they done so?"
"They have. From yonder hill-top I saw all their manœuvres. To save your life and those of all your band I have come here."

"There is, if you follow my advice; if you do not, not one of you will escape. Have you any prisoners with you?"
"One, an officer of hussars, in the carriage behind."

"Then bind him, bandage his eyes, firmly stuff cotton in his ears that he may not hear anything; do this quickly, mark ye, and follow me !"

"I will, old friar," said Frank, who immediately returned to his comrades and told them all.

Fatty, for one, grumbled, and gave it as his opinion that the old friar was perhaps an Austrian spy, who wished to lead them into an ambuscade. But one voice among the many did not prevail.

The Austrian officer was bandaged, and his ears even were stuffed with cotton as directed, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the whole party, led by the old, grey friar, were quietly and stealthily creeping along an obscure path in the forest.

Frank, revolver in hand, walked beside his guide, determined to slay him if treachery was meant.

Every one of the party were prepared for the worst in like manner.

Slowly and cat-like the little band made their way through the woods, and for more than an hour they travelled thus without speaking above their

They had gone a considerable distance in the darkness, like shadows, when one of the horses

neighed ! "Who goes there?" said a gruff voice in the dis-

The ominous "click" of a rifle was heard, "Who goes there?" was repeated in sterner tones.

" Basil," was the friar's answer.

"Who else?"

" Basil's friends."

"Approach, Basil, with friends, and give the countersign."

Frank and the friar advanced.

But, to the surprise of the young Garibaldians, they now discovered that they were surrounded by more than one hundred shadowy forms, who rose to their feet in the forest, each clothed from head to foot in black garments, and with rifles levelled at them !

CHAPTER XXX.

MYSTERY ON MYSTERY-DETECTIVES ON TRACK-CASPAR IS ARRESTED-JONATHAN AS-SISTS SERGEANT GALE.

POOR Caspar, the young, intelligent, handsome, and pure-minded tutor, hastened from Bromley Hall with all possible haste.

The behaviour of his mistress had been so criminal in all its meaning, that it shocked him, and he determined to leave the mansion instantly.

Not thinking that Mr. Shanks could be the vilc-hearted fellow he really was, Caspar shook him by the hand in a friendly way before parting, and hastened to the railway station in order to reach London as soon as possible, that he might inform his poor aged mother of all that had happened, and get employment of some kind to support her in her old age.

He made several resolves in his own mind what to do to get an honest living; but he was low, and

in very depressed spirits.

When about twenty miles from London, a very respectable-looking old gentleman got into the same train, and soon entered into conversation with

When they arrived at the London terminus, however, this same old gentleman tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your name is Caspar, I believe?" said he.

" It is."

"You are, or rather were, a tutor at Bromley Hall Academy?"

"I was."

"You did not leave with a written character, I think?"

"No, I did not, sir; for some strange and unexplained reason, the reverend principal refused to give me one."

"Oh! indeed!"

"My back wages is also due; but that I do not expect to receive, for it has been said I favoured a revolt among the students, which caused much damage and disgrace to the Hall, and I do not think that the Rev. Mr. Jonathan Gravestones will ever give it to me, although I confess that a poor old lady-my mother-looks to it for her sole support."

"I don't doubt, young man, that all you say is true; but no one can ever expect to do well in the world and act towards his kind master and mistress

in the manner you have done to yours."

"I have done? What mean you?" said young Caspar, with looks of surprise. "Who are you that you thus dare speak to me in such a threatening

"Oh! if you must know," said the stranger, smiling, "I will tell you. I am a detective!" he

added, in a whisper.

"A detective?" Caspar asked in surprise, turning "Good heavens! what can you have to do with me, then?"

"A great deal, young man. I take you on the

charge of robbery!"
"Robbery!" gasped the young man, trembling

from head to foot.

"Yes, that is the charge at present; but. I daresay we may find out more about you in a few days. Come, don't stand there shaking like a leaf; we had better call a cab, and do the thing quietly; I shall not examine you here on the platform before all these people."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, Caspar

could not have been more surprised.

A cab was called; Caspar's trunks were placed on top, and he was just about to step into it, when he espied Marion Newman, the squire's daughter,

approaching him, with outstretched hands.
"Why, Caspar," she said, in surprise, "how is this? Left Bromley Hall? Come with me. Papa is on the platform. I know he would be glad to see you. Why, what makes you turn so pale and tremble? What has happened?"

Caspar could not speak from emotion.

"Well, miss," said the detective, in a subdued tone, "the case is this—this here young man is accused of robbery, and is my prisoner; that's how it is. I'm very sorry; but if you wish to see him,

you can call any time at Bow Street, you know."
"Bow Street! Robbery! Caspar!" she gasped.
"Oh, do not believe it!" said Caspar. "I am innocent; it is false; some villain has laid this plan to ruin me. I am not guilty of this foul charge!

By this time a crowd had collected round the cab, but the detective hurried his prisoner away, while Squire Newman and others now stood over his fainting daughter, unable to learn from her anything positive of all that had just occurred.

Pale, quiet, and like one in an oppressive dream, Caspar sat in the cab, and spoke not a word.

He and the detective soon reached Bow Street. The prisoner was ushered into the presence of an inspector immediately, who, with pen in hand, sat at his desk.

"Who is this, Gamble?" said he.

"A telegraphic message came this morning from Bromley Hall Academy, sir, respecting this young

gentleman, and I proceeded a few miles down the railroad to the sou'-west junction, in case he might get out there. The description given was most perfect. I did not tell him my business till I arrived in London."

"What is the charge?"

"For robbery, sir." "Have you searched the prisoner?"

" Not yet, sir."

"Do so at once, and his trunks likewise."

In a moment Caspar's trunks were opened, and to his horror he found several valuable articles of jewellery were concealed among his clothes, consisting of diamond finger rings, and other articles of great price.
"Is that the property, Gamble?" the inspector

asked.

"It is, sir."
"And who is my accuser?" Caspar gasped, with a trembling voice.

"The mistress of Bromley Hall for one, young

"For one? Are there any more?"

"Yes; from several articles found here, I fancy Mr. Shanks and Mr. Gravestones will be others."

"Merciful Heaven! how could all this come to pass?" sighed poor Caspar, his heart sinking within him.

He sank upon a bench, perfectly heart-broken.
"Madame Gravestones accuse me!" he whispered,

half aloud; "and Shanks, too! Alas! what harm have I ever done to either that they should thus seek my ruin?"

While the inspector wrote down the charge, detective Gale entered the lobby, followed at some distance by the Rev. Master of Bromley Hall.
"Is that the man?" asked Gale, in a suspicious

whisper, of the prim, sanctimonious Jonathan, as they both peeped in at the door.

"Yes," said Jonathan; "the cloak and slouched hat found in old Ford's (the murdered man's) bouse belong to him. I can swear to them. Question him.

"I will," said Gale; "but you stand where you are in the lobby. Don't let him see you."

This little conversation was unheard by Caspar, who was in too great distress of mind to notice that Sergeant Gale and his late master had unexpectedly arrived, and then stood at the doorway of the charge-room.

"Hello! what's all this?" said Gale, as he entered the room, in an off-handed manner, to his brother

officers, who had charge of Caspar.

"Oh, nothing much—a runaway with his employer's property, that's all."

"He's got a pretty good stock of things, I see," said Gale, in a whisper. "Turn 'em over, Gamble, and see if you can find a slouched felt hat and a black cloak among them."

Gamble did so.

"Have you got all your things here, young man?" Gamble asked.

"I believe so, but I left Bromley in such haste I

did not stop to examine them."

"I see you haven't a black cloak among them?" "Then I must have left it behind," said Caspar, carelessly.

"Nor a slouched felt hat," said Gamble. y care-

"Oh, as to them, I don't smile. "I only bought said Caspar, with masquerade ball with once, at the them to point a standard them to point all, in Bromley."
Town all, in Bromley."
Town that character did you take?" Gale asked,

with a pentrating look.

"A robber," said Caspar, faintly smiling.

"You did not take the part of an assassin, then, I suppose?" asked Gale, with a dry laugh, in which some of his brother officers joined.

" No."

"You are pretty clever, I dare say," replied Gale,

"but not clever enough, perhaps."

"Is this your slouched hat?" said the hardened detective, opening a bundle he carried under his

"Yes," said Caspar. "How and where did you get it?"

"It is.

"And is this your mask?"
"It is, How came you by it?"
"And this is your cloak?" said Gale, showing it. "It is. But why all this mystery and ominous words? If it is my cloak it has my initials on the back of the collar. Yes, that's it; 'Caspar,' you see, is marked on the lining; but—oh, God!' said he, looking at it again, and with trembling hands unfolding it, "it is my cloak; but—oh, God!" he gasped, "it has blood on it!"

Some strange and horrible suspicion now crossed

his mind.

He fell fainting on the floor!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DETECTIVES AT WORK-GALE AT BROMLEY HALL-SHANKS FLIES TO LONDON-ALARM AND TERROR OF JONATHAN-WATCHED NIGHT AND DAY.

THE appearances, or "circumstantial evidence," as it is called, were so much against Mr. Caspar, the young tutor, that, although he was locked up on the charge of robbery, only Sergeant Gale con-sidered it well to look into the matter of old Ford's murder, and ferret out his connection with it.

"Where did you say this youngster came from, Gamble?" asked Gale.

"From Bromley Academy; he was a tutor there."

"You have found the missing property in his trunk, you say?"

" Yes."

"Let's have a look at some of it."

Gamble showed him some, the diamond ring in particular, as being the most valuable article of the

Gale looked at the ring, wrapped up as it was found in tissue paper, and he smiled.

"Were all the articles so wrapped up?"

"Yes. Why do you smile?"

"The youth never stole 'em, that's all," said Gale.

"Why, we found 'em all in his trunk. What

greater evidence would you have ?"

"He never wrapped them up so carefully as this," said Gale. "They are done up too nicely and tidily for a man to do. This is a noman's work, Gamble."

"Think so?"

"Yes; a man's fingers didn't do it, you may rest assured.

"But he will have to prove that. Perhaps the lady's-maid might have done it, and gone shares

"Nom."

keep one. Hikely, for I hear the mistress doesn't Bromley Hall in a "dul" shall be going down to a line as to what I think." two, and will drop you any hurry with the case, you can have him remainded for a week or two."

"But do you think he has had anything to as

with this murder?"

"Ah! there you ask me too much. I have no doubt in the world that the cloak, and hat, and mask we found in the house belong to him; that he doesn't deny; but the question is, was he at Bromley Hall on the night of the murder?"

"If not, it looks ugly against him."

"Just so; but we mustn't be in any hurry to form conclusions. His things may have been stolen by some other party, but at present all is mystery.

It's a perplexing case, I must say."

Take him altogether Gale wasn't a bad sort of man; his heart could be soft enough at times, but he was continually mixed up with thieves, housebreakers, forgers, murderers, and the like, and had been for many, many years, until at last he began to look upon all human nature with a distrustful and suspicious eye, and could scarcely be brought to believe in the honesty of his own brother.

When Caspar had been locked up Gale sauntered towards the cells, while the old turnkey, as if by accident, began to speak to the prisoner on several subjects in order "to pump" out of him all he knew

regarding the late Mr. Ford,

Gale, who was out of sight, listened, but he could gain no information whatever.

Caspar was too low-spirited to speak much on any subject, and Gale, as he moved away, and when alone with the gaoler, said,

"It's no use asking any questions, the youngster

has had no hand in the murder.'

"Whether he has had or not I fear a jury would hang him on circumstantial evidence, if he couldn't prove that he slept at Bromley Hall."

"That remains to be seen," said Gale; "I'll discover that when I go down."

"When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning."

That same evening Sergeant Gale saw old Jonathan, but did not say anything about his intended journey,

Jonathan, however, was full of the murder, and the more brandy and water he drank the more his tongue rattled on with wonderful rapidity.

"So you think that either one of the nephews or Mr. Caspar did this ?" asked Gale.

"Well, you know, I couldn't say for certain, but every one must confess things look very ugly against them."

"Just so, just so; but let me ask, Mr. Jonathan,

when did you come up to London?'

"Me? why the very morning after the murder." "On what business, pray?" Gale asked, smiling.
"Why to inform old Ford of the conduct of his two rascally nephews."

"Just so, just so."

"But I hope and trust that you have no suspicions about me, Mr. Sergeaut?"
"You? Lor' bless you, no; not the least, Mr. Gravestones," said Gale, laughing.

Jonathan began to feel very uneasy and looked very pale. He now wished that he had never come to London

at all. "Do you often come to town?"

"Not often.'

"And where do you stay?"

"Why, generally at the 'Three Cripples,' Crip-legate. Why do you ask?"

plegate. Why do you ask?"
"Oh, nothing; it's a good house. In member where old Ford's lawyer lived?"

"His lawyer? No; I never thought he had one,

he was too much of a miser for that."
"He had a lawyer, though, so Roger the old buttor says. His name was Flint."

"Was it, though? How singular! why I had a pupil of that name at Bromley Hall."

'Did you ?"

"Yes, he came up to London the same day the riot took place."

"Indeed!" said Gale, with a bright smile, "and where is he now?"

"I can't say; perhaps in London now, for all I know."

Gale's questions were put so keenly, that old Jonathan began to think it would be wise to have as little to say to him as possible.

Gale thanked Jonathan for the interest and trouble he had taken in relation to the murder, and

bade him good night.

The first thing that Gale did, when he left, was to put plain-clothes policemen on Jonathan's track, to watch him night and day, while he went into

the country.

Besides this, he leisurely strolled towards Green Courr, and found that the coroner had held an inquest on the headless body dragged out of old Flint's room by "Brudder bones," and the costermonger, and had returned a verdict of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

Outside the "Ship Inn," where the inquest was held, which this night was very extensively patro-nized by hundreds of idlers, he saw a band of negro minstrels playing, and "Brudder bones" among them, all in his glory. Gale spoke to him, privately, and told him to keep a bright look out for old Flint, who had suddenly and mysteriously ab-sconded, the same time "tipping" him with a £5 note.

On the following afternoon Gale arrived in the village of Bromley. He was dressed like a respectable farmer, with false whiskers, riding-whip in hand, top boots, and big stomach.

He put up at an obscure inn, at the edge of the

village, and strolled towards Bromley Hall.

He saw the mistress, and told her he came to visit the establishment, for he had a boy or two he

intended to send there. Madame was all smiles, and Shanks showed him over the building, not failing, of course, to describe the late riot among the scholars, and to use a great many words in speaking of the great bravery he

(Shanks) had displayed throughout all that very trying occasion. With an eye like a hawk, Gale looked at every thing, and everywhere; and discovered, not only that the late Mr. Caspar's room adjoined Shanks's,

which was on the floor above the mistress's apartments, but also was sorry to learn, that

Caspar had not slept at the Hall on the night Gale named!

Poor Caspar ! things looked very black against

him on every side.

"I may as well enter my sons' names on your school list," said the farmer, with a rich, northcountry twang.

He did so, and paid the fee, which was a sovereign

each.

He gave Mr. Shanks a £5 note, which that longlegged gentleman took to his mistress, who gave a receipt therefore in her husband's name.

The change, three sovereigns, was wrapped up in a piece of tissue paper, just like the articles discovered in Caspar's trunks!

When Gale perceived the particular twist, so delicate and feminine like, which the tissue paper had, he smiled, and put the money in his pocket without examining it.

Mr. Shanks wished the gentleman to open the paper, to see that his change was right.

This he did not, but simply felt the three coins in there, and departed to his inn.

"Young Caspar never wrappod up those jewels we found in his trunks," thought Gale. "The mis-

tress did it! But why?"

Aye, that was a question which puzzled the detective; but for the present he contented himself with writing up to London, and informing the inspector all about it.

During his survey of the building, he had caught

a glimpse of old Giles working in the garden.

The old man had eyed him so closely and suspiciously that Gale made up his mind to have a chat with him.

This was not a very difficult matter to do.

He lounged about the Hall gate when dark, and, as luck would have it, met old Giles, who was going to the "Hare and Hounds" to have a mug of beer, a luxury which he could seldom afford to indulge

But old Giles, from causes we know, was very

low spirited.

The apparition of the headless man at midnight had shaken his nerves to such a degree that, although he opened his mind to no one, he felt, by some unknown cause, forced to walk over to the "Hare and Hounds" to revive his drooping and shaken spirits.

A very few words and a pleasant greeting from the farmer-looking detective induced old Giles to go to the "Jolly Farmer," where the stranger was

staying.

Giles was on his guard, however, and thought the stranger was too civil to be honest-minded, and not knowing but what he might be one of Jonathan's spies, he held his tongue very firmly.

But there was another person who did not much

admire the stranger. This was Mr. Shanks.

When evening came on, he also went into the village, and, just as he did so, perceived Giles and the stranger deeply engaged in private, and what seemed to him to be, a whispered confidential chat.

This aroused Shanks's suspicions.

He followed to the "Jolly Farmer," and stood

outside the parlour and listened.

He did not catch much, but what little he heard made him resolve to inform Jonathan, his master, by by letter of all he imag ned.

This was quickly done, and the letter posted to the "Three Cripples," Cripplegate, London, in all

haste.

After he had posted it he repented having done so, for although Jonathan could understand what he meant, no one else could, perhaps, save some lynxeyed officers, and this was what he feared.

Without saying a word, therefore, he called at the post office late at night, and asked for the letter

again.

But it had gone, so the postmaster said.

It had gone, truly; but not before Gale had read the direction, and shown his authority for so doing to the surprised village post-master.

Shanks bit his lips with vexation, for he had never known the post to go out so early by several

hours.

Gale was in the post office when Shanks called, and now his suspicions were more and more aroused. Shanks, however, was as cunning as he was ugly.

He went to the railway late at night-not to the station, be it remembered—and sat down by a telegraph post in total darkness.

Within an hour a luggage train came up for a few moments, and stopped to water at Bromley, and when it started again at a slow, snail-like pace, as

luggage trains usually do, particularly the last train for the night, Shanks got into one of the empty waggons unperceived, hid himself under the tarpaulin, and had a cheap ride to London, which he reached in a few hours.

It was not yet morning when he arrived, but, early as it was, he roused up Jonathan and told him

all his suspicions.

"That job of the two young Mortons will be the ruin of us both," said Shanks, weary and tired.

Jonathan did not say much.

But he turned deadly pale, and a cold perspiration was on his brow.

His eyes glared like those of a wild beast as he

bit his lips with anger.
"Surely that can't be Gale, the detective," he said, half aloud, when Shanks had left him. "If it is, he and Giles will search the Hall from top to bottom. Would that I had old Flint's throat in my hands! I'd strangle the old villain! But stay, this is the fourth morning; I have to see him to-day, and if he doesn't settle with me at once, I'll murder him !"

He rose, and dressed himself instantly.

With his shoes in hand he quietly descended the stairs, and opened the door of the private entrance.

He did this so suddenly that it startled a man who sat on the doorstep.

He closed it again instantly, and listened. The man rose, and whistled quietly.

It was answered by some one over the way that Jonathan had not perceived.

A strange thought flashed across his mind, and

made him quake.

"I am watched both day and night," he groaned. "I know it, I feel it | But how to escape? I must stay here no longer."

As fortune would have it, the "Three Cripples" was an old-fashioned inn, with a large stable-yard, much used by country carriers and the like.

He entered this place by the back door, and concealed himself in a waggon, which was already loaded and ready to depart in the morning.

He had not been there more than an hour when it did depart, and as the waggon rumbled through the old gateway, Mr. Jonathan peeped from his hiding-place, and perceived a man still sitting on the doorstep, and another opposite, hid in an overhang-

ing doorway.
"There cannot be a doubt of what they mean," thought Jonathan; but when he slipped from the

waggon he felt infinite relief.

"They shall never take me alive," he said, as he darted down a narrow bye street, and disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FLINT TURNS INFORMER, AND VANISHES-WARNER, PUGGY, AND JONATHAN DISCOVER IMPORTANT LETTERS-THEIR PERILOUS POSITION.

But there were other persons besides Jonathan who much desired to have a conference with old Flint, the cunning, foxy lawyer.

Flint knew this very well, but only laughed in

his sleeve.

He felt certain that his "dear friend" Warner would not leave a stone unturned to find him, and he trembled at the idea of meeting him.

Warner had hitherto been foiled.

His heart, vile and wicked, was filled with dark designs against Flint, and the lawyer felt certain that murder would be committed on one side or the other if they ever met.

But Flint never intended that they should meet.

Warner, however, was restless, and resolved to find out the lawyer, if he searched for a twelvemonth after him.

Calling the Pug to his assistance, they made the strictest inquiries, and, at last, at the end of three days' search, found out old Flint's den.

They called at the house, but the old woman who lived in the kitchen could not give Warner "the stranger," as she called him, any positive information regarding Flint, but from what she said, he came to the conclusion that the iron safe and many other valuables had been removed from the socalled office.

He also learned that agentleman (Jonathan) had promised to call on a certain day, and that Flint had as faithfully promised to meet him on important business. This was enough for Warner.

He and the Pug put their heads together, and the latter volunteered to get into the room, and stay there both night and day until Flint did come.

This he really did.

The morning on which Jonathan was to call arrived. Warner was early on the spot, and slipped up-stairs.

The Pug admitted him, and they remained many

long hours together, but still no one came.

"Whenever the old villain enters we will seize him, and half strangle him," said Warner, with a bitter oath.

Like two determined villains bent on mischief, they watched and waited, priming themselves well with spirits for the task that was before them.

At the hour agreed upon with old Flint, Jonathan

arrived.

He opened the office door without any fear or hesitation.

In an instant the Pug, who was hidden behind it, and knew not who Jonathan was, struck him a violent—nay, a terrific, blow on the jaw, which felled him to the floor like an ox!

Read the New and Interesting Tale,

ROVING JACK, THE PIRATE HUNTER

EXTRACT:

"I'm going mad!" muttered poor Jack, in a hoarse, harsh whisper, as he raised his fettered, swollen hands to his head. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha-a!" the cavern resounds with demoniac

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha-a!" roar the echoes. A mystic blue light dawns in the place.

The Skeletons move

They rear themselves on their gaunt shanks, and clack their

They rear themselves on their gaunt shanks, and clack their bony hands together.

"I'm mad, mad!" gasps Jack. "Oh, horror, horror!"
A surging, solemn swell, as of the mighty breakers roaring along a rocky strand is now heard, and to its wild organ-like music they dance—the grim, gaunt skeletons!—they dance slowly and grotesquely at first, and they wave their long, fieshless arms, inviting him to join their awful revelry.

Jack now loses all sense of fear.

He lambe insanals at their orim antics.

Jack now loses an sense of lear.
He laughs insanely at their grim antics.
Now they whirl round him faster and faster and faster, till he becomes dizzy.
One of them is taller than the rest, and seems to be their

leader.

He is mantled in a heavy, black velvet pall, fringed with

white lawn. He pauses in the dance, and approaching the captive, seems

He pauses in the dance, and approaching the captive, seems to proffer him assistance.

Jack holds out his chained wrists.

The spectre touches them with the hard tip of his bony finger, and an electric thrill darts through the captive's shrinking veins.

The steel manacles are shattered and clash to the ground like broken class.

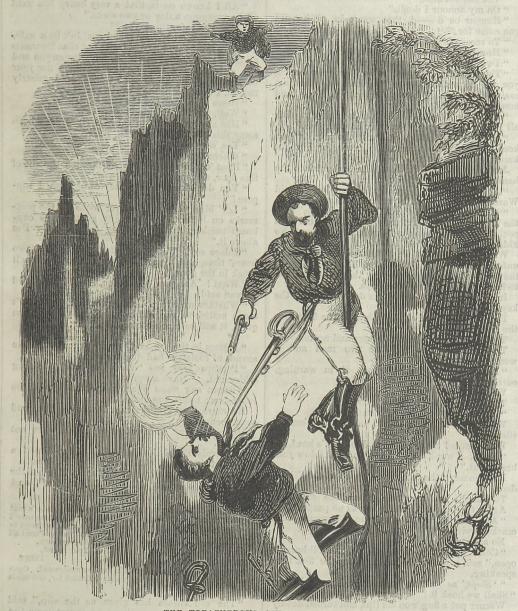
like broken glass.

Jack shouts in mad triumph, and then points to his scorching lips, and sues for drink.

Now Publishing, One Penny Weekly.

For description of Illustration in our last Number see No. 9. 24 JA6

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE .- See No. 10.

Warner, who was in the front room, rushed to the spot to assist the Pug, who was pounding at Jonathan with all his might and main.

Warner was surprised at the mistake, and greatly amused at Jonathan's horror-stricken countenance, and said calmly but family

and said, calmly, but firmly,
"Don't hit him any more; but mark me, old
man," said he, sternly, "do not speak above your
breath, or I will not be answerable for your life,"

breath, or I will not be answerable for your life."

Jonathan, bleeding from the nose and mouth, gazed about him with a wild, enquiring look.

"What means this brutal treatment?" he gasped.
"Who are you?" asked Warner; "quickly speak,
or I'll strangle you."
No. 9.

"Why, this ere's the werry cove as I seed walking about with and talking to the 'slops,' the werry same. Oh, he's been unkimmon busy with the detectives this last two days; I twigged him. I dare say he's 'blown' all about old Ford's job, the white-livered old hound, and now we've got him!"

"Speak quickly?" said Warner. "What brings you here?"

"I had an appointment with Mr. Flint this morning."

"Is he coming here, then?"

"He said so."

"And where does he live?"

"I don't know."

NOTICE,—With our next Number will be given a humorous Picture of the "GHOST OF BUTTONS APPEARING TO FATTY."

"You lie, old man."

"On my honour I don't."

"Honour be d—d, that won't do. What did you come for?"

"To receive some money."

"How much?"

"Two or three thousand pounds."

"Then, in course, as you're goin' to get so much, you can do without these articles," said the Pug, easing Jonathan of his watch, chain, rings, and money.

"For mercy's sake don't take my money. It's

all I've got in the world; on my honour, it is."
"Gammon, my old bloke," said the prig. "You keep still, and don't patter so much, or I might knock your eye out in a twinkling."

Jonathan groaned, for he felt he had got into the

hands of two very desperate men.

"So you called to receive money, eh?" said Warner. "Well, that is just what we called for."
"'Zactly; and we is goin' to have it, too," said

the Pug, putting Jonathan's watch into his own pocket. "We is going to have it, too, old 'un. No kid, mind yer."

While the villains were thus engaged with the unfortunate master of Bromley Hall, who lay on the floor helpless between them, they were startled to hear the approach of footsteps.

In a trice Warner locked the door, and took the

key out.

They then dragged old Jonathan on the floor into the front room.

The footsteps approached nearer and nearer. They sounded like those of two men and a

"Hu-s-s-sh!" said a voice, as if in warning,

outside.

Warner felt for his revolver.

The Pug clutched his keen knife. "The beaks!" said he, in a whisper.

Warner put a finger on his mouth in token of silence.

He presented the revolver at Jonathan's head.

"Speak a word," said he, "and I'll blow your brains out."

In a moment the footsteps stopped at old Flint's door.

The handle was turned slowly, and the lock tried. Again the lock was tried; but to no purpose. "Any one at home?" said the old woman, in a cracked voice.

No answer.

"Come, open this door. Quick, or we'll burst it open," said a gruff voice without, for the first time speaking.

"'Slops,' as safe as houses," whispered Puggy. "Shall we hook it?"

Warner put a finger on his lips, and turned deadly

pale.

"Come, open this door; no nonsense with us," said a second man's voice. "Open, or we'll break it open!"
Still no response.

Those within now stopped their breathing by

placing their hands to their mouths.

"I think as how you are mistaken, gentlemen," said the old woman. "I'm sure you are, in fact; there's no one been, although I am certain the old gentleman will call this morning."

"At what time?"

"Well, this is about his regular time."

"Has he moved any of his things out lately ?"
"Well, no, not as I knows on. I did hear him

say, however, a day or two ago, that he should pack off, and sell a lot of his old books, and the like."

"And did he?"

"All I knows on is, that a very heavy box went off in a waggon a day or two since."

"Was it a safe, think you?"

"It was made of wood; and couldn't be a safe, for them things are made of iron; not that he wants an iron safe though, gentlemen, for between you and me, although I doesn't know your name nor your business neither, he is such a poor old miserly mortal, I don't think he's worth twopence."

"H-em!" said one of the two men.

"Well, we'll call again."

"Has any letters come for him since he's been away this last day or two?"
"Yes, several."

"Where are they?" "I put 'em into his letter box through the slit of this door, as usual."

"You don't know where they came from, I sup-

pose?"

"Lor' bless yer, no; I never looks at the post-marks on letters, nor into any gentleman's cup-board neither, as some prying folks do, for I'm above it."

"I dare say. Well, no matter, we'll call in two hours' time, and then if he has not arrived we'll

break in the door."

Are you policemen, then?" the old "What!

woman said.

"Whether we are policemen or not, it doesn't much matter to you, old lady. Keep your tongue quiet, it will be much better for all parties.'

"Letters in the box, eh?" said Warner, when the sounds of footsteps had died away.

"Perhaps they has 'chink' in 'em," the Pug whispered. "Have a squint."

Without any noise Warner crept towards the letter-box; but it was locked.

He carried several skeleton keys with him, and soon opened it.

He found four letters, two of which were not

directed. His hands trembled as he looked at the direction on two of them, and he almost gasped for breath.

The first one was directed to the landlord of the house-" Care of Mr. Flint, Solicitor, &c.", and read :-

DEAR SIR,—Before I left town I paid you a quarter's rent in advance, as I may not return shortly, for special reasons I need not name now, and as you may, perhaps, open my room to dust it, &c., I ask, as a particular favour, that you will send all letters found in my box to the several addresses on each. resses on ea. Your friend, FLINT.

P. S.—You will find two letters in my box undirected. Open them, and deliver to the parties they are intended for, and much oblige your old tenant.

"The old villain has given us the slip," said Warner, with a bitter oath, as he threw down the

first letter in great anger.
"What! hooked it?" said Pug, in a whisper. Warner made no reply, but opened a second letter,

which was directed to-Rev. JONATHAN GRAVESTONES

Bromley Hall Academy -shire.

Care of Mr. Flint, Solictor, square.

It read as follows :-

My DEAR FRIEND JONATHAN,—When last I saw you I made an appointment to meet you, but circumstances, over which I have no controul, prevents me keeping it.

I do not know when I shall have the hononr and very great pleasure of seeing you again, but you may rely upon it, it will be a long, a very long time first. I may inform you, however, that I have finally settled all my affairs, and have got the

money, which I intend to keep, and so, therefore, now wash my hands from all further dealings and business with you and for ever. I have retired from business at last, and if I have outever. I have retired from business at last, and if I have out-witted you it is simply because I am the cleverer of the two. I leave you all the burden of the two darling children now in your "more than paternal care," as your school advertisements say in the newspapers, and for my share take the money. Don't grin, my good friend Jonathan: but next time you try your knavery and extertion try it on with some one less sharp than your very old friend,

FLINT, THE LAWYER.

"The old scoundrel !" Warner groaned. "Oh! that I had him here for five minutes !"

"Who can this werry reverend old bloke be?" asked Puggy.

"That's me," sighed Jonathan, who was handed the letter, and read it with a suppressed groan.

"Who can these two undirected letters be for?" said Warner, as he opened them, and read very nervously-

To the Chief Inspector of Police, Bow Street.

DEAR SIR,—A frightened conscience, and a due regard for justice, compel me to inform you that information has come to my knowledge regarding old Ford's murder, which I think it my duty to reveal to you in order that the real culprits may suffer the just penalty of the law.

Important affairs call me away immediately to a far distant land, or I would have visited you personally and explained all I have heard regarding that cold-blooded and merciless murder; but I hope to return in a few months, and, if it is necessary.

but I hope to return in a few months, and, if it is necessary, assist you all I can in the matter. I have already written a note asking you to call on Thursday morning, and get the information which I allude to, and, no doubt, you will find waiting for me there a tall, clerical-looking party you would do well to look after. do well to look after.

Yours, FLINT, Solicitor, &c., A Friend of Justice.

"Oh! what a bitter old scoundrel," said Warner. "A friend of justice, too, eh!"

The fourth letter-the second one undirected-was opened by Warner with trembling hands.

Two photographs fell upon the floor. One was a likeness of himself—Warner! The other was a portrait of Jonathan! The letter was a short one, and said-

These pictures are the portraits of two villains who deserve to hang at Newgate. I heard them conversing in a coffee shop one morning. They thought I was asleep, but their words convinced me that if they did not do the deed they know all about those who did do it.

about those who did do it.

A third party is concerned in it, a brutal, low, costermongerlooking fellow, half a fighting man, half a thief, who goes by
the name of "Barney," "Puggy," the; "Pug," or some such
names. With these portraits you cannot fail to find them out,
and run them to the gallows. The clerical-looking party is the
master of Bromley Hall. Search his place, and you will be
astonished at what you may discover.

In haste yours,
A FRIEND OF JUSTICE.

"Great heavens!" gasped Jonathan, as he heard the letter read, "why, he brings me into it!"

"I wish I could only get hold of his ugly mug for five minutes, I'd show him if I was only a half-bred pug," said Barney.

But while the three rogues, who had now become in some sort friends, were astounded at what they had discovered, three loud raps were heard at the door.

It was the "slops" again!

But while this scene was transpiring in old Flint's office, let us for a moment turn to Green Court, where the headless body was discovered, and dragged out of the burning dwelling by Long Tom, "the Coster," and Joe Banks, or "de Brudder

As will have been seen in a preceding chapter, the chief detective in the case, Serjeant Gale, had very great suspicion that, after all, the tragedy in the court, and the horrid murder of old Ford, might be traced to one and the same source.

This conviction startled the head officer.

The description of Flint, who had fled, was pretty accurately given by the old landlady, and by other lodgers; but no one gave such positive and conclusive information as Joe Banks, "Brudder Bones," the comic gentleman of a travelling nigger

Sergeant Gale knew the value of this, and, as we have before shown, he estimated "Brudder Bones's"

ideas at their proper worth. Joe Banks did not much like the job of "keeping his eye open" for the missing man; but still he felt a very great interest in ferreting out the missing individual, in order that justice might be done and the guilty one brought to light.

But how was this to be accomplished?

He had travelled about the streets of London, by night and day, for more than a week; but he could not perceive, in all his travels, any one like the missing lawyer.

He had seen old Flint often, but, although he danced and sang, as usual, and directed his footsteps into very unfrequented and unusual places, where he imagined the cunning lawyer to be hiding, he could not discover any features like those he was in search of.

Serjeant Gale frequently had interviews with "Ole Joe" or "Brudder Bones," but could not glean any information worthy of notice; but he did not forget to "tip Ole Joe" occasionally with a sovereign, if not more.

One morning, however, Joe Banks, with his face all nicely corked and blackened, and his attire very fanciful and gay, in a very broad "loud" check of red, white, and blue, repaired to his usual rendezvous to meet his sable brethren at a well-known but now demolished public-house under the pillars near St. Clement Danes, in the Strand.

He had nearly forgotten all about the mysterious affair in Green Court, and was indulging himself with a pint of humble porter to add sweetness and wolume to his voice ere starting out on his usual afternoon rounds, when he was surprised to perceive near him Sergeant Gale, dressed up exactly like a nigger, with a tall white hat and long-tailed coat, and armed with a capital banjo.

Joe Banks at the moment was about to introduce his nose into a fresh pint of foaming porter and take a long "pull" at the malt and hops when Gale tripped up to him in a lively fantastic manner, struck up a capital chord on his instrument, and capered about to the tones of a lively nigger jig.
"Brudder Bones" stared for a moment and rolled

his eyes in a most extraordinary manner.
"Dat you?" he gasped, with a red, open mouth,

and in intense surprise.
"Yes, dat's me. How is you, Bones?"

"De Lord hab mercy on dis chile! You doesn't mean to come it on us in dat way, does yer?"
"I does, dough," was the reply of the strange

nigger, with a broad grin.

"W-h-h-a-t, turn nigger? You, Ser——"
"Hu-s-s-s-h!" said the officer, with a knowing wink. "I am going out with you to-day."
"Gammon!"

"Positive."

"You don't mean dat?" said Bones, rolling his res. "What's yer little game dis time? You London detectives am de berry devil."

"Just so," said Gale, strumming his instrument, but whispering, "We are obliged to resort to a good many shifts and starts to get hold of our customers, you know. But don't you say a word."

"Why, by Golly, I thought it were Jack Jenkins, our banjo man; I did, on my soul. So you can play and sing, eh? Well, by golly, dat beats allyah, yah!"

"Hus-s-s-h!" said Gale. "I've dressed myself just like Jack Jenkins; but he's locked up."

"Locked up?"

"Just so. He got drunk last night, and got seven days for thrashing two policemen. I have come to take his place. Don't you let out; none of the other chaps will know me."

"Dat's sure," said Bones, "you deceive de devil."
"That's what I thought; but don't you whisper a

word of this to the other lads."

"De Lor' bress yer soul, dey wouldn't find you

out in a week. But what's up now?"
"Why, the old chap, Flint, that absconded from

Green Court."

"What, have yer copped him?"

"No; but I think we are on his track. Which round are you going to take to-day?"

"Well, de chaps think o' goin' round Regent Street, and them places."

"Why not go round Hatton Garden?"

"Lor' bress you, we can't yearn a penny in dat quarter."

"But there are a good many quiet old lawyers

there."

"Dat's just it. Why, dey wouldn't give us a solitary mag if we was to sing for a month. Dey orders us off, and one ole gent come to the window with a gun and threatened to shoot us."

"Indeed! And how was he dressed? Any-

thing like old Flint?"

"Lor' bress yer, no. Old Flint had whiskers this ole cock hasn't got any at all. I'm sure it's not Flint."

"Perhaps," was the dry reply; "but do as I tell you, Joe; I'll pay you well enough. Here come your companions. Silence, mind!"

"Just so, massa; num's de word!"

So well had Gale, the detective, studied the ways and habits of street "niggers" that he deceived the sable band, who did not for a moment suspect that the banjo was in any other hands than those of their old companion, Jack Jenkins.

After drinking down to the bottom of several pots of porter, and favouring the landlord of the public-house with a few artistic flourishes with toe and heel, the nigger band started on their rounds.

They called and performed at several places, but the more the detective sang and thrummed his banjo, the more was Joe Banks astonished at his

talent.

"By golly, you beats de devil!" he whispered, more than once, in a quiet way, and burst out into frequent roars of laughter, which the by-standers seemed much to enjoy, for they showered coppers into Bones's hat more plentifully than was ever known before.

The tambourine player was in ecstacies at the unexpected display of Jack Jenkins's talent, and so successful were they in their rounds that Joe Banks vigorously attacked more than one foaming pot of porter at different public-houses, in order to drown his exuberant feelings.

After a time the black band of minstrels, in their walks, came to Hatton Garden, and opposite the very house where lived the pugnacious lawyer that

Bones spoke of. "Dat's de crib," said Joe, in a whisper, "but you must look out, for dat gun o' hisn is loaded, and he's more dan once threatened to shoot de whole lot of us."

"Never mind," said Gale, "give him another chorus."

So saying, the band struck up a chorus, and sang

long and lustily.

The figure of an old man was seen peeping through the blind, and walking to and fro in his apartment in a state of great restlessness and

"By golly! he'll let us have it after a bit," said Bones, grinning. "Look out, chaps!"

But still they sang on, and more discordantly than

The occupant of the room was seen to frequently shake his fist at the minstrels, but they took no notice of him, and continued their noisy songs.

At last the window was thrown up, and the old

man came in sight.

Directly Gale caught a clear view of the man's

face his eyes glistened with delight.

"Now's the time," said Gale; "I'll give him a chant which shall shake his nerves, if he's got any." "Go away, go away, you noisy vagabonds; be off this instant. How dare you interrupt and annoy people in this manner from day to day? Depart, I say. I'll call a policeman," the old man stammered out very fiercely.

Bones and the rest took no notice whatever of the old gentleman's anger, but continued singing all the songs they could think of, particularly the most doleful and sentimental ones, greatly to the parlour

occupant's horror and disgust.

"Begone, you noisy rascals, begone," he said.
"Is that like his voice, Bones?" whispered Gale. "Werry like; werry like, indeed, massa."

"Then here goes for my song, let's see how he likes it—join in the chorus."

But before he commenced the old man rushed to the window, gun in hand.* "Vanish," he said, cocking the weapon, looking angry and determined. "Go this instant, or I'll murder some of you."

"Dat won't do, massa," said Bones, laughing; "if you mean to do dat, you know, to dis ere darkie, you might give ole Massa Ketch a nasty job. Yah, yah! Now den, brudder Banjo, for dat ere new ditty o' yourn."

On this challenge, and despite the old man's angry curses, Gale commenced in a loud voice to

sing a song, the chorus of which was-

Sing, sing, ye darkies, sing A mystery strange—a horrid thing, A headless nigger was brought to light, The murderer fied in the dead of night, And never more was seen.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the old man he could not have been more surprised.

He changed all manner of colours, trembled in every limb, tried to speak, but could not gasp out a single word, and at last dropped the gun, tottered

from the window, looking pale as death.

"Ha, ha! It is Flint," said Gale, "I am on his

track!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BASIL, THE BANDIT CHIEF-KING OF THE MOUN-TAINS-THE ITALIAN'S DECEIT-FRANK FOILS HIM-THE ROBBERS' CAVE - THE BANQUET-THE POISONED DRAUGHT-A GIRL'S DEVOTION -AGNESE THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER.

DIRECTLY the Boy Soldiers found themselves so suddenly surrounded by the black-looking band, who, with levelled guns, stood on all sides of them, the truth flashed to Frank's mind that they had been artfully deceived by the supposed Friar Basil, and that he had conducted himself and followers

^{*} See last week's illustration.

into the mountains among a lot of desperate and

bloodthirsty brigands!

None of them, he guessed, understood English, so he spoke a few words to the boys, telling them of what he thought and what he intended to do.

"Leave the matter to me," he said, "and all will

yet go well with us."

Then, addressing his guide, he said in Italian,

"Basil, we knew from the beginning that you were no friar, but a brigand chief, and that we relied on your honesty and honour is plain, otherwise we might have killed you, and continued our journey

unmolested and uninterruptedly."

"Well! Now that you do know who I am, you cannot get out of the scrape without paying heavy ransom for yourself and followers," said Basil. "If you knew I was a brigand chief why were you so silly as to follow me hither, boy?"

"Boy!" said Frank, proudly, "'tis true I am a boy, and so are all here present among my fol-lowers, but we are men in action."

"Pshaw, mad youth, what are you mouthing at? You are entrapped, and there's an end of it. Ha, ha! hear how bravely this baby prattles, ha, ha!"

"You will find I prattle, as you call it, to some purpose when you hear me out."

"Hear you out! what means the bold boy?"

"I mean this. It is you who are entrapped,

not us."

"Me! Basil, chief of the Black Banditti, King of the Mountain!" said the chief, surprised, "what mean ye? Speak, quickly; if I do but move my finger, every one of your followers shall lie helpless at my feet in their blood."

Frank mustered up his courage as he said,

"Yes, you, and all your band, are entrapped if

you do not follow my advice."
"Your advice! Oh, oh! Why I and my men have been well paid to capture you by a rich young Englishman. I did think that some of the band I sent to your camps had done the job for me long ago, but I see they haven't."

Then those with whom we fought and duelled

were part of this band," thought Frank.
"Listen to me, Basil," he said, aloud; "we, boys as we are, are freebooters, like yourself and the black banditti you command."

"Ha! rivals, eh?"

"Rivals, but only in friendship, let me tell you, and to night we have learned that a large Austrian force would cross the river and attack you here in your mountain home."

"The lad is dreaming," said Basil.

"No, Basil, I am not; but knowing you were true Italians at heart, and not the bloodthirsty scoundrels report speaks of you, I beat back part of the Austrians, who mistook our party for some of yours."

This was false, of course, but the plain, truth-like manner of Frank perfectly disarmed the brigand

chief, who looked astonished.

"This cannot be,"
"Rut it is true. To prove it I can describe to a nicety the very man who paid you to look out for us and entrap us."

" Ha !"

"Yes, and his name, too, if necessary. Think you, if we did not mean honour and friendship to you and the Black Banditti, that we should have been foolish enough to have selected the very road that led to your mountain home?" said Frank, warming up. "And let me tell you more, Basil; the very young Englishman who hired you to murder us this very night had a long conference with the Austrian general in command across the river. He telegraphed the statement to the Archduke Albrecht at Verona. Your whereabouts and number were minutely described, and the latest order which the Archduke signed was for the purpose of ordering a large force to cross over to-night and surround you."

"Impossible!" said Basil, "the young Englishman could not have been such a cowardly traitor !"

"But he is, and I can prove it."

"The proof, then," said Basil, "and at once."
Among the papers Frank captured was an order very similar in purport to what he had now stated.

He found it, and in triumph handed it to Basil the bandit chief, who, as he supposed, could not read.

"My eyesight is not good, young man; read it

for me," said the sullen and angry chief.

Frank did so aloud, and added much more to the order than the archduke said, or ever thought of saying.

When Basil heard the contents of the order he raved like a madman to think that one who had employed him should thus turn informer.

"Enough! you are right, young man. Your hand. I find you are true friends, and will treat you as such."

At a sign from Basil his dusky followers lowered

their weapons, and retired. " Follow me !" said the bandit chief.

Frank did so.

In a short time the Boy Soldiers found themselves in an immense cave, which contained many passages of great width, and intricate windings.

It looked more like an immense magazine of goods and fire-arms than anything else, but was

excellently furnished.

Basil, with the pride of a bold bandit, took Frank here and there, in all manner of out-of-the-way places in this mountain cave, and showed him his various treasures.

The interior of the mountain seemed as if it had been hollowed out by nature for the home of some bold robber, for, except the small gateway through which they had entered, no other means of ingress or egress was discernible.

As Basil walked in front with a torch in hand, taking pride in displaying all his illgotten treasures, Frank perceived a dim ray of moonlight streaming into the cave at an immense distance from where they then were.

But he did not pretend to notice it.
"You see we can defy all the armies in the world here," said Basil. "No one can harm a single hair of mine while the front entrance in blocked up, and as to finding us, ha! ha!" laughed the grim chief, "that is impossible, for the forest road is so full of pitfalls and intricacies that it would puzzle the very devil to discover again the winding forest path by which I just brought you. Ha! ha! no fear of taking Basil either dead or alive. What think you, my bold lad?"

"You are perfectly correct, Signor Basil. I pity the Austrians who dare attack you in this strong-

hold."

"I don't pity 'em; let 'em come. I could show you our skull chamber where we have dozens of skulls arranged on the walls that were on Austrain or Italian shoulders once, and we mean to keep adding to the number, too, as long as they won't let us alone. What care I for Austrians or Italians? Not a bit. I treat 'em all alike; it's all fish that comes to my net, and if you and your boy followers hadn't proved yourselves friends you would have been all shot before morning, I can tell you; but what of that; it's nothing to me. What care I for

killing and shooting? Not a bit. I've got several prisoners confined here now, and if their friends do not ransom them shortly, why, I shall chop their heads off, and get rid of them that way. I am king of these mountains, and defy the devil to take or dethrone me !"

After showing Frank into many places, Basil returned to a large chamber which was fitted up like a supper-room.

It was decorated on all sides with damask and velvet.

Chandeliers of sparkling beauty hung suspended from the walls.

All wore an air of comfort and elegance.

"This doesn't look much like a bandit's cave," said Frank, with a smile.

But as he smiled a faintness came over his heart he could not explain.

There was an air of mystery about the place that filled him with apprehension.

Basil's very politeness and kind attentions alarmed

For there was a hidden devil in the chief's eye which spoke of dark designs and infernal mischief.

"What means all this parade?" asked Frank. "Surely this table is not laid for me and my companions, bold Basil."

"That is just what it is prepared for," said the Italian, with a wicked smile.

"What, entertain strangers in such a mysterious way as this?"

"Oh, yes, we often give sulphur to our dear friends," said Basil, coolly; "sometimes we call it the death supper."

At the same moment he touched a bell twice. From behind a screen that hid some other apartment he had not seen, a girl appeared, looking pale, timid, and beautiful.

"My handmaiden, young Englishman," said Basil, with a demonical grin; "the daughter of a captain I once had. Oh! you need not look surprised and sad, my young friend," said the bandit chief, curling his moustache as he observed Frank's sorrowful glance at the pretty girl. "You need not feel sorry for her, she is perfectly happy, ain't you, Annette?'

"Quite happy, padrone," said the girl, trembling

the while.
"I told you so. Tell this young Englishman

whether you are happy or not, Annette?"
"Quite happy, signor," said she, casting a furtive
glance at Frank, and looking paler still. "Quite happy, signor."

"I told you so. Quite happy; how could she be otherwise with such good company as mine? I, Basil, Bandit Chief and King of the Mountains, ha, ha! I am going to make her my wife one of these days, when my old devil dies. She won't live long —I told her so long ago. She must die soon, or I'll make her. Ha, ha!"

"Your commands, good padrone?" said Annette, bowing before the black-looking rascal, but trembling in every limb.

"Tell my wife to serve up suppressions, good padrone?"
"For whom, good padrone?"
"For whom? Why, for myself and this young man's friends. Begone, and do it quickly. next you come in, let me see some colour in your cheeks, and no trembling lips, mind."

So speaking, Basil, on some pretence or other, went out of the apartment, and left Frank alone.

He had not been so for more than a minute when the curtains rustled and a second girl appeared-a beautiful creature about sixteen years of age, dressed in picturesque mountain costume.

She peeped through the tapestry curtains for a moment, and then whispered to Frank as she hurriedly approached him,

"My father means you no good. He must not see me thus warning you; I do so at the risk of my life. Annette, the captive, told me all."

"What mean you, fair one?"

"You are going to sup."

"Well?"

"Eat and drink to your heart's content; but, mark me, touch nothing that comes out of a bottle with a green seal; it contains poison, and will be served last."

"How can I avoid it, sweet maid?"

"Leave that to me, bold youth. If there is any wisdom left in me I will save you. I must away."

With these few words, Agnese, the bandit's daughter, flitted from the room like a shadow.

On that instant her father re-entered.

"Who was that that rustled the curtains just now?" he said.

"I did not observe it, worthy Basil," said Frank.

"But I did. Has any one spoken to you?"

"How should they?

"'Twas well they have not."

With a surly look he rang the bell, and supper was soon served.

Frank and all his boy companions seated themselves round the table, and the meal began.

Basil was the gayest of the gay.

"If the Austrians come upon us to-night, they will not have to fight men with empty stomachs."

He touched the bell, during the repast, and

Annette appeared.

"Tell Agnese to bring me my favorite bottle," said he; which expression seemed so very funny to many of his followers, who were also at supper there, that they laughed out loudly.

Agnese, looking pale as death, appeared with a single bottle, having a green seal, which she placed at her father's elbow.

With a look full of meaning at Frank, she said, "Father, the rest of the band are also at supper, in their own cavern, and are noisy for more wine.

"Then why ask me, slut? Let them have their fill. Show one of them to a cask, and let them draw as much as they like; if we want men to fight well, we must feed them well, and prime them well with good old wine. Eh! my young Englishmen?"

"Worthy Basil, quite right. John Bull is a great one for feeding well first, and fighting well afterwards."

This remark seemed greatly to tickle Basil, who played with the bottle having a green seal very fondly, but poured none out as yet.

Frank, in secret, warned all his followers to beware of drinking anything the bandit chief gave them; and they did so.

The supper was over, and the cloth soon removed; but it struck Frank as a very singular thing that every one except himself and his followers seemed to be fast getting tipsy.

Why this was he knew not.

He watched Annette and Agnese very closely as they brought in bottle after bottle of wine, and uncorked them, and still the thing remained a mystery to him.

During some noisy toast, in which Basil and his

chief men were indulging, Agnese poured out for Frank a fresh glass of wine, and as she did so, whispered-

"Be careful; they will be helpless by-and-bye, but when you are free again remember me."

Frank pressed her hand without speaking a word, and slipped off his own finger a diamond ring he wore.

"Let that be our pledge, dear Agnese," said he, in a faint whisper. "I shall never forget you, and

will soon return."

From sips of wine, the bandit gentlemen got to bumpers, and it appeared very certain that if left to themselves for half an hour they would all be hopelessly and helplessly stupefied.

Frank and his companions, perceiving how things were going, kept up the laugh and joke, until the whole company became merrier and noisier, and

well-nigh drunk.

"We-ll," said Basil, hiccupping, "before we part let us take a drop of cordial in our wine all round; it's a splendid sleeping draught," (With an ominous wink to his companions, who laughed boisterously at the great wit of their chief.)

"No, not yet, Basil, not yet; we haven't drunk half enough," said Frank. "Fill again before we have the cordial. Don't let it be said that English boys can beat an Italian brigand at wine-

drinking."

"As you like. Well, fill glasses all round, and let's have a song; after that you young English boys shall have a drop of cordial to kill the wine, then we'll all have a sleep, and wake up fresh for the Austrians when they come upon us."

This was just what Frank desired.
"A song! a song!" he cried.
"Yes; that's it!"

"Let's have a song, Basil."

"Now for it, captain, your old favorite," said several swarthy brigands, half drunk, clapping their hands, "the one you composed on yourself."

With many hems and haws Captain Basil commenced his song, which was of such a tremendous length that all save himself and the Boy Soldiers were fast asleep, snoring in their chairs or stretched on the floor, before it was finished.

Basil had sung ten verses, and his voice got weaker and weaker, until at last he stopped dead still after just finishing the chorus, which was,

"They may call us bold villains, but 'tis my firm belief, There's none half so gay as a brave mountain chief. Then fill up your bumpers, and our toast it shall be, 'To all gallant craftsmen on land and on sea!'"

For a moment Frank and the rest sat uneasily in their chairs knowing not what to do.

At that moment Agnese whispered,

"I have drugged them, or they would have poisoned you all. Fear nothing, they are all insensible. Follow me."

"But there are many more outside."

"They are all stupefied with drink but Antony, and him I fear. Quick! quick! brave English youth, or all is lost !"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FLIGHT-DESPERATE HAND TO HAND COM-BAT-A VILLAIN'S SHOT-A SCOUNDREL'S PUN-ISHMENT-SAFETY OF THE BOY SOLDIERS.

"Antony, who is he?" asked Frank, passionately, as he followed his fair guide. "Think you I fear any one man?"

"Hu-s-s-h!" sighed Agnese, "you know him not. I hate him. I refused his hand, and he hates me. If he had any idea of the trick I have played upon my father and the whole band he would drive a poignard to my heart."

"Then let him only try," said Fatty, greatly pleased at the prospect of escaping from the "devil's as he called it; "let him try it on, that's

"Silence," said Frank, fiercely, "silence, Fatty, you know not with whom we have to deal. Discretion is the better part of valour."

Agnese; with soft steps, conducted Frank out of the cavern used as a banquetting hall, and had to pass through another and a much larger one.

She peeped in first, and found, as she had said, that all the band, without exception, were intoxicated and fast asleep.

She beckoned Frank and his followers on with a faint, timid smile.

"They had to step over the prostrate, helpless forms of several dozen of the band as they lay about fast asleep.

"This way," she said; "Annette and I have prepared your horses; everything is ready for your instant departure, but we have done this at the peril of our lives, for our hearts were sad to think so many brave youths should be sacrificed to my father's deadly passion and hate."

They had reached the outer door or gate of the bandit's cave when a rifle was fired at Frank's head by some one unseen.

It missed him, but hit Agnese slightly in the

shoulder.

"Look to yourselves," she said, "I am not badly hurt, only grazed; look to yourselves, or all is lost; it is Antony!"

With the fury of a young lion, Frank rushed to

the spot whence the shot was fired.

He then saw Antony, the solitary guard, sword in hand, and with flashing eyes.

The brigand would have raised a shout of alarm, but ere he did so Frank rushed upon him and seized him by the throat with a fiery, deadly grip.

This was the only person now visible. "Get you to your horses," said Frank; "harness the horses to the carriage; leave this scoundrel

His followers did so.

But little did they dream what a terrific struggle it was between Antony and Frank, their brave young captain."

But Frank's grip on the villain's throat was like that of a vice.

Antony struggled valiantly, but could not relax the hold young Ford had of him.

They wrestled and fell over and over again, and yet neither had the mastery.

At last, with a tremendous effort, Frank rolled his enemy over.

Antony, with the desperation of despair, managed to loose one hand.

He seized his pistol, and snapped it right in Frank's face.

The ball passed close to his temple.

With the vengeance and anger of a strong man young Frank drew his knife, and it glittered before the villain's eyes.

"Spare me! spare my life!" the ruffian groaned. "Die, dog, die !" was the bitter response.

The long shining knife descended with unerring

The Italian groaned.

All was over. He was dead!

Stabbed to the heart!

It was pitch dark now on every hand. At that moment Annette rushed forward. "Hark !" said she, "some one approaches!"

"Quick! To horse!"

The young soldiers, with their Austrian captive safe in the carriage, were ready to start, but they knew not which way to go.

While in doubt, little Annette appeared.

"Follow me, brave youths," she said; "I will show you a better path than the one by which you Follow me, and fear not. Yet, let every one of you be prepared for instant action, for we know not whom we may meet. It may cost me my life, but yet I will risk it to save this gallant and youthful band of brave Garibaldi volunteers."

None of the Boy Soldiers could imagine which way the road led along which she was pilotting them, but they had faithful confidence in their young guide.

They travelled down a long broad path round the

side of the mountain.

No one spoke.

Nought was heard but the jingling of horses' harness and the creaking of the carriage springs.

For a full half hour they journeyed where they knew not, through the dense forest of the mountain, and at last came in sight of a fine level road.

"This is the road I wished you to take," said Annette. "Go straight on; you cannot miss your way; you are all well mounted and armed. As for me," she sighed, "I must return."

"But why, dear Annette," said Frank, gallantly, "why not flee from that den of thieves?"

"I dare not; at least, not without Agnese, who is more to me than a sister. We both sigh to escape the contamination of that wretched den, but dare not yet. Our plans are not completed."

"Your plans?"
"Yes. We are but two simple girls; Agnese is a little older than myself. But we have plans—brave, good plans; but she is hurt. I will not, I could not, desert her now. Her father would kill her did I escape. We will some day both flee together. But go! I cannot, I dare not, say more at present, but I shall return to my slavery with a firm hope, that, as we have saved the Boy Band, they may also save and rescue us.'

So saying, the brave little Annette waved her hand and disappeared like a fairy up the mountain side.

It was no time for Frank or any of his band to stop to moralize or feel regret.

Time was precious; morning was about to dawn, and yet they were far from their own camps.

With whip and spur the young Garibaldians sped along.

They had not gone far, however, when they heard the distant sounds of a fiery fusillade going on in the direction of their own camps.

This quickened the curiosity of all. Onward they dashed along the road.

Their own camps were visible in the distance. The nearer they approached the more certain they felt their companions had been set upon.

This was put beyond doubt when they approached still nearer and nearer.

They could hear the Austrians shouting.

The report of fire-arms, and the bright flash, was visible on every hand.

"Spur, boys, spur!" shouted Frank, with a loud pice. "Dash to the rescue of our companions, voice. brave young Garibaldians! Follow me!"

With a loud shout they drew their revolvers, and galloped into their own camps, sword in hand!

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAMP SURPRISED-THE WAGGON BARRICADE -THE DEFIANCE-" ENGLISH BOYS, NEVER SUR-RENDER"- FATTY AND HIS TRUMPET-THE CAPTURED CANNON-BUTTONS IN HIS GLORY-TERRIFIC COMBAT OF HORSEMEN.

IF ever the blood of English boys was aroused, it was on this special occasion.

"Now, comrades, to the charge!" cried Frank, his eyes flashing with the stern joy of battle. "Upon them! First powder, and then steel! Blench not, for the honour of old England! Viva Garibaldi! Morte ai Tedesche! Death to the Austrian tyrants! Huzza!"

"Huzza!" shouted the Boy Band, rushing along in a cloud of dust, amid which their bright swords gleamed like lightning flashes in the sulphury thunder cloud.

A roar of artillery, and a long, sharp crackle of

musketry

Suddenly the youthful cavalcade reined in their galloping horses.

"He is struck! he falls!" was gasped from every lip.

A clot of crimson appears on Frank's noble brow. His horse caracoles; then the noble youth reels back in the saddle, and the next instant he is rolled in the dust!

The most interesting Story of the day is

ROVING JACK, THE PIRATE HUNTER

EXTRACT :-

The exasperated beseigers did not scruple to discharge their fire-arms at the escaping thieves and bona robas, and more than one shrick or yell told that some of the shots had taken

"What ho, there!" thundered a stern and terrible voice.

"What ho, there: bunned."
"Keep the peace, I say!"
The commander-in-chief of the thief-takers and the autocrat
of thieves sprang into the room, savagely scowling and

The commander-in-chief of the thief-takers and the autocrat of thieves sprang into the room, savagely scowling and brandishing a heavy bludgeon.

"What means this outrage?"

"Heed him not!" shouted Jack. "Knock the villain down! Yonder flies Dick Turpin over the roofs of the outhouses! After him! Five hundred gold guineas for the bloody wolf, dead or alive!"

With an oath the thief-taker rushed up to our here.

With an oath the thief-taker rushed up to our hero.
"Audacious whelp! Do ye know me? I am Jonathan Wild!"

Wild!"

"And I am—Roving Jack!" responded our hero, sending his fist smash into the ruffian's face and knocking him backwards.

"Down with the traitor, the double-dealing wretch who lives upon the blood of his misguided victims!" shouted Jack, indignantly. "Hang him up! Beat out his brains with his own tipstaff! He is the law's disgrace, and it is no breach of law to slay such a hyena!"

The mob uttered a shout of execration, and flew upon the thief-taker.

thief-taker.

thief-taker.

But Jonathan Wild was a man of indomitable courage, and fought like a rampant lion.

Whirling round his heavy sword, he carved a way through the crowd and escaped from the house.

Meantime, the mob scrambled through the windows, and hurried in pursuit of the thieves; the noise of the riot alarmed the whole neighbourhood, and soon the streets were filled by the excited populace; alarm bells were rung, and a troop of dragoons paraded the streets.

24 JA 67 Now Publishing, One Penny Weekly.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE BOY SOLDIERS ATTACK THE AUSTRIANS.

Mark leapt off his horse and in a moment had his young captain in his arms. "How goes it, Frank,"

said he, tenderly. "Are you badly hurt?"
"I think not," replied Frank, faintly, as they placed him beneath a tree; then, rising up he shouted, "Onward, lads, to the rescue of our brave boys, or all may be lost.

But for a moment let us explain what took place during Frank's absence from the camp.

As we have seen, a party of the Boy Soldiers had started out on a night adventure, or "a glorious raid;" but before they got home to camp again, as we know, they had gone through very perilous and daring scenes. No. 10.

They did not expect, or even imagine that the Austrians knew where the Boy's camp was pitched; but this was discovered in a manner to be afterwards explained.

Long before Frank and his companions galloped to the rescue, their young companions had sustained a terrible onslaught by thrice their own number of the enemy.

The Austrians, perhaps, thought to achieve a very easy victory over the few boy soldiers in camp when they attacked them; but were miserably mistaken.

Frank, before he started on his night adventure, had collected six waggons, and with them formed a square sort of barricade.

"I don't think that any of you will be disturbed

until our return," said he; "but it is better to be prepared for all chances."

When the alarm was raised the wisdom of young

Captain Frank's foresight was apparent.
All the young volunteers hastened to this rallying

point. They had plenty of spare arms with them, such as revolvers and rifles, and following the orders of Dick Fellows, all these spare weapons were doubly

loaded, and placed close at hand ready for instant The Austrians did not come on boldly with trumpets sounding, but stole into the camps as

quietly as possible. They looked around everywhere; but nowhere

could they see any of the Boy Soldiers.

The Austrian commandant was puzzled. "Where had the young Garibaldians retreated to?" he thought, as he brought up a full squadron right into the middle of the camp, and looked around annoyed at being foiled.

He had not long to wait for an answer.

All at once, and when least expected, Dick Fellows whispered to the boys,

"Now, lads, take good aim, Keep your heads low, and at the word, fire."
"Are you all ready?" he said.
"Yes," was the answer.
"Fire!"

No sooner said than done.

On the instant a terrific volley was poured into the Austrians.

All sides of the waggon barricade seemed suddenly lit up, and was vomiting fire and shot into the Austrians.

The enemy, although taken by surprise, were no cowards, and fired away with hearty goodwill and loud shouts.

Their shots, however, never hit the boys.

All the harm done was to knock splinters out of the waggons, behind which the young soldiers were concealed.

On horseback as they were, the Austrians hoped in some way to break down the barricade; but they could not.

"Surrender | surrender |" the Austrian officer shouted, in stentorian tones, "or we will exterminate every one of you."

A loud shout of derision was the only answer, as Dick Fellows, flag in hand, stood upright in the midst of the boys, and said aloud,

"English boys, never surrender! Hurrah! for

Garibaldi and liberty!"

The combat had now lasted about twenty minutes, when the Austrians, finding they had lost many men, resolved to bring into action a light cannon which carried a six-pound shot.

"We'll soon smash down their barricade," said

they, in boast.

One of their men galloped off, and soon returned,

followed by the cannon.

"Surrender, lads, surrender!" the Austrian officer shouted again. "We don't want to kill you; throw down your arms !"

"Never!" was the answer.
"Then," said he to the artillery-men, "load, and fire rapidly; we'll soon demolish their rotten waggons; the pistol and sabre will do the rest."

It was at this exact moment, when loading their cannon, that Frank and his party arrived on the scene to the rescue at a furious gallop.

With swords flashing in the twilight of morning, the boys, now led on by Mark, dashed in upon the Austrians, shouting,

"Garibaldi for ever !"

The Austrians, taken in the rear by the gallant young soldiers, were amazed and panic-stricken.

They knew not for a moment what to do. With firm resolves to conquer or die they met the

onslaught with coolness and bravery.

The combat was now terrific.

With shouts and yells the Austrians tried to escape, after losing more than half their number, but they knew not which way to go.

They madly dashed in one direction; but when about to reach the road, near where the mail coach now stood, the Fat Boy blew a terrific blast upon a cavalry trumpet he had found in the carriage.

"Right about," shouted the Austrians; "these imps of the devil are calling up reinforcements; we shall be all cut to pieces if we attempt to retreat by

that road !"

Panic-stricken, they wheeled right about, just in time to meet Mark and his band, who were now at their heels galloping in mad pursuit.

Another clash of swords, and another terrific

running fight ensued. Whichever way the Austrians tried to flee they met with obstacles.

Left to themselves and without any support the artillery-men were unable to protect their gun, and so abandoned it and fled.

One brave fellow did not run, however, and he

was a sergeant.

With a valour worthy of a better cause he remained by the cannon, and was about to spike it so as to render it useless to its captors.

He had the spike in the touch-hole, and, with hammer in hand, was on the point of driving it home, when a well-directed shot from young Buttons hit him, and knocked the hammer from his hand!

"Now's our time, boys!" said Buttons, who was on foot, his horse having been shot from under him. "Now's our time, boys; some of you come out of the barricade, and help me to load it. We'll give the Austrians a rare warming in a minute!"
With a cheer several of the boys ran to his

assistance.

With nimbleness the boys loaded the cannon with grape shot.

"Don't fire till we see those flying Austrians well clear of our boys; let me touch it off."

So saying, Buttons seized the strap which pulled the hammer down on the percussion cap, and waited a moment to watch a good opportunity.

It was not long in coming.

Mark and his brave boys had cut off the enemy's retreat by every road save by crossing the river!

This the Austrians perceived, and they madly galloped towards the stream.

At that instant Master Buttons levelled his cannon and took good aim,

"Now for it. Stand aside, boys; here's at

On the instant he vigorously pulled the hammer down on the cap.

Next moment a terrific roar ensued, and grape shot flew into the enemy's ranks, cutting horsemen down like so many dry twigs

"That's our parting to 'em," said Buttons. "They won't trouble us again in a hurry; at all events, not to-night. We'll now have a bit of grub in

peace, ch, Fatty?"
"I believe, you my boy," said Fatty, in a weary

manner.

"Tired to death," the boy band were too much of soldiers to neglect any precaution.
"They have found us out," said Mark, "and we

must get out of this place as soon as possible; the whole Austrian army confronts us across the river. Stuff your havresacks tull or lood, he say, the barrel of wine into your canteens, pack the are too weak to stay here; the Austrians will be over here in thousands to-morrow, you'll find."

Although some did not much like this order to retire they followed out the orders to the letter.

Fatty was annoyed, but crammed two havresacks full of "grub," as he called it, and stuffed his stomach almost to suffocation as well, not forgetting "to pay his very particular respects," as he said, to the barrel of wine.

In less than half an hour the young volunteers struck their tents, packed their waggons, and were soon far from the river, in high glee at their late

gallant exploits.

Not all, however, left the spot.

Dick, Mark, Hugh Tracy, and Buttons remained

behind with the captured cannon.

"They will be sure to treat us to a cannonade from the other side shortly," said Mark, "and as we must protect our retreat we will give them as good as we get."

In a trice these four brave boys commenced to work with picks and shovels in gallant style.

The trees were large, thick, and numerous on the top of the river bank.

Mark selected a place where two large oak trees

stood about two yards apart.

In front of these for about three feet he and the other boys rapidly raised a breastwork of solid earth.

A place was cut out in the middle of this earthwork for the muzzle of their cannon to work in.

"Now, Buttons," said Mark, "where did you place the four horses?"

"Behind a clump of trees not far off, but out of danger. As we will have to gallop after the boys rather rapidly I placed eight instead of four horses, that I thought would be better."

"Just so; eight horses will gallop along with this light cannon like lightning; all four of us, however, must turn drivers. Load up the gun,

lads!"

This was quickly done by Mark, Hugh, and Buttons, who put in a twelve-pound rifle shell.

"We shan't have to wait long before the Austrians begin to shell us, you'll find," said Mark.

Nor had they.

Those who managed to escape across the river from the combat, informed the general in command of all that had happened.

This defeat so enraged him that he opened fire across the stream upon what had but just been the

Shells came whizzing overhead and through the trees in quick succession, bursting luckily many yards from where the boys were.

"Hadn't we better return the compliment?" said

Hugh, impatiently.

"Not yet," said Mark, spy-glass in hand. "Let them waste as much powder and shell as they like, they can't hurt us; we are well protected in front by the trees and our earth-work; they will get tired after a bit, and we shall be fresh, you

Still came the Austrians' shells screaming overhead, and bursting with great noisy explosion right on the ground where their tents had lately stood.

"They would have peppered us awfully, if we hadn't got out of the way," said Buttons; "Captain Frank was here to give 'em a dose of pills in re-

"Don't be in any hurry, Buttons, my boy," said

Mark; "our brave young commander will lead us on again, and I am only waiting for a good opportunity; $y \phi u$ can't see what they are up to, but Ican.

The truth was that his spy-glass enabled Mark to perceive a group of mounted officers on the other side, standing near some ammunition waggons.

"Now," said Mark, "since they have nearly done, we'll give 'em a parting salute to remember us by; but, mark me, lads, directly the shot is fired, jump to your gun, ease it down the bank, and then pull away until we get to the thicket where our horses are.

"Just so, Mark; take good aim."

Buttons need not have said this, for Mark took deliberate aim at the group of officers standing near the ammunition waggons,

"Now I've covered them nicely," said he. "Dick and Hugh, take a wheel each to prevent too

much recoil."

Saving this, he touched off the cannon.

A sudden roar.

A meteor-like object circled through the air, and descended plump among the waggons.

In a second a terrific explosion took place. He had struck the ammunition waggons!

The very earth seemed to shake under their feet. "Got 'em that time," said Buttons, with a chuckle, as they eased the cannon out of its place, and dragged it along towards the place where the horses were concealed.

It was well that they had been so quick, for the cannon had not been out of its place more than two minutes when the Austrians opened fire again from half-a-dozen guns, and tore up the little earth-work all to pieces.

Crash !-whiz !-bang ! went their shells in] all directions, smashing trees and shrubs with terrific

force.

But in less than five minutes the four Boy Soldiers had harnessed their horses to their gun, and each acting as driver to two animals, they went tearing away after their retreating comrades, laughing at their glorious action.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MOUNTAIN CHIEF-ALARM OF THE BANDITTI -TREACHERY AT WORK-THE DEED OF BLOOD -THE ALARM OF AGNESE.

THE drug which Agnese had used proved powerful beyond expectation. It was several hours before Basil the Bandit, and

his swarthy band, recovered consciousness.

The first to do so was Basil himself.

He yawned, stretched himself, and then thoroughly awoke.

"Hillo!" said he, rubbing his eyes, "Hillo! how is this? Where are all the youngsters gone to, eh? Why, here are all my favourite men drunk. Ha! ha! Ah! I understand now, my chief man, Cavolti, has secured the young English strangers, put them in some place of safety, and then returned to finish the frolic among ourselves. Yet I didn't drink much," Basil mused; "but still my head aches fit to split in halves."

He struck the table heavily. His daughter Agnese appeared.

"Bring me a draught of wine," said he, "and of the best, mind. My vitals are all on fire.'

Agnese brought in and poured out for her father a goblet of the best wine, which he drank off at a single draught.

"Ah!" said he, "that's cooling and pleasant.

You can leave me-but stay. In what part of the cavern are the young strangers sleeping?"

"I know not, father."

"Did not Cavolti place them in a safe spot, then ?"

"I know not, father; but suppose he did, for he always obeys your orders punctually."

"Of course."

"You and the strangers were singing loudly, and as you all appeared merry, and were all served

with wine, I and Annette retired to rest."

"Quite right, quite right. You may go. Well, this has been a pretty bout, surely," said Basil, as he got up and walked about. "Why, here are all my men fast asleep around me, and snoring like young elephants. Ha! ha! It was lucky the Austrians did not attack us in this state last night."

With his foot he kicked several of his men, who

awoke with staring eyes.

"Cavolti, come, rouse up! Awake! No more of this drunkenness. We must be up and doing.

Cavolti, I say, awake !"

Basil's chief officer did awake, and was surprised to find that he, like many others, had rolled off his chair on to the floor, and there had lain huddled up like so many pigs in a pen.
"How is this?" said Cavolti, rubbing his eyes.

"Aye!" said Basil, laughing. "I suppose those young Englishmen must have been giving us a lesson in deep drinking, eh, Cavolti?"
"The English youths!" said Cavolti, rubbing his

eyes, and looking around him wildly. "Oh! now I remember all; but where-

"Ha!" said Basil, taking him aside; "that is the question I was about to ask you; where are they?"

"Where?" asked Cavolti, looking puzzled and fearful.

"Where, aye, where? Surely you must know something about them. If I was drunk and neglected them, surely you did not. Are they confined, or did you finish them all off at once with the cordial?"

"I know nothing of them," said Cavolti, "I have no more recollection of what took place last

night than an idiot."

"What?" said Basil, with an angry oath, "a band of young desperate strangers among us, and you

not know what has become of them?

"I do not," said Cavolti; "but I dare say they are safe somewhere in the cave; they could not escape, for they could never find out the right path."

"That may be; but I very much doubt it," said Basil. "Am I to understand you know nothing of them?"

"I do not."

"Then you are no longer worthy to be my officer, Cavolti," said Basil. "Your life shall be the forfeit if they are not found."

"Be it so," was the calm reply. "You gave me

no orders concerning them."

"Liar!" said Basil, fearfully angered, "liar!"
"Basil," said Cavolti, "you are my chief, and I should not reply; but, let me tell you, that no other man should call me liar and live.'

"Ah! you threaten me, then, eh? What, treason and treachery at work! Men, sieze him!" said

Four men instantly obeyed.

"Now, Cavolti," said Basil, "your life is at stake, remember, if those youths are not found within an hour. Take him away and confine him in the strong room."

"Basil," said Cavolti, with a grinning lip, "you

choose, then, to disgrace and degrade me before your own men, and for no cause. When next you wake up from a drunken sleep, you will think differently of me, and may repent."

"Take him away. Search for those youths in every hole and corner. Quick! Fly!" said he.

waving his hand in angry command.

Cavolti was borne along by the four men, who took him along a wide stone passage towards the strong room.

Basil walked up and down the large banqueting

hall, striking his forehead.

His whole band was now thoroughly aroused. The caverns were searched far and wide, but not

a trace could be found of the missing youths.

"Fled!" gasped Basil, white with rage, as reports were continually brought to him to that effect, "one of my men murdered before the main gate! Now, by heaven, deep, dark treachery is among us, and Cavolti shall suffer !"

Basil at that instant heard a slight noise in the adjoining passage that he could not understand.

In an instant after, the door was burst open right in front of where stood the bandit chief!

Cavolti dashed in, looking wild, haggard, and ferocious.

A blood-red sword was in his hand!

For a moment Basil looked stupefied, as if he beheld a ghastly spectre before him.

"What, Cavolti returned, and bloody!" he said, whipping out his sword, "and confronts me thus in defiance !"

"Four lifeless bodies lie in the passage," said Cavolti, bursting with rage, "and I come to add a fifth one. Your band is in revolt; I am King of the Mountains !"

"Fool!" said Basil, dashing at Cavolti; "you may have conquered four, but not me. Have at

you, villain !" In a trice Cavolti knocked the sword out of Basil's

hand. They clutched each other's throats, knives in hand.

The struggle was short and desperate.

They breathed hard, like two tigers in deadly embrace.

A dagger was uplifted, and flashed in the light. In a second more all would be over.

The report of a pistol was heard from behind the curtain.

CHAPTER XXVII. NIGHT VULTURES.

FRANK, however, was not alone on the battle-field. Young Sam Bennet, who had also been wounded

during the fight, was likewise left behind.

The Boy Soldiers had put Frank in a safe place during the latter part of the battle, but he crawled away towards a small spring to quench his thirst, and there remained.

Hence, when they came to look for him, he was nowhere to be found.

Supposing that he had been carried off by some of the party the boys retreated from the field, and did not discover their mistake until it was too late.

Thus the gallant young leader of the boy band was left through mistake, and in the darkness that overhung all with his young comrade Sam Bennet.

When morning began to break the clouds were thick and dark.

Lightning flashed through the murky skies, and thunders rolled.

Heavy, drenching rain began to fall, and it seemed as if the very heavens were about to deluge the earth.

This was greatly refreshing to the two wounded boys, who in different parts of the field lay huddled up, and perfectly unconscious of each other's presence there.

Frank, with a blood-stained brow, and a bullet wound in his left arm, was unable to move.

Sam Bennet had been hit in the thigh by a spent

He also was unable to stir.

But, even during the drenching showers that fell all around him, Sam Bennet's quick ear detected the distant moaning of some wounded man.

Again and again he raised himself on his elbow, and looked about him to the right and left to see

wherever it might proceed.

"Some wounded Austrian," thought Sam. glad our boys have left none of our party behind except me, for I have no doubt if these Austrian camp followers should happen to fall across any lads they would murder them on the spot."

He little thought that the moaning proceeded from Frank.

But it did.

Poor Frank was desperately hurt, and was almost

if not entirely unconscious.
"Hang their stupid heads," said Sam, half aloud, "they have gone off and left me here alone; "it's through mistake, I know, but that don't make my situation any the less miserable and dangerous; but I dare say some of them will soon return when they miss me.

With such thoughts Sam Bennet tied up his wounded thigh, and tried again to scan the battlefield in order to discover who it might be that was

He raised himself on his elbow, but could discover

nothing.

The truth was that a slight indentation of the

ground concealed Frank from view.

"I wish I could only walk," thought Sam. "I dare say it's some poor devil of an Austrian, dying, perhaps, for a cup of water."

Towards the evening stars began to twinkle in the eastern sky long before the heavy clouds finally

drifted from the scene.

Still at intervals he could hear the same distant moaning.

He listened again and again. It sounds like the voice of a boy.

"What if it should turn out to be one of our band, though," he said. "I wonder who it can be. Surely they haven't left any one but me behind!"

These and such like thoughts puzzled and tor-

mented the brave lad's mind.

Ere long, however, his eyes and thoughts were

directed in another way.

In the distance he perceived an old, haggard woman, slowly looking about the battle-field.

She was followed at a short distance by a villanous-looking rascal, dressed and muffled up in a long, black cloak, and broad-brimmed slouching

A cold sweat was on Sam's brow as he thought-"They are 'Night Vultures,' come to rob and strip the dead—and the living, also, if they get the chance! I will be prepared for them."

Luckily, his rifle was close at hand.

He loaded very carefully and slyly, in order not

to be perceived.

"They always come armed, I'm told; and if they fall across a half dying man, they make no scruple about giving him a taste of their daggers. But they shan't catch me asleep. I've heard too much about them long before this. Captain Frank has often spoken of this thing, and to be aware of drinking anything they offer; for if a fellow only happens to have a watch, a ring, or a few shillings in his pocket, they think nothing of poisoning him for it, the cursed wretches,—'Night Vultures' they are aptly called-but they must take care, or I'll do for one of 'em, if not for two, if they come near

The old hag slowly moved to and fro about the battle-field, followed at a short distance by the un-

known, murderous-looking villain.

They approached a spot about midway where Frank and Sam lay.

"Stop," said the villain, to the hag, "did you not hear distant moans? Listen again.

"I do," was the croaking reply; "and it sounds like the voice of a youth."

"Of a youth?" said the villain, with glistening

eyes. "Yes, I cannot be mistaken."

"If it should only be him!" was the quick, impassioned reply.

"Who?" asked the hag, with a low chuckle. "It matters not. I dare say you would not feel very scrupulous about whoever it was, so he had a well-filled purse and a watch."

"Not I; no, not a bit," was the harsh reply. only wish I could stumble across such a one. what makes you so anxious about these Boy Garibaldians?"

"That's my business," said the villain, gruffly.

"But, hark ! there are the groans again,

"I heard them plainly that time. Let us go and see."

"The bloodthirsty hounds!" said Sam. "They are bent on murder. I wonder who it can be that is moaning so? I'll watch them closely,"

As he spoke he saw the old hag hobble across the

field followed by her dark companion.

They did not go far ere she stopped and turned towards the villain.

"He moves, he breathes," she said, in a soft

And so Frank did.

He was lying unconscious, with his head resting on a small mound of earth, and with his eyes

Near him lay his cap and one of the Austrian drums that had been broken and left behind.

"'Tis he !" said the villain, with glittering eyes, pointing to the wounded youth, "'tis he !" "What would ye have me do?" said the woman,

with a croaking voice, and a dry, hurried laugh. "Despatch him !" said the villain. "Strike him

to the heart! No one sees us; you shall be well paid! Despatch him, I say!"
"Is he your enemy?"

"It matters not now to tell; no time must be lost. Despatch him, drive your long dagger through his throbbing heart! I hear the approach of distant horsemen. Quick, I say, quick! He is my worst enemy! let your dagger sink deep into his vile heart-he is my life-long foe !"

With upraised weapon the hag of the battlefield stood over the prostrate boy, in the act of deal-

ing a death blow.

On the instant was heard the crack of a rifle. With a loud scream, the woman threw up her hands, dropped the dagger, and fell to the earth-

Sam Bennet had raised himself from the ground, and watched them,

He leaned against a waggon-wheel for support.

Directly he saw the upraised dagger about to descend, he fired.

The bullet struck her to the heart.

Sam fell to the earth again, prostrate from fatigue

CHAPTER XXVIII-

THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE-ADVENTURES IN THE MOUNTAINS IN SEARCH OF FRANK AND SAM BENNET-THE TRAITOR'S SHOT-THE TERRIBLE FALL INTO THE PRECIPICE.

THE unexpected shot, and the old hag's piercing scream as she fell dead, caused the cloaked villain to tremble with fear.

He hastily turned, and looked about him right and

left.

No one was visible.

yald Francis 7 adativ T

In terror he fled hastily away.

He would have stayed, perhaps, to accomplish his desperate purpose.

But at that moment several Austrian horsemen

galloped on the field.

The craven-hearted scoundrel, whoever he was, seemed surprised at the sudden appearance of the Austrian horsemen upon the field, and he vanished in the darkness.

Several of the soldiers dismounted, and one proved

to be a surgeon.

He looked here and there, and attended to more than one poor wounded fellow, who had been thus long neglected.

After a time, the moans of Frank arrested his

attention.

He hastened to the spot, and was much struck by

the handsome features of the disabled youth.
"Why, how comes this,!" said the kind-hearted
man. "Surely our men couldn't have been fighting

with a band of boys last night?"
"Boys, eh, sir?" said one, grimly smiling; "if you'd only seen how they fought you wouldn't think them boys; they assailed us like young demons."

For some time the surgeon couldn't realise the fact that the Garibaldians were mere boys, and listened with amazement to the various adventurous stories told about them.

"And who can this youth be?" he asked.

"I should think that this youth must be some officer among them, judging by his appearance; perhaps it may be the young captain himself, for all we know."

"If so, you have made a lucky prize, then," said the surgeon. "There, bear him off the field, I have dressed his wound; a little rest and good hospital

care will soon revive him."

Four men, with a portable stretcher of canvas, gently lifted Frank from the ground, and bore him away towards the river, where a boat was moored ready to bear him across.

In about half-an-hour, and after tending and carrying away a few of their own men who were disabled, the Austrians were about to depart.

Sam Bennet saw all that passed, but was not aware who the youth was he had seen carried away on the canvas stretcher.

He was afraid of being discovered himself.

He had more than once heard of the dreadful loathsome dungeons into which prisoners were cast.

But just when he thought they had missed him, a

man stood by his side.
"Hullo, young 'un," said the gruff soldier; "we nearly missed you—hullo, comrades; hullo!" he

* See illustration No. 7.

shouted. . "Here's another young Garabaldian here."

Sam was sadly disappointed at thus being discovered.

But there was no help for it.

It was useless to offer resistance, and in less than five minutes he was surrounded, and the surgeon very busy probing his thigh for the bullet.

This was a very painful operation, but Sam did

He kept his countenance, and even smiled at some good-humoured remarks made by the docter.

"You stand all this probing manly, my lad," said the man of medicine, with a smile.

"Do I? La, that's nothing. I never felt it."

"Didn't you?"

"No, not a bit. We English boys can stand any amount of suffering without grumbling, when we

"I wish our soldiers could then; but I suppose you English are made of different stuff to other people ?

"Yes," said Sam; "made out of a mixture of leather, cast-iron, and gun-metal! Our captain is made up of solid steel."

The docter could not afford to be out-witted by such a mere youth, and so ordered him off to the boat, whither he was quickly carried.

Judge of his surprise when he discovered his

young captain on board also.

We will now follow the hasty footsteps of the villain who fled from the battle-field when the soldiers arrived.

He was foiled and defeated in his purpose.

He retired to a neighbouring wood.

A horse was tied up there.

In a few moments he was galloping away as hard as possible in the direction the boy band had taken when they retreated.

He had not gone far when he perceived in the distance the approach of two mounted youths, dressed like Garibaldians.;

They were Hugh Tracy and Dick Fellows.

In a moment the black villain threw off his long cloak, and other disguises, and appeared in a red shirt, and in every way equipped like a true Garibaldian.

"Halt !" said he, to the two approaching youths,

cocking a pistol.

"Who cries halt!" said Hugh and Dick, in a challenging tone. "Who and what are you, that you thus dare obstruct our pathway?"

"I am a Garibaldian, and have special business

here."

"A Garibaldian! well, then, so are we."
"That remains to be proved, before I allow you

to pass. I am on guard here."
"Well, then, we are two officers of the Boy Band, and are returning to the battle-field at the risk of our lives, to search for _____"

"Your young captain, I suppose?"

"Yes; but how came you to know that?"

"Me? Ha! ha! my friends, you are but children yet in the art of war. I not only know him but can tell you more. He is in the hands of the Austrians—a prisoner!"

"A prisoner!"

"Yes; and is at this moment confined in a pass in the mountains yonder."

"Impossible! how came you to know this?" "I have been to the battle-field since the fight, by the special orders of General Garibaldi, to see that none of you were left behind, and also to spy out the strength and position of the Austrian camp

across the river. While doing this I learned all about it."

"And where is this place in which he is con-

fined ?" they asked, quickly.

"It is useless to tell you, for it is so well-guarded at the mouth, that not a cat could pass without it was in Austrian uniform."

"You know, then, where he is confined?"

"I do. His wound, I heard, was but a slight one after all. It merely stunned him."

"I am sorry we made such a mistake as not to seek him before we left the field," said Hugh, sor-

rowfully.

"They will murder him by inches if the Austrians only find out who and what he is; I fear they will cast him into some loathsome dungeon there to die of starvation," said Dick, sorrowfully; "but we one and all, lose our lives or rescue our brave Frank."

The villain smiled, as he said,

"It is possible he may escape yet."

"Not without aid."

"But you can render that. You don't mind a little danger and expense?"

"No; neither. Our life for Frank Ford." "Then I'll tell you what we'll do."

"What do you propose-to show me the mountain

"Yes; more than that."

"What then?"

"I will assist you."

"Brave," said Hugh, saking him warmly by the hand; "you are a true Garibaldian,"
"Yes, and will prove myself such by assisting the

escape of your bold brave English chief.

"But I must tell you," said the stranger, "before we proceed further in this desperate adventure, that

it will not do for both of you to go."
"Not both of us! Why not?" asked Dick Fellows, quickly. "Why not both of us, pray?"

"Simply for this reason," said the dark stranger. "Two of us could well manage the business; but if three were discovered prowling about the mountain pass, it would excite suspicion."

The dark stranger's manner was so plausible that Hugh Tracy at once acceded to the proposition.

Dick, however, was much displeased.

"What, go alone on this terrible venture?" he said, half aloud, in English.

"Yes, why not?"

"I fear the stranger may deceive us both," said "His words and manner are plausible enough; but there is a something in his sparkling eye, and restless twitching of the mouth, that I do not like."

"Oh, fear not," said Hugh, gaily, "you haven't seen as much of these Italians as I have. What say you, shall I go?"
"No," said Dick, "not without me,"

"Then will you go alone?"

"Not without you, Hugh !" said Dick.

"Three would excite suspicion, roaming about the mountains, and so near to the Austrian fort too.

"Well, as you please, Hugh," said Dick, "If you will go, of course there is no altering your determination; but, as to me, I fear the Italian. He may not be a Garibaldian after all."

"Think you he would expose himself to any stray shot by wearing the red shirt, then? Trust me, Dick, he is a Garibaldian, and a right good sturdy

one also, if I'm not much mistaken.

So, after many words of warning, Hugh resolved to go alone with the guide, and "trust to luck."

"Never fear for me, Dick," said Hugh. "I am well armed, and if he does mean me any harm he will get more than he gives," said Hugh; in a whisper, aside.

The guide did not understand one word of English, so he listened to the conversation without

But while they were talking apart, he narrowly scanned the features of the two youths in hopes of gleaning some information.

He was much mistaken, however.

Hugh and Dick were particular not to disclose their thoughts or intentions to the stranger by a single look or gesture,

Hugh Tracy and the guide departed.

Dick Fellows retraced his steps, and waved his hand in token of "good luck," but he had not gone far when he halted behind a ledge of rocks by the roadside.

"I do not like the looks of this new-found friend," said he, "and will follow at a distance; they shall not observe me, and if the guide does mean treachery he shall not live long to repent it, if there's any strength left in my good right hand to

Directly the guide and Hugh departed, Dick tied up his horse in the forest with a long rope so as to give the animal a good length of tether to feed, and he followed the two fast retreating figures.

"What does the black-looking devil want to be looking back so often for?" thought Dick, and this confirmed him all the more in his resolution to follow so as to be close at hand in case of danger.

"Where is this place where the Austrians have confined our young captain?" said Hugh, "Is it

far ?"

"No, not very far," said the guide; "we shall reach it in an hour or two.

"But in what direction?"

"Yonder," said the guide, pointing to a lofty group of mountains.

"Why, the highway to Vienna runs through them. I perceive even now the broad white tracks of the coach road.

"You are right," was the guide's reply. "It is one of the many military roads which the Austrians have cut through the mountains, and it saves a day's journey or more on the distance to Vienna."

"Yes, true; I have heard of these military roads before.

"The entrance is only fifty feet wide, and the outlet is not so broad. There is a large, strong party of soldiers always on guard at both entrances, night and day, and, as I have said before, not a cat would be permitted to pass by the house at either end without it was in Austrian uniform.

"Then how shall we manage to escape them?" "Oh, leave that to me," said the guide, grinning; "there's more ways than one. I have often descended into that little valley before, and by a

means the white coats little dream of."

"Ha! indeed, how is that?" said Hugh. "You must be a brave fellow."

"Well, as to that, there may be two opinions, you know. That I am brave, and well worthy of confidence is plain, or otherwise General Garibaldi wouldn't trust me with such important messages as he does."

"How did you manage to escape them? They would have shot you on the spot if you were dis-

covered."

"I know that," was the dry reply, "but I never intend that they shall discover me. And yet I often go there for pleasure."

"For pleasure! and run the risk of being

killed?"

"Pleasure! yes, why not?" said the guide, laughing. "Have you never heard of love?" "Love! of course I have," said Hugh, laughing.

"Well, then, it is love which takes me there."

"Not of the Austrians, surely?"

"No; but love of a very pretty maiden who lives in that valley. Leander swam the Hellespont to see his sweetheart, and I, an humble imitator, often jeopardize my life to kneel for a moment at the feet of her I adore."

These words were uttered in a tone of so much genuine passion that Hugh was now more firmly convinced of the good faith of his guide than ever.

"They call the place Val Verde," said the guide, "or Green Valley. It is so healthy that the Austrians often send their wounded men here, your young captain is here also. When he is partially recovered they will send him on to Vienna, and cast him into some loathsome dungeon."

But, though Hugh and the guide were very chatty, the young soldier always kept himself on his guard against any treachery.

For this purpose he walked his horse several yards from his guide, and with his hand upon a pistol ready to draw and fire if need be.

This the guide perceived, but did not take any

notice. He smiled often, moreover, as he from time to time turned his head and always found Hugh a few

yards behind him. "How did you manage to elude the Austrian

guards and see your sweetheart?" asked Hugh. "Oh, simply enough, my brave young stranger; easily enough when you've tried it once.

On top of one of these lofty rocks, and near the edge of the precipice, stands an immense old oak."
"Well?"

"In times past, the mountaineers used to have a favourite sport of hunting for eagle nests."

"I understand."

"And for this purpose were wont to tie a long, thick rope to the old oak, and thus descend to the various ledges and shelvings of the rocks below."

"A good plan. I have heard of that method before."

"I discovered this rope, and often descended, and, when down as far as I could go, I found an excellent foothold, and thus descended by the goat track to the valley unperceived. Now you understand?"

" I do."

"And it is by this same means you and I will

descend."

"Bravo!" said Hugh, delighted. "The idea is a capital one! If we only find out where poor Frank is, and rescue him, you shall have the biggest purse of money you ever had in your life!"

Chatting thus, Huch Tracy and his guide journeyed along for many miles.

The night was dark, and the moon's rising would

not take place till long past midnight.

Cautiously and slowly they picked their way up the mountain side until it was no longer safe to ride.

The guide and Hugh now dismounted, and tied their horses to trees, and proceeded on their journey on foot,

They approached the entrance to the mountain

gorge, and could see the Austrians on guard, "I told you it would be impossible to think of passing in that way," said the guide.

Hugh was convinced of it.

On each side of the entrance to the gorge in the mountains Austrian watch fires and picket stations were placed, and the glimmer of their red logs sparkled in the darkness like so many stars.

Up the mountain they toiled until at last they reached the old oak tree spoken of by the guide.

The rope was there coiled up ready for use, and hidden from view by low brushwood and brambles.

It was stout and thick, but to all appearance had not been used for a long time, despite all the guide had said to the contrary.

They peeped over the side of the precipice, and in the valley below could see several small villages.

Hugh saw the place indicated, and was anxious

to descend at once.
"Don't think of it yet for an hour or two; we are both weary and tired with climbing so far; let us have an hour's sleep; we will then be refreshed and ready for the descent; the ascent afterwards will try all your strength to the utmost."

Hugh did not object, but in his own mind he determined not to go to sleep at all.

"I don't know who nor what this fellow may prove to be," said he ; "but in case he is treacherously inclined, as Dick imagines, I'll have a cat's sleep-with one eye open."

Throwing himself upon the ground the guide was soon fast asleep.

He began to snore loudly and heavily. "Suppose I descend alone," thought Hugh.

Acting up to this idea Hugh Tracy rose from his seat very quietly, and, as he thought, unperceived.

He went to the edge of the precipice, and buckled up his sword and straps tightly.

"It isn't far to the first ledge of rocks," said he, "I see the goat track beyond, I will try it at once."

With a sword slung to his wrist he seized the rope and slowly descended.

"This isn't much after all," thought the gallant

He had not gone far, however, when the guide appeared at the edge of the precipice.

His eyes glared wildly as he saw the youth quietly descending below.

In a moment he also seized the rope and followed.

His descent was much more rapid than young Hugh's.

"I was trying the rope, comrade," said Hugh. "It is strong enough for half a dozen men,"

"I'm glad you think so," was the calm reply; "but I thought I might as well accompany you.

"Oh, nothing," said the guide; "mere fancy.
Do you know who I am?" said he, with eyes twinkling with villany.

"A friend."

"As you please; I'm one of Basil's Band!"
"What! Basil the or——?"

"Just so."

"And what mean you? For heaven's sake, speak !"

"Life for life is our motto," said the ruffian, with a harsh laugh.

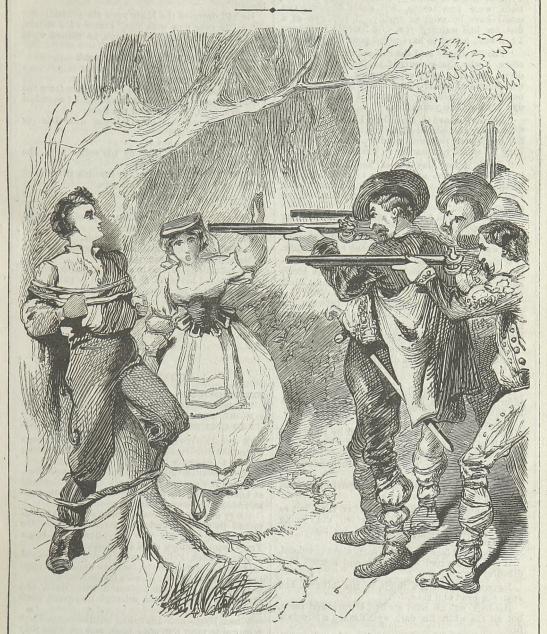
"You surely cannot mean to murder me?" "I do, though," was the quick response.

In an instant he drew a pistol, and fired full into the youth's face.

With a loud shout of agony Hugh threw up his hands.

He fell from the rope headlong below.*

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



ANNETTE SAVES THE LIFE OF FRANK FORD-SEE No. 12.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TREACHERY-THE FATAL SHOT-VENGEANCE AT HAND-THE DEADLY DUEL.

AT the instant he fired, although the ruffian did not perceive it, the figure of a second youth, sword in hand, was perceived some two hundred yards away

on the edge of the precipice above.
"Ha! ha!" said the villain, "how nicely I entrapped this English youth; but they little dream of what an Italian's cunning is. Ha! ha! If he was not killed by my bullet, the fall would crush him to pieces. That's one of them—ha! ha! Would that No. 11. I might finish my night's work by falling across the other lad."

With the nimbleness of a monkey he climbed the rope again.

He had scarcely pulled himself up to the edge of the rock, when he was startled to perceive the figure of a youth running towards him at full speed.

"Fortune favours me," the villain said. "I have

been watched and dodged by this miserable boy."

In an instant he drew his heavy cavalry sword, and rushed at the youth approaching.
"Villain! bloodthirsty coward!" gasped Dick

Fellows, sword in hand. "I knew that your intentions were treacherous, but never dreamed you could have behaved so cruelly. I followed at a distance, and watched you. Oh! would to heaven I had been nearer to have saved poor Hugh's life !"

"Foolish boy!" said the ruffian, with a smile of scorn, "why throw yourself in the path of your direst foe? As your captain slew one of Basil's men, so have I one of young Ford's followers. 'Tis nought but life for life. Begone, I say ! or I may dye my hands in your blood."

"Insolent knave!" said Dick Fellows, bravely, "Cowardly scoundrel! think you that an English boy heeds your poisoned words? Stand on guard, I say! I would not murder an unresisting man."

A boy slay one of Basil's men? Ha! " You? ha! Fool that you are. I have been well tried in battle ere now; but never, until this moment, have I ever allowed a youth to prate to me thus. Have at you, English whelp!"

"Thank heaven for this," said Dick, dashing at

his tall opponent.

The bandit rushed at Dick, and had not the stroke been warded off, he would have been cut in twain.

With the nimbleness of a dancing master, however, young Dick stepped aside, avoided the blow, and next instant drew blood from the bandit's left

With an awful oath, which hissed between his clenched teeth, the black-looking villain, with eyes flashing deadly fire, stood grinning like a hyena at his calm and handsome opponent.

Dick, with all the composure of an excellent swordsman, and without uttering a word, waited for the villain's rush.

It soon came.

With a mad bound like the sudden rush of an infuriated bull, the disguised bandit leaped upon his antagonist.

Again did he miss his aim.

Once more was his blow warded off by Dick with a smile of triumph.

It was an affair of life or death,

Each one felt this, and made up their minds for the worst.

Again their swords clashed, and sparks flew from their highly-tempered weapons,

The bandit tried to close, time after time, but as often as he attempted it, as often did young Fellows, with unerring aim, wound his black, villanous enemy.

The bandit's face was now a sorry sight to behold.

It was all covered with blood, and scarred in a

dreadful manner.

He was hurt in the thigh, in the left arm, and

upon the head and shoulders.

His hair was all wild about his furrowed brow, but all the while his dark eyes flashed a ferocious

Dick, however, was also hurt.

His sword arm was bleeding dreadfully. He was getting weaker and weaker. His legs began to tremble under him.

The villain, however, seemed to be as strong upon his limbs as ever.

Dick felt that the struggle could not last much longer.

Again did their swords clash in deadly strife.

The bandit perceived Dick's increasing weakness, and laughed with bitter deadly hate and scorn.

"On your knees," the villain oried, "and sue for mercy."

" Never," was Dick's faint response.

At that moment his sword hilt broke from the

He had dropped the blade upon the ground. "All is over now with you," shouted the villain, as, with a hoarse laugh of triumph, he rushed upon Dick.

Young Fellows fell flat to the ground. The bandit aimed his last stroke. He stumbled and fell flat upon his face.

In a second Dick seized his sword blade from the ground, quickly wrapped his handkerchief round it for a firm hold, and resumed the fight.

Each moment was now fraught with life or

death to one or both.

The crisis was at hand. The bandit seized Dick by his collar with the left hand.

"Die! die!" he shrieked, in fiendish triumph.

A deadly haze came over his eyes.

He reeled, and made one feeble stroke for the

With a deep groan the villain dropped his sword, He fell heavily to the ground.

The purple tide gushed from his side.

Dick Fellows had stabbed him with his last feeble and expiring strength.

The villain's eyes rolled in agony, awful to behold. He gnashed his teeth, and writhed in pain. With a last long-sounding sigh, he stretched himself out to his full length,

His head fell on one side,

He was dead!

CHAPTER XXX.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF CAPT, TOM FORD IN THE "KAISER" - INTERCEPTED DISPATCHES - THE NIGHT SEA-FIGHT OFF TRIESTE HARBOUR-THE CUTTING-OUT EXPEDITION-TOM'S LETTER.

THE consternation among the young volunteers when they discovered that their captain was missing may be more easily imagined than described.

They travelled fully fifteen miles ere they halted, and then it was that their faces became blanched at hearing that, in the hurry and confusion, their wounded chief was not among them,

Every one of the brave lads who were able volunteered to go back and search for him upon the battle-field, but this was not allowed by Hugh Tracy, who was then chief in command,

He and Dick Fellows, as we have seen, resolved to return, leaving the volunteers under the command of Mark Tilton, Frank's foster brother.

Every one was much pleased with Mark, and glad that he had been selected to govern them until Frank's return.

When Hugh and Dick had left the camp, Mark resolved to open the mail bags, and see what they contained.

This resolution was heartily seconded by Fatty and Buttons, who "were dying," as the saying is, to satisfy their curiosity.

When, therefore, the camps were all snugly arranged, and their fires brightly burning, Mark ordered the mail bags to be brought forth from the coach and opened.

Fatty and Buttons, staggering under the weight of a large bag each, threw their burden down among

the anxious groups assembled. Mr. Tony Waddleduck was very nervous, and desirous of opening one himself, and so was But-

tons.

But this was not allowed; for all knew that Falty was a bit of a thief "on the extreme quiet," and if he happened to fall across a small bag of gold coins he would have appropriated it to his own use in a very clever and mysterious manner.

The first bag which was opened contained letters and despatches from Vienna to the Archduke Albrecht, commanding the Austrians.

There were several lads, however, among them

who well understood Italian.

Mark handed over a heavy letter to one of them,

"There ought to be something of importance in such a big letter as this."

There was something important in it.

"Why, this letter speaks of nothing but sea-fights and night adventures," said one of the lads, looking through it.

"Does it? Oh, let's know all about it," said Fatty. "I like the sea, but the sea don't like me; let's hear what it says. Who does it talk about?"

"Why, about gallant Tom Ford-Frank's brother." "You don't mean that?" said all, in chorus. "I do, though. He's been whopping Austrians awfully; these letters tell all about it."
"Read! read!"

"Bravo for Tom Ford!" shouted many, in one

"Why, this despatch of the Austrian Minister of War speaks of their ships having run down an Italian mail steamer, and captured—"
"Not gallant Tom?" said all, in a breath.
"No, not Tom, but his letter."

" Oh !"

"The devil !"

"What has become of the letter?"

"The despatch says that this letter was written by Tom Ford on board the yacht "Kaiser," in Ancona Roads; but I don't see it anywhere among these papers. The general says it has been translated for the instruction of the Minister of Marine, and the original sent with it also,"
"Where the deuce can it be?" said Fatty, rum-

maging among the papers.

"Oh, here it is," said Buttons. "I can tell the English writing. Yes, here it is; I'll read it for

"Good, Buttons, let's have it; no stuttering,

mind."

Unfolding the letter, young Corporal Buttons read as follows :--

"Ancona, June 1866.

" On board the yacht 'Kaiser.'

"DEAR FRANK,-I know there is great difficulty in sending a letter to where you are, in Lombardy; but, although sick and tired with many strange adventures on the sea, and wounded, also, slightly, I thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that I am still in the land of the living; and, what is more than that, have been promoted to a captaincy in the Italian navy, for, as the papers say, 'gallant deeds."

"Bravo, for Tom."

"He always was a plucky chap."

"Go on, Buttons."

"Fire away, my brave corporal."

"Well," continued Buttons, reading the letter,
"I'll narrate the particular affair which raised me to the rank of captain of an Italian man-of-war, and leave the rest for some other time.

"A squadron of Italian iron-clads and wooden frigates were ordered off from here to watch the Austrian fleet cruising off the mouth of Triesto harbour, and, hearing of it, I weighed anchor in the 'Kaiser,' and followed them.

"When we approached Trieste, the Austrians, fearing our numbers, and as their own fleet was not all there, only came out in the day-time, and cruised a few miles off the harbour, but always returned to port again at nightfall.

"There was an Austrian frigate, a wooden ship, called the 'Radetzki,' which always blocked up the entrance to the harbour, and acted as a guard ship for the others, to give warning at night of our approach, if too close in shore.

"In this position, the 'Radetzki' was considered by the Austrians to be as safe as if she was further

away up the harbour.

"But they were much mistaken, for the Italians were burning for some chance to 'cut her out.'

"It was resolved by our admiral that this should be done, or at all events that the attempt should be made.

"Accordingly, the boats of the steam-frigate, 'Victor Emmanuel,' and the gun-boat, 'Novara,' manned entirely by volunteers, were put under the orders of Lieut. Capelli.

"A separation of the boats took place in the darkness, and the enterprise was abandoned for that

night.

"Some of the boats, however, had penetrated to the mouth of the harbour, and lay on their oars until morning, in expectation of being joined by the rest, and before they could get back to their respective ships, two miles away, they were discovered by the 'Radetzki' and the batteries on

"They removed the 'Radetzki' half a mile or more still further in the harbour, and made pre-

parations for the future.

"They not only placed her near the shore bat-teries for protection under their many guns, but also put on board a hundred extra men. Arms and ammunition were brought on deck, and all their guns loaded up to the muzzle with grape shot.

"The batteries were also prepared for us, so we have since learned; and in order to guard against any further night surprise, they placed two boats at the harbour's mouth, to fire rockets and give the

alarm.

"Having done this, they raised a large Austrian ensign on board the 'Radetzki,' with an Italian one

under it, in token of deflance.

"Although every one knew that the Austrians intended to give us a warmer reception than we should have received at first, this only added to our ardour and impatience.

"After much pressing, Admiral Persano permitted me to man several boats with my own crew, and, as I understood him to say, take command of

the night enterprise.

"Warned by the last failure, I resolved to keep my boats in close order together, and should the men from the 'Novara,' and 'Victor Emmanuel,' get separated, made up my mind to proceed alone with fifty men from my own yacht 'Kaiser.'

"This resolve I communicated to my brave lads during the day, and they sharpened their swords

almost to the keenness of a razor's edge.

"At the last moment, however, I heard with greta annoyance that the admiral had altered his mind and would not let me take a chief command, for it was whispered that it would give offence to Italian officers much older than myself, and that I was too young for any such responsibility.

"I was resolved to go, however, and did so. "Lieutenant Capelli took command, and about midnight we all pulled off towards the harbour with muffled oars.

"During this time, however, the lieutenant commanding discovered two of the enemy's spy-boats, and gave chase to them.

"We waited some time for his return. I got impatient, and ordered all the boats to follow me.

"They did so without a murmur. We pulled in towards the harbour; and, to our surprise, saw the enemy exchanging signals from ship and shore. Delay now was dangerous.

"At this moment the wind, which had been behind us, suddenly changed, and blew right into our faces. This inspired me with a new idea. I gave orders to all my men that when we succeeded in getting on to the enemy's decks, the smartest of them should fly a!oft and loosen the sails.

"One of the best men was to seize the rudder, while a second was to cut the cable. Having made these arrangements to cut the hip adrift, we pulled

away at neck or nothing speed,
"At this instant the 'Radetzki' opened a heavy fire of musketry from every part of the ship, and showers of grape shot from the great guns.

"The effect of this hellish storm, let loose so suddenly upon us from both ship and shore, tore our men about in the most awful manner.

"Heads, and legs, and arms, were torn off. "A boat or two was capsized, and a bullet whistled so close to my cheek as to wound it, and

leave a scar behind. "Still onward we pulled, and got under the

enemy's bows. "The attempt to board was gallantly and stoutly

resisted by the Austrians, armed as they were at all points, and ready for us, with guns, pistols, sabres, pikes, and the like.

"But we fought our way up the ship's sides, and

gained the enemy's decks.

"Those men who had been ordered to go aloft cut their way stoutly, and succeeded; but several of the poor fellows were killed on the spot, and others, desperately wounded, fell with an awful crash on deck again.

"Many of the brave English lads, bleeding from their wounds, scrambled out upon the yards, holding their cutlass between their teeth, and with wonder-

ful quickness did their duty.

"In less than three minutes after the boats came alongside, down came the three top-sails.

"The prompt execution of these operations

proved decisive.

"The moment the Austrians saw their sails fall, and found themselves under weigh and drifting out of harbour towards the open sea, they greatly astonished.
"Some jumped overboard; others threw down

their arms.

"My lads now soon got possession of the quarter-deck and forecastle; which, in five minutes after boarding, were nearly covered with dead bodies.

"The rest of the enemy having retreated below, kept up a heavy fire of musketry from the main-deck and up the hatchways.

"This obliged me to divide my men into two

"One party guarded the hatchways and gangways, and returned the fire of the enemy.
"The other party made sail, in order to clear the

"To do this it was necessary for them to throw overboard two or three dozen of the poor devils who had fallen in the conflict, among whom were some of our own gallant companions.

"Scarcely was the 'Radetzki' clear of the point from which showers of musketry and grape were being played upon her, when the wind fell a dead

"This calm left us exposed to the terrible fire of

the batteries.

"The state of all our boats prevented us towing the captured vessel out to sea, for some of them were sunk, others were adrift with killed and wounded men.

"However, a light breeze soon springing up from the north-east, at length blew her out of further

danger.
"The engagement had now lasted upwards of two hours, though during this time the enemy had kept up a constant fire from the main decks and shore, yet our lads managed to set every sail in the ship, and even got topgallant yards across.
"The ship being now quite clear of the batteries,

and our men having twice threatened that they would give the enemy 'no quarter' if they continued their fire from below, they at last surren-

dered themselves prisoners of war.

"About this time some boats were perceived coming from the direction of the shore, which I suspected to be enemies; therefore, I immediately prepared for a new conflict, and had the sides of the ship manned with pikes and arms to defend her.

"But on nearer approach we found them to be the crew of Lieut. Capelli, to whom, of course, I

then resigned the chief command.

"The morning's dawn displayed a dreadful scene

of carnage on board the frigate,
"Thus terminated an enterprise which, in this species of warfare, you will confess may safely be pronounced to be without parallel, and which, by mere accident, I had the honour to superintend, and successfully bring to a brilliant finish.

"The enemy were not taken by surprise.
"Not only the vessel but the batteries on shore which protected the 'Radetzki' were in readiness,

and on their guard.

"The brave English boys under my command were exposed to a severe fire, both from the ship and from the shore, before they came alongside; we then fought our way up the sides of a vessel full of men, armed with every kind of weapon calculated to resist our gallant attempt.

"All this was done in the presence of the Austrian fleet not more than two miles away up the

harbour, and by six boats.

"It was, moreover, accomplished under the order of your brother Tom, in the absence of Lieutenant

Capelli.
"For this deed I am raised to the dignity of captain in the fleet of Victor Emmanuel, to the great pleasure and exaltation of my Boy Band in the 'Kaiser,' but to the annoyance of several others, particularly of Lieutenant Capelli.
"I'may add that this officer and I have had a

quarrel; we fight a duel to-morrow.
"But of this more another time. If I escape Capelli's bullets I'll write soon again.

"With love from my band of Boy Sailors to all the band of Boy Soldiers, believe me, Brother Frank, to be,

"Affectionately,
"Tom Ford."

The reading of this letter was interrupted now and then with repeated sounds of applause.
"Ho-o-ray!" roared Fatty, throwing up his cap.

"British boys for ever! They can whop all the world!" said he, getting excited and red in the

It must be confessed, however, that his red face owed a great deal of its colour to a small bottle of wine he had "hooked."

"Three cheers for the gallant Tom !" said Mark.

"He's as modest as he's brave."
"For all the world like me," said Fatty. "Silence, Paunchey," Buttons remarked. wouldn't do for a sea-captain."

"Why not, eh, Master Impudence? why not?" "It would take at least two ships to carry you

anywhere," Buttons said.

Fatty made a slap at his young tormentor, but missed his mark as usual, and hit some one else

A fight might have been the consequence, but

Mark soon restored order by saying,

"Bring out a bottle of brandy, some one; we must drink Tom's health."

"Hear! hear!" was the unanimous response.
"Fill up, lads; fill up to the brim! Here's three times three, and a bumper to your noble companion and schoolmate, the gallant Captain Tom !"

"Ho-o-ray! ho-o-ray! hooray!" was the noisy

response of all.

They had just done cheering, and were quiet once more, when one of their guards, placed some distance away from the camps, was heard to shout

"Halt! halt! Who goes there?"
"A friend," was the faint answer of some

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," was the sentinel's response.

All was silent again.

"Who can that be?" asked one of another in surprise.

A moment of silence elapsed.

A stranger, escorted by two sentinels, slowly approached through the darkness.

All eyes were turned towards the stranger,

No one recognized him.

He threw off his cloak, more by accident than design.

All rose and raised an exclamation of surprise and astonishment.

The stranger's leg was bandaged, and his arm was in a sling.

His face was haggard and bloody.

It was Dick!

"What! Dick Fellows?" gasped each one in

Yes; it was the same brave lad, but so changed that his own comrades could scarcely recognize

"Where is Captain Frank? Where is Hugh?" asked one and another.

There was no response.

Poor Dick sank upon the ground, and had not strength enough to answer the questions, and could scarcely look any of his comrades in the face.

"Where is Captain Frank?"

"What has become of Hugh?" were questions

still repeated.

"Give me a cup of wine," said Dick, faintly. am more dead than alive, and severely wounded. A cup of wine! quick, a cup of wine!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BOY SOLDIERS, LED ON BY MARK, CHARGE THE BATTERIES IN THE MOUNTAIN GORGE.

As well as he was able Dick told the story of his strange adventure, of Hugh Tracy's fall from the precipice, and of the false guide's death.

All the Boy Soldiers listened with distended eyes to Dick's sorrowful tale.

The cheek of each one was flushed with anger, and they turned to rush to the rescue of their gallant young leaders, and avenge them.

"What, brother Frank and Hugh Tracy both gone!" said Mark, rising up. "Shall we lads, and not make any effort to save them?"

"No! no! no!" was the response of all.

"Let us away at once," said they.

"Lead us on, Mark."

"We will follow you anywhere."

"Then so be it. Prepare all of you for instant departure.'

In a moment every one of the Boy Band jumped to his feet, and buckled on his knapsack and belts.

"Take plenty of ammunition, you will need it

This order was not necessary, for each one provided himself with at least two hundred rounds of ball cartridge, and in less than an hour the whole company were ready drawn up, and in marching

Mark tried to prevail upon Dick to remain behind in the camps.

But he would not.

Although weak and feeble he resolved to go out with the expedition in order to "pilot" them to the right spot.

The camp was left in charge of two youths, who pleaded sickness; the same two, it will be remembered, who remained on board the "Kaiser" when the Boy Band attacked the lighthouse fort, and fought their first battle with the Austrians in the ravine.

The two youths, who in reality were spies in the pay and in regular correspondence with Joel, were named Moss and Levi, and both of Hebrew ex-

traction.

Directly Mark and Dick left the camp with their brave followers, Moss whispered,

"I say, Levi, what a capital chance we've got now."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, there is no one left behind but us, except half-a-dozen wounded young whelps, and that Austrian officer."

"Well, what of that? Speak softly. I don't

understand you."

"Frank is wounded and done for; no doubt he is in a dungeon long before this; and as to Hugh Tracy, why, his neck is broken and his skull crushed to pieces by his fall down the precipice."

"Well, go on; but speak softly."
"Suppose we liberate the Austrian officer? He knows all about the strength of his comrades at the mouth of the gorge at Val Verde. If he were to get there before Mark and his boats, they would be prepared for these young Garibaldians, and perhaps extinguish the whole lot at one swoop."

"Not a bad idea. What say you, shall we sail?" "Why not? I fear we are already suspected, and may be detected one of these fine mornings and shot."

"Rather an uncomfortable idea that," said Master Moss, rolling his small, dark eyes. "Have you heard anything of Joel to-day?"

"Yes; be's in the next village."

"How do you know?" "Mark sent me out this morning to buy eggs at the village. There was one among them marked with red chalk. It was empty."

"Empty?"

"Yes; that is to say, the contents had been sucked out till quite dry, and a small bullet wrapped up in this slip of paper, put in instead," said Levi, producing a thin slip of tissue paper on which was writing.

"But why didn't he talk to you instead?"

"The truth is that the villagers like the young Garibaldians so well that Joel had to be very careful how he acted. I have called at the same house before for eggs and the like; but to day when I went I found Joel lodging there in disguise. He did not speak or even pretend to know me; but directly he had a chance he slipped an extra egg into my basket unobserved. I thought it meant something, and soon discovered that it was hollow.

"And what does the note say?"

"He says that he has found out that Frank has been captured by the Austrians, and was wounded. On their way to Vienna with him the Austrians were surprised in the mountains, many of them killed by a noted band of banditti, and Frank taken prisoner by them.'

"Then he is not at Val Verde?" said Moss.

"No; no more than you or I."

"What a jolly lark! What a warm reception Mark and the boys will receive when they get there, and how awfully taken in, too! It's a miracle if a single one of them escapes.'

"Not much odds to us, I think. We have our own game to play, and we must do it quickly."

"Then what do you propose?"

"Why, give the Austrian officer his liberty, mount him upon a horse, and let him deliver a message to Joel at the village for us."

"Capital ! let's be quick." No sooner said than done.

The officer was set at large, and mounted upon a horse.

"You say that no company of boys on foot could ever force their way through the gorge?" asked Moss of him.

" I do."

"Well, then, as we are masters here, we will set you free-on one condition."

" Name it," said the officer, delighted.

- "Take this note to the principal inn in the village yonder, and bring back an answer to us. We will wait your return with all impatience. You will find us seated at the spring at the side of the
 - "Will you do this?"

"I will."

"And swear on your oath to fulfil it?"

" I do."

"Then depart, and good luck attend you."

The Austrian prisoner did as he was bidden, and galloped away. nucke whole lot of the swoon?

Mark's party had not gone more than a mile from their camps when it halted in a small wood.

A council of war was held there and then, at which it was decided between Dick and Mark that, in order to ensure success, all the boys should be mounted, whereas, as the case was, but few of them were provided with steeds, for many animals had dled within the last few days from wounds and like casualties.

The innkeepers of the village, it was known, had many horses in their keeping.

These Mark and Dick resolved to possess without a moment's delay.

Several of the Boy Band went forth for this purpose, and what the villagers would not sell were stolen from them.

Some dozen or more had been thus secured and driven towards the wood where the company were staying under cover.

Mo t of the party, now well mounted and provided with saddles, were waiting for some stragglers to return ere setting out on their night expedition.

Fatty and Buttons were on guard a distance in advance of their comrades when they espied a horseman advancing from the village towards them.

The stranger looked about him from time to time, as if suspicious of being watched.

He came nearer and nearer to the wood without dreaming of danger.

Fatty and Buttons, on their hands and knees, watched him like a cat does a mouse.

"He looks very much like that Austrian officer we've got in camp," said Tony, in a whisper. "Pon my word I do believe it is him, or else it's his ghost."

"Bosh!" said Buttons, "how can that be? Haven't we left Levi and Moss to mind the camp? It can't be him."

"Levi and Moss be hanged !" said Fatty, softly. "I don't think much of them; they've never been in any fight at all with us yet, and I've often thought they wouldn't mind betraying us. All they wish to do is to be cooks, and mind the camps when all of us are away."

"Oh, they're all right," said Buttons. "I dare say you only envy them for having the tit-bit out of every dish."

The single horseman approached still closer.

He entered the woods.

On his arm he carried a basket.

In an instant Fatty and Buttons rose up, one on each side of him, and seized his reins.

"It is the Austrian prisoner!" gasped Fatty, in

surprise.
"What have you got there?" said Buttons, "and how came you here?"

"I was sent by the two youths in charge of the Garibaldian camps, and promised on my honour to return to them with a message they sent me with to yonder village."

"And where is the answer?"

"The only one I received at the principal inn was these eggs which a young English gentleman charged me to deliver in the camp of the Boy

"Eggs, eh?" said Fatty; "let's have one; I'm fond of sucking eggs. It clears the voice, you know, for singing."

He took one and shook it.

Something hard rattled inside.

He pressed it with his fingers, and it broke. A bullet, wrapped up in tissue paper, rolled out.

"Hillo! what means this?" he said. "There's some strange affair in all this. Come, my brave and honourable man, for such you really are, dis-

The Austrian, surprised at this unlooked-for adventure, did so.

Mark and Dick hurried to the spot and examined the words written on the tissue paper, which ran:-

"I have made all my plans. The latest news you sent me is worth any money. Fly on the instant you read this, and join me at the spot I have pointed out before. This night seals the worth any money.

me at the spot I have pointed out perore.

fate of Frank Ford and the whole band.

"Your friend,

"JOEL."

"Dastard !" growled Mark,

"Vile treachery is at work all pround us," said "How lucky we fell in with this mes-

In a few moments the Austrian prisoner was escorted back to the camp by two or three of the Boy Band, who had orders to handcuff Moss and Levi on the spot, and wait till the whole company returned !

"No time is to be lost, lads !" said Mark ; "we must hasten to Val Verde, storm an entrance, and rescue Frank. There can be no doubt now that Joel has had paid spies among us, but they shall suffer for it when we return; we will hang them to the limb of a tree, and let vultures feed on their living bodies. Forward!"

This strange and startling episode only seemed to nerve the Boy Soldiers more and more, and each one swore to be revenged on Joel, and his confederates Levi and Moss.

Onwards they sped at dead of night and in pro-

found darkness.

After several hours Dick led his brave companions to the mouth of the mountain gorge.

Instead of perceiving but a few soldiers on guard they discovered a half battalion drawn up, and guns loaded, ready for instant use.

How was this?

Joel had learned all about the intended movement from the note sent by Moss and Levi.

He galloped away on the instant towards Val Verde, and when the Boy Soldiers entered the village, and even called at his own inn in search of horses for the expedition, he had gone!

"They seem well prepared for us," said Mark, as, fully a mile off, he surveyed the spot with his

" Have they any cavalry, I wonder?" said Dick. The words were scarcely spoken, when a squadron of hussars were perceived galloping towards them at the charge.

In an instant Mark gave the order to counter

charge.

The brave youths dug their spurs deep into the flanks of their horses, and, with a loud shout, galloped forward.

The two bodies of horsemen met.

The shock was awful.

A terrible fight ensued for a few moments; but the boys "peppered" them so vigorouly with their pistols and revolvers that the enemy retreated quickly and in the wildest confusion.

They were pursued some distance, even up to the

cannons in the gorge.

This Mark did not desire.
"You have exposed your Garibaldian uniforms," said Dick; "and, I fear, if we attempt to approach them again they will know us, and we shall all be cut to pieces."

"Never mind," said Mark, "never mind, lads, we

will play them a trick."

Each one was ordered to strip the dead and wounded hussars of their clothing and head gear.

This was quickly done.

"They won't know us now," said Mark. "We will approach the enemy at a walk, until we get close up to the guns, and then charge them like the devil!" This trick proved an excellent one.

The Austrians were surprised that so few of their hussars had returned, and were on the look out for the stragglers.

When, therefore, Mark and his followers were perceived approaching the gorge in the darkness, and attired like their missing men, they took no notice.

The Boy Soldiers were about two hundred yards away, and, as it seemed, on the point of riding in unchallenged, when an English voice was heard

to shout out among the Austrians,
"Fire, men, fire! They are Garibaldians! I know
them well! It is all a trick to deceive you!"

The speaker was Joel Flint.

The words had scarce escaped his lips, when the Austrians prepared for a stubborn resistance, and fired rapidly from cannon and musket.

They had fired but one volley, however, when the English Boys raised a wild hurrah, and dashed into the mouth of the gorge, sword in hand.

Foremost of them all was the handsome form of

Mark Tilton, the foster brother.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOTS ARE CAST BY FOUR AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS FOR THE REWARD OFFERED FOR FRANK DEAD OR ALIVE-THE QUARREL-THE FIGHT-THE BANDIT'S GAME.

THE treacherous guide, as we have seen in another chapter, well deserved the fate which he met with

at the hands of Dick Fellows.

What had become of Hugh Tracy in his terrible fall down the cliff side we shall shortly see; but, for the present, turn to the changing fortunes and adventurous straights in which Captain Frank Ford found himself.

It will be remembered that he had been captured on the battle field, wounded, and disabled.

His Austrian guards carried him away from the ground across the river, and did not bestow a moment's consideration on the dying old hag who was shot beside him, and lay weltering in her

"This is a brave youth," said one of the Austrians, as they carried Frank away. "And the adventurous young devil has given us much trouble, but, from the look of the wound his in forehead, I doubt much if he'll be able to lead on his intrepid young band again in a hurry."

With much care, and great show of humanity, his captors bore him away.

They had not gone very far on their journey to head-quarters, when events took a sudden change, as we shall see.

Frank had been left in the care of four mounted men, their officer and the surgeon having gone to camp before them.

"There is a great reward offered for this youth,"

said one; "do you know it?"

"Of course we do," a second replied. "The Archduke, in his last order, spoke of this young man, which, from his description and appearance, I take to be the captain of the young Garibaldians."

"How much is the reward, then?"

A thousand florins, I hear."

"Yes, and a fine day's work it has turned out for me," said the first. "For you?"

^{*} See Illustration in last week's Number.

"Yes, me."

"How do you make that out?" "Why, I discovered him first."

"No, you didn't."
"But I say I did," was the angry response of the first speaker.

"And if you did, what of that?" asked the third. "Ain't we going share and share alike?" the

fourth inquired.

"Not a bit of it," said the first. "Grumble as much as you like; it won't benefit you much. Ask the surgeon if I didn't discover him first or not."

"Well, if you did, it don't matter much; we

shall all have equal shares."

"I'm glad you think so," laughed the first; "but I don't, my lads."

"But, you can't help yourself," the second said,

with an oath, and a flashing eye.
"Can't I? What do you mean by scowling at me in such a fierce style as that, eh? I tell you I

"Well, if we don't have shares, I don't see why we should trouble ourselves about carrying the

youth any farther," said two at once.

"Oh, that's it, eh?" said the first speaker, with a cree look. "Then lay him down beside this fierce look. group of trees, and I'll soon tell you what I think about it. If you don't help to carry him into camp I'll make you."

"Come, comrades, come, let us have no more bloodshed; enough has been spilt already, I

"And more will follow if there are many words

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said one. "Let us cast lots to see who shall have the largest share of the reward."

"Not me." "Nor me."

"Well, then, let us cast dice for it."

"That's better." "Do you agree?"
"Yes," said two.

"I don't," the first one snarled. "Whoever wins, matters little to me; I'll have the reward, aye, every florin of it, or the life of him who opposes me."

"You talk very bravely," said one, "and as if

there were not three of us against you."

"I care not if there were a dozen," said the first one, curling his moustachoes in high anger.

During this altercation the four soldiers arrived

at the edge of a small plantation.

They deposited the body beneath a tree, and walked some few yards away to throw dice to see who should have the reward of one thousand florins offered for the capture of Frank Ford.

At first they threw their dice in a very quiet manner, but in a few moments began to quarrel in a terrible style, heedless of the poor youth, who

lay unconscious under the trees.

The first speaker, from his habitual good luck in dice throwing, was induced to join in, particularly as the highest score only reached twenty-four in three throws.

"I can always beat that number. Ha! ha!" he said, "so there ain't much hazard about it."

He did throw.

The total came to twenty-four.

It was a tie.

He bit his lip, and cursed at his disappointment. "Never threw so low in all my life," said he.

"Let's try again."
With a face flushed with anger the first one sat down by the roadside, and seized the dice-box.

"A tie was it?"

"Yes; the last was."

"Then I have the first chance?"

"Yes; you lead off."

The first throw was twelve, at which he grumbled. The next time he had three fives up.

"Not bad that," said one.
"Oh! he's the perfect devil at dice," said other. "Look at that! look! there's luck!" another.

He had thrown two fives and a six.
"That's good play," said one of the two, who had st. "Why, that makes a total of forty-three." The player tossed the dice-box from him with an

air of indifference to his antagonist, who smiled darkly as he rattled the box.
"Three fives that time," said one.

Not a bad beginning.

He threw again.

"Eighteen this time," said the player, with a triumphant laugh.

He turned up three sixes.

"That's not fair," said the first player.

" It is."

"It was fair," said one or two.

"Go on, then; let's see what he turns up this time."

The last throw counted eighteen.

"Bravo !"

"Well done."

"I've thrown fifty-one in all," said the player. "against forty-three. The reward is mine!"
"You lie!" said the thwarted gambler; "you

didn't play fair."

"The lie stick in your throat, rascal!" said the ccessful one. "Take that!"

successful one.

He struck his rival on the cheek with his heavy leathern gauntlet.

In a moment swords were drawn,

"Keep them asunder, comrades!" cried one. "Stand aside till I cleave the skull of this dicesharper I" said the loser.

THE SKELETON CREW.

HIP, HURRAH! BOYS, HURRAH!! HURRAH!!! THREE CHEERS FOR WILDFIRE NED!

READ! READ!! READ!!!

This great sensation Work of the day, how young WILDFIRE NED, ON SEA AND LAND, TRACKED

THE SKELETON CREW OF PIRATES!

EXTRACT:-

"My footsteps shall follow you, Phillip Redgill, for ever!"

sighed a voice, in sepulchral tones.

"Phillip Redgill!" gasped the money-searching murderer, "that is my real name. Oh, God! it is the voice of the murdered man, And yet he is here, lifeless, and legless. Hark! What footsteps are those I hear? Who could have limbed him

While Bolton, or Phillip Redgill, as the spirit voice now rightly called him, stood trembling thus, the ghostly voice said loudly again—

"Beware, Phillip Redgill! my footsteps shall follow you for ever!"

Dropping the blood-stained bludgeon beside the body, Phillip Redgill rushed from the room, dashed down stairs, opened the

back door, and ran towards the orchard.

He mounted his horse, and was about to start off at a furious gallop, when he gave a sharp, horror-stricken shout at something he saw

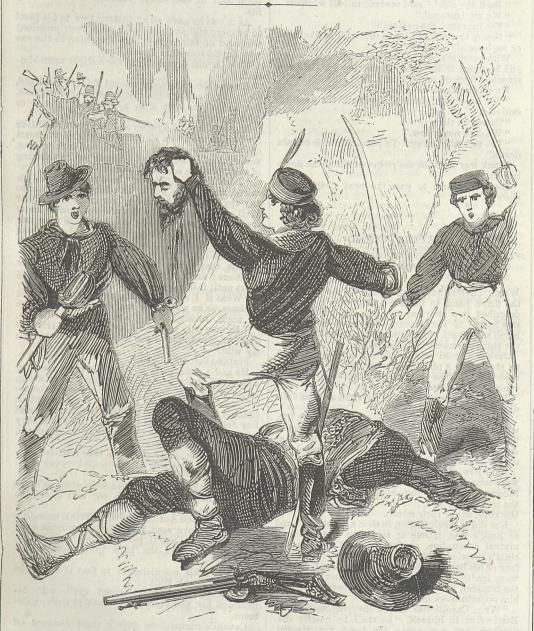
The gory, phantom legs of the Squire stood bolt upright in the snow beside him!
"Phillip Redgill, I follow you!"

The murderer plunged spurs into his steed, and dashed from

NOW READY, WITH A GRAND PRESENT, GRATIS,

THE SKELETON CREW.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



FRANK FORD CUTS OFF THE HEAD OF CAVOLTI.-SEE 0. 13.

It was a desperate encounter, and blood flowed on either side.

Even those two who were peacably inclined towards each other at first were now drawn into the brawl, and the whole four men were fiercely tilting and slashing at each other.

They might have continued fighting long and until they had scientifically cut each other's throats; but hostilities were suddenly brought to a close in an unlooked-for and very mysterious manner.

Loud shouts of derisive laughter suddenly burst upon the ears of the enraged duellists.

They drew back from each other, and listened.

No. 12.

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed through the plantation.
"What means that?" gasped one and another,
in surprise, each breathing hard for wind.
"Ha, ha, ha!" sounded again, in derisive triumph,

through the dark, dense plantation.

The duellists looked at each other with staring eyes and open mouths, as they heard a rough voice in the distance, singing the refrain again and again

"Come fill up your bumpers, and our toast it shall be, Here's health to all comrades on land and on sea; Here's health to our captain, and 'tis our firm belief, There's none half so good as bold Basil our chief."

"Basil the chief," said several, in half whispers.

"We are betrayed."
"The captain! the captain!"

"Secure the lad, and let us defend him like men, or we loose all reward."

With general accord they lowered their weapons, and hastened to the spot where they had laid the

senseless form of young Frank Ford. He was nowhere to be found!

"We have been tracked by Basil, the Bandit," said one.

"Curses on them !" "We dare not follow."

"Let us hasten away. To pursue them is certain death."

Frank was again in the power of Basil, the fierce

bandit.

How this came to pass the next chapter will

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FRANK IN THE HANDS OF HIS FIERCEST FOE-HE IS CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT-DEVOTION OF LITTLE ANNETTE.

WHEN Cavolti had seized Bazil by the throat in the fierce hand to hand conflict, which we have described in a previous number, the bandit chief was hurled to the ground with great violence, so much so, indeed, that his head resounded again on the stone pavement of the cave.

Just as Cavolti was in the act of piercing Basil to the heart, a pistol shot was fired by some one unseen behind the dark drapery that separated one

vault from another.

This shot struck Cavolti in the right arm, and his

dagger fell by his side.

This chance but fortunate shot saved Basil's life, who thereupon struggled hard with his mutinous follower, and would have killed him, but that Agnese, his beautiful daughter, rushed forward and stayed her father's murderous design.

But, like all bandit brawls and quarrels, they were soon forgotten, for exciting adventures that followed thick and fast upon one another, drove the memory of this, like many former incidents of

the kind, out of their minds.

Nor did it much matter, in such a numerous band as Basil's was, if one or two men had fallen in mutual encounters, so that when it came to the chief's knowledge afterwards that Cavolti had slain four of his band in the long stone passage, as they were leading him to prison, he did not heed it at the moment, but waited for future events to give him opportunities for revenge.

"When Cavolti has served my purpose," mused Basil often to himself, "he shall be quietly dispatched, but not now; the band are divided. More than half, I find, would have revolted against me had I not spared his life. 'Tis well, I shall not

wait long for some chance to kill him."

But the escape of the Boy Band from Basil's clutches filled that chieftain with great annoyance and vexation.

He raved and swore like a madman whenever he

"To be outwitted by mere boys," he said often, with a bitter smile, "there must have been some treachery. But where?"
Aye! that was the question.

He little dreamed that Annette, and Agnese, his fair and only daughter, were the young culprits, or there cannot be a doubt he would have sacrificed

them both in one of his drunken and half-crazy

As it was he gave strict instructions to his band to be more vigilant than ever, and even promised the hand of fair Agnese, his daughter, to the one who should recapture Frank Ford.

Now Cavolti deemed this offer a slight upon him-

self

He was the recognized second chief of the band. and had for a long time cast his eyes upon Agnese, but had never met with any mutual glance or friendly return.

This coldness of Agnese, and her positive dislike for him, as shown on all occasions, steeled the heart of Cavolti, who, though he smiled, had dark designs, and rejoiced in secret like a demon when thinking

of their possible accomplishment.

"Basil has slighted me," he thought, "and insulted me, or why would he offer his daughter to any any one when he knows how much I love her? Well, no matter; time will work wonders. I know she hates me, and yet she saved my life when her father's dagger was at my throat; perhaps it was her bullet that wounded me. Who knows? 'Tis all past and gone; never mind. I have rude suspicions that Agnese planned the escape of our prisoners; and, if it be so, I'll wring her young heart until it bloods again." heart until it bleeds again."

"What if I recapture this youth?" he thought at times, as he walked to and fro in the darkness night, musing, and planning fresh villanies. "If fortune only so favours me, then will I triumph over her proud spirit; she shall—then she must be my wife."

Fortune favoured Cavolti.

He and a small party of brigands were prowling about, and on their way to the battle-field by night, to see what they could discover or secure, for intelligence had reached them in their mountain fastness of a recent fight between the Austrians and Boy Soldiers, and it was thought possible that they might fall across one or two of the wounded youths, and make them prisoners.

On their way they espied the four Austrian soldiers bearing the body of a wounded young Gari-

baldian.

They hid themselves in a roadside wood, in hopes that they might suddenly rush out and attack the four soldiers.

But, when the Austrians placed Frank beneath a tree, as we have seen, and began to gamble some few yards off, Cavolti perceived his opportunity, and crept through the high grass towards the wounded boy.

Judge of his astonishment to find it was none

other than Frank Ford!

His small black eyes danced again with demoniacal joy, and every limb trembled with excite-

Cavolti's companions were a short distance off awaiting his commands, therefore they were unaware of the great prize their leader had discovered.

With a sudden bound, like that of a fierce tiger in pouncing upon its sleeping prey, Cavolti seized the body of the half conscious and feeble youth, raised it on his stalwart shoulder, and hurried from the spot!

"The prize is mine!" he chuckled, in fierce

triumph. "Agnese now belongs to me!"

He whistled thrice in a low bird-like manner. In an instant he was surrounded by his followers,

who, in wild joy, hurried through the dense wood towards a goat path which led to and up the mountains.

It was at this precise moment, when giving way

to their wild mirth and jollity, when far out of all harm's way, that the luckless Austrian soldiers heard the distant refrain which so startled them, and brought the four-handed duel to so sudden a conclusion.

With all the well practised agility of bold mountain robbers, Cavolti, followed by his men, sped along upward and onward over the mountains towards Basil's almost inaccessible and unknown re-

Long before they had reached the bandit's cave the shrill, long-sounding notes of their mountain horns could be heard reveberating among the lofty

Basil, among the rest, heard the far-sounding horns, and hastened to the top of a high hill, to gain a distant view of his followers' approach.

In the far distance he saw Cavolti bearing something on his shoulders, and waving his hat.

After an hour or more, however, Cavolti's horn was again heard resounding, and its shrill notes fell like a funeral knell upon the heart of young Agnese, for something told her that the man she hated most had triumphed, and that the hour of her severest trial was fast approaching.

She trembled from head to foot, but why she

could not tell.

Some dread mystery like a pall overweighed her heart.

She clasped Annette to her bosom, and burst into a flood of tears.

"As you love me, dear Annette, go and tell me what these shouts of triumph mean," she sobbed, "for my heart is filled with dread forebodings, and my soul sickens at the thought of ever becoming the bride of any one of my father's ruthless band. Go, Annette, go and learn all you can. Hasten to inform me. Give me death rather than a union with one my soul abhors."

So speaking, she sank upon her knees, and sobbed

convulsively.

Annette left the cave stealthily, and went forth

to see all that was going on.

As she hurried towards a group of trees to catch a glimpse of all that passed, she found that Basil and all the band had hurried forward to meet Cavolti, and were shouting in triumph at his approach.

She was almost paralyzed to see Frank Ford in

the midst of the bandit band.

The rough usage he had received at the hands of his captives in some degree aroused Frank from the state of stupor in which he had been for a day

His eyes gradually regained their wonted fire, though his face was deadly pale.

He could not well stand, for he was yet too weak, and he sat beneath a tree looking like one just awakening from a long and painful dream.

Basil and all his men, for the most part, were

Their angry words and fierce oaths thoroughly aroused the bold, brave youth.

"Shoot him !"

"Hang him !"

"Cut him limb from limb!" they shouted.

Young Annette felt the blood curdle in her veins as she listened.

She would have run to inform Agnese, but she trembled with excitement, and felt as if rooted to the spot.

"It is the handsome youth returned again," she yhed. "Oh! heaven preserve him! or he will sighed.

be butchered in cold blood !" "Hang him !"

"Shoot the saucy brat!" growled several of the

"Where am I?" gasped Frank, now, for the first time, recovering full consciousness. "Where am

I? What! again in Basil's power?"

"Yes, in Basil's power, rash youth," said the fierce chief, with a laugh of bitter mockery and scorn. "Yes; in Basil's power once more, and not likely to give him the slip this time, eh, my bold lad ?",

" No, captain."

"Shoot him !" "Swing him up !" and and at ed a grade !

"Basil," said Cavolti, approaching, "before we proceed with the execution of this bold spy, remember your promise—'Agnese shall be the bride of him who captures Frank Ford.' Do you re-

"I do; and what of that?" said Basil, with a scornful look. "What of that? Think you I so soon forget my promises? 'Tis well, Agnese besought your life, and I granted it ['curses on her!' he said, softly], and 'tis well again she should marry the man she so much admires [confusion to her, the jade.] But, come, we must dispose of this youth, and at once; we can't afford to have spies about us any longer."

"I am not a spy, Basil," said Frank, in a faint voice. "And wherefore should you murder me in

cold blood ?"

"'Tis false," said Cavolti, frowning like a demon on the proud, pale, handsome face of the prisoner, "'tis false, and were it not contrary to Capt. Basil's orders, I'd cleave your vile English heart with one stroke of my stiletto."

"Brave, very brave," sighed Frank, with a smile

of pity on the fierce villain. "Who let you into the secrets of our cave?" said) Cavolti, fiercely.

"Who conducted you in safety from my presence?" asked Basil, sternly.

"Who killed the guard, our comrade, at the main entrance?" growled several, in a breath.

He did not breathe a single word, but smiled. "You smile, eh?" said Basil. "But do you know that in less than five minutes you will lie a helpless corpse at my feet unless you reveal who it was that rescued you?"

"I do," said Frank, faintly. "It will not take

much to kill me; I am half-dead already."
"Oh, you do know, then, that certain death awaits you?" smiled Basil.

" I do."

"And still refuse to disclose the names of those who aided you?"

"I do," said Frank, with a look of scorn.

"Ah, would you scoff at Basil, the bandit chief, in the face of death?"

"I fear it not," said Frank, folding his arms.
"Do your worst. I would scorn to call myself an English boy, and drag those into trouble who assisted me and my band to escape."
"Do you hear that?" said Cavolti, with a fierce

glance. "Do you hear that, Basil?" "I do, Cavolti," the chief replied; "there must

be spies and traitors among us; and, by my wrath," said he, walking towards Frank, hastily, and in passion, "I will spare thy life if you do but tell me their names, or point them out. Once for all, will you do so?"

"No," said Frank, firmly; "do with me as you will, but I'll never turn traitor to a friend in need."
"Bind him to that tree," said Basil.

In an instant two men stepped forward and bound

"Blindfold bim !"

They proceeded to do so.

"Hold!" said Frank, with a proud look of contempt, "take that handkerchief away. I have faced death before, and beg, as a dying favour, that you will not bind my eyes."
"Granted," said Basil. "Stand aside from him,

His orders were obeyed.

"Let three men load their carbines, and be ready for the word to fire !"

This was done.

One of them, the tallest and ugliest of the three, was Cavolti, who seemed to delight in the task

before him.

"I will give you one more chance for life," said Basil. "Will you reveal the names of the traitors among us who played me false? Breathe their names, or point them out, and whoever they are they shall die in your stead."

"Right."

"Bravo, Captain Basil; they deserve it!"

"Will you ?-once !"

"No," was the solemn answer; "not if I were about to sacrifice a hundred lives!"

" Will you ?-twice !"

"I will not. Question me no farther, but fire!" "Carbines! attention! ready! take aim! Will you, for the last time, tell me?"

"No!"

Basil was on the point of turning to give the command to fire, when Annette, with a piercing scream, rushed upon the scene, and fell between

"'Twas I, Basil! 'twas I! Spare him! he is innocent! 'Twas I, Basil! 'twas I, Basil! Spare him! he are him! spare—" and fell prostrate to the earth.

(See Illustration.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PLANS OF CAVOLTI-THE SECRET MEETING OF FRANK AND AGNESE — THEY ARE DIS-COVERED — THE INSULT—THE MEETING — FRANK'S GENEROSITY - AGNESE IS MYSTERI-OUSLY STABBED-THE DEEP REVENGE.

THE sudden appearance of Annette among the brigand band, and just at that moment when Basil was about to give the order to fire, caused great commotion to all then present.

"Hold !" cried Basil, "hold !" he said, throwing up the carbines of the three villains. "How is this?

What brings Annette here?"

"Spare him! spare him!" said the sobbing girl, with upraised hands and streaming eyes. "It was I, Basil, and I alone, who led him and his followers from the cave."

"You?" said the grim chief, in sudden surprise,
"What, Annette?" said Cavolti, in mute wonder.
"Yes; 'twas I, and I alone, believe me. Do not

harm bim, for the youth is innocent."
"Fire!" said Frank, bravely, but feebly. "Touch not a hair of that girl's head; I am to blame! she

is innocent!"
"No! no! no!" gasped Annette, hurriedly, "do not belive him; he wishes to shield me and suffer death; but he is innocent, on my oath, I swear it! Let me die the traitor's death! Do not shed a drop

of the brave boy's blood!"
"There is some deep, unravelled mystery here," Basil growled; "for the present we will defer the execution until more is known about it. Seize the girl, and lead her forth to a dungeon. Let us see

what close confinement, cold water and bread can do."

In a whisper he addressed one of his men thus, "Has the young English youth sent the money for Frank Ford's, head?"

"No, captain, not yet; he promised it."
"Promised it! Ha! ha! that will not do for us."
"He says the coin shall be forthcoming when his

head is secured, but not till then."

"And then, perhaps, he will not pay at all, as the deed will then have been accomplished. No, no; this youth is a bold, brave fellow, and I would much like him to join our band."

"True, captain; there is no doubt as to his courage and intelligence, he has shown it on more than one occasion; but Cavolti, your chief officer, hates him."

"And that is one of the reasons why I like him all the more," said Basil, with a grim smile. "He shall not suffer, at least, at present; he shall live until we get the money, and, if that is not quickly done, we will force him in some way to join our band. Think you it could be done?"

"I have no doubt of it, if Cavolti could only be

appeased."
"Leave that to me," he said; "we will get a head, but Frank Ford's is worth more to us than the reward offered for it."

"But beware of Cavolti," said the arch villain

Basil was talking to.

"Never fear; I am as deep as he."

"Unbind the youth," said the bandit chief.

Taking Cavolti on one side, he whispered something in his ear which made the black-looking rascal grimly smile.

"We will use this youth like a decoy bird," said Basil; "his followers will never rest until they have found out his place of retreat. It will then be easy to entrap them all."

"'Tis well," said Cavolti, with a grim smile; "I

never thought of that before."

"Leave it to me. We will give him partial parole."

"But he might escape our mountain bounds." "No fear of that; our guards are numerous; he cannot escape their vigilance. Besides, if we keep him too closely confined he will not have any chance of holding out signals to those who are in search of him. We will give him the free range of our bounds near the cave, and he shall be well watched. Do you see my plans?"
"I do," said Cavolti; "but somehow I fear him."

"Fear him, and you a herculean man?" said Basil, with a smile.

Cavolti made no reply, but bit his lip.

Although he and Basil appeared thus for the moment on such friendly terms, they were, at heart, enemies, for Cavolti, in his advances to the fair Agnese, had only met with rebuff and scornful

"Do as you please, Captain Basil," said he; "but, if you were to follow my advice, you would shoot the young English brat at once; there is something in his eye that bodes no good to you or

the bandit band."

"I fear nought, and more than that, I will set watches around him. What say you if I prompt Agnese to coax him, and gain all the secrets she can out of him respecting his band. That would be a capital idea; he would never suspect her to be a female spy."

Basil's words were like wormwood to Cavolti, who smiled sardonically, and slowly left his chief.
"Agnese set to watch him, eh? Perhaps so; but I will watch them both. I will bring her down to the dust; she shall own me her master. Revenge is sweet!"

For more than a week Frank remained a captive among the bandit band, and, greatly to his surprise, not only recovered from his wound, but fast regained his health and strength.

He was fed well, and comfortably lodged, but no one spoke to him save Basil, who more than once urged upon the brave Boy Soldier to join the

Bandit Band.

But he would not, and treated the proposition

with scorn.

He was allowed free range of the grounds in and around the cavern, and, after a few days, as fortune would have it, he met the fair Agnese.

He did not speak to her then, but, from her blush and timidity, he judged that the meeting was not

altogether displeasing to her.

By private signals these two young lovers hit upon a pleasant rendezvous, in a shady grove, where evening after evening they met in secret.

The spot was a pleasant one, and no one ever

dreamed of their secret nightly meetings.

And it was well that they thus supposed, for there were many of the band ready and willing to obey Cavolti in all his nefarious deeds.

But turn we for a moment to Cavolti and his

plans.

It was here that the lovers would meet, and, unseen, as they thought, by mortal eye, breathe forth the sentiments of their hearts.

It was one of those delightful Italian evenings when not a cloud was to be seen in the heavens that Frank, proceeding to the well-known spot, a maiden of rare beauty rushed into his fond em-

For a few moments the lovers regarded each other

with all the ardour of mutual affection.

"Oh, this is happiness indeed !" cried Frank, "to hold thee in these arms and call thee mine. why that tear, fair Agnese? At such a time as this, joy alone ought to be the tenant of thy bosom."

"Alas! I know not why, brave Frank, but a mysterious dread rushes through my frame as though some dreadful calamity was about to happen."

"Nay, heed it not, love," said Frank, "'tis but

imagination."

"It may be," said the beauteous maid: "but look! what is that?" at the same time directing his attention towards a dark object some short distance before her.

"Oh, it is but the shadow of some neighbouring tree," exclaimed Frank; "and yet it cannot be-

no, 'tis some vile spy!"

Grasping his dagger he rushed to the spot.

The person quickly retreated, but not before he had a full view of his retiring figure.

"That form is Cavolti's, or I am much deceived."
"Cavolti!" responded Agnese in alarm to her lover; "gracious heavens! what does he here?"

"That I should have asked him," exclaimed Frank, "had he not like a craven fled; but why this agitation? what is coupled with his name to occasion this emotion? Tell me, Agnese, I implore

"Alas! you know not, brave youth; yet listen," cried the still trembling maid, "and I'll explain, You are, perhaps, not aware that Cavolti was an early suitor for my hand. On the plea of my extreme youth, and his hate of Cavolti, my father refused his proposals, and with joy I found myself freed from his hateful advances, and, as I hoped, for ever.

"In this I was deceived, for but a short time had elapsed ere he again proposed and renewed his pretensions with all his fierceness and former

ardour, but he was again rejected.

"Vain were his efforts to conceal his rage at this my second refusal, which he averred arose from my love for some more favoured rival. This was soon after your escape from the cave.

"'I know the presumptuous villain,' growled Cavolti, 'who has dared to cross my path; but let

him beware, for I will prove his deadly foe.'

"With these words he left me.

"From that time his conduct completely

changed.

"The ardent expression which used to illumine his countenance when we met, is now supplanted by a heavy scowl, and he will fix his large, dark eyes upon my face with a fierce intensity that fills me with dismay.

"This morning I abruptly met him. "Fire seemed to flash from his eyes.

"With difficulty could I suppress an ejaculation of horror, as I turned to avoid him.

"Seizing my arm, he exclaimed, in a bitter tone

of warning,

"'The time will soon come when Agnese shall have bitter cause to repent the rejection of Cavolti. Think not, proud girl, ever to become the bride of him I suspect. No; I swear, by Heaven, rather than that, my dagger should stretch both him and thee lifeless at my feet.'

"Throwing my arm rudely from him, with the whispered word 'Remember,' he rushed from my

sight.
"I am convinced that his heart is black enough to carry his threat into execution," said Agnese, trembling; "therefore, avoid him, dear youth, for should you meet I tremble for the consequences."

"Nay! fear it not, fair Agnese."

But while speaking the sound of distant footsteps broke upon the surrounding stillness.

Agnese heard her name called in loud, angry tones.

This was an unwelcome sound to the lovers, as it was a sure signal of her father's carousing and drunkenness.

"Farewell, Frank!" faintly escaped from her

lips.
"Farewell, my love," returned he, folding her to his bosom; "to-morrow at twilight, at the same hour and place, we meet again. Till then, farewell !"

For a moment their lips met, then, sighing, they

tore themselves from each other's embrace.

Frank followed her with his eyes until she was hid from his view, then, drawing his cloak around him, he proceeded on his lonely walk, musing on the threatening words uttered by Cavolti to the fair Agnese.

Lost in these reflections he walked, heedless of surrounding objects, until a sudden exclamation

startled him.

When, looking towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he beheld the same figure he had seen before.

He was slowly preceding him, apparently uncon-

scious of being observed.

The hot blood rushed to the cheeks of Frank. His proud heart swelled to repay the insult offered to his fair Agnese.

Hastening forward the next moment beheld him by the side of the object of his resentment!

Cavolti seemed startled at Frank's sudden ap-

pearance.

But there was a storm gathering in the villain's dark eyes as he fixed them on the bold youth that dark eyes as he fixed them on the bold youth that would have appalled the heart of any one less brave than Frank, who, returning his scathing glance with one of scorn, proudly exclaimed,

"Nay, reserve thy fierce looks, Cavolti, for one who fears them. Methinks they sit but ill upon the features of a listener, and one who, on discovery, fled like a vile caitiff, as he was."

"Tis false!" cried Cavolti, with fury, "'twas chance alone that led me to the spot; but," added he, with a galling sneer, "'twas not through fear of the English brat!"

of the English brat!"
"And was it chance that kept thee there until

now?" returned Frank, proudly.
"Peace, babbler, as thou art!" interrupted Cavolti, "or not even thy immeasurable inferiority in age, size, or strength shall save thee from the chastisement you deserve."

"Nobly spoken," returned Frank, with cutting irony, "and well befits the man who would rather utter his threats in the the ear of a defenceless maid

than face the object of his hatred as a man."
"Detested idiot! I'll hear no more!" cried Cavolti, frantically grasping his sword; "that false-

hood shall be washed out in blood!"
"Now I understand thee," dauntingly exclaimed
Frank, "and my answer is in my scabbard."

"Pluck it forth, then, and see if thou canst guard

thy life, vile English dog!"
"Nay, look to thyself," returned Frank, as his

bright blade gleamed in the air.

The cloaks of the combatants had fallen off, and the contrast in their appearance was strikingly different.

Frank stood a perfect model of youthful sym-

metry.

His opponent appeared a second Hercules, the gigantic proportions of his loins indicating strength nearly superhuman.

A look of defiance flashed from the eyes of each. Cavolti rushed to the onset with the ferocity of

a tiger.

Frank received him with unshrinking valour that

bid defiance to his efforts.

Roused to madness by the coolness displayed by his youthful antagonist, Cavolti grasped his ponderous weapon.

With both hands he raised it high above his head; descending, it cleft the air, but Frank stepping aside avoided the stroke, and ere Cavolti could recover himself he, by a side blow, laid him prostrate on the earth.

Then placing a foot upon his broad chest Frank

bade him beg his life.
"Never!" exclaimed Cavolti, in accents scarcely audible from passion. "Strike! the pangs of death are less bitter than those I now feel!"

Frank, taking his foot from his body, said,

proudly,

"I give it thee, Cavolti; 'tis enough; I do not want thy life; take it, and endeavour to forget the occurrence of this evening, as I shall; but never dare dream of the fair Agnese."

Returning his steel to his scabbard he hastened

towards the bandits' camp.
For a few moments Cavolti stood, seeming scarcely to believe his own senses.

Starting to his feet, revenge, like a demon raging

in his breast, and crushing every nobler feeling.

"Forget my base defeat, and by a rival, too," he cried, in a voice hoarse and convulsed. "Never! 'Twere easier to forget myself. No; revenge is still

within my power, and like lightning shall it fall on thy dastard head."

He rushed frantically from the spot.

The next evening, as the sun was fast sinking beneath the western horizon, Frank hastened to keep his appointment with Basil's fair daughter.

On reaching the well-known place, however,

Agnese was not there.

This at first surprised him, as their usual time of

meeting had long since passed.

Concluding something had happened to detain her he entered some old Roman ruins with the intention of waiting there, but scarcely had he seated himself for that purpose on one of the overthrown pillars, when a confused noise struck upon his ear.

He sprung upon his feet, and in doing so kicked against something on the ground, which, on taking up, proved to be a bracelet, which he instantly recognised, and exclaimed, in astonishment,

"'Tis her bracelet !"

Hardly had the words escaped his lips ere the noise was again repeated, and the words, "Save me! save me!" were faintly uttered by a distant voice, the first tones of which thrilled to his heart. "Save thee!" thundered a voice, as Frank rushed

forward. "No power on earth shall save thee!" The shriek that followed curdled the blood in

Frank's veins, and rooted him to the spot. At that instant a dark figure glided past him.

Frank sprang forward and seized it.

The treacherous cloak alone remained in his

A low moan, and his own name, faintly repeated,

now broke upon his ear.

"Ha! I come! I come!" exclaimed Frank, frantically rushing towards the spot.

But madness seized upon his brain as he beheld

the horrid spectacle.

At his feet lay the body of Agnese, who loved him so well, the faithful maid who had jeopardized her life to save him from the poisoned goblet.

On her bosom was a gaping wound, from which the blood still flowed.

Her eyes were closed.

A smile played around her lips, from between which her breath was softly ejaculating the name of Frank, that frenzied being who now stood gazing on her.

He moved not; no sound escaped him.

A slight tremor afflicted his frame; his breast heaved convulsively.

"Agnese! Agnese!" burst in hysteric accents from his bursting heart,

His limbs refused their office, and, with a cry of agony, he fell by the side of the wounded maid.

The rosy beam of morn still found Frank stretched on the earth beside the wounded maid.

At length, being aroused from his lethargy, he started up as though awakened from some horrid dream, and he resumed his tender care of staunching the maiden's wounds.

At length his eyes became fixed upon the earth, and at that moment he beheld something on the

ground.

He eagerly seized it.

It was a dagger encrusted with blood. "'Tis her precious blood!" cried Frank, in a convulsed voice, and was about to dash the weapon to the ground when he observed some letters on the blade.

"Twas the name of his deadly rival!
"Oh, heartless villain! is this the reward for the life I gave thee?" exclaimed Frank, furiously.
"Base scoundrel! but thou shalt not escape me

for ever, Cavolti. I will search for and cleave thee to the dust !'

Thrusting the dagger between the folds of his garments, and casting a look of anguish and love on Agnese as he bore the maid away, he rushed from the spot.

With the wounded girl in his arms Frank rushed

from the spot.

His passions were now wrought up to a state of madness.

He bent his steps towards the cave and entered.

The first person he saw was Basil himself.
"Halt!" said the bandit chief, as he observed Frank approaching his own apartment. "What brings thee here?"

"Urgent business." "Of what nature?"

"Your daughter has been cruelly stabbed."
"Agnese stabbed?" said Basil. "Where is she?" "I have placed her in one of your cavern rooms If you would but see her, follow me.

"Who has done this to my only daughter?" said Basil, for the first time realizing the feelings her, and learn the name of the base villain." of a father. "Who has done this? Basil followed Frank to the room indicated.

Frank had well bound up the wound while in the garden with Agnese, but the blood still flowed. Basil knelt beside the body of his unconscious

daughter, and cold sweat oozed from his brow.

His bosom heaved, and he clenched his fists. "Whose cursed blade did this?" he gasped. "Cavolti's."

"Ha! say you so? What! he, my second in command, to thus outrage my daughter? No, no, he could not; I cannot believe it."

"You will believe your own eyes?"
"What mean you?"
"Why, this!" said Frank. "I found this dagger beside the spot where she lay bleeding and faint.'

"'Tis Cavolti's!" Basil gasped. "It is one I myself gave him a year ago."
"I know not that," said Frank.

"Oh! the treacherous villain! that I might meet him face to face. To attempt to slay an in-nocent girl who begged his life from me!"

While Basil listened to the whole of Frank's story regarding his encounter with Cavolti-which, it must be confessed, greatly surprised the bandit chief—two of the mountain band came to the room door and knocked.

"What want ye?" said Basil, as they were ad-

mitted. "See you this horrid sight?"

"We do, Captain Basil, and have heard all about it; it is concerning this affair that we now come."
"And from whom?"

"From Cavolti."

"Why, he it was that did it!" Basil said. "Oh that I might grasp the villain once more by the throat and strangle him!"

"Cavolti, Captain Basil, did not do this," the two

men replied, calmly.

" Did not?"

"No, he did not; he is too brave for that."
"Then who did?"

"The youth who now stands beside you."

"I?" said Frank, with the hot blood rushing to his face in anger. "I do such a dastardly deed? Who says so must answer for it with his life."

"Who says so?" Basil asked.

"Cavolti himself."

"But we have Cavolti's dagger, found near the

"True, Basil; it was stolen from him while asleep, and by the youth who now looks so pale."

"Before heaven, I am innocent of this foul deed," said Frank, with upraised hand.
"This must be inquired into," said Basil.

"We have come to take away this youth, Captain "Cavolti waits for Basil," said the messengers. us."

"Where?"

"In the little dell between the mountains. The band for the most part have been summoned to witness the execution."

"The what?" gasped Frank.

"The execution," said the messengers.

"Who's to prove it ?"
"I can," said a faint voice. All turned and were greatly surprised to see the eyes of Agnese gently open and close again, as she

"Father, believe me, he is innocent,"

"You hear that?" said Basil.

"The maid is raving," the messengers said; "she

wishes to screen the young villain."
"I am not raving," Agnese replied, in a very faint voice. "Cavolti is the one who tried to assassinate me, and would have done so but for the timely interference of the brave youth now before

Frank, kneelt beside Agnese, and, affectionately

kissing her hand, said

"Thank Heaven for this denial, sweet girl. And now," he said, rising proudly, "now that this foul suspicion is lifted from my soul, I am strong enough to confront Cavolti and defy his base accusation, or those of any one in the wide world."

"You hear what my daughter says," said Basil; the youth is innocent."

"Cavolti denies it," was the calm reply of the two messengers. "Our orders are imperative; we came to take this youth away."

"And murder me in cold blood," said Frank,

with a mocking smile.

The messengers answered not.

"He must not go. Father, protect him from the fangs of the serpent Cavolti," said Agnese, faintly and imploringly.

"Fear not for me, Agnese," said Frank, boldly, "I dread him not. I will go, and alone."

"Nay," said Basil, "for a moment, stay. If you are innocent, as I firmly believe, on the words of my daughter here, I will protect you with the last drop of my blood; but there are rules and laws among us over which I have no controul, and one of them is that an accusation brought against any one of the band may be tried in two ways-either by judge

and jury or by the ordeal of battle."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Frank, aloud.
"Then give me trial by battle! If I only meet my base accuser face to face in mortal combat, I have

nothing to fear, for my cause is just,"
"But, in this case, it cannot be," said Basil;
"you are not one of our band; you must be tried."

"And sure to be condemned. But this shall not be," he said, approaching the door.

The two messengers opposed him.

Snatching up Basil's sword, which lay on the table, Frank, swift as lightning, struck one of the villains to the earth; in another moment the other's sword was flying through the air, and Frank's sword passed through his body, then, striding over their prostrate forms, disappeared before Basil could recover from his astonishment.

"Now for vengeance," said Frank, as he issued from the cave, breathless with excitement, and rushed towards the trees, which on every side enclosed the mouth of the cave.

Once there he cared not for any who pursued

"I will seek out this black-hearted villain in the dell," said he, "and, ere sunset, his body or mine shall be food for vultures."

Frank had not gone far into the dense forest on the mountain side ere he heard the faint echoes of

He stopped to listen.

"I should know that sound," said he. "There it is again! It is not the bandits' call; nor is it any Austrian signal."

His face was flushed, and his eyes shot forth fire as he thought-

"It must be some of my boy band in search of me. I cannot be mistaken. They are searching the mountains for me. Oh, if they only knew where I am, how they would fly to my rescue. There it is again! Why, the sounds get nearer and nearer !"

Onward he went in search of Cavolti in the dell. At this instant Frank was startled by hearing several horns of the Bandit Band now sounding all around him

"It is an alarm," said he; "a general one, too!" He had not long to wait in suspense.

He could hear the hasty tread of armed men in the forest.

"Haste—haste, comrade!" said one.
"What is the matter?" his companion asked. "Is it the Austrians?"

"No, worse than that."
"The Pope's soldiers?"
"No, no. They are of no account. It is the devil !"

"The devil, what do you mean?"

"Mean? why, two of our scouts have run in from their posts, all haste, to tell us that the English Boy Soldiers are prowling about the gorges in search of their missing comrades, particularly their young captain, Basil's prisoner."

"How many of them are there? This alarm is a general one; they must be numerous, or our horns wouldn't be sounding so loudly."

"They are numerous," was the reply; "three hundred or more, I hear. They have defeated the Austrians several times, and are so fierce a band of English boys that the best soldiers cannot stand before them. But we meet on the east ridge, just overlooking the small dell."

This was all that Frank could hear, for the men hurried away towards their rendezvous.

In a short time, however, he heard the distant rattle of muskets.

"That's Hugh Tracy or Dick Fellows," said "I wonder if it was Fatty who blew his Frank. horn just now; it sounded much like his blast?"

Again the reports of fire-arms could be heard, but not in a very great number.

"If it were the whole band," thought Frank, "they'd make more noise than that; and yet, if there are but few, these dark villains in the mountains will massacre them. But how did they find their way hither? and who could have told them of my rescue from the Austrians by Cavolti?"

"Who calls Cavolti?" said a distant voice.

Frank started.

It was Cavolti himself.

"You have escaped my messengers, I see," said

the villain, with a grin of hate upon his dusky features; "but you shall not escape me."

"Nay, villain! you need not boast so early," said Frank; "I have come to meet you. A thing like you, who could waylay and stab a defenceless girl, has little cause to brag."

"I killed her! She is dead! Rather that a thousand times than see her in your embrace !"

"She lives, vile coward!" said Frank, "and I come to avenge her. Lead on towards the little dell; there, in sight of the whole brigand band, will I stuff thy loathsome lies down thy craven throat !"

"Vain idiot," said Cavolti, "follow me,"

Frank did so.

Cavolti whistled as he approached the little dell

The signal was repeated by some one.

"Tis well," said Cavolti to himself; "I have two men in waiting at the dell, who shall seize and strangle this brat. They are concealed, and he knows it not."

They were now nearly out of the thick wood, and in view of the dell.

Frank cautiously followed his gigantic antagonist.

They were now on the edge of the wood, when Cavolti whistled again.

His signal was repeated.

"They are near at hand," said he, with a grim

On the instant, however, and greatly to Frank's surprise, two youths dashed from their hidingplaces, and pounced upon Cavolti.

They were two of the English Boys; one was Dick

In an instant Cavolti was thrown to the ground, and with swords at his throat.

THE SKELETON CREW.

HIP, HURRAH! BOYS, HURRAH!! HURRAH!!!

THREE CHEERS FOR WILDFIRE NED!

READ! READ!! READ!!!

This great sensation Work of the day, how young

WILDFIRE NED, ON SEA AND LAND, TRACKED

THE SKELETON CREW OF PIRATES!

EXTRACT :-

"My footsteps shall follow you, Phillip Redgill, for ever!"

sighed a voice, in sepulchral tones.

"Phillip Redgill!" gasped the money-searching murderer,
"that is my real name. Oh, God! it is the voice of the murdered man, And yet he is here, lifeless, and legless. Hark!
What footsteps are those I hear? Who could have limbed him
thus?"

While Bolton, or Phillip Redgill, as the spirit voice now rightly called him, stood trembling thus, the ghostly voice said loudly again-

"Beware, Phillip Redgill! my footsteps shall follow you for ever!"

Dropping the blood-stained bludgeon beside the body, Phillip Redgill rushed from the room, dashed down stairs, opened the

back door, and ran towards the orchard.

He mounted his horse, and was about to start off at a furious gallop, when he gave a sharp, horror-stricken shout at something he saw:

thing he saw:

The gory, phantom legs of the Squire stood bolt upright in the snow beside him!

"Phillip Redgill, I follow you!"

The murderer plunged spurs into his steed, and dashed from the snot!

NOW READY, WITH A GRAND PRESENT, GRATIS,

THE SKELETON CREW.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



DREADFUL POSITION OF AGNESE AND FRANK .- See No. 14.

"Hold!" said Frank. "How is this? How came you hither ?"

"We know all, Captain Frank; we will speak of our adventures another time. This villain had two desperadoes waiting to despatch you, but we captured both, and learned much concerning you. Let us slay this cold-blooded scoundrel."

"No, lads, you must not kill that prostrate knave, neither will I fly."

"Not escape?"

"No lads, I am on my parole, and have given my word of honour not to trespass beyond certain bounds."

"Why keep faith with such knaves as these They know not what honour is."
No. 13.

"That may be, but I do. No, I will not flee. Release the hound," said Frank.

Cavolti glared around him like a half-tamed

wolf. "Rise," said Frank, "and defend yourself in presence of these two youths, and in sight of your own band. You or I must die."

Throwing off his cloak Frank put himself in an

attitude of defence.

The two Boy Soldiers were fearful of the result.

In the distance could be seen a great commotion among the banditti, who were perched on the ridge, but who could not descend to the aid of their second commander.

Savolti, however, put on an air of fierce deter-

mination, and their swords clashed in deadly embrace.

The two young Garibaldians looked on with great interest at the desperate combat.

But there was a smile of confidence on Frank's noble face that gave them encouragement.

They knew what a splendid swordsman their young chief was, but, for a moment, they feared that the bandit's great weight and strength would prove too much for the brave young chief.

"Never fear, boys," said Frank; "this craven scoundrel has been under my heel before, and I spared his life; but this time he will not escape my vengeance!"

While he thus spoke to his two companions, Cavolti made a sudden and a desperate rush upon him.

His sword glanced close to Frank's left side, and inflicted a slight wound.

Trifling as the success was it filled Cavolti with fiendish pleasure, and his dark eyes rolled wildly,

and he showed his fang-like teeth. "Now, villain," said Frank, gaily; "I'll pay off

old scores."

The ruffian made another desperate lunge. Frank invited a repetition of such strokes.

Gathering all his muscles together as if for a final effort, Cavolti rushed upon him.

Frank, with a terrible stroke, knocked the sword from the ruffian's hand.

He uttered a cry of pain. Frank had wounded him desperately.

Staggering, and with bitter curses on his lips, he approached Frank, dagger in hand.

"I will take no advantage of you," said Frank, throwing his sword away, and producing a dagger. He flourished it before Cavolti's eves.

It was the villain's weapon, and he quickly recognised it.

A smile of triumph was on Frank's face now.

Cavolti, with all the strength he had, now made a sudden bound upon his young adversary, and seized Frank by the throat.

His dagger was upraised.

In an instant he fell to the earth.

Frank's weapon had done its work. With the quickness of thought Frank had plunged his dagger to the hilt in the brigand's breast

Cavolti was dying.

The villain's eyes rolled in dreadful agony, and he gnashed his teeth, as he said-

You have conquered me; but I am happy, I die content."

"Happy! Content!" said Frank,
Yes. I have wounded you." With a bitter laugh, he added-

"My sword-blade was poisoned!" - WAST ONLY

"Traitor! wretch!" said Frank, red with rage.
"Thus, monster, perish."
In an instant he raised his sword, and cleaved

Cavolti's head from the trunk.

Seizing the head by its hair, Frank held it up in full view of the brigands, who, filled with astonishment, had witnessed the duel from first to last.*

Distant cries and curses were now heard on the ridge, and several shots were fired.

One of them struck the ground near Frank's

Again they fired, and struck Dick Fellows to the

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE REVOLT IN THE BANDIT BAND-FATE FRANK.

THE brigands on the ridge now suddenly disappeared.

Frank did not know or care what their intentions

were. He was busily engaged in binding up Dick's

wound. After some short time, however, the roar of dis-

tant voices was heard approaching. It sounded like the rush of a pack of hungry wolves.

"This way, lads, this way!" shouted a hoarse voice. "Follow me!"

"Fire when I give the word."

In an instant a dozen ruffians rushed forth from the woods.
"Fire!" said their leader.

"Cut them down !"

Some took deliberate aim at Frank.

Bang! He fell.

One shot which was fired struck down one of the bravest lads that ever breathed. Dick Fellows threw up his hands, and with a sharp cry of pain fell to the earth.

He was struck in the side!

"I'm hit, Frank," he said, feebly.
"Where, Dick?"

"In the left side, Frank; the wound, I fear, is mortal."

"Don't say that," Frank remarked, kneeling by his side, and taking his hand tenderly.

"I do, though, and am certain I shan't live twentyfour hours, Frank. Take care of yourself, captain; dodge out of their way, get behind a tree; their shots are falling around us like hailstones.'

Without any personal fear, Frank boldly laid hold on Dick Fellows, and carried him carefully to a

place of safety.

"Mark, and the rest of the boy soldiers cannot be far off, Frank," said Dick, feebly. "I left them in the mountains yonder, and came on alone with this youth, my companion, to reconnoitre the gorges hereabouts, in search of you, but little dreamed of meeting you, engaged in mortal combat with that huge ruffian you slew."

"The band hereabouts!" said Frank, in surprise. "Yes; Hugh Tracy fell a victim to treachery, said Dick, and in a few words explained all that had happened since the night when he was left on the battle field by mistake.

"And Mark, you say, stormed the barricade in the mountain gorge?"

"Yes, sword in hand, and routed the Austrians. We searched for you everywhere in the valley, but not a trace could be discovered either of you or Tracy."

"Speak gently," said Frank, looking sorrowfully at the poor boy's pale face. "If the lads come I fear they will be cut all to pieces. The banditti can at a pinch muster over two hundred men."

"The boys don't care if they lose half their own number, so that they rescue you, Captain Frank. Any of them would willingly sacrifice their best blood to save you."

"I know it, Dick; you have proved it, for, as you lie here upon the grass, something strikes me you will never recover."

"I am certain of it," said Dick, with a sorrowful smile. "But take care of yourself; revenge my death upon these ruffians."

"I will," said Frank, with energy, grasping

^{*} See illustration in last week's number.

tightly his sword; "they shall pay dearly for this fatal shot."

He knelt down and bound up Dick's wound as well as he could.

While doing so three ruffians rushed upon him

suddenly.

"Stand back, black vipers, stand back!" said Frank, sword in hand; "is it not enough that you have killed this dear youth, my faithful companion? What would ye have more?"

The three rascals stood at bay, and looked on

with a grim smile.

"You have killed Cavolti," said one.
"I did, and it was in fair fight."

"But you were on parole; you gave your word of honour not to escape."

"I did; nor have I tried. Cavolti, the ruffian, stabbed Basil's daughter, and would have killed her but for me: for this it was that I slew Cavolti." "And that you might escape."

"'Tis false, villain; if such had been my motive I might ere this be away and in the midst of my friends, who are near by."

"Ha!"

"Yes, villains; not a mile hence are my brave followers, armed to the teeth, who would rush on certain death to save me if I gave the signal. But I will not. My word of honour is sacred. I have given it to Basil and will keep it."

The three ruffians smiled doubtingly.

"There is only one favour I would ask," said Frank.

"What is it?"

"Simply this. That my followers be not molested while sojourning in the mountain. I do not ask this through any fear," said Frank, "but to save useless bloodshed; for I know they will not depart until I am free again—by ransom or otherwise."

" Well ?"

"And the next favour I would ask is, that this wounded youth be conveyed to my friends by some of you, guided by this youth, one of my brave Garibaldians; if this is done, I will return to Basil; your reward shall be great."

"We will do it," replied the two robbers.

"Agreed, then," said Frank. "I will go with you to the outposts of the Boy Band; and when I see poor Dick in the hands of friends, I will return with you."

"On your honour?"
"On my honour."

A blanket was procured and Dick placed in it.

The three brigands, assisted by Frank, took up
the corners and sides.

In this manner they slowly marched with the

wounded youth.

"Cheer up, lad," said Frank, kindly to poor Dick; "all may jet be well."

In about an hour they discovered several red

shirts dotting the mountain sides.

Frank waived a white handkerchief as a signal

of truce.

In a few moments several of the young Garibaldians appeared, and came forth to meet the slow and solemn procession.

They were astonished and grieved.

Frank briefly explained all that had happened, and forbade any attempt at violence with the three brigands who accompanied him.

Fatty and Buttons, who quickly appeared on the spot, were, like Mark, soon grasping the hand of Frank; but their joy was soon clouded on beholding poor Dick Fellows so dreadfully wounded.

"They will surely hang you," said Mark, "if you go back, for killing Cavolti, their second in command. They will not believe it was done in a fair duel."

"Keep no faith with such cut-throat thieves. Your word of honour passed to them should count as

nothing."

"No, lads, no; don't argue in that way. A word of honour is sacred, and among the greatest thieves and vagabonds is respected. Basil gave me his word that I should not be molested, in certain limits round the cavern, by any one, if I gave my word not to make any attempt to escape. I did so. He also gave notice to his band that no one should insult me, under pain of punishment, and that any offender might be chastised; and to protect me against any sudden attack, he allowed me to keep my arms, if I promised not to use them except in self-defence."

The boys were still in favour of his staying with them.

"You see that Basil, boys, has notions of honour; nor have I ever used my weapons except in self-defence."

"Then what do you propose to do, captain?"

"I wish you all to remain in the mountains here until my return," he said, in English and in low tones; "my parole expires this time to-morrow; if I cannot escape by fair means, I will by foul. Be ready to receive me."

The three brigands did not understand what Frank was saying, but looked on at some distance

apart

"Come," said Frank, "I am as good as my word. Give these men meat and wine, and a purse of money. Fatty, don't let them leave our camps empty-handed,"
Fatty did so.

"You need not fear," said Frank, to the villains; "there is no poison in the wine."

Hereupon he drank out of a flagon himself and passed it round.

Kneeling on the ground, he whispered a few words to Dick Fellows, which made that brave lad's face to smile again.

They shook hands tenderly.

"I fear I shall die before we meet again, Frank," said Dick, faintly. "If I should, tell all my friends in England that I did not disgrace the courage of the Boys of England."

"Nay, let us hope for the best, Dick. You may yet live to return to England. At all events a change won't take place until twenty-four hours. I shall soon rejoin you. 'Tis honour alone that makes me act as I do." In an instant Frank embraced poor Dick, then starting up, saying, "Lads, for the present, farewell!" rushed from the spot.

He was out of sight in the ins and outs of the mountain path before his followers could realise his departure.

He would have stayed much longer with Dick, but he felt his nerves much shaken, and the thought of losing such a brave companion made him sigh like a child.

It was to hide this tenderness of feeling from his own company, as well as from the three brigands, that he thus hastened away.

"Come," said he, "an hour's sharp walking will take us to Basil. Then I shall learn the fate that awaits me."

Four men appeared, as if by magio. Basil pointed to Frank,

He toughed a bell_

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BANDIT COUNCIL - THE SURPRISE - THE DEFIANCE.

WHEN introduced into the presence of the bandit chief, Frank found Basil smiling and happy instead of in a towering passion.

He could not understand this.

For some time Basil walked up and down, rubbing his hands, and bursting out into strange,

wild laughter.

"Oh! you have returned, eh?" said the chief, at last, grinning, and showing his white, fang-like teeth, and rolling a pair of black, wicked-looking

"You have returned I see!"

"Yes, Basil, I have. You, of course, know all?" "I do, young man, and am sorry for you," said the chief, chuckling and rubbing his hands; adding in a whisper to himself, "Sorry, eh? Ha! ha! it's the best day's work ever happened to me; but he don't know it. This bold youth has rid me of the greatest villain that ever crossed my path or tried to circumvent me! and just when that comes to pass, a letter arrives from the Englishman, and a messenger, with the price of his head. The band don't know this, however, and never shall. I will stick to the golden coin myself. They will be none the wiser."

"So you bave killed him?" said Basil, aloud. "I have, and fairly, in sight of many of your men."

"Ah! that's another matter-we will have to decide all about that. The council sits to-night."

"For what purpose?"

"To decide what manner of death you shall die, so prepare yourself. This time to-morrow you will be dead."

"You are very consoling, Captain Basil," said Frank. "You talk of taking life just as coolly as

if you did it regularly, like a butcher.'

"I'm glad you t ink so; you'll die game I perceive. Ha! ha!" (No wonder that Englishman wants to get him out of the way. There is some mystery between them. What it is I can't find out. All I know is that he's flush of money, or he couldn't send so many bags of florins," thought Basil.)

"Am I to consider myself under arrest, then?" said Frank. "Am I allowed certain bounds as usual, or is it revoked?"

"It is revoked. Give up your arms and retire

to your cell."
"How is this? Do you break faith with me then, Basil? You promised me certain bounds and

the right to use my arms in self-defence."

"Circumstances alter cases—until your fight with Cavolti, it was all very well; but not now." ("I knew that they would quarrel," said Basil, aside. "Cavolti, I learned, had poisoned the tip of his sword. Perhaps for my breast; but I changed it! This youth, unknown to himself, has had Cavolti's weapon. A single scratch would have been sufficient for the purpose, but the lad did more, he beheaded him. Ha! ha! Their swords were alike, Cavolti never discovered the difference. What an excellent thought to change their weapons! The biter was bitten! Ha! ha!")

"If such be your decision, Basil, you have broken

"No prattle, youth. You have heard my decision. Do not tempt me to enforce it."

He touched a bell,

Four men appeared, as if by magic. Basil pointed to Frank.

"Nay, approach me no further. Put up your weapons, men; I fear ye not. No, not if you were twenty instead of four. Here is my sword, Basil," said Frank, proudly, throwing it upon the floor. "Take it. It is of no use to me now. If I die, it shall be as a man of honour."

"Send him away."

Frank was conducted from Basil's presence and

cast into a dungeon.

"When does this young stranger arrive?" asked Basil, of one who entered on the summons of the

"This evening, captain."

"You know our rules, of course?" "The twelve masks and gowns are prepared fo the council, who will receive them." "'Tis well; and what of Annette?"

"She is in close confinement, and awaits the decision of to-night's council."

"My daughter is too weak from her wound to

appear, I fear."

"She is unwell, captain; but it strikes me, from all I hear of her nurse, the old hag, that if even she were well, nothing could be forced from her which would help to criminate this young Englishman."

"I do not understand you," said the chief. "Speak

plainer.

"Her wound then, captain, is much better; whoever struck the blow missed his mark. If the dagger had penetrated one inch lower, it must have killed her instantly. She raves and rambles in her sleep, so the hag informs me, and is for ever calling on the young Englishman's name in the tenderest accents, and with the most loving words."

"Bah! love; stuff and nonsense. She is but a babbling girl; she must appear, and if she does not tell all she knows about this youth, why then she must suffer with Annette; we will have no spies

among us."

"All you say is right and proper, Captain Basil,"

said the brigand, bowing, and about to retire.
"Stay," said Basil. "Now that Cavolti is dead, there is one of the council less."

There is.'

"You know that the position is one of great trust and secresy?"

"I do."

"Well, then, for your faithfulness, Ambrose," said Basil, "and for the devotedness you have shown to me and the band since you have been among us, I appoint you to the vacant maskhood and gown."

"Me !" said Ambrose, the brigand, in surprise.

"Yes, you. Will you take the oath?"

"I will."

"Then kneel." Then kneel."

Ambrose did so.

"Swear by this upraised sword to remain faithful and true; on your blood and life swear it."
"I do."

"Then rise. The vacant mask and gown is yours; disgrace it not.

On my blood, I swear."

"'Tis well."

At that moment the brigands, who had taken Frank forth, returned.

"Have you caged him, men?"

"We have."

"You may retire."

They bowed, and left the apartment.

"Now, Ambrose, go you and see that this young captive is safely secured; he must not escape; his head is paid for; 'tis precious. Until the council meet to-night, farewell." To os awolfo't 2010 1000

Ambrose left the room.

He directed his footsteps along a broad passage that had been cut out of the solid rock.

It was dark, winding, cold, and oppressive.

He reached the cell wherein Frank was confined, and was surprised to hear the captive singing as unconcernedly as if he had a lease of his life for a

thousand years to come.

"This is a brave youngster," mused Ambrose, with a smile. "No wonder that Agnese loves and raves about him in her sleep. The bandit band would rejoice at having such a fearless, dare-devil for a leader, if it could only be brought about. Basil is brave, but he is getting too old now to lead on, and all he cares about is getting drunk and hoarding money. He has sacks upon sacks of gold and silver coin, besides an immense amount of booty stowed away somewhere in the cavern."

While thus he thought, Ambrose unlocked the

cell door and entered.

Frank was surprised at this unexpected visit, but said not a word.

"You are to be tried to-night," said Ambrose, "and will be condemned."

"If my death is resolved upon by the bandit council, why go through the farce of pretending to try me?"
"It is the custom among us."

"Who is my accuser?"

"A fellow-countryman of yours; he has paid Basil a large price for your head,"

" Indeed !"

"Yes, the money arrived in several large bags this morning. I brought it, and it has been safely stowed away by our chief."

"Then why came you thus to inform me of such a barbarous proceeding?"

"I could tell you," said Ambrose, in a whisper, but I dare not."

"Dare not! why?" "You are not rich."

"I know it."

"Then you cannot have many friends. Poor people," chuckled Ambrose, "never have many to assist them in the hour of need."

"I know that, also; but why came you here to

taunt me?"

"No, I came as a friend, and will prove it."

" How ?"

"I will soon show you; but, in the first place, you must answer my questions truly."

"I will; what are they?"

"Now don't be surprised at what I say. This fellow-countryman of yours, whose name I could never yet learn, lives not far from here, and seeks your life, by fair means or foul; he told me so." "Indeed! why?"

"He told me this morning, when I took Basil's message to him, that he wishes it from a sense of

justice : for he calls you a murderer !"

"A murderer!" gasped Frank.
"Yes, a murderer! Don't turn so pale; he has got an English detective officer with him, as I learn, who has come to capture you if he can for the murder of your uncle, Mr. Ford."

"Oh, heavens! he murdered!" said Frank, with choked utterance, "and I accused of that bloody

deed !"

"He says so, and offers to prove it: but I don't believe it."

"You do not, Ambrose?"

"No, I do not. I have seen enough of you here to know that you would not, could not, do such a cold-blooded deed as that,"

"Oh! thanks, Ambrose! thanks!" said Frank, shaking the brigand heartily by the hand.

"And to prove what friendship I have for you, I will run the risk of my own life to serve and save you."

"But, how?" said Frank, with a quivering voice. "Oh! that I had the base accuser face to face.

Me? I kill my poor old uncle? No! heaven
knows I did not. I could not. Alas! for the old man's untimely fate."

"There are not many hours ere the council will sit, Frank," said Ambrose, "and if I do something towards your release, you must promise secresy on

your oath."

"I will, willingly, brave Ambrose."

"Then write me a note at once to your band in the mountains, and sign it with your own name and private mark, that they may not disbelieve me.

"What would you have me say?"
"Only this—'The bearer is a friend, and perils his life to save me from an unjust and ignominious death; obey him as you would me, and place yourselves under his guidance."

"But this may be a snare to entrap my brave

boys," replied Frank.

"Nay, have faith in me," said the young brigand, "you shall not be deceived."

"I will. There is the note," said Frank; "when

shall I see you again?"

"Not before the council meet; but be not alarmed, trust to me : for the present farewell. Ambrose closed the iron door and locked it.

He did not retrace his footsteps, but plunged farther along the winding stone passages, which at every yard became narrower and darker.

At length he issued out at the opposite side of the mountain by a large round hole, which was partly covered with ivy and concealed from the sight of any common observer.

Once he had gained the fresh air, he clambered down the mountain side and was soon lost to view on his way to the camp of the Boy Soldiers.

This visit, and the disclosure made by Ambrose, the young brigand, filled Frank with amazement and he sat in his lonely cell, pale, thoughtful, and sorrowful.

"My uncle murdered," he thought, "and I accused of the horrid deed! How could all this have come to pass? 'Tis most revolting, and I cannot believe it.

He paced up and down his dark dungeon, and

sighed as he thought,

"Perhaps, after all, this Ambrose is an impostor, and has played this cruel trick upon me to entrap all my brave young band. I am sorry now I placed any confidence in him at all. What an idiot I was to be deceived by his plausible manner and smooth tongue."

Hours upon hours passed away.

He could hear the footfalls of men passing and re-passing his cell door with heavy tread.

Some doors were opened and others closed, with a harsh grating sound that full upon his attentive ear like a death-knell.

Then all was profoundly quiet again.

Not a breath of air seemed to stir around him, and the close damp, feetid atmosphere was almost

suffocating. "What a tale these dungeons could tell," mused

Frank, "if they could only speak. Doubtless there is more than one poor wretch confined hereabouts, if the truth was only known. Poor little Annette, too, is confined somewhere near me-and all because she saved my life! Would that I could discover her prison house! or that she could hear me speak her name." syonga bos lolterl

"Who calls upon Annette?" said a faint voice, in tones of sorrow.

Frank was startled.

"Whence comes that voice?" he whispered, half aloud. "Surely it was all imaginary. No one could

have heard me."

"Who calls on the name of Annette?" said the voice again. "Think not of her. She is condemned, and will shortly suffer; but think well of what will to-night befall you. All hope, I fear, is lost! They are already preparing for your execution. The council chairs are already placed. In two hours your fate will be decreed. I have heard all. I am Annette. Hush! speak not, some one approaches."

Frank listened again, and all was a death-like

"It must have been a dream, he thought," and walked to and fro deep in meditation.

Heavy footsteps were heard approaching.

The locks were turned.

A man, masked, with a hood over his head, and clothed from head to foot in a black cloak, was there, lantern in hand.

Four brigands conducted Frank, two on each

side; the masked man led the way.

Not a word was spoken; not a sound was audible, save the echo of their own footfalls in the

They approached the council chamber door.

Frank walked in, followed by the cloaked

The four brigands went their way.

When Frank entered the council chamber he was surprised to behold twelve figures, cloaked, hooded, and masked in black.

They sat in a very large circle, but with no table

before them.

Frank felt that all were watching him as he entered, and could see their eyes through the eyelet holes of their masks glittering and sparkling.

No one spoke a word.

The apartment was very large, round, and lofty, and a single lamp hung from the centre of the roof

The president's chair was empty.

Frank was placed in the centre of the figures, and stood proudly, like one conscious of his inno-

The last to enter was Basil.

He was dressed like the rest, but from his unsteady gait it was plain that he had been drinking a great deal, as usual.

He staggered to the president's chair, and reclined

at his ease.

After a long pause he said-

"The youngest member of the council (Ambrose) has already informed you of the charges against the prisoner?"
"He has," was the solemn and unanimous

answer.

"Is he guilty of killing Cavolti?" He is," was the awful response of all.

Frank turned pale.

"He is accused of murdering his uncle also; you have heard the statement, made, as usual, by the youngest member of the council, before the prisoner was brought in?"

"We have."

"Are you satisfied as to his guilt?"
"No."

"What is your wish?"

Let he and his prosecutor appear face to face."

"Is such your desire?"

1800" It is."

Basil appeared fretful and annoyed at this, but

was apparently so tipsy that he could scarcely keep his eyes open.

"Bring in the accuser," said Basil. Ambrose went forth, and soon returned.

He was quickly followed by a youthful-looking person, who cast down his eyes, and would not look at the prisoner fairly in the face.

Directly Frank saw him he staggered back a step

or two in amazement.

"It is-it is Joel Flint disguised," he muttered, with astonishment.

At that moment one of the council put a small slip of paper into the hands of Ambrose.

Ambrose looked at it, and then addressed the accused thus-

"I am appointed to conduct this case, by the council's desire ; you must answer a few questions."

The stranger bowed, and a sardonic smile lit up

his features.

"Your name is-"

"Schmidt."

"And you know the prisoner?"

"I do. He is the one who murdered his uncle,

old Mr. Ford."

"'Tis false!" said Frank, with a bitter oath, " 'Tis false, craven-hearted knave! Thy name is not Schmidt. Basil, his name is Joel Flint. On my life I swear it!"

At the bare mention of his own name, Joel

turned pale, and trembled as he said-

"Worthy Basil, believe not the unblushing oundrel, I am not what he would represent me, scoundrel. Thou hast had ample proof of my trust in thee, and of my truth."

"What means the stranger?" said one of the twelve. "We are the judges in this case. Captain Basil is president only. He cannot decide a case

like this without us."

Basil was half stupid with drink, and if he distinctly heard, he did not understand what had been

"What mean you by ample proof, stranger?"

Ambrose asked.

"Why many," answered the stranger. "I knew not that all this ceremony was needed, or I would not have come. I demand the prisoner in the name of justice. "Fear not," said Ambrose. "Justice shall be

done, and to both. Brigands as we are, we know not what money is in a question of life or death, at least not in this case. What says Captain Basil?"

"I quite agree to that. There seems to be a dispute as to the truth or falsehood of each other's statements. I know not what he means by money."
"What!" gasped the stranger.

"I have not received a farthing from any one. If he persists in saying so," said Basil, "the stranger lies, that's all. Let them decide their question fairly by battle. There's nothing like it, is there lads?

"No," said the council, as one man.

"Fight!" gasped the stranger. "I refuse to do anything of the sort."

"Why, an hour or two ago, you said nothing would give you greater pleasure than to cut his throat, didn't you?"

"I know nothing about what I did or did not say, but I refuse to draw weapons with this base fellow here."

"Then you are a coward," said Basil. "You were quite valorous until just now; and, by my wrath, since you swear I received money from you, which the brigand council well knows to be a lie, for I wouldn't do such a thing, you shall fight."

" Shall, Basil?"

"Aye. I'll make you. You must either fight the prisoner or me. What says the council?"

"Agreed !" was the response.

"I care not if both get killed," laughed Basil, to himself. "I have got the money, and as I am a little flushed with wine, I think an exciting combat would wake me up a bit. The sight of blood refreshes me at times. Ambrose! the swords!"

Frank smiled with confidence, as he seized the long weapon handed to him, and flourished it.

The stranger, however, trembled in every limb. He turned ghastly pale, and his eyes rolled in

"Come, prepare," said Basil, with a cruel laugh. "Put yourself into attitude, Mr. Schmidt. You told me you were an excellent swordsman. You've now got a chance of displaying your skill."

"I refuse to fight, Basil. This is all a cruel trick played upon me to dupe me out of my money."

"Fool!" said Basil, rising in anger, "mention money to me again, and I'll cleave your skull. Fight, I say; prove your accusation to be true at the sword's point, and then both I and the council will believe you; if you do not, then, by my wrath, you do not leave this place alive."

"Captain Basil, I thank you for this change in the order of your proceedings, for in the sight of heaven I am innocent of the cruel charges brought against me by this lying scoundrel, and as you will quickly see. I'll bring the rascal to his knees, and if he does not confess his villany before you all, then despatch me."

The stranger was now compelled to fight.

There was no hole through which to retreat, and his teeth shook and chattered in his jaws with fear. "Here goes for a whisker," said Frank, in high

glee.

After one or two passes, he cut off one of the stranger's false whiskers, which had been gummed to his cheeks for the purpose of disguising himself.

"Hillo!" said Basil, in surprise, as the whisker "Hillo, that was pretty close shaving, and fell.

no mistake."

"A part of his moustache this time," said Frank, and, quick as thought, one of the stranger's false moustaches was knocked from his upper lip by the point of Frank's sword!

The accuser was now furious, and cut and slashed

most viciously and wildly.

Had Frank desired it, there were many opportunities of killing his antagonist on the spot; but he only smiled, and warded off the stranger's cuts with extraordinary skill.

The remaining whisker and moustache soon fol-

lowed suit with the others.

"Now that he is barefaced," said Frank, "little more remains to prove who and what the rascal is.' With a quick and clever cut, Frank took off the

stranger's wig.

Basil, and the rest were thunderstruck at the sudden change in the accuser's appearance, and looked

on with amazement.

"Now that we have got rid of the false hair, whisker, and moustaches, which made up the 'Mr. Schmidt,'" said Frank, gaily, "you shall see what stuff Joel Flint is really made of."

With the rapidity of lightning, Frank's sword

flashed before the eyes of Joel.

The coward's sword fell from his hand, and he sprawled upon the floor.

In a second Frank's sword was at the villain's

"Spare me! spare me!" he gasped, "Have

mercy; pardon me; do what you will, but spare-my life." and on the my hell upon "Craven-hearted villain! I had my heel upon

your throat once before at Bromley Hall, and after I spared you, you cursed me; you would follow me through the world like an evil genius, you said, and would never rest contented until I graced a gibbet, Do you remember?"

"I do, I do ; but spare me."

All this was hurriedly spoken in English.
"What does he say? That he gave me money?"

"No, Basil, but you shall hear him. Now answer me. What is your name?"

"I have passed under that of Schmidt, lately."

"Was it your school name?"

"No, I was then called Joel Flint." on yed to "Did I murder my poor old uncle?" of you at you

"I know not," gasped Joel," to one of points?

"Swear, on your life." " No, you did not."

"Was not all you have said regarding me false?"

"It was."

"Did you not pay two of my followers to act as spies on the movements of myself and the Boy Band ?"

"I did."

"Where are they?"

"In a neighbouring village." "With an English detective?"

" Yes."

"Captain Basil, do you hear all this?"
"I do. The impostor is worthy of death—kill him. What says the council?"

him. What says the council?"

"Kill him. He is not fit to live."

"Spare me! oh, spare me!" gasped Joel, as he glanced with an agonized look at Frank's upraised sword. "Spare me, and I will be your slave!"

"Viper!" said Frank, "I could crush you under my heel; you rvile blood is worthless. Take your life, knave," continued he, spurning him with his foot "take your wretched life. I give it you."

Joel's eyes danced wildly in his head, but when released from Frank's foot he crawled to a corner

like a four-legged cur.

"If you think proper, Captain Frank Ford, to be so merciful towards this hypocrite I don't," said Basil. "Ambrose, seize the caitiff, and cast him into a dungeon."

Ambrose seized Joel very roughly by the collar, and, as he left the council chamber, Basil administered to his seat of honour such a vigorous kick that he sent "Mr. Schmidt" flying into the dark stone corridor.

"Now," said he, "we will proceed with the sentence. This youth has killed Cavolti, and, as you say, is worthy of death."

"We do," was the answer of the council.

"Then, as is customary, I deliver the blow," said Basil, rising and approaching the prisoner, who now was armless.

Frank folded his arms and looked Basil fairly in

the face.

"Would you kill me?" he said, with a curling

lip. "Know you where you are?"
"Where I am, rash youth? I do. Tremble, for your last hour is come!"

"Not yet. Behold!" said Frank, stamping his

On the instant the masks, hoods, and cloaks fell from the persons of the grim councillors as if by magic.

Basil was surrounded by eleven of the Boy Soldiers !

As they had sat on chairs with big cushions

their size was not so noticeable before, but now that they jumped to their feet the trick was dis-

Ambrose the Trusty had been as good as his

word.

For a moment Basil's eyes rolled like balls of fire

as Frank said.

"Captain Basil, listen to me. If you make any noise, or raise an alarm, I'll cut your throat, all our lives depend upon silence. Hark ye, when I entered this council chamber I knew nothing of this strange stratagem. It was not until you rose, dagger in hand, that I heard the councillors repeat the password of us Boy Soldiers. I then understood all. Blame not any of your band for this, for they are innocent. Teresa, Garibaldi's female spy, is my friend,"

Turning to one of the boys he whispered a word

or two in English.

Before Basil could utter a word, he was bound

hand and foot, and gagged.

"Put out the lights, put on your cloaks again, and follow me," said Frank. "Make no noise; move about like mice. Hus-s-h! I hear some one coming!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RESCUE-THE PURSUIT-DREADEUL POSI-TION OF AGNESE AND FRANK.

For a moment Frank and his followers remained where they were in darkness and silence.

The person approaching walked on tiptoe, and

groped his way through the darkness.

Each boy drew his sword, and waited with suspense for what might follow.

Frank took one step forward.

"Schmidt! Schmidt! where are you?" said a voice, in a whisper.
"Here I am," said Frank, imitating Joel's voice.

"What do you want?"

"Ambrose sent me in. Is it all over?" "Yes."

"Well, where is the young scoundrel, Frank Ford? You are all in darkness. I can't see you."

"No, but you can feel me," said Frank, in a rough, determined tone, seizing the intruder roughly by the collar.

"Oh, lors, mercy! spare me! Where the deuce am I? I always feared treachery all along. Oh! whoever you are, don't hurt me."
"What's your name?"

"Jenkins, servant to Mr. Schmidt."

"What brought you here?"

"My legs, sir."
"Sirrah," said Frank, shaking the stranger vigorously, "no joking with me. What brought you here?"

"I was hired by an English detective to come here with Mr. Schmidt to help him in securing a noted young prisoner."

"Oh, indeed. Why didn't the English detective come here himself?"

"He said it wasn't his business; he didn't like

to poke his nose among brigands."
"But you did, I suppose? Well, my fine fellow, whoever you are, don't shake so much, and I'll introduce you to this Frank Ford."

"Will you, though? How kind! Is he very

rough and violent?"

"Oh, no," said Frank, tittering in the darkness; "not much so. He has just finished killing one man, and, I dare say, would be happy to make your acquaintance. The brigand's watch-dogs are much in want of food; they relish and get fat on human flesh."

"Oh, lor!" groaned Jenkins. "What was the victim's name?"

"Schmidt," Frank answered, "your amiable master.'

"Oh, horrible!" groaned Jenkins. "Just to think on it, to come so far away from merry old England to be made dog's meat of! What a horrible tale !"

"Yes; but it isn't all told yet, there is more to

come !"

"Is there, though, more horrors?" Jenkins gasped. "Yes; put your hand down there. Don't you

"In course I does; I heard it snarl or growl, or summat. It's a man!"

"Just so, bound hand and foot. We are going to spit him in half an hour, and roast him before the fire !"

This was more than the heroic Jenkins could

His teeth chattered so loudly that they sounded like dice rattling in a box.

"What must I do?-what must I do?" he groaned.

"I'll tell you. You must speak softer, or we'll kill you !"

"Consider me dumb, then," said Jenkins.

"Would you purchase your life?" "Yes," sighed Jenkins.

"Will you serve me?" "As faithful as a dog," sighed Jenkins. "If I don't, hang me !"

"Then follow me !" said Frank.

CLEAR OFF, THERE!

AND MAKE ROOM FOR

THE"SKELETON CREW!"

Boys! read the startling History of

WILD-FIRE NED.

In the "Skeleton Crew."

Now ready, with a splendid Picture, and No. 2, GRATIS.

EXTRACT:

"Spoke to you?"

"Spoke to you?"
"Yes, sir."
"What did it say?"
"Halt!' it shouted, and on the instant my horse stopped, and would not budge an inch. 'Halt!' it said, in awful tones, glaring down on me with its flery eyes. 'I am one of the Skeleton Crew; go, tell your master that Farmer Bertram is murdered!"

"Murdered?" said one and another of the company, in pale

"When did this foul deed take place?"
"'Murdered last night,' said the Red Man from the gibbet, as the Darlington village clock tolled the hour of one. 'Ha! ha! as the Darlington village clock tolled the hour of one. 'Ha I hal the Skeleton Crew still lives, and rules the seas, and will long defy the power of man. Fly from this spot, rash boy, before you are numbered with the dead.'" 'This is a most horrible revelation,' said Sir Richard. "I did not stop to hear more, for I shouted with fright, and galloped madly away, feeling as if frozen to the very marrow, for I HAD SPOKEN WITH THE DEAD!"

for I HAD SPOKEN WITH THE DEAD! Tim looked exhausted, and shivered in every limb.

Now Publishing, One Penny Weekly.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S



THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG GARIBALDIAN.

It was as much as the Boy Band could do to keep from laughing during the whole conversation, but they did so, for fear of awakening the suspicions of the numerous brigands in and around the cave.

They had all got into the broad, dark stone corridor, when Ambrose, who had been hitherto

concealed, touched Frank upon the arm.
"So far we have succeeded. Teresa, the spy, met me in the mountains as I went to your camp; she had heard of your captivity, and made plans for your release. My good intentions were, therefore, forestalled. Everything is arranged for your flight; but I fear me there will be bloodshed ere all of you escape." No. 14.

"Fear not," said Frank, "I have twelve followers with me, bold, brave youths!"

"But mark you, Frank," said Ambrose, "my life

is in danger at every step I take."
"Then go you your own way; let us not bring ill-luck on your head after all you have done for us.

"It was all for love, Captain Frank."

"Love?"

"Yes; I adore Teresa, and have done so from the first moment I saw her in the mountains; it is for her sake that I have done all this."

"Then rely upon it, Ambrose, that whenever you need true and tried friends you will always find

them in the Boy Band."

"I know it; but you would not depart empty handed?"

"How mean you?"

"Basil has immense treasures concealed in these

caves."

"Let him keep them, then, for the present; we are rich enough without his ill-gotten coin. His daughter and Annette, however, must be rescued ere we depart."

"'Tis easily done. Let your followers make their way to the end of this long gallery, the same way Teresa pointed out to them unknown to me; let them wait at the end on the mountain side, con-

cealed in the bushes until we return. Follow me!"
In a few hurried words Frank explained the position of affairs to his followers, and they obeyed his orders by making the best of their way along the gallery silently and swiftly.

Ambrose now dived down a side gallery, which

was as dark as pitch.

He was followed by Frank.

After a time they came near to the spot where Frank had been confined.

"The next cell to yours is Annette's," said Am-

"Then that accounts for the voice I heard." "True, she was gagged and ironed by order of Basil and the council of twelve, which your followers have just now so well imitated. When I saw you this morning I unlocked her cell door, unchained and ungagged her. She is ready to fly, but knows not that you are still alive.

"But where is Agnese?" said Frank.

"Ah, that is a different matter. I fear that blood will have to be shed ere you carry her off."

"Why?"

"There is a guard placed at her chamber door night and day."

"By whose orders?" "The council's."

"Cannot he be dispatched, 'tis easily done? The girl shall not suffer for my fault.'

"Bravely said, Captain Frank, and like a true lover; but I have a better plan in view."
"What is it?"

"Give him wine." "Poisoned wine?" said Frank.

"No, only drugged." "That is better.

"Let us carry Annette away first, and leave her in charge of your followers, we will quickly return and do the rest."

Like two well-practised burglars Ambrose and Frank entered Annette's dark cell, and before the girl could recover from astonishment she was rapidly conveyed along the winding passages.

As they approached the further end, before de-

scribed, the fitful gusts of pure fresh air revived her, and ere long she managed to crawl through the aperture, and was safe among the Boy Soldiers there in waiting,
All this had been quickly done, and without

noise, for both Ambrose and Frank were in their

stocking feet.

Ambrose, however, carried his boots in his hand, and when he approached the chamber in which Agnese was confined, he put them on again, so that his approach might be heard.

He motioned Frank to hide in a dark recess until

called upon.

While secreted there, Ambrose went forward.
"Halt," said the gruff brigand at the chamber door, "who approaches?"
"Ambrose," was the reply.

Magnincent Engraving,

"Advance, Ambrose, what want ye?"

"How long is it since you were placed on guard here?"

"Four hours."

"How is that?" "The chief of the guard had warning that there were numerous armed strangers prowling about the hills, and he called off all the men he could muster to go and look after them."

"I know it. I myself gave that information to

Captain Basil."

"That accounts then why the council will not sit

"True : every available man has been sent off to the valley and gorge. Basil fears that the Boy Soldiers may even attack our stronghold here.'

"No fear of that," laughed the sentinel; "no one knows the ins and outs of this place except ourselves."

"Quite true. You seem tired."

"So I am, standing here in the dark, and damp, and cold."

"Will you take a cup of wine? It will cheer

you up."

"I don't mind, but you know it is quite against our orders; if a man is found drunk upon his post he is shot."

"No fear of that; who should speak of it? Not Ambrose, you may be sure; wait a moment. I am promoted to a councillor now, and can go anywhere in these caverns at my will."

In a few minutes Ambrose passed the spot where

Frank was concealed.

As he went by he whispered, "In five minutes the guard will be senseless; wait till I give the word."

Ambrose procured the wine in a small apartment some distance away, and soon returned with a large goblet filled to the brim.

He stopped again, and spoke to Frank in a

whisper.

"Drink," said he, "heartily, my lad; it will refresh you. I have not drugged it yet." Frank took a draught, and with many thanks.

Ambrose now dropped a liquid drug into the wine, and walked on towards the sentinel.

"Here's health to you, Councillor Ambrose, and may you live to be chief of our band, instead of Basil, the drunken sot. Here's health to you."

He drank the wine with great avidity, and soon he became very talkative.

But Ambrose left him and went to Frank. In less than ten minutes both of them heard the distant sound of loud snoring.

"I told you so," said Ambrose. "The drug has one its work. He's fast asleep. Come, follow done its work.

In a few moments Frank and his faithful guide found themselves at the chamber-door of Agnese. The tipsy, insensible guard lay flat on his face,

snoring loudly, with his gun beside him.

They stepped over his body, and opened the chamber-door.

"I'll stay here until you return," said Ambrose. "No one knows what may happen. Her chamber is in the inner room.

Frank did not need to be told twice.

He quickly passed through the first apartment, and quietly opened a door which led into a second.

Within, and reposing on a small bed, lay the beautiful Agnese, her hair flowing over the pillow, and her breasts and arms all bare.

Beside her on a chair sat a wicked, cadaverouslooking old woman, whose eyes glared like two balls

Read the BEELETON CREW; OR, WILDFIEL MI

She rose from her seat the instant Frank appeared

and pulled out a pistol.

"Approach!" said she, in hissing tones, "and I fire! My life depends on it."

Not heeding her threat, Frank rushed towards her. She snapped the pistol full in his face.

It missed fire.

The next moment she was struck a heavy blow in the face by Frank's clenched fist, and fell upon the floor.

The noise awoke Agnese.

In an instant she recognised her young deliverer, and with a faint cry of joy rose bolt upright in bed, and flung her arms around him.

There was no time for explanation now.

Haste was necessary, and caution.

He took the half-fainting maid upon his arms,

and bore her away.

He had not got far along the passage when the old hag rose to her feet like a wild woman.

She tossed down the pillows on the bed. Under them were concealed a pair of pistols. She seized them, and ran after the fugitives. She fired both weapons along the dark passage.

The balls could be heard rattling along the stone

gallery.

They whistled close to Frank's head as he hurried

along with his precious burden.

Not content with this the old hag began to scream and shout most horribly until the echoes of her cracked voice resounded in terrible tones of fright and alarm.

"Haste, Frank, haste!" said the faithful Ambrose,

" or you will be pursued."

"Oh! that I had killed the witch," said Frank, "I had half a mind to do so; but I hate to shed a woman's blood."

"But she is not a woman," said Ambrose. "Wild cat is what I call her. A perfect she-devil."

Still the old hag's cries could be heard resounding, and still onward sped the fugitives.

Ere long, however, and when nearly exhausted with the burden, Frank heard the uproar and noise of many voices.

The clanging and slamming of doors, the sounds of heavy feet, curses and oaths were now audible

behind him.
"Escaped! escaped!" were the shouts which

now pursued him.

The old hag's cries had alarmed many of the bandit band, who were grouped under trees outside

Almost falling from sheer weakness, Frank at last reached the end of the gallery, and Agnese was passed through the large hole to his companions outside.

"Now that you are safe, farewell," said Ambrose. He waived his hand as he said, "Descend the mountain; quick, for your lives; run along the gorge, and you are safe. We shall meet shortly again."

Frank and his followers did not need this good

advice.

They descended the mountain-side as nimbly as

monkeys, and soon reached the gorge.

In winter time this gorge was deep with water that flowed from the mountain range, and was impassible, thus making this side of the bandit's rendezvous impregnable.

Now, however, it was quite dry.

Mark, the strongest of the party, carried Annette. But Frank would entrust none with Agnese; he carried her himself.

Love seemed to lighten his load, and he followed his companions at a rapid pace.

They had gone on some distance in safety and silence, and began to think that all danger was

When least expected, a wild shout assailed their ears!

Their flight had been discovered by several of the

bandit band on the look-out on the mountain-side.
"Haste," said Frank; "haste, my lads, we are discovered and pursued. They are close upon us!" This was true.

The bandit band on the mountain-side no sooner caught sight of the fugitives, than they hastened

down towards the gorge, and began to fire rapidly.

Notwithstanding the danger, Frank refused to allow any one to help him.

He persisted in bringing up the rear, and manfully did he do it.

With a revolver, he frequently stopped, took de-liberate aim, and shot down several of the dusky vagabonds.

But this was not all the danger.

The bandit band had now surrounded the Boy Soldiers, and in all directions were firing upon

The moment was critical and terrible.

It seemed as if every one of them would be cut

down by the galling fire of the brigands.

"We are lost! we are lost!" cried several.

"Hope on, fight on," said Frank, bold as ever.

"Do you hear that?" said he, with a face flushed with pleasure and triumph.

They listened.

It was the Boy Soldiers rushing to the rescue, led on by Fatty and Buttons, and directed in their course by Teresa, the spy. "Keep a starp eye on 26. Let me know if you any strangers going in or out much. We must

guida deni me CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST MR. CASPAR-THE FALSE WITNESSES-MR, SCHMIDT MEETS WITH A VERY PLEASANT AND CHATTY COMPANION IN THE THEATRE-HE SITS FACE TO FACE WITH A DETECTIVE; BUT DOESN'T KNOW IT-THE WHOLE TRIAL READ AND EXPLAINED BY THE STRANGER, TO MR. SCHMIDT'S GREAT DELIGHT-THE MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT GALE-MISCHIEF BREWING.

WE return once more to the Detective! Most people would naturally suppose that the very first thing Gale did when he discovered the whereabouts of old Flint, was to knock at the door, put his hand on the cunning old lawyer's shoulder, and say, "Mr. Flint, I am a detective, and you are wanted on the charge of wilful murder." Nothing of the kind.

Detectives are not like other mortals, nor do they accomplish their ends in an ordinary manner.

When least expected they pounce down upon their unconscious prey, although they may hover around it for months ere doing so.

The first thing which Detective Gale did was to slip away from his companions—the negro minstrels.

As he strolled down the streets he espied a police-

He gave a peculiar sign by which they might know each other; but the constable looked, and stared, and looked again harder than ever at the black-faced fellow in astonishment.

"Don't you know me ?" said Gale.

"Know you, of course I do. You're one of the street darkies." "My name is Gale, and—"

"You don't mean that!" said the constable on the instant, in great surprise.

"I do, though."

"What's up, then?" "Robbery, and a double murder."

"Who's the victim?"

"Old Ford, of the Red House, and the headless body found in Green Court."

"You don't mean that you've got both jobs on

hand?"

"They are not two exactly," said Gale, with a peculiar smile. "If we are lucky both jobs may be traced to one and the same hand."

"What! and on the same night?"

"Yes."

"You haven't got on the track yet, have you? heard there was so much mystery hanging around those affairs that they defied all Scotland Yard."

"Perhaps, so; but a week or two will explain all

about it, or my name's not Gale."

"Any suspicious parties around here, then?" "Yes. Do you know anything about a strange old gent, who has lately taken the parlours at No. 26 over the way?"

"What! that old cove as doesn't want the organ-

grinders afore his door?"

"Yes.

"Why, of course I do. What of him?"
"Why, he seldom goes out in day time; but likes darkness to come on first. I noticed that last week when on night duty. What's his business?"
"Nothing as I know of."

"His name?"

"The servant girl says his name is Schmidt."

"Are you sure?" "Quite sure."

"Keep a sharp eye on 26. Let me know if you see any strangers going in or out much. We must not lose sight of him night or day. I am just going now to report at Bow Street, and will put two plain clothes men on the look-out for this strange old gentleman."

And sure enough Gale did put two plain clothes policeman on duty there, who, unknown to the fugitive, watched him narrowly night and day.

For several days, however, nothing transpired

worthy of notice.

Mr. Schmidt invariably came forth from his parlour-lodgings about nightfall, and with his overcoat buttoned up to the chin, and hat pressed over his eyes, walked rapidly through the streets.

He was followed to various places of amusement

and never lost sight of.

Rather than mix with the throng in the pit or stalls, Flint, miserly as he was, always took a

ticket for a private box.

He did not patronize the West End theatres much, it is true, for he was afraid of being noticed more than he cared to be by policemen both in and out of the theatre.

He, therefore, directed his footsteps to some East End house, and seemed to enjoy himself very

There was one theatre he was followed to more than any other, the name of which we shall not mention.

Why he liked to go to this one in preference to any other for some time puzzled the watchful officers, and they made up their minds to know the

Accordingly, one of the two officers dressed himself up very stylishly, paid his admission fee, and was ushered into the same box as old Flint.

The performance went on for some time without much marked attention on Flint's part, but when, in the third act, a murder was represented as having been committed and the victim robbed, Mr. Flint sat very uneasily in his chair, and turned his head.
"Horrible affair!" said Flint, half aloud, in dis-

gust at the bloodthirsty character of the drama.

"It's too revolting."

"Oh, I don't know," said the detective, very coolly; "such things do happen in life sometimes. Now, for instance, I read a case in the paper a few days ago, in which a murder and robbery was "You don't mean to say so?" old Flint replied,

in tones of feigned horror and disgust.
"Yes, and the worst of it is, that circumstantial evidence was so strong against the wrong party that I thought he would be convicted and hung. heard the whole case myself by mere accident.

"Lor!" said Flint, rolling his eyes. "Singular —very singular how some of these atrocious deeds are wrapped in mystery. What paper is it in?" "The 'Daily Thunderer,'" the detective replied, coolly. "By-the-bye, I think I have the identical paper in my pocket. If you'd like to hear I'll read the account." "Thanks," said Flint, with a choking sensation in the throat; "you are very kind."

The first piece was now over, and, as there were ten minutes intermission, the stranger took the newspaper, and, in substance read as follows, explaining as he went on :-

"MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY AND SUPPOSED MURDER.

"In our last issue we gave a report of the examination of the young man Caspar, late tutor at Bromley Hall Academy, on the charge of robbery.

"It was supposed, from certain circumstances lately brought to light through the indefatigable exertions of Detective Gale, that this young man might, in some manner, have connection with the late mysterious murder of Mr. Ford.

"It was even suggested, by some firm, strong, circumstantial evidence, that he might know some thing of the headless mystery that was dragged out of a room, during the conflagration in Green

Court.

"Certain it is, however, rumour has been very busy during the past few days with various conjectures regarding this double murder; but, though he might not be charged with that horrible crime, thought there could not be a doubt but that he had been guilty of the robbery at Bromley Hall, if any reliance could be placed on the evidence already adduced.

"Our report of yesterday brought the account of this important trial down to the close of the evidence

for the prosecution.

"We now continue an account of the proceedings, and of the cross-examination of witnesses for the prosecution, which, strangely enough, refutes and

disproves the charges.

"Mr. Shank recalled and cross-examined by Mr. Valentine.—'You said yesterday, Mr. Shanks, that you were a tutor at Bromley Hall for several years, that Mr. Jonathan was a man of refined temper, and of great goodness of heart?"
"'I did."

"'You are not aware where Mr. Jonathan now is, or why he went so hurriedly away from the Hall?'

" ' No.'

"'Could you not even guess?"

"'I could not. On private business connected with the school, I suppose.'

"'You are positive in what you said, yesterday, that the prisoner, Mr. Caspar, was the cause of the recent revolt at Bromley Hall? Very well. And you still persist in swearing that you were on the most intimate terms with the prisoner up to the time of his leaving, and that he swore to be revenged on Mr. Jonathan, somehow?'

"'I am.'

"'Is it not true that you and Madame Jonathan concocted a plan between you to ruin this young man? Is it not a fact that the night previous to the prisoner's departure you and your mistress were closeted together in the dark? Will you swear this is not true? Be careful, now, for you are on your oath."

'This question," said the detective, interpreting the printed evidence, "seemed to startle the witness, who got very red in the face, but he answered

slowly-

"'It is not true."

"'Very well, Mr. Shanks; now let me ask you whether it is not true that once or twice you and the prisoner fell out, and that Mr. Caspar threatened to publicly horsewhip you for your cruelty to the scholars?

"'It is false.'

"'Is it not true-attend to me; do not be gazing around in that manner on the crowded court, for your liberty of person depends upon your answers-Is it not true, on your oath, mind, that the cause of Mr. Jonathan's continued absence arises from the unexpected flight of two poor little children he has had imprisoned for years and tried to starve to death?

"This question startled the court as much so as the witness, who changed all manner of colours,

as he stammered out-

"'There is not one word of truth in any of your

questions; they are all false suppositions.

"' Very well, we shall shortly see; but let me ask you again, did not Mr. Jonathan strike you fiercely, and swear at you when he discovered the two captives had been rescued by the young Garibaldians, as they called themselves, under Frank Ford?'

" 'No, it is not.'

"'Stand down,' said Mr. Valentine, the lawyer. 'Stand down, sir'; your face belies your words; we shall hear more of you presently. Your worship, I have particularly to request that this witness be detained in one of the ante-rooms of the court;

he, himself, is charged with a very serious crime.'
"As Shanks descended from the witness-box, he was politely taken in charge by a policeman, who

escorted him to a waiting room.

"The next witness called for cross-examination was Madame Jonathan, a person of very lady-like manners, elegantly attired in costly silks, and of rather pretty features.

"She looked at the prisoner for a moment with an air of triumph, and tossed her head in great contempt as Mr. Valentine began to cross-examine her

"'You swore, Madame Jonathan, in your yesterday's direct examination, that the trinkets found in the prisoner's trunks were stolen by him. Do you adhere to the statement non, madame.'
"'Yes, why not non?' said Madame, with a

flashing eye; 'of course I do.'

"'Did you never make certain advances towards this young man; in fact, fall on your knees before him, and profess love? Did you not, in fine, urge him to fly from Bromley Hall with you, and that he spurned your proposals ?' asked the clever lawyer, very calmly, and coolly watching the witness changing countenance.

"What! gasped Madame Jonathan, looking pale as death, 'What base tissue of calumnies is

this I hear?'

"Mr. Valentine repeated the questions, slowly and distinctly, adding,

"'On your oath, mind, answer me.'
"'No,' said the witness, in a hissing tone; 'if the miserable prisoner before me says so he basely

"'Did you not leave your chamber and go to his for the purpose of secreting your property in his trunks in order that you might be revenged on him, and cause him to be arrested and convicted?'

I did not, on my oath.

"' Have not you and Mr. Shanks, the last witness, had frequent conversations in the garden as to what you should or should not say on this trial? Have you not said that it was now impossible for your husband to return, and that you and Mr. Shanks would live as man and wife, and carry on the academy at Bromley Hall?

"' Me?' gasped Madame, getting very red in the face; 'me? I did not come here to be insulted, sir!' she said, with fierce looks, and a toss of her

head. 'Me, sir ?'

"'Yes; you, madame,' said the lawyer, very colly. 'Answer me?'

coolly.

"'No!' she replied, in hissing tones.
"'You may stand down, madame; I have done with you for the present. I desire, your worship, that this witness may not be allowed to go beyond the precincts of the court, for certain reasons; at least, not until the conclusion of this case. Let

Mr. Giles be called.'
"The old gardener with his white head, and tremulous with excitement, tottered forward through the crowd, and as Madame Jonathan saw him pass her eyes were suddenly lit up with a fierce and

angry expression. He here l'she said, in wonder, as he passed. "'Yes, ma'am, I am here,' Giles answered coolly, 'and here for some purpose, as you will shortly discover.'

"He mounted the box, and was sworn as a wit-

ness for the defence.

"'You are and have been gardener at Bromley Hall for many years, and profess to know all about this robbery and mystery hanging about Bromley Hall? said Mr. Valentine.
"'Yes, sir, I do; and more than any one here

expects me to know. I am not what I seem to be,' said Giles, with a chuckle; 'silly and old as they take me. In one word,' said Giles, colouring up, and raising his voice, 'all this prosecution is a foul and dirty conspiracy, gentlemen, and against one of the best and bravest young men as ever lived.'
"'How do you prove this, Mr. Giles? State fully

all you know, but only as much as relates to this

case, mind.'
"'Well, sir, these trinkets now produced were placed in Mr. Caspar's trunks by the last witness. I saw her do it myself, for I watched her as I have her husband, and the sneaking tutor Shanks, for years past.'

"'Have you heard the two last witnesses concocting plans, what to do, or what to say, in respect

to this case?'

"'I have; they were in the garden together, and were talking French, so that I might not understand them, as I was working; but I do understand French, and have often heard Mr. Jonathan and Shanks talking about the two young prisoners who were released by Frank Ford and his brave companions. If it had not been for me they would have been slowly murdered for want of food, which I supplied to them. I know the day when they came, who brought them, and why; it is on account of their escape, and fear of his own punishment,

that caused Jonathan, and old Flint, the lawyer,

When old "Mr. Schmidt" had heard this much he began to tremble in every limb, but did not betray it to his companion.

"Most extraordinary trial," said he, half aloud. "Very," was the detective's answer; "I thought

it would interest you."
"Me? Why me?" said, "Mr. Schmidt,' hastily.

"Oh! not particularly you; I meant it would interest any one who read it."
"Exactly."

"And allow me to say," the detective went on, "this trial promises to reveal some startling things, if these accusations against the schoolmaster Jonathan are only true."

"'He must have been a wretch indeed," said 'Mr. Schmidt,' as he again listened to the account read and commented upon by the stranger-

"'But do you know, or have you any idea, Mr. Giles, why Madame Jonathan should entertain such

wicked intentions towards the prisoner?'

"'Yes, sir; ever since Mr. Caspar has been at Bromley Hall he has been quietly persecuted by the attention of his mistress as often as she had secret opportunities for doing so. I often thought that her desires were wicked and unwomanly towards her husband, but never dreamed she would fall upon her knees, and almost force Mr. Casper to comply with her guilty wishes.'

"When this occurred where were you?" 200 HEIGH

"'I was in the parlour hiding behind the screen, not for the purpose of watching her, but to ferret out something else that the officers of justice wished to know. I saw her fall on her knees before him, and, with tears in her eyes, beg of him to fly with her.

"'And what was Mr. Caspar's answer?'
"He gently reproved her at first, and then, finding that she still persisted in her entreaty, he spurned her from him, and left the room.'

" 'And what did she?"

"'For some few moments she remained as she had been, on her knees, but arose, walked up and down the apartment, and then resolved in firm, quiet tones to be revenged on the prisoner.'

"' What then followed, Mr. Giles?" "'I watched her that night, and saw her distinctly come into Mr. Caspar's room, for I was hiding there. I saw her open his trunks with false keys, and secrete the trinkets now produced, each wrapped up in a piece of tissue paper. I swear all this most solemnly, and I would prove it on this instant

if I were allowed to do so.'
"'How does the witness mean?' asked his

worship.

"'I mean, sir, that she rummaged over all his papers, and abstracted certain things.'

"'What, the witness steal from the prisoner?" "'Yes, sir; I could tell you what it was,' said Giles, "but do not like to do so in open court.'

"' Name it,' said his worship.

"'She stole several of his sweetheart's letters, and has them now in her reticule.'

"'Let the last witness be re-called,' said the

"She again appeared in court.

"In your journey to London, madame, did you lose anything?"

"'Yes; I missed my reticule at the railway

"'Did it contain anything very valuable?"

"'Yes, letters of great importance."

"'Is this it?' said the lawyer, producing the identical reticule. 'It was handed over to me this morning by a stranger; I have not examined it.'

"'Yes, that's it,' said Madame Jonathan, in a

great hurry to it.

"'Does all it contains belong to you?"

Wes.

"'No, sir,' said Giles; 'I saw her put some of the stolen letters into it half an hour before she left Bromley Hall.'

"''Tis false I' said Madame, turning out the contents with an indignant flourish; "you may examine all for yourself if you do not believe me,' she

said, in full confidence that they would not do so.

"'Those three letters are the ones I allude to,'
said Giles; 'I will swear to them.'

"'Why, these letters belong to the prisoner,
Madame. How come they in your possession?' Madame. How co said Mr. Valentine.

"The witness was puzzled, confused, and sur-

prised.

"She could not answer a word; but would have retired on the instant, and began to tremble, for it would seem as if a strange presentiment now came over her that in less than an hour, perhaps, she herself would be placed in the dock, and accused of robberv.

"Giles's evidence was continued, and through the well-put questions of Mr. Valentine (prisoner's counsel) the whole history of Bromley Hall was elicited amidst the breathless interest of the court."

"Suffice it to say," the detective observed "that through severely cross-examined, the prosecution failed to make old Giles contradict himself, and that the jury unanimously acquitted Mr. Caspar of the charge of robbery, amidst the great applause of a crowded court.

"Madame Jonathan and Shanks, who were in a waiting-room, heard the news with sinking hearts.

"They wished to depart on the instant; but a policeman politely said,

"'You must not go yet, if you please. Mr. Caspar is accused of being an accomplice in Mr. Ford's murder; the court is now hearing the

"He left the room, and in about two hours

returned.

"'Well, what news?' said Madame Jonathan, all flushed with excitement. 'Surely they have found sufficient evidence on that charge to remand him? The cloak, hat, and mask found by the detectives belonged to him. He owned it.'
"'All true, madame; but the witness Giles has cleared up all that,' said the policeman.

"'How do you mean?'
"'They were stolen from Mr. Caspar's trunks the same night the students left. Giles saw it done and knows all about it."
""By whom, pray?" asked Madame and Shanks both in a breath.

"'That I have not liberty to say. His evidence was given privately to Detective Gale, and there ends the matter. Mr. Caspar is acquitted of both charges, and this Giles is such a valuable witness in this abominable affair that he has been for the last two weeks the constant companion of Sergeant Gale.'

"The two witnesses heaved heavy sighs, and

hung their heads in great dejection.
"'Then, why cannot we depart?" asked they with

looks of doubt and apprehension.

"Simply, madame, for this reason. Mr. Caspar charges you with robbery, perjury, and conspiracy with the other witness, Mr. Shanks.'

"'Prisoner ! me a prisoner ?' gasped Shanks, in pale surprise.

"'Yes; both of you.'

"'Yes; both of you.' so now bill won he was "'But we can have bail?'

"'That depends; but not until after your hearing. This way, please.'
"In less than five minutes Madame Jonathan and

the tutor Shanks stood side by side in the dock.

"Mr. Caspar and old Giles were the witnesses against them.

"They were remanded, and all bail refused. " Madame Jonathan's lawyer was indignant that bail was refused; but it was all to no purpose.

"The reason of this was that a small note had been handed up to the judge by an inspector of police, on which were these words: 'Serious charges against the two prisoners. I would wish that bail be refused, or they may escape us.' "

"Lor! bless my soul! How extraordinary!" said Mr. Schmidt, when he had heard all about the mysterious affair. "It is astonishing to be sure! So the young tutor was acquitted, eh? But have

they traced the real murderer yet?" "Oh! yes," said the detective, coolly. "They have got on the track of one of them; but they don't

want to disturb him until they have got the other."
"Oh! I see!" said 'Mr. Schmidt, with a forced and uneasy smile. "What cunning dogs these detectives are! So you were in court and heard

all about it? How strange !"

The ballet then commenced, and both gentlemen were silent: but "Mr. Schmidt" seemed to be very unhappy and uncomfortable, and eyed his companion from time to time in a very doubtful and suspicious manner.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OLD FLINT DOES NOT MUCH ENJOY THE BALLET OF THE "FAIRY BOWER"-JENNIE JACKSON, THE DANSEUSE, IS ENGAGED BY THE DETECTIVE—THE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED MEET-ING WITH OLD JONATHAN.

DURING the first part of the performance of the ballet called the "Fairy Bower," Mr. Schmidt seemed for the most part absent-minded, and cared but little for what was going on.

His companion, the detective, however, seemed

to enjoy the spectacle immensely.

He laughed, and grinned, and applauded so much that it fairly made old Flint wretched and

supremely miserable.

"How this talkative stranger does laugh and go on to be sure. Why is it that I can't laugh?" he thought. "This all comes of having companions in your box. Hang him! I wish he was far enough from me; his very hilarity makes my blood run cold. Who can he be, I wonder? Certainly not any one connected with the law; and yet he seems to know a great deal about police-officers.

Surely he can't be a police-officer himself?"

This thought made old Flint very miserable. He cast many inquiring side-long glances at his well-dressed, elegant-looking companion, as he

thought,

"The devil! no, he's no policeman; he's got too much money for that. Look at his splendidly-fitting clothes! Why, his finger-rings and watch cost more than a policeman's salary comes to in a twelvemonth, aye, more than he gets in three years."

He looked at the ballet again and again, but

did not seem to enjoy it.

Neither did he evince any inclination to leave the theatre.

"Capital piece, ain't it?" said the stranger, in high glee; "splendid performance. How well those girls dance to be sure—such legs! There, look at her! What a graceful thing she is!" "Yes, she is, rather," said Flint, with a wicked

smirk on his ugly old face.

"I shouldn't mind if I was introduced to her; she's the prettiest of them all," said the lawyer.

"'Tis the easiest thing in the world," said the stranger. "If you like, we'll go on the stage and get up a chat with her in the green-room."

"Go on the stage? It can't be done."

"Oh, yes, it can. My name is Frank Fairplay; and yours?"

"Schmidt."

"Just so. Well, then, Mr. Schmidt, we are somewhat strangers to each other as yet, but, if you don't object, what say you? Shall we go on the stage? Stay here a moment; I'll send in my card to the stage manager. He knows me."

So saying, Frank Fairplay, as he called himself, left the box, and went round to the stage entrance, spoke two or three magic words to the manager, and returned to his box again all radiant with

smiles.

Arm in arm, he and Schmidt then left the box,

and were soon on the stage.

This was the first time in all his life that old Flint gave way to such gallantry as to confront the whole corps de ballet of a theatre, great or small. But the truth was Flint wanted excitement of

some kind.

Sleeping or waking, the thought of old Ford's murder disturbed his soul.

Besides all this, he had in some sort fallen in love with a poor but pretty ballet girl, who nightly performed there, and he had given way so far to his amorous feelings as to throw her a bouquet every night he attended.

"I must have some excitement," he thought. "it doesn't matter how much money a man has, he can't eat it. I will enjoy myself in my old age, and have a jolly good spree before I go on the con-

The pretty girl that old Flint's eyes fell upon, as it happened, was one of the sharpest and shrewdest creatures to be met with anywhere.

She was poor, it was true, but virtuous, and no man living could hold up his finger and say that Jennie Jackson was any man's sinful plaything,

She had good limbs, an excellent figure, and a

handsome face.

This was all her fortune in the world, and it was not for choice so much as from necessity that made her thus exhibit herself nightly to the admiring gaze of an applauding audience.

When old Flint had sidled up to her she walked away with a proud, indignant air at his ogling and smirking, and again did the old lawyer try on his seductive scheme; but all to no purpose.

Jennie would not listen to his envenomed tongue, but treated him with the indifference she had always exhibited to wealthy strangers, who, as she knew, looked upon the green-room and the stage a market-places where virtue could be bought and sold,

The elegant Frank Fairplay, however, "had his eye," as he called it, on all the clumsy manœuvering of old Schmidt.

There was not an action that escaped his eagle eyes When Jennie was alone, and old Schmidt out of sight, Frank Fairplay approached her, and whispered in her ear a few words. The girl seemed astonished.
"None other, Jennie;"

"What! can it be Mr. Alpin, who lives so near my mother's house?" she said, in surprise.

"And what do you here, dressed up so grandly?" she enquired, gaily. "Why, I took you for one of

the finest gentlemen in the land."

"Aye, Jennie, but you are mistaken, you see. "Like you, we officers have to enact many parts in our time. You on the stage dress and act like village girls, or countesses at times. Fine feathers make fine birds."

"I see, I see," said Jennie, laughing. "So you

are acting the 'gentleman' to-night?"

"Exactly."

"But for what purpose?"

"I cannot tell you precisely; but do you know that old fellow who spoke to you a minute ago?"

"How do you know I spoke to any gentleman just now?" said Jennie, with an arch smile.

"Because I was watching you."

"If you were, you did not see any harm."

"I am aware of that, my pretty little pert puss," said Alpin. "As luck would have it, I have known you too long to suppose anything of the kind, for, rough as I am, I would strike any man to the earth that I saw insulting you."

After a pause, he added,

"But do you know that old buck, on your

word ?"

"On my word I do not. All I know is, that he has been to this house very often, and every time

he has thrown me a bouquet; that's all."

"Oh! he has, has he? Well, now, I'll tell you something; listen to me. He's not so innocent as he looks.

"Oh! I don't know," said Jennie, laughing; "he spoke to me very kindly, and offered me a situation in his house, if I'd accept it."

"Why didn't you?"

"He said he was sorry to see such a nice girl as I am treading the stage for a living, and, as I have said, offered to give me a situation in his own

"But, as it happens, he ain't got any house," said the detective. "Do you see, he's only a rich old

humbug, after all."

"What!" said Jennie, indignantly. "Do you mean to say he meant me harm and deceit, then?" "Of course he did, and I can prove it."

"How? I should like to have satisfaction out of him."

"Will you follow my advice?"

" In what way?

"If you do as I tell you, you shall not only have good sport out of the old rat, but will be well paid beside. No harm can come to you; I'll take very good care of that, and, moreover, you will never regret following my advice," said Alpin, in earnest

"When shall I see you again?" asked Jennie,

"To-morrow night at this time."

"Well, I will; I'm ripe for a bit of a lark with the old rascal," she said, gaily laughing.

The music now began to play again more noisily than before.

The "Fairy Bower" was coming to a close, and Jennie Jackson had to obey the call-boy's command, and be ready at the wings for the final tableau.

Standing at one of the wings, and looking on with eyes staring at, and absorbing the pretty Jennie in her graceful motions in the dance, was old Schmidt.

He sighed, and looked and looked, and sighed until he felt his old vile heart bumping against his sides with violent emotion, which he in his dotage mistook for love.

"Well, how did you get on, my fried?" said Mr. Fairplay. "By Jove! you have made a conquest of the prettiest girl in the whole ballet."
"I?" said Schmidt, in surprise.

"Yes; you." "You are joking, my merry friend."

"By Jove, I'm not though. That girl you were talking to just now confessed in my hearing that you were the nicest gentleman she ever talked to in her life."

"Nonsense. Why, she turned her nose up at

me,"

"You are mistaken; it was only girlish bashfulness and timidity.'

"If I thought so, begad, I'd address her at once; I've never seen such a pretty creature in my life before."

"And so clever !"

"Yes; and so voluptuous in her style."

"Virtuous as an angel, you can see that." "I do. What a superb little beauty she'd make with silk dresses and plenty of money.

"True; but I wouldn't make advances too

openly."

"How do you mean?" "I would write to her."

riage in the matter, you know, only a-

"That wouldn't be a bad plan." "The best in the world. Gammon her into think-

ing of matrimony; get her out, have a champagne "Just what I was thinking, Fairplay. No mar-

"Exactly; I know what you mean, make her a pleasant toy to beguile an hour or two away; dress her well, take apartments for her, and when you are tired cast her off upon the town, that's what we gentlemen always do; it's all a pretty ballet girl is fit for."

"You are a man of the world, I see," said old Schmidt, hideously grinning; "you know a thing or two, I perceive."

"And you, too, my gay old friend," said Fairplay, jocosely slapping Flint on the back.

"Well, by Jove, I think I vill have a little bit of fun with this pretty wench. If I only knew her name and residence I would write.

"Do so; I will find out all that for you."

"Suppose we come again, then, to-morrow night?" said Schmidt.

'With all my heart."

The two friends had a bottle of wine together in the bar of the theatre, and left the temple of Thespis arm in arm together.

"I've got the old 'un tight this time," said the The got the old in tight this time," said the detective to himself. "Jennie Jackson shall worm all the secrets out of him, or my name is not Alpin. Where are you shoving to?" said he, to a tall, gaunt, half clerical-looking individual who came out of the theatre at the same moment as themselves.

"Where are you shoving to?" he said again, in

a quick, angry manner.

Schmidt turned his head.

He looked deadly pale as he said, half aloud. "Good heavens! that was Jonathan!"

"Who?" the detective asked, quickly.

"No one, my friend, it was only a passing word." It was Jonathan!

The master of Bromley Hall was equally thunderstruck at the unlooked-for meeting.

He went on to the dark side of the street, and followed old Flint home with noiseless, wary steps!

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN



THE FIGHT WITH BRIGANDS.

CHAPTER XL.

THE COMPACT BETWEEN JONATHAN AND WARNER -THE HUNTED CRIMINALS.

It will be recollected that in a former chapter we described the strange meeting of Warner the Pug, and Jonathan, in old Flint's room.

When last we saw them they were all waiting for the old lawyer, who had so cleverly deceived

men came again.

They tried the door, but could not get in. Neither could Warner nor his companions get out.

While there, with doors locked, the two police-

"What is to be done?" said the Pug, in a whisper; "we ain't a goin' to be caught in here like rats, are we ?"

"No," said Warner, titing his lip, "no fear of that; leave it all to me. How many of them are there?"

"Only two."

Jonathan was in a state of intense excitement, and watched his two companions with trembling

lips, and a face of ashy paleness.

"Look you here, old 'un," said the Pug to Jonathan, "you wears a white choker, and all that sort of trick, but you are as big a rogue as any on us, for I can tell it by the twinkle of your codfishlooking eye, so listen to me. You don't want to

fall into the hands of them coves on the landing, does yer? Well, then, you just do as we tells yer. Get hold on that poker, and stand bolt upright behind the door; when it's opened you slap him on the head, whoever he is; and you mind to do it; if yer don't, why then I shall do it to you, that's all."

"What do you mean?" said Jonathan, in a half-

whisper.

"Vhot do I mean?" says Png; "vhy I means that the 'slops' are on the stairs, and if they cotch us in here we shall get scragged, that's all—strung up like three whelps at Newgate, that's whot I mean."

"Hu-s-s-h!" said Warner, "they are there again. "Silence, caution!"

Upon his hands and knees he crept towards the

door, dagger in hand.

The Pug pulled a "jemmy" out of his large pocket.

Jonathan, poker in hand, stood behind the door.

All three were ready.

"They have got keys with them this time," said Warner.

"You open one door, and I'll open another," said the officers; "the rooms may be separate."

"D'ye hear that?" whispered the Pug in Warner's

"I do," said the bold, determined villain. and this old chap stay here; I will go to the other door. If the stranger misses his blow, you make sure of yours."

"Never fear," said the Pug.

Warner crawled back again to the other door, and as noiselessly as an eel.

The two officers were now busy trying to open

the doors with different keys.

At last they succeeded.

As one of them pushed the door open, he was struck a violent blow on the head by Jonathan, which felled him to the earth.

With a loud groan he fell, The other officer would have rushed to the rescue; but before he knew what to do, Warner opened the door on one side, while the Pug and Jonathan took him in the rear.

Directly Warner saw him, he rushed at the policeman like an enraged tiger.

The officer was about to shout for help; but Warner seized him by the throat with a grip of iron.

The Pug now struck him a violent blow across the temples, which knocked the officer senseless.
"Fly! fly!" said Warner.

They all rushed down stairs.

A single officer was in the passage, and about to ascend.

Jonathan, all haste and fright, rushed forward,

poker in hand, and struck him a terrible blow on the temple, which felled him.
"Bravo! parson!" said Warner. "I see you're
up to this kind of work. We mustn't part with

such a handy chap as you are in a hurry. Must we Puggy ?"

"I should think not. His white choker is all a blind, you can bet on it. I shouldn't wonder if he turns out to be the cleverest cracksman in all London."

Thus they spoke as they rushed through the open

door into the street.

" Down one street, across another, through dirty alley-ways and by-streets, the three men rapidly walked, Jonathan trying to lag behind, so as to escape.

After they had gone some distance, Warner called a cab, and shoved Jonathan into it.

Puggy got on the box, but Warner rode inside. "It's of no use repenting now, old man," said Warner, "for you're as deep in the mess as any chap in London, You 'did' for that last bobby; he'll never kick again."

Do you think so? I hope not."

"Hope not! Why not? It's better that he should die than all of us. You and I are sworn friends now. Give us your hand."

Jonathan was in a deadly fever of excitement, and trembled in every limb.

He had not dreamt that his adventure in old Flint's office would have ended in wilful blood-

But, as we have seen, it had done so,

And this reflection, that he had dyed his hands in

blood, alarmed him for the moment.

Not, indeed, through horror of the crime, but through fear of detection, apprehension, and punishment.

It is a true saying that a robber is a murderer in

disguise.

Truly he goes to rob only; but in most cases he does not scruple to commit murder to save himself, if he can do so unseen.

The cab bowled along; but where he was going to Jonathan had not the remotest idea.

After some time, the cab drew up near the Seven Dials, and the party alighted.

The cabman was paid.

Puggy "tipped him" not to speak too loudly his suspicions to any one, and, ere many minutes, all three villains were drinking together at an obscure public-house.

Jonathan had not been used to strong drinks, and soon fell asleep on 'a long form in the parlour of the "Cat and Bagpipes," and while in this state

Warner and Puggy rifled his pockets.

They didn't discover much of value, except a few private professional cards, prospectuses of

Bromley Hall Academy, and the like.

But in rumaging still further among a bundle of his private letters, Warner discovered two fifty

pound notes.

"This isn't so very bad," said he to Pug; "we might as well pay Bromley Hall a visit one of these dark nights. What say you?"
"With all my heart," said Pug. "Since we are

now obliged to turn cracksmen, and keep out of sight as much as we can in the daytime, why, we might as well do the trick as genteel as possible."

"That's my opinion," said Warner. "And do you know, I think this old chap is not so innocent as he'd like people to believe, if he does wear a white choker.

"We mustn't part with the old cock," said Pug.
"Nor lose sight of him either; he knows too much of us already to let him go and blab all,"
"What shall ve do vith him?"

"Why, force him to sign articles and join us." "Couldn't he do the 'respectable old gentleman' well?"

"Just what 'I was thinking."

"He'll never leave us now he's stained his hands," said the Pug; "new beginners never get over that. Blood fastens 'em safe."

"Yes; but he's no 'innocent,' as you call it. Look at his face as he lies in sleep; where could you get a more hand dealers in sever account.

you get a more hang-dog-looking countenance in all London?"

"True; at the best o' times, the old cove ain't much of a beauty-ha, ha! Well, old Calcraft ain't werry partic'lar; we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

So saying, Warner and the Pug drank each other's health, and long life to the triple partner-

While they were thus merry together and oblivious of all care, the parlour door was suddenly opened.

A cabman showed his head inside, and, with a broad grin on his red face, said,

"Hillo, my covey! That you, Puggy, my boy? You didn't keep yer app'intment the day arter I druv that old bloke home on that stormy night, did yer? Well, no matter, better late than never. How are yer? My respects, sir," said he, bowing to Warner, and drinking off a large glass of gin, without even winking.

Then, whispering to Puggy, he said,

" A friend o' yourn ?"

"Yes."

"Werry like that cove as bilked me out of my fare that night. D'yer recollect?"
"In course I does."

"Ever seen that old bloke since?"

"No; I should werry much like to though." "What's all that fuss outside?" said Warner, "Why, the people are running as if the devil was after them."

"No vonder, sir, all respect to you. There's been some cracksmen as hev for done for three bobbies to-day near here; the people are running there to hev a look at 'em."

"Horrible!" said Warner.

"You don't mean that, Cabby," said Pug.
"I do, though, my tulip, and I knows who they was as done it."

You do?"

"In course I does. Do you know this?" whispered Cabby, holding up the "jemmy." It was all covered with blood.

"It was an covered what should be sh seat and hide it, and follow you here to bring it, so as to get you out o' trouble? I'm allers a befriendin' o' you, and yet you never squares it."

The "Pug" was, no doubt, greatly surprised at the unexpected visit of "Cabby," but he only gave vent to a quiet, wicked smile, and said nothing for

a few moments; at last he remarked, "What are yer goin' to hev, Cabby? I ain't got much coin, but I dare say I can raise the price of a 'half a go.' What shall it be, a drop o' gin, or rum?"

"Vell, I doesn't much mind what it is, Puggy; but I did think as how you'd a kept your appointment, for, yer see, I might have made a quid (a sovereign) or two about that little affair at the Red House, but as you're a bit of a pal I wouldn't know nothin' about it."

"What little affair?" Puggy asked, in a half whisper, and with a look of great surprise. "You don't suppose as how I had anything to do with

that scraggin' scrape at the Red House "Me! lor bless yer, no!" said Cabby, tossing off his 'half go' of gin, and winking very mysteriously; "me! lor bless yer, no!"

"And as to these here gents, you can tell they ain't in the line," said Puggy. "Now, does they look like it?"

"No, in course not; but what's their little game

"'Vhy, they is country gents as come up to town to see a nice little 'mill,' but it didn't come off, so

they are havin' a bit of a snooze arter bein' up all

night."
"Zactly, Puggy; and now I comes to have a good look at 'em both, they do look like country gents. Are they pretty flush o' coin?"

"Not werry; but that's neither here nor there, they are friends o' mine, and that's enough."

While this little bit of chit-chat was going on between Cabby and the Pug, Warner looked very uneasy, and cast furtive glances at Cabby, which the latter understood.

"If that ain't the chap as was my first fare on that night when old Ford was murdered, may I be hanged," he thought, and sipped another "half go"

with great complacency.

Cabby did not remain long, and soon retired to the bar, where he indulged in a pint of "cooper," and, with a new pipe, looked over the "Mornin' 'Tiser."

As soon as he was gone the Pug whispered a word or two to Warner.

In a moment afterwards Puggy entered the bar, and slipped two sovereigns into the cabman's hand,

The latter winked very slyly, took the coin in a back-handed way, and tossed off the dregs of his "cooper."

"Mum," said Puggy.

"O. K." said the cabman, and left the premises.

How little does any one know when thy start on a career of crime where all of it will end!

Little does the paltry thief think when, as a boy, he steals apples from a poor woman's stall, and laughs at the joke, that he is sowing seed that will perhaps one day lead him to the gallows.

Look at the "Pug."

As a lad he refused to work at any honest occupation, and loved to lounge about dirty pot-houses, and mix in the brawls which disgrace nearly every crowded street on a Saturday night.

Being strongly built, he had been often known to waylay poor mechanics, pick a quarrel with them, and then rob them of their dearly earned wages.

He had long been "spotted" by the police, but up to the present had escaped justice.

He next tried his hand in the prize ring, and got

a sound thrashing.

Not caring for "hard knocks," he left the "ring" in disgust and returned to his old haunts, and was mixed up with burglars, smashers, and the like, and was liable at any moment to be arrested and transported for life, if not to grace the scaffold.

Warner also played for a large stake, and had been outwitted by the cunning lawyer, Flint, and placing all his hopes on a single cast of the dice, lost it, and was now penniless and friendless, hunted morning, noon and night by the bloodhounds of justice.

Jonathan also, from small beginnings, had now arrived at that pitch when murder no longer looked

terrible in his eyes.

Here, then, were three scoundrels, each of them with an halter dangling before their eyes, afraid to move, or to speak above their breath, for fear of detection.

Wherever they went every honest man's hand was against them.

Where could they go? What could they do? read notice we got rebring fire Work they would not.

They feared to meet the gaze even of a child. The whistling of the wind among a few dead leaves caused a fearful tremor to pass through their frames,

1. 100 * 1011 "

When each of them started on the high-road to ruin, they shuddered at the thought of bloodshed.

But not so now,

They had rapidly ripened in iniquity, and, as is nearly always the case,-

Their days were numbered! valeng yell out.

When Jonathan woke from his sleep, and began to think of what he had done, or assisted in doing, he shuddered and turned deadly pale.

The "Pug," however, whose maxim always was that "it was much better to be hung for a sheep than a lamb," called for a large quantity of beer and spirits, and, though he did not pay for it, took great care to consume most of it himself. "What shall we do?" said Warner; "we had

better not show ourselves out in the daylight

much."

"Do!" said Puggy, "vhy, nothin' is easier to do than this: let each on us go and take rooms over the vater, and commence business on our own account; if you've missed the coin in one job that's no reason vhy you should have the same illluck alvays."

"What do you mean ?" said Jonathan.

"Mean, my joker! why this: I knows as nice a nest of cracksmen in the Borough as ever handled I'll introduce yer; they knows me, a 'jemmy.' well."

"And what then, turn housebreaker?" asked

Jonathan, looking pale, and trembling.

"Cracksman, yes; why not? You needn't look so shivery, you know how to knock a 'slop' on the head as nicely as ever I seed it done in all my life; so you needn't feel squeamish about handling a wrench, screw-driver, or a nice little lever."

"But I object," said Jonathan.

"Does yer?" said Puggy, in an angry tone; "but I don't; and let me tell you, old 'un, it's too late for any backing out now you know, because if you don't join us, we shall know how to serve you; that's flat."

"Serve me; what do you mean?"

"Why, introduce you to Bow-street, to Sergeant Gale, a gentleman of very active habits. I dare say as how you've heard of him afore. Look at this will you?"

Thus speaking, Puggy handed over the "Mornin' 'Tiser" to him, in which was an account of young

Caspar's trial.

Jonathan rapidly glanced over the column, and

was thunderstruck.

was thunderstruck.

"My wife act thus in my absence!"—"Two children discovered!"—"What, old Giles give evidence like this!—"The prisoner acquitted!"—
"Shanks and my wife arrested for perjury!" he said, half aloud, but unaware that he had been heard.

Puggy and Warner were astonished at Jonathan's change of countenance, and heard all he said.
"I told you he was no novice," said Puggy, in a whisper. "Oh! he's a deep old file."

So firmly were the villains convinced that their new associate was the real owner of Bromley Hall Academy, that they taxed him with it, amid much bantering and rough joking. Jonathan was so stupefied with what he had read,

that he turned all manner of colours, as he said,

in a firm, determined tone—
"All is lost! But I will have ample revenge. I will murder the wanton hussey, and Shanks also."

More drink and very little extra coaxing got Jonathan into such a maudling state, that he disclosed much of his past life, which fairly astonished both Warner and the Pug.

They were both delighted at Jonathan's open confessions, and slapped him heartily on the back, as they over and over again swore that he was a "brick."

During the day, as it was wet, foggy, and disagreeable, the Pug ventured out, and soon found the cabman, smoking his pipe upon the rank.

He had made a large hole into his two sovereigns, and from his flushed appearance it was evident he had been drinking heavily.

The Pug tipped him the wink, and they both

retired into a tap-room.
"What's up now?" said Cabby, winking and blinking, in a half-drunken state. "Another particlar job, eh, Puggy?"

Does yer know much about the "Jest so.

Borough ?"

"In coorse : "Does I?" said Cabby, in disgust. vot part o' town is it I don't know? Vhy vot do you vant?"

"D'yer know where the 'Councillor' hangs out?" "What, that long-headed cove as had seven-

pen'orth once for getting into my uncle's in the Strand?"

"Yes."

"In coorse I does. I had a job o' his'n t'other night."

"Any swag?" "Lots."

"What sort?"

"He lodged at a jeweller's one night, and took it into his head to leave about four in the morning," said Cabby, winking and shoving his red nose into a quart pot half filled with stout. "I happened to be near, yer see, and he gave me the job to drive him home."

"I twig," said Puggy. "Vell, I and them other parties vish to call on the Councillor to-day. Jest drive us there; it'll be all right."

In a few moments Puggy jumped into the four-wheeler, and, in less than half-an-hour, Warner, Jonathan, and the Pug, were in close conference with the Councillor,

And with the aid of spirits and malt liquors were

soon as thick as thieves.

That night they all went to the theatre together, to drive off the blue devils and enjoy themselves.

It was while they were there that Jonathan thought he espied old Flint in one of the boxes.

How he went and dogged him home we have

already seen.

Little did Flint imagine, however, that his night's pleasure would have such an unlooked-for ending.

CHAPTER XLI.

SEVERAL STRANGERS MEET UNEXPECTEDLY AT BROMLEY HALL-ARREST OF PUGGY.

WITH all his diligence and activity, Sergeant Gale was not yet able to trace the murder of old Ford to the right cause.

He had various surmises about it, but so undecided was the evidence and suspicions in his mind, that he feared to take any one person into custody until he had fully completed his chain of evidence against "other parties" he was in search

Old Flint, he thought, could not possibly escape, and yet what evidence was there against him?

Comparatively nothing.

Gale felt certain that the old lawyer, wicked as

he might be, was too shrewd and at the same time too timorous and weak to commit such a crime.

And where was the missing deeds and money? Could they be traced?

This was merely a matter of surmise. "Never mind," thought Gale, "I am in no hurry. If there are more than two mixed up in this affair, they are sure to fall out after a time, and split on each other; it's always the way.'

Caspar's trial, however, served Gale very much, and from Jonathan's sudden flight from Bromley Hall, he felt convinced that he and Flint had something in common to do with both the murder and robbery.

"It strikes me," thought Gale, "that this Jonathan and the lawyer have had a hand in more than one job of this kind. I will visit and search this Bromley Hall; there is some mystery about the place I should much like to fathom."

But, as fortune would have it, there were other persons besides Sergeant Gale who desired much to

do the very same thing.

These individuals were none other than Pug and

Puggy kept very close to Warner for many reasons, but the principal one was because Warner, he knew, was the wrong person to be out of money long if there was any earthly chance of getting it

by fair means or foul.
"It would be a rare spree," said Puggy to Warner the night they all went to the theatre together. "it would be a rare old spree to go down and visit Bromley Hall. The master and mistress are both away now, there is no one there except a few old servants and his two daughters, and I'd lay my life there's something handsome to be picked up there."

It was resolved upon by Warner and Puggy to visit Bromley Hall within the next two days.

Puggy was very busy the next day collecting and borrowing "tools" from one professional gentleman or another.

On the morning of the second day he and Warner proceeded to the railway station, each carrying a

small carpet bag

As it happened, Detective Gale was going down to Bromley on that very morning, and arrived at the station just after Warner and the Pug.

He did not see them with the carpet bag in hand,

or it might have gone wrong with them.

The bags were given in charge of the baggage master, and marked "Bromley."

As they stood on the platform, ready labelled, Gale passed, and directly he saw the bags he touched them in a careless manner with his foot.

"Hollo!" said he, "what's up now? Have we got any cracksmen in the train? That carpet bag looks very much like one the 'Councillor' had once."

He passed up and down the platform once or

twice, and caught sight of Puggy in the train.
"What does he want here?" thought Gale. "Who is that other gentlemanly chap with him? He doesn't look much like one of Puggy's class; I must keep my eye on both of them."

As it happened, Puggy knew Gale well, but Warner did not; hence, when he saw the detective, he changed colour and turned his head.

"The werry cove as I didn't want to see, by all that's unlucky," said the Pug, with a curse. "Never mind, he didn't see me, so it's all right."

The train started, and in due time arrived at

Bromley.

But Mr. Gale had got out at a station ten miles nearer London.

The Pug knew this, and was much pleased that it happened so.

"If he'd a only seen us with them ere 'tools,'" Puggy thought, "it would have been as good as ten penn'orth to both on us."

When they arrived at the village, and had refreshed themselves, Puggy took a stroll towards the Hall, "to see how the land laid," as he termed it.

As he approached the large building he pulled a small bundle of lace out of his pocket.

"This here's the fake for the sarvants," said he; "while I is argifying wi' 'em about a yard or two
o' this here lace for their caps, I can take a good squint at the door-fastenings, and all about the outside o' the building.'

With great boldness and perfect coolness the Pug

advanced to the Hall door and rang.

The servants who answered the summons were shown the lace, and Puggy was directed to the back of the Hall near the kitchen entrance.

After much discussion several yards of lace were

bought, and Puggy returned to the village,
"Right as a trivet," he chuckled, "there's nobody about, so that we can clear the place in about an hour."

Warner and the Pug fortified themselves with good suppers ere starting on their expedition.

About midnight they sallied forth, and in less than half an hour climbed the wall which sur-rounded the grounds of the Hall, and lay there in wait behind some bushes until such times as the last light should be extinguished.

So far all their plans had succeeded. There had not been a single baulk or hitch in anything, and

both villains counted on complete success.

But there were two things which Puggy detested right heartily.

One was steel traps, and the other watch-dogs. Now, as it happened, both these miseries were to befall him.

He had just jumped off the wall among the grass

when his leg was caught in the steel trap.
With an oath he tried to disengage his bleeding leg, but had the misfortune to arouse the watch-dog by a bell which communicated with the kennel and the trap by a wire pully.

Hence Puggy had scarcely got out of the trap ere he was assailed by a couple of bull terriers, who

snarled and rushed at him very viciously.

A vigorous blow of his "jemmy" laid one low.

Warner with a thick club, deliberately "brained" the other dog, so that they were now both free from further interruption.

When all was quiet, and as they lay hidden behind the bushes, the voice of one of the domestics

was heard up at the Hall calling out.

"Tozer! Tozer! here Jip! here, lad! Good dorg." "D-n Tozer and Jip too," snarled Puggy, with an angry oath, "if I'd a only knowed them dogs could a bit so hard, I'd a thought twice before giving Bromley Hall a friendly visit. Aye, call away my hearty, Tozer and Jip are both provided for ; you can shout till all's blue, but you'll never wake 'em up again."

Now the plan which Puggy had made out in his

own mind was this.

It was no use to think of forcing the Hall door, neither did he much care to pry open the parlour shutters, and thus gain admission; but he resolved to climb on to the immense water-butt in the kitchen-yard, swing on to the first-floor windowsill, and then get in.

Warner listened to all Puggy had to say, but

remarked-

"Did you hear what old Whitechoker was talking about when asleep t'other day in the public-house parlour ?"

"What, about some will in which two kids were concarned ?"

"Yes-he little thought we heard him."

"The old cock seems to lay great wally on that ere dociment; and if ve comes across it, vhy, ve can make as much out on it as he."

"That's what I have been thinking."

"And that's vhy I vants to get into the old bloke's private room for," said Puggy, grinning. "I tumbled to it all; I dare say this night's vork 'll pay us tidy, if ve only does it clean."

Slowly and cautiously the two robbers approached

They kept close in among the shrubbery, and then ran nimbly across the grassy lawn out of sight.

Once at the back of the building, they were safe.

Warner lifted Puggy up on to the immense

water-butt near the kitchen door.

In a few moments he clambered cleverly on to the window-sill of the first floor.

The window was opened without difficulty, and

Puggy was soon safe inside.

Warner followed suit, and, with the aid of a small stout rope, which Puggy threw down to him, soon clambered up and joined his companion.

They were both without boots, and walked about noiselessly.

It was arranged that one should search and rob in one direction, while the second did so in

They separated in the long dark gallery, and

each went his way slowly.

With both hands groping against the walls, Puggy made his way towards old Jonathan's private study, and with false keys opened the door.

He entered, and looked about for a moment to see, as well as he could, what the place was like.

He was about to return to inform Warner of his success, but the door had been closed behind him.

This puzzled Pug for a moment, but he produced again his skeleton keys.

They were useless.

He could not re-open the door!
"How's this?" thought Puggy, "it's rayther strange."

He tried and tried again, but the door was firmly fastened.

In a few seconds he began to fume and sweat and inwardly rave, but it was all to no purpose.

"I can't be trapped," he thought, "the window is good enough. I have the coil of rope wound round my body, and can easily get out that way."

He walked across the room.

His foot pressed a secret spring in the floor.

A plank rose up slowly and noiselessly.

A phosphorescent glow issued from the aperture. With staring eyes and trembling limbs his astonished gaze beheld the snow-white skeleton of the murdered girl, the same which old Giles had seen on a previous occasion.

Puggy was almost paralysed with fear, and shook in every limb.

He could not but look at the strange unearthly sight.

For some time he gazed; but the sight of precious stones glittering among the snow-white remains of silk and faded flounces roused his mean

soul to energy again.

"Dead men tell no tales, I've heard," thought Puggy, "neither can they hurt a cove; but I never dreamed o' seein' sich a sight as this; and diamonds, too! lor, look at 'em shining there; but what makes the bones so bright all at once? it reminds a cove o' the 'Will-o'-the-Wisps' one sees in the Lincolnshire marshes. Here goes, I'll just see what these spark-ling things are good for."

But first he opened the window and fastened the end of the rope to the cornice, so as to make his escape, if need be, at a moment's warning.

He hastily returned to where the bones lay

buried.

The plank had descended again.

"That won't do for me," said Puggy; "I'll strike a light and have a good look; if it can be opened, I'll do it, for them 'ere stones seem to be worth no end o' money—any one on 'em's worth a Jew's eye."

He lit a small lantern he had brought with him, and sure enough trod on the secret spring again, but by mere accident.

Up rose the plank on its end, but this time so suddenly that it gave him a violent blow on the face, which almost knocked him down.

So eager, however, was the thief to desecrate the dead, that he heeded not the bump which instantly formed on his nose, and put forth his hand to take off a glittering jewel which sparkled on one of the bony fingers.

The small white fleshless hand suddenly clasped

his own, and held him like a vice.

If he had been seized by the fangs of a rattlesnake, he could not have felt more pain.

It was not the pressure so much as an intollerable something which chilled his very marrow.

The bony fingers felt to him as if they were redhot, and gradually burnt his own flesh.

With a groan of horror he started back.

His hand had upon it the impress of the bony fingers, and the outlines were as black as ink.

He started to his feet, like a man who had suddenly confronted and shaken hands with the devil.

His hair stood on end.

His eyes protruded out of their sockets, and he had scarcely strength to stand.

On the instant a heavy hand grasped him by the shoulder.

He had not power to resist.

His heart failed him, and he sank upon his knees trembling like a leaf.

Instinctively he turned his head.

His teeth began to chatter, and he felt half choked.

There stood beside him the headless spectre of Bromley Hall.

With a sudden bound, and electrified with horror, Puggy sprank to his feet with all the strength that remained in him.

He rushed to the window.

The headless spectre followed him.

Without a second thought, Puggy seized his rope and rapidly descended he scarce knew or cared whither.

He had not gone many feet when the rope slipped from above.

With a wild cry of agony and pain he fell upon a row of sharp spikes and broken bottles, which decorated the orchard walls.

Stunned, half dead with fright and pain, he had

not strength to extricate himself from the sharp spikes, but fell like a dead weight still further, some twelve feet below, through a sky-light, and into a large deep tank of water, which used to supply the bath-room of the students.

His shouts and noise attracted the attention of one who had been on the look-out.

This obliging person was Mr. Gale.

He and old Giles hurried to the spot, with several servants, and discovered Puggy, bleeding and bruised, struggling and floundering about in the immense water-tank without sufficient strength to extricate himself.

He was quickly dragged out, however, and to the surprise of all present Mr. Gale informed Jonathan's two daughters that he was a detective, and held in his possession a warrant to search the

Mr. Gale further observed that this same party. pointing to Puggy, had been long "wanted," and to save any further noise or trouble he firmly handcuffed the Pug before he could utter a word of surprise.

"Ladies," said Mr. Gale, very politely, and with an air of gallantry, "ladies, do not be in the least alarmed, for I assure you no possible harm can befall you; retire to your apartments again, and remain there. Let two of the male servants watch this half-drowned thief until my return; he has a companion concealed somewhere in the Hall: let no one make any noise or raise an alarm of any kind. I shall not be gone long. Come, Giles, arm yourself! you and I will find out the bold villain wherever he is."

The detective and old Giles left the spot, and went in search of Puggy's companion.

But what had become of Warner?

As we have before said, Bromley Hall was a very large place, in fact a perfect wilderness of bedrooms, school-rooms, and the like, so that it was possible that all this could have happened in one wing of the Hall, without Warner being at all aware of the rumpus in the other.

That this truly happened we shall presently see.

CHAPTER XLII.

WARNER MAKES STRANGE AND STARTLING DIS-COVERIES—THE DEAD MAN'S HEAD SPEAKS— MYSTERY OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM,

WITH a catlike step Warner crawled along the dark passage where Puggy left him, and began his solitary wanderings.

All was pitch dark, and he knew not whither he was going.

Up one flight of steps and down another he went, and the farther he proceeded the damper and more mouldy became the smell of everything around him.

"Where the devil can all this lead to?" thought Warner. "I was never in such a dismal hole in all my life. I have often heard that in some large old halls in England there are wings which are never used, and have been closed up for centuries. Perhaps Bromley Hall is one of these strange, wild, ghost-haunted places. But what have I to fear; I

don't heed all the musty hobgoblin stories told by snuffy old crones and grandmothers in chimney corners. I rather like to explore such a wild, dreary place as this. What a place for a murder!' he thought.

He still went onwards and downwards,

The wind sighed dolefully, and the farther he went the more dense became the stifling atmos-

He produced his dark lantern and lighted it.

He discovered that he had got into a damp vault

Rats ran hither and thither when they saw the

The walls were wet, slimy, and fungus-grown, and as he proceeded on his footsteps loudly echoed. He stood before a huge, iron-bound doorway,

which led he knew not whither,

While standing there, undecided what to do, he seized a large rusty knocker, and let it fall back again on the door.

The sound echoed, and Warner's blood became cold.

He knew not why, but by some strange circumstance he stood gazing at the old oak door.

It slowly opened before him.

He started back a pace or two, as if expecting to confront some horrible figure.

But none appeared.

"This is stranger still," thought Warner, but he boldly passed the open door and ascended the wet, moss-grown flight of stone steps.

"Where can this lead to?" he mused, as, lantern in hand, he ascended the stairs,

For a moment a sudden noise behind startled and caused him to stop.

It was the immense oak door which had closed upon him, and as it slammed to it awoke a thousand echoes in the vault and staircase.

Bent on adventure, and unconscious of the lapse of time, he went onward,

After a little, he came to a sort of landing, and at the side of it stood a small doorway, that apparently led into some apartment.

"Now I understand all," thought Warner; "this flight of stairs runs round all this wing of the building, and forms a secret communication to every room."

Such was the fact.

The original owner of Bromley Hall had so ordered the building of it that he could if it so pleased him gain admittance into each room of that wing without being seen or heard!

"How can I get in here?" thought Warner, prying about with his lantern.

He seized the knob of the door handle, and tried to shake it.

It was as firm as a rock accord ow deniw toy bus In despair he pulled it.

The handle gave way and he fell against the wall, He held in his hand the brass knob.

Attached to it, and forming a sort of key, was a dagger some twelve inches long, and of three equal

But what astonished him more than all was that directly he had pulled out the dagger-handle, the door itself opened inwardly !

The apartment before him was large, empty, and dark as pitch.

To enter it Warner had to descend a flight of six steps.

Great and bold a villain as he was, Warner hesitated for a moment as he descended into the apartment.

"Who knows but that there may be treasures

concealed here?"

This thought gave him extra courage.

With the lamp and dark lantern raised above his head, and pistol in hand, he descended into the apartment.

It was a large, round, vault-like room, and the only light in it was a feeble ray of pale moonlight, which streamed through long, narrow windows, barred with iron, and some six feet from the

An ancient bedstead, of costly materials, dusty, and long disused, stood on one side.

A large bookcase, a wardrobe, couches, easy chair, and other furniture were there, the mouldy gilding on which looked dull and sombre in Warner's lamplight.

In the centre of the room stood a writing desk, and strewn upon it were piles of letters, reams of paper, and a small lamp, with matches, ready for immediate use.

"This place is old," thought Warner; "but for all that some one has been in the habit of using it, and lately also, for there must be some other entrance into this place besides that narrow door, or how could all this cumbersome furniture have been brought in?"

Lamp in hand he advanced to the writing-desk, and sat down.

To amuse himself he lit a cigar, for the dense, unwholesome atmosphere was almost overpowering.

He began to rummage among the papers, and at last eagerly seized one, the handwriting of which

"I ought to know this writing," he mused. "It's old Flint's, for a hundred! It can't be possible that the lawyer and old white-choker knew each other! But yet it might be."

He looked at the signature of the letter first, and dropped it in surprise.

"It is Flint's !" he gasped, in astonishment, and read the letter from beginning to end.

When he had finished, he exclaimed, half aloud—"Oh! the damnable villany of the pair of rogues! Jonathan Gravestones is his name, eh? A pretty scandal to pretend to be a parson! Why, here is a compact between them for deliberate murder !"

He searched further among his papers, and the more he read the more he was astounded!

"What a treasure is here," Warner sighed, as he three aside some of the papers, and put others into his pocket. "What a bloody career of villany this reverend gentleman has gone through to be sure, and yet when we proposed turning to housebreaking for a living, he turns up his eyes in horror! Oh! he's an artful old thief! When I return to London, I'll torment his life out; and in partnership with Flint, eh? No wonder this part of the Hall has been locked up for years !"

Full of curiosity,'t rose from his s. at, and approached the old bedstad.

It was dusty and moth-eaten. On the bed lay a small axe.

The edge of it was exceedingly sharp.

Blood-stains were upon it, and the marks of some man's gory fingers were distinctly visible upon the white oak haft.

"Hillo, Mr. Jonathan, what means all this?" thought Warner.

He turned down the bed-clothes.

The sheets were all stained with what had once been blood.

The pillow, just on that part where the head should lie, was severed in two!

Warner measured the cut in the pillow with the edge of the axe, and both corresponded in size and length!

"There has been murder here!" he thought. "But where could he have concealed the body?

In the room was an old iron chest of great size and strength.

At first it looked like an ottoman, for it was covered with drapery, nor would Warner have discovered his mistake, had not his foot accidentally kicked it.

It had a hollow sound, and he tried to open it, After much labour he managed to wrench it open by the aid of a "jemmy."

Inside he saw the remains of various old parch-

A silver-hilted sword was there also, and a slouched hat, with drooping feather, such as might have been worn by some young noble in former

Underneath these he also found, carefully packed, a complete and costly suit of gentleman's wedding garments, all untouched, and wrapped up just as they had come from the tailors.

Beneath all these things, however, and covered up with empty money bags and costly jewel-cases, Warner's eye lighted upon a human skull.

It was evidently that of some young man, and was white and fleshless.

He took hold of it and placed it on the green-covered writing-desk, for the purpose of more closely examining it by the light of his dark lantern.

Warner sat in the old arm chair, gazing at this human skull, and wondering whose it might have been, and the possible history of the murder.

Judge of his astonishment, however, as he intently gazed at the eyeless sockets of the skull.

The jaws began to wag !

It spoke to him.

Full of horror, Warner listened, as the fleshless jaws moved, and a sepulchral voice issued forth in calm, solemn tones, and said-

LOOK OUT FOR THE

SAILOR;

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A most interesting and powerfully written Tale, to be complete in about 30 Numbers.

No. 1 with No. 2, and a LARGE EN-GRAVING, GRATIS.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



"You gaze at the head of a murdered bride-coom! Thirty years this very day I was to have been married to the once fair mistress of Bromley Hall. The night before marriage I slept in this room. How I came hither I knew not then. I know it now. When the marriage morning dawned I was missing. None knew whence I had fled! I was murdered! beheaded when sound asleep. My head was buried in lime. My body burnt !'

"Horrible!" Warner gasped.

"Yet, man with blood-stained hands, still listen more to me."

"Go on," sighed Warner.

"My bride, attired in gorgeous array, waited on the marriage day for my coming. I never came.

She sat in her chamber lovely, pale, and beautiful as the dawn. When her bridesmaids entered, she was discovered murdered and—violated!"

"Nay, shudder not," the voice went on, "shudder not. I speak not this to you because I ask revenge, but because at certain times and seasons I walk my lonely round throughout the Hall, and am forced to tell my history to the first one I meet. Yet, hearken! The alarm was raised. The bridesmaids flew hither and thither in dread alarm. When they entered her chamber a second time, the body had disappeared!

"Both murders can be traced to two men, whose

motives were lust and cupidity."

"Their names?" gasped Warner, in wonder.

"The fair orphan's tutor and my own lawyer," What, Jonathan and Flint?"

"The very men."

"I will denounce them,"

"Nay, you cannot-you dare not. At this moment you are hunted down yourself—leave revenge and justice to the laws of heaven. Warner !-

The jaws closed again firmly, and with a loud click like that of a gun or spring trap.
"Am I dreaming? said Warner, after some time

spent in thought.

"Not in the least," said a voice behind him. "You were never more wide awake in all your life."

Warner turned his head.

It was Detective Gale and old Giles the gardener.

With almost inconceivable agility, Warner fell from his chair upon the floor; and as Gale was about to fire his revolver, the bold robber knocked up his arm, and the bullet passed harmlessly

In a second Warner seized him by the pistol, and gave him such a terrible wrench that the revolver

fell harmlessly from his grasp.

With a terrible blow of his clenched fist, he struck down old Giles, and was thus in a few

seconds perfectly master of the position.

Gale in all his life had never met "with such an ugly customer," as he called him. And as Warner stood, revolver in hand, over him, too, the robber's eyes flashed with such deadly fire, that the detective knew very well, if he tried to push things to a conclusion, the roll of the police force would be minus the name of Serjeant Gale in the morning.

Like a clever officer, he wriggled and writhed on the floor apparently in much agony, but in reality was only "foxing," as it is termed, or in other

words pretending.

If he had his revolver, he would have made a good and desperate fight with Warner; for it is a point of honor among policemen, and detectives especially, never to let a prisoner escape when once

But what could he do?

Some might say, why not fight and die, if need be, rather than let Warner escape?

But Gale did not.

"Discretion," he thought, "was the better part of valour; and, besides, who's to know that I did allow one of my prisoners to escape? Can't I get up a good story and have old Giles to corroborate it? Besides, I'm sure to fall across this chap again some day, and nab him at my ease. I'm not going to get a broken head, all for the sake of glory and two lines of flattery in a newspaper. No, not I."

Warner picked up the detective's pistol and

cocked it.

He now had two weapons.

But with all his success over his two would-be captors, he had made one grand mistake.

He had allowed the detective to have a good look at his face.

If he travelled for twenty years, Gale could now

identify him

Warner did not think of this, but seeing a small secret door-like opening in the wall opposite to him, through which Gale and old Giles had entered, he dashed through it, and instantly slammed the door to again.

"It was a near shave," thought Warner, as he groped his way through a passage he knew nothing "but they haven't got me this time."

Revolver in one hand, and dark lantern in the

other, he hurried along, feeling satisfied that neither of his late antagonists could pursue him for some

He had bolted them in !

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH TWO FRIENDS ARE DELIGHTED TO MEET EACH OTHER, AND THE TABLES ARE SUDDENLY TURNED, TO THE GREAT SURPRISE OF BOTH PARTIES.

BUT let us, for a moment, return to old Flint, and to what he did on the night when accidentally dis-

covered returning from the theatre.

When Flint arrived within a few doors of his own home, the detective bade him good night in a very jocular manner, and slapped him on the back

familiarly, saying,

"Well, good night, old boy; when next we meet we'll make a night of it. But, mind how you act towards those pretty ballet-girls, or you may get into mischief, you old rascal; they might father their illegitimate children upon you, you know, eh? Ha! ha! that would be a lark."

Old Flint took all this as a very good joke, and, in his own mind, pronounced the stranger "a capi-

tal fellow, by Jove."

They parted. Old Flint went to his own door with a very un-steady gait, for he had been drinking somewhat freely, and was the least bit "fuddled.

After much fumbling with his latch-key, and with great difficulty keeping on his legs, he let

himself in.

Jonathan boldly walked up, and arrived just in

time to prevent the door from closing.

When old Flint entered the parlour Jonathan passed the threshold with all the air of a man who had lodgings in the house, and had, of course, a right to be there.

All this had been perceived by the lynx-eyed

detectives on duty in the street. A very soft whistle was heard.

In a moment old Flint's companion at the theatre was seen to be in deep conversation with a policeman in plain clothes, who had heard the whistle, and, of course, answered the summons instantly. "See that tall, classical-looking chap go in?"

"Yes."

"Don't live there, does he?"
"Don't know; at least, never seen him before." "Think he has anything to do with Schmidt, the old cock I was out with to-night?" "Perhaps so."

"Then keep an extra sharp eye on him; if he leaves the house get one of the lads to follow him and see where he hangs out."

Such were the detective's instructions to those under him, and he walked home to his wife and children, tired out with "playing the gentleman," but perfectly satisfied that old Schmidt and the new arrival would be watched like mice every moment of the night.

When Flint tottered into his parlour he stumbled about in the dark for some time, but soon managed to strike a light.

During this time Jonathan had ample opportunity to conceal himself in his friend's large wardrobe in the inner room.

The lawyer threw himself into a capacious old arm-chair, and began to yawn and stretch himself. Several decanters of wine were on the table, and

he helped himself to the contents thereof very liberally, for the more a man drinks the more he

He even went so far as to light a cigar, and, while puffing it, allowed his imagination to roam into the wild regions of fancy.

But the chief subject of his thoughts was of the

pretty ballet dancer, Jennie Jackson.
"Lovely creature!" he sighed. "Superb limbs! such hair ! such eyes! and such feet! Heigho! who wouldn't be a rich man to have it in his power to dandle and dawdle with such pretty playthings? Ha! who would not?"

And the old rascal, between the puffs of his fragrant Havannah, piously meditated on the misery and horror of being poor, and as he did so he chuckled to himself at the bare thought of how many thousands he himself had acquired by coolness and knavery.

With legs cocked up on a chair opposite to him, he blew clouds of cigar smoke, which curled round and round his head in light blue circles, until at last the room was half-filled with a narcotic atmo-

Immediately before him was a large mirror.

But the light of the candle being dim, and the clouds of smoke combined, prevented him from having a good look at himself as he sat grinning at the success of his own villany through life.

"Well, Mr. Flint," said he, chuckling, "you have been a very clever lawyer, very clever indeed, and can now retire from public life very handsomely. Here's success, and a long life of pleasure to you."

He raised a glass of wine to his lips, and was about to toss it off, when his astonished eyes caught sight of a reflection in the lengthy mirror before him.

The glass fell from his hand, and was smashed

upon the floor.
"Great heavens!" he gasped.

It was the reflection of Jonathan as he stood

behind the lawyer's chair.

"Great heavens!" said Flint, now thoroughly sobered. "Great heavens! where did you spring from? No; it cannot be. Do my eyes deceive me? No!—yes!—it is my old friend Jonathan!" said Flint, hastily rising, and confronting the stern features of the late master of Bromley Hall. "Why, as I live, it's you! Oh! how de-light-ed I am to see you. Give me your hand. How are you? Why, who'd ever a thought of seeing you here? Why, I've been looking for you all over the town for the past week or more; on my honour I have. I am de-

bottle, I'm very thirsty, Flint."

Flint handed a bottle of port to his "dear friend," but with a forced smile upon his ugly, furrowed countenance, internally wishing that it

might poison him.
"Here, my dear friend, help yourself. Oh! how pleased I am to see you. If you had been my own brother, this visit couldn't have given me greater pleasure; and you are looking so well too. Why, you look twenty years younger; on my honour you do."
"Do I?" said Jonathan, tossing off a bumper.

"Really, how funny."

"No fun, my friend, it's the plain truth."

"Sorry I can't return the compliment, for I never, in all my life before, saw a man who looked so pale and grinned so ugly as you do. You look, Flint, as if Calcraft had acted valet to you, and decorated your neck with a stout bit of rope."

"H-u-s-s-s-h!" said the lawyer, in a confidential whisper, "I'm Flint no longer; at least, not so while here."

"What then?" said Jonathan. "To my knowledge you have gone under a dozen names in private life since I have known you, What's your alias now, then?"

"Schmidt, sir — Schmidt; don't forget. S-c-h-m-i-d-t," said the lawyer, spelling it, and counting off the letters on his thin long fingers.

"Well, it little matters to me," said Jonathan, what you choose to call yourself. You know what I have come for, of course? The four days are

"Why, yes; so they have. I quite forgot all

about that engagement.

"But I did not," said Jonathan, firmly, and with a grim smile. "I have gone through much trouble since last I saw you, and wish to come to a settlement at once."

"But the boy and girl?" said the lawyer, with a nivering lip. "Are they safely housed?"

quivering lip.

"Of course they are."

"I intended to call at Bromley Hall in a day or two, but-"

"It's no use to go down there, at least for some time," was the reply; "for I must not be seen about Bromley."

Why?" "Indeed!

"Oh, nothing; it is simply a matter of keeping quiet for a little while, and taking another name, as you have done, that's all. The academy is broken up for the present, and all owing to those two young ruffians, Frank and Tom Ford."

After a pause, and some little explanation on Jonathan's part, old Flint remarked, drily,

"Well, I'm sorry to think things have taken such a sudden turn for the worst, my dear friend, and if I could help you in any way I would do so with pleasure, but as it is I-

"What!" said Jonathan, rising, and with an

angry look, "What do you mean?

"Mean, my friend; I simply mean this, that I have nothing more to do with your concern at Bromley Hall," said old Flint, trying to cow down and intimidate his long-legged companion; in truth, endeavouring to look and act as bravely as possible, although at the same time shivering in his shoes.

The possible consequences of any sudden outburst and display of physical force on Jonathan's part,

caused Flint's heart to quail.

The lawyer met his companion's fixed gaze with a look of icy coldness, as he continued with a trembling lip: "I made a certain bargain with you concerning the boy and girl, with the promise that if they died within a certain time, you should receive a certain sum."

"Well, and have I not acted up to my share in this agreement, as I have in all others we have had together?"

"Perhaps not," said old Flint, rising and looking round the room as if in search of something.

The truth was that he began to tremble at Jonathan's vicious countenance, and for a moment walked into the inner parlor in search of a revolver he had there, lying by his bedside on a small table.

He found it and put it into his pocket, and re-

turned to the front parlor.

Jonathan smiled viciously at the lawyer's remark, and took another copious draught of wine.

Flint, having the revolver in his pocket, now felt very valiant and resumed his seat in a very cool, careless, off-handed manner.

"So that is your opinion, eh?" said Jonathan,

with a wicked chuckle.

"Yes, and I have no hesitation in saying that you have no more right to come here on account of those two brats, than I would have to go to you and ask money for my son, Joel, who is now travelling for health and pleasure in Italy."

"Indeed !"

"Yes, indeed! Why do you sit there and grin at me in that manner?" said old Flint, plucking up courage and actually sighing for some good excuse to blow Jonathan's brains out. "Indeed, yes indeed; a pretty thing for you to do, to gain admittance into my apartment like some midnight robber, and drink my wine, and take things free and easy with a man who does not owe you a far-

"How pious you are getting all at once," said Jonathan, with a sneer. "Do you think I am so stupid as not to know your kind intentions towards

me, now you've got the brats off your hands?"
"And don't I know very well that the brats have been carried off by the young Garibaldians under Frank Ford ?" said Flint, in triumph. "Can you deny it? And yet you have the effrontery to come here with a lie in your mouth to extort money," said the lawyer, indignantly striking the table.

A short pause ensued, when Jonathan responded

in a very calm whisper,—
"And don't I know, Flint, that you are privy

"What?" said the lawyer, quickly, and with a

trembling lip.

"Nay, don't shake so much, my dear old friend," said the late master of Bromley Hall, with a sneer; "don't shake so much; you look as pale, and trem-ble just like you did on the night when old Ford was murdered and robbed."

"Liar!" growled Flint, clutching the revolver in his pocket, and getting it ready for instant use, unseen by Jonathan, "Liar!" he said, with flashing eyes; "I know nothing of what you say; it is

all base insinuations."

"Do you owe anything to a gentleman of the name of Warner-Dr. Warner, mark me, who attended on your very dear friend Ford -

"Idiot! I-

"Why do you keep out of the way of policemen, and change your name? You are very innocent, and I know feel 'de-light-ed' to see me."

Flint bit his lip.

"Shall I kill this fellow?" he thought. "Would that he might provoke or give me some good excuse for doing so; I'd send a bullet whistling through

his cursed skull in no time."

"Satisfaction is what I want, Flint. I am a ruined man! blasted for life, and all through being led by the nose by such a viper as you. From one sin I have fallen into another and a greater one each time. I am a murderer, and so are you—the bride and bridegroom at the Hall, remember. Where is all the money? what has become of it? where has it gone to?"
"Into my pocket," Flint laughed, in triumph;

"and will remain there, Jonathan."

He felt very courageous, because of his revolver, and especially because he knew that the long gentleman opposite was never known to carry weapons of any kind.

"Not if I have a hand to compel you," said

Jonathan, rising in anger.

"Oh, would you use force to an unarmed, in-offensive man?" said Flint, in pretended alarm. "Money, I say," said Jonathan. "Would you,

for the sake of a few pounds, see me dragged by the

law and hung like a dog, you who have thousands at your command? Money, I say, Flint, or, by heavens, there'll be murder committed here tonight. Money, I say, or blood !"

Flint now saw that Jonathan was thoroughly aroused, and he knew of old that he was a very

desperate man.

"Unhappy wretch," said Flint, in tones of mock pity; "calm your insane mind; there are policemen in the street; remember, you are not in Bromley

"I know that, imp of the devil," Jonathan retorted; "but if there were a dozen here at this moment, they could not, they should not stay my just

anger."
"Hold," said Flint, as Jonathan was about to rise, at the same time presenting the revolver at his visitor's head. "Hold, villain, you are in my power! move but an inch, and I'll blow the roof off your head !"

"Despicable hound !" said Jonathan; "you deserve to die; this is the end of all your professions, is it—you would kill me in your own room—you would 'silence' me for ever, as you call it, eh? Oh,

you most consummate old villain."

"As you will," said Flint, grinning in triumph, like an old ape. "The game is over, my dear Jonathan; it has lasted for more than thirty years between us, and I have got the 'odd trick;' might is right."

Jonathan grasped at the weapon eagerly. "Die!" said Flint, and he pulled the trigger six times in quick succession.

The caps snapped!

But the six charges missed fire. "Damnation!" swore Flint, in pale surprise.

In an instant Jonathan seized him by the throat. "Fool! idiot!" he said, in low, hissing tones; "think you I was not prepared for this? Ha, ha! I drew the charges for you—ha, ha!"
With a powerful effort he threw Flint upon the

floor, and placed one knee heavily on his breast.
"This is better than your revolver," said Jonathan, brandishing a long knife before Flint's astonished eyes. "This makes no noise. Silence, fool," said Jonathan, almost squeezing the life out of Flint's body. "Silence, or I'll cut your heart in two."

"Me-r-cy!" groaned Flint.
"The money!"

"Mercy! and-oh, only let me rise! I'm suffo-You shall have all I've got. Mur-Jonathan was on the point of cutting Flint's

throat, when-

Some one knocked at the door!

"Who is there?" asked Jonathan, hoarsely. No answer.

The knocks were repeated.

"Who is there, I ask?" said Jonathan, in a quick, angry manner.

For a third time the knocks were repeated.
"Curses on it," said Jonathan, in a whisper.
"I am foiled again. Your promise," said he in Flint's ear, "you will not betray by word or sign ought that has now happened?"
"I will not," was the faint response. "Let me

rise; I am almost dead."

"Another moment and you would have been," thought Jonathan, with a bitter smile, as he put up his long knife, and went towards the door. He opened it.

A policeman entered the room.

In the passage were some half dozen others.

Neither Flint nor Jonathan had heard a single footfall until that moment.

As must be confessed, the feelings of the two

culprits can be more easily imagined than described.

Jonathan bit his lip, and stood erect as a post. The lawyer sat in his arm-chair endeavouring to look calm and indifferent.

Both of them were almost crazed with fear and

excitement.

eno bita digarantorio

What the officers came for, and did, will be seen in another chapter.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DICK'S DEATH-BED-SORROWFUL SCENE-AGNESE IS VISITED BY AN UNKNOWN FEMALE.

THE many scrapes and escapes of Frank Ford in the mountains among the treacherous brigands caused the Boy Band to look upon their young leader as if he possessed a charmed life.

The last adventure, however, in Basil's cave, and the abduction of the bold brigand's daughter Agnese, was looked upon as something almost

miraculous.

For it will be remembered than when just upon the point of escaping scot free with the beautiful brave girl, he was attacked both in front and rear in the mountain-pass, and almost surrounded by the black, revengeful rascals.

The timely arrival of Hugh Tracy, with Fatty, Buttons, and other bold youths, broke the circle in which the daring young chief was surrounded, and, luckily for all parties, they made good their escape

with but trifling loss.

But poor Agnese was much shaken both in body and mind, and her fair face became as pale as death.

She had suffered much from the brutality of her ignorant father; so much so, that but a few months more of such a life would have broken her young heart.

The only ray of hope that ever shone down upon her in her miserable mountain home among the cutthroats and robbers was the unexpected arrival of the bold, handsome, and dashing boy captain of the young Garabaldians.

From the first moment that their eyes met she

had secretly loved Frank.

Yet she never told him the depth of her girlish affection, from motives of pure modesty.

Whenever she saw him she blushed deeply. Her heart increased its beating, and her lips trembled with untold pleasure, as she often gazed upon him clambering the rocks with a firm fearless step.

She would have gone anywhere with Frank—aye, to the world's end, had he desired it.

There was nothing he might ask her to do but what she did it.

In truth she would have given her very life for her young preserver, and willingly sacrificed all her best hopes to gratify his least wish, except to stoop to dishonor.

And this she knew Frank was too much of a soldier and a gentleman even to imagine or desire.

She loved him as a friend, as a brother. Yes, and something more than that.

In his society she was always happy, but some-times tears flowed from her bright eyes, for she often caught Frank looking pale, thoughtful, and melancholy.

The reason she knew not, nor could she with all

her ingenuity ascertain it.

She was safely placed in the care of a kind old innkeeper, in a small village some fifty miles

from her father's mountain home, and far out of danger, where Frank often visited her.

The camps of the Boy Soldiers were now very near Garabaldi's head quarters, and beyond fear of being attacked or surprised by any superior force of the enemy.

They drilled now more arduously and regularly than ever, for it was the boast and pride of all the boys that they were the most soldierly company of volunteers under Garabaldi's command, as that old chief himself had often said, and with a smile of

"Captain Ford, my dear young friend," old Garabaldi was often heard to say, as he rode down to the English Boys' camp to see them drill. "Captain Ford, I must compliment you, sir, upon the fine condition and excellent drill of your gallant lads; yours is the finest company among the whole volunteer force under my command; you have had some stirring adventures, I hear, among the mountains, and if I am not much mistaken, others are in store for you. I shall not forget to remember your services, and mention them to King Victor Emanuel."

This was no niggardly praise by any means; but though well deserved, caused much envy among other volunteer companies, and deadly rancour filled the hearts of more than one against young Captain Ford and his Boy Band of soldiers.

Of this we shall see and hear more anon.

In the afternoon it was Frank's habit to walk over the fields to the small village in sight to have a chat with and to console Agnese, who was still pale, thin, weakly, and very sick.

Agnese, propped up in bed with numerous pillows,

always received Frank with beaming smiles, and her eyes were oft suffused with tears of tenderness.

But 'Frank's manner towards her had somewhat changed of late.

He was not so gay and lively and full of jokes and mad freaks as he had formerly been.

The death of several among his band had steeled his heart, and he regretted their loss as if they had been his own natural brothers.

But there was another cause for his silence and

habitual thoughtfulness.

The mysterious death of his uncle had fallen upon him like a thunderbolt.

That awful barbarous murder stunned and shocked him.

And he was accused of it!

This thought almost drove him mad.

He sometimes made up his mind to leave the Boy Band, and return to England.

But this would appear like cowardice, he argued. "Never mind, the war in Italy will soon be over," he consoled himself with thinking, "and then I'll return to London for a time, and face all my vile enemies. After that the band will go across the seas to Mexico, and seek freshadventures and dangers. I don't like a life of idleness. Once a soldier always a soldier."

On one occasion, when he visited Agnese, he sat down beside her bed, and appeared very sad.

"What ails you, dear Frank?" whispered Agnese. "You look pale, careworn, and sorrowful; you are so changed of late. You do not appear like the same youth; all the colour has left your cheeks, your eyes are cast down, and you mope about like one half-witted at times.

Frank smiled, and tried to laugh.

It was a poor attempt.

He knew that what Agnese said was perfectly

"Have I occasioned this sad change, Frank?" she asked, in tones of sympathy and affection. "If I have, let me return to my father, there to die, for I would not cause you a moment's pain for all the wealth in Italy."

"You, Agnese, you!" said Frank, with a flashing eye, and crimsoned cheeks. "No, dear girl, it is not you, believe me."

"Then who else?"

"Well, dear one, I have great cause to be thoughtful. One of my bravest boys is dead."
"Dead? Who is dead?"

"Dick Fellows," said Frank, sadly. "He died last night. As brave a lad as ever breathed."

"I'm sorry, very sorry to hear that, for you loved him as a brother. I have often heard you say

"I did, Agnese. If it had been my brother Tom I could not have felt more sorrow. Oh! it was hard to part with such a companion as he was."

"Last night he died?"

"Yes, and a sad, sad sight it was," said Frank. "He knew that death was drawing nigh, and he sent for me. I went into his tent. There he lay, looking calm, and pale, and resigned. He had been attended to daily by some kind old clergyman of the neighbouring town, and was quite resigned, When I entered the tent his eyes brightened up, and a faint flush mounted his pallid cheeks. I sat down upon the straw, and took his hand in mine. For several moments I could not speak; neither could he. I felt as if my very soul would burst, as I felt the faint pulsations of his heart. For there he lay wounded and dying, far away from relations and home, and in the land of strangers. I could—I would most willingly have exchanged my lot for his, for he was a dear, brave, and generous lad. For some moments he looked at me calmly and resigned. 'Frank,' he whispered, 'I shall not long be here.'

"I tried to rally him, but he faintly smiled and

said,
"'Nay, 'tis useless to cheer me up. I know the
whole truth, the doctor has told me all. I am going home fast, Frank, very fast; give my love to all the brave lads, and my dying blessing and love to father and mother. I know I did wrong in running away from home without asking them, but I wanted to be a soldier, Frank, like you.

"'And you have been a brave one, Dick,' I

answered.

"'Nay, Frank, I have done my duty, and that only. I lived like a true English volunteer, and I hope to die like one. Bury me like a soldier upon the battle field.'

"A long pause ensued here between us, Agnese," said Frank, "which was only disturbed by Fatty, who crept into the tent with his two eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"He was quickly followed by young Buttons, and at last the tent was crowded by the boys, who wished to surround Dick's death-bed, and do him honour to the last.

"Mark sat on one side, and I on the other.

"Poor Dick smiled on his young companions, one or two of whom, beside Fatty and Buttons, were silently weeping.

"He shook hands with all, and seemed resigned

to his fate.

"The only words he said, beside the message for his father and mother, were these, 'My brave lads, follow Captain Frank, and obey him in all things l' and then he whispered in my ear, 'You will have much trouble and annoyance about your uncle's murder when you return to England, Frank, but recollect my words, you have not to go farther than to Jonathan and old Flint to have the whole matter cleared up, and your own honour vindicated.'

"Then addressing the boys, each by name, he

said,
"'If I were rich, lads, I would leave you all some valuable memento of my friendship and dying love; but, soldier-like, I have nothing but what my kit contains.'

"His knapsack was brought to the bed-side and

opened.

"He gave me his cloak, his photograph, and one of his revolvers.

"Mark had the other, and a valuable dirk also. "He gave Buttons a pretty cigar case. Fatty was handed his sword.

"In truth, every one of the sorrowful lads received some small present from the dying boy, and

knelt around him with sorrowful hearts.

"'When I am dead, Frank,' he whispered, 'undo my flannel shirt-you will find something there you will recognize : keep it, and let no one see it-let no one have it but the person who gave it to meyou understand !'

"I nodded and took his hand, Mark the other. "He smiled upon us all, and while murmuring a

sweet prayer, closed his eyes.

"His head fell back. "He was dead !"

"Poor boy! brave youth! And what was it you found round his neck?" Agnese asked, while tears trickled down her fair face.

"The likeness of his sweetheart."

From the day he received it until the hour of his death he wore it like a sacred charm upon his heart.

"And who was she?"

"The only sister of our favourite tutor at Bromley Hall, Mr. Caspar."

While thus he spoke he suddenly rose to his feet. The sounds of distant mournful music fell upon his ear.

It was a military band approaching and playing

a solemn funeral dirge. "It is poor Dick's funeral," said Frank. "I for-

got the hour, and must away."

He hurried from the inn, and as he did so wiped a solitary tear from his eye, which, despite all his manhood and resolution, had involuntarily stolen down his sun-burnt cheeks.

As he dashed down stairs, he was met by a young

girl dressed like a Sister of Charity.

He tried to look at her face. But she avoided his gaze.

Yet, as he left the house, she looked after him and lingered on the stairs.

It was Nelly Lancaster in disguise! she was going to the sick girl's chamber.

In truth she would have viven her very life the bestitions CHAPTER XLV.

TERESA THE SPY-STRANGE STORY AND ADVEN-TURES-ESCAPE OF HUGH TRACY FROM PRISON.

SLOWLY and mournfully the funeral procession moved towards the spot where Dick's grave had been dug the night before by Fatty and Buttons,

Frank soon overtook the cortege, and now walked as chief mourner.

Next came the officers of the company. Then a detachment of Boy Soldiers, who, with arms reversed, were to fire over the grave.

The rear was brought up by a large deputation of officers from different regiments, who thus came to do honour to the brave lad now dead.

The bier was borne on the shoulders of six strong youths.

Chief of these was Tony, who wept like a child all the way; but tried to hide his tears as best he

could with the flowing pall.

When arrived at the grave, which had been dug beneath a cluster of old oak trees, one of the Boy Soldiers, habited like a clergyman, read the funeral service in a calm, solemn, and impressive manner (see Illustration in No. 14), while many shaded their eyes, which were moistened by tears.

The coffin was lowered into its last resting-

place.

A parting volley was fired over the body.

All was over.

When all were about to depart Captain Frank stepped forward, and placed on the coffin a crown of flowers, and, in a stirring speech, recounted to all there assembled the daring deeds and many virtues of the deceased.

His oration was short, but feelingly delivered,

and much pleased all who heard him.

He did not speak like a superior officer, but more like one who had lost a valued friend-in truth, a brother.

The grave was closed.

Each one of the Boy Band felt ambitious to throw a shovelful of earth, as a mark of respect, upon the dear departed, and, when all was over, a small wooden tablet of graceful design was placed at the

head of the grave, on which was painted—

To the Memory of
Our brave companion in arms,
RICHARD FELLOWS,
Lieutenant in the Boy Band of English Garibaldians,
Who was mortally wounded in a skirmish
with Basil's Bandit Band, while gallantly protecting his manager and Captain.

All honour to the young and brave.

May he rest in peace.

* *

Captain Frank and his band had not long returned to the camps again, when their melancholy musings over poor Dick's fate were suddenly broken by intelligence which then reached them.

Teresa, the female spy, galloped up in all haste. "The captain! the captain?" she cried. "Where

is he? Let me see him instantly!"
She was soon ushered into Frank's tent.

"I have great news for you," she said, with an air of great reserve, and sitting in the deep

"Of what?" said Frank.

"I will tell you presently; but first of all I have found out that there is going to be a great battle about here in a day or two—a bloody battle, as you will find."

"Indeed! how know you this?"

"I penetrated into the Austrian camp, and saw their preparations. The Archduke Albrecht is arranging his forces, and intends to fall upon the Italian lines when least expected."

"And does General Garibaldi know this?"
"Not yet; I am on my way to his head-quarters now; but I stopped here to tell you that your missing comrade is alive."

"What, the one that was so cruelly tossed down

the precipice—Hugh Tracy?"

"The same."

"But how could he have escaped death?" "Easily enough, when all is explained."

"How do you mean?"

"When the brigand villain (who was afterwards killed by Dick Fellows) descended the rope after your young comrade, he fired at the lad."

"And killed him, as we thought."

"Nothing of the sort. He was wounded, let go his hold on the rope, and fell among a dense growth of shrubbery that grew on the surface of the

"That accident saved him; it broke his fall."

" Well ?"

"Thence he fell into a large pool. The shock as he plunged into the ice-cool water instantly revived him. He struggled manfully, and reached the bank and was saved." I have normally as saved.

"You astonish me !"

"Perhaps so; but truth is stranger than fiction, Captain Ford. He is now safe and well; but——"

Here Teresa paused.
"But what?" Frank asked, eagerly. "Speak, I

beseech you!"

"He is now in the hands of some mountain robbers. They discovered him, and bore him away to their rock-bound caves, and there he is at this present moment,"

"In the hands of a bandit band?"

"I am sorry to say so; in Captain Basil's power. If he had not been recognized as one of the Boy Soldiers he might have escaped; but as you ran away with his daughter Agnese he and the band swear most solemnly to have Hugh's life, and to torture him as no one was ever tortured before."

"Poor Hugh," Frank sighed; "but this must not be, Teresa; I cannot sit here in ease at peace

and know this. He must be, he shall be rescued!"
"Take care," said Teresa, solemnly, "take care; once you get within their power again I fear all is

"I fear them not," Frank said, fiercely.

"But you have greater reason to fear Basil and his band now than ever; he has powerful friends."

"I do not understand you, Teresa." have I of Then listen," said the spy. "You know Joel Flint?"

"I do. We have his servant among our band at this very moment."

"I am aware of it, If you had killed the imposter Joel when you had a fair chance in the duel

you fought in the cave-" "Teresa, I could not find it in my heart to kill such a miserable cur, such a worm as he proved to be. Had he been a brave man I might have been different."

"Foolish youth," said Teresa, with a curling lip, "he would have killed you as he killed --- "

Teresa stopped. Her eyes flashed fire, and her colour rose.

"Killed!" said Frank, in surprise. "Who could such a craven as he kill in fair combat?"

"Not in fair combat, perhaps," said Teresa, looking straight into Frank's eyes. "Not kill any one in fair honest fight truly, but he might murder a man if he had a chance,"

"Murder ?"

"Yes, murder !"

"Gracious heaven I you don't mean to insinuate that the scoundrel has murdered any one?" Il

"Ten chances to one that he has," lead not good

"" Whom ?" at August niesten, yet to shall our Your uncle, Frank Ford," dan't bedote with

"Impossible!"

"Nay, it is very possible; he has an immense amount of money with him in notes and gold, that I know, and has all of Basil's band in his pay,"

"If the wretch has done this, and I do but prove it," gasped Frank, "oh! I will drag him limb from

log If you can, w bus soivbe you bewolfel

"If I can, What mean you? Think you I dare not do it?

"Yes; if you can only get hold of him again," the female spy answered, with a smile. "He'll take good care never to come within sword's length of you again; he has been living with Basil for several weeks off and on, but I hear that he intends to depart in a day or two for parts unknown."

"Heaven grant that he may not do so ere I cross swords with him once more," said Frank, fervently.

"But how know you all this?"

"I surmise as much only; I have no positive proof 'tis true; but circumstantial evidence points directly at this wretch, and yet to save his own neck, and to place the guilt upon your shoulders, he has employed numerous secret agents to track you out, and intends to be chief witness against you himself."

"But, good, kind Teresa, you do not believe me

guilty of such an atrocious crime?"

"No, Frank, I do not; you are too brave for that. One who is truly brave can never be a murderer; but he is, I see it in his eyes."

"Much of all this must have been told to you,

Teresa."

"It was. I found out where your comrade's prison-place was, and visited him: yes, and at the peril of my own life. He told me all he heard, and with what I could gather from other sources, have no doubt that Joel Flint is a blood-stained

"Hugh Tracy spoke of this, you say?"

"He did."

"How came it to pass?"
"You know that Teresa, the spy, as you Garabaldians call me, can change her disguise and penetrate anywhere."

"I do! we all know it."

"I found means to get to Hugh in prison."

" Ah !"

"Yes, and had conversation with Joel Flint himself !"

"Go on, I am all attention, Teresa; but why sit so far apart? I can scarcely see your face. Your voice, also, has much changed since last I saw you.'

"It has, but I prefer to sit in the deep shadow; my eye-sight is not so good as it used to be, from long night-watching. But as I was about to say, I spoke to Joel Flint, who did not know me. He, in Whatever passed turn, spoke to Hugh, in prison. between them I know not, but next day the prisoner was allowed to take exercise out on the mountain side.

"This I perceived, and quickly took advantage

of, as you may well imagine."
"But how could this sudden change have taken place? Surely Hugh Tracy did not enter into Joel's views against me !'

"He did though."

Frank's face was suddenly flushed in anger. He darted a fierce look at Teresa, but imme-

diately smiled and said cooly,
"Go on, I am all attention."
"Hugh Tracy must have promised to do something for Joel, or he would never again have seen the light of day, Captain Frank. But to continue.

"I watched Hugh, and resolved that I would use my utmost power to aid his escape. I slipped a note into his hand unobserved, and told him to meet me in the small ravine at the back of Basil's cave, where the banditti are wont to gather for pleasure, and to settle their differences in case of quarrel."

"I know the place well," said Frank. "Go on, I

am all attention."

"He followed my advice, and went to the spot. I endeavoured to meet him there but was prevented, for I was watched. Hugh did not return

at the proper time, for he was waiting for me. Search was made everywhere for him, but nowhere could he be found. The alarm was raised. Joel accused the two guards of having neglected their prisoner to Captain Basil. The old man was furious, and sent out armed men in all directions after the fugitive.

"Hugh waited and waited for me, but I came not. When he saw the commotion on all sides, and fierce men searching the mountain side, he knew that he was the object of their industrious

"He climbed up into a tree, and there waited

still longer for me.

"When about to descend, he perceived half the bandit band approaching the fatal tree.

"In their midst were two of the band hand-

cuffed.

"Basil and Joel were present.

"It had been decided at first to hang the two faulty gaolers, but as they were each accusing the other of having been bribed or remiss in duty, Basil swore that they should decide the question by wager of battle.
"Hugh told me it was an exciting sight, and one

that would almost chill the blood to witness the

sanguinary battle that then ensued.

"Up in the tree Hugh saw everything that passed, and heard every word, and was not discovered, for he concealed himself well.

"Dagger in hand the two bandits approached each other cautiously, like two tigers, and with

flashing eyes.

"On the left arm of each they slung their short cloaks, to catch if they could any ill-timed blow in the thick folds, while all around were gathered their companions intently watching the deadly duel.*

* See Illustration in No. 15.

GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES!!

1,400 VALUABLE PRESENTS

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE

BOYS OF ENGLAND,

Consisting of Ponies, Pet Dogs, Pigeons, Ducks, Fowls, Rabbits, Concertinas, Watches, Cricket Bats, Balls and Stumps, Bows and Arrows, Fishing Rods, Quoits, Boxes of Colours, Sets of Characters, Scenes, Stage Front, etc., etc.

ORDER No. 1 OF THE

BOYS OF ENGLAND.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

With No. 1 is PRESENTED A LARGE AND MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING OF THE BATTLE OF CHEYY CHASE, AND A SET OF CHARACTERS FOR A NEW PLAY.

FOUR TIMES THE SIZE OF ANY OTHER BOYS' JOURNAL.

LOOK OUT FOR

THE BOY SAILOR;

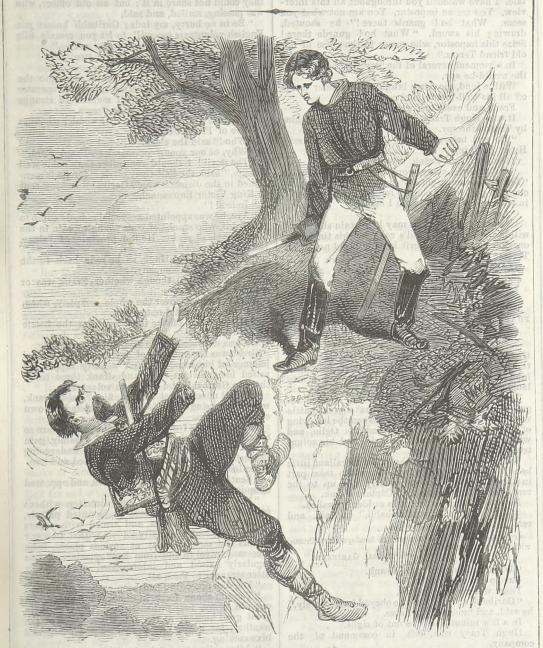
LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A most interesting and powerfully-written Tale, to be completed in about 30 Numbers.

No. 2, with th No. 1, and a LARGE ENGRAVING, GRATIS.

24 1/

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

"For some time the two men danced and capered around each other, in hopes of getting a favourable opportunity to strike a mortal blow.

"They moved to and fro, now stepping forward,

now backward, yet all the time watching each

other's eyes with fierce intensity.
"At last the curses and jeers of the bystanders

urged them on.
"For a moment they stood looking at each other,

and panting with passion. "Suddenly they sprang at each other, and were locked in deathly embrace.

No. 17.

"Their knives flashed in the light with a fearful gleam.

"Again and again they were uplifted and dripping with gore.

"A loud groan was heard.

"One fell dead to the earth.
"The other screamed and laughed for a moment in fiendish glee.

"He also immediately afterwards sank down on the turf, lifeless and gory.

"Liar!" said Frank, rising suddenly, and in anger, "I cannot—I will not—believe all this idle

tale. I have watched you throughout all this interview. You are an impostor. You are not what you seem. What ho! guards there!" he shouted, drawing his sword. "What ho! guards there! Seize this impostor, who comes in the guise of our old friend Teresa,"

In a moment several of the Boy Band had seized

the would-be spy.

With a loud, meaning laugh, the intruder threw off all his well-maintained coolness.

Frank and every one were astonished.

It was Hugh Tracy, in a disguise loaned to him

by Teresa, the spy.
"Do you believe it now, Captain Frank?" said

Hugh, laughing.

"Cannot," said Frank, astonished.
"On my life, every word is true," said Hugh; "for that same night, after the duel, Teresa exchanged part of my clothes for hers. A horse was in waiting for me, and here I am."

"And Teresa?"

"I know not; but you may be certain she is not within ten miles of Basil's cave by this time; for once on the road, the devil himself could not catch

CHAPTER XLVI.

FRANK FORD'S ADVENTURES-HE IS APPOINTED SPECIAL AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL GARIBALDI -BATTLE BEFORE CREMA-EXCITING SCENES,

GALLANT young Frank had scarcely recovered from the surprise which Hugh Tracy's trick had upon him, than he bursted out into loud and hearty

laughter.

They shook hands, drank wine, and smoked together, and Hugh still persisted that a great battle was expected in a day or two between the left wing of the Austrians, who had crossed the Oglio, and were threatening General Garibaldi and his volunteers, who were at Crema.

While sighing to think that his own gallant little band were too far away from Crema to take part in the coming conflict, an orderly rode up to the tent, and delivered a note to Captain Frank.

He read it, and his face was suddenly flushed. "Why, this is from Garibaldi," he said, and

"Captain Frank Ford will report at head-quarters, Crema, without delay. By orders of

"GENERAL GARIBALDI."

"What means this?" said Frank. But no one could tell.

There was no time to lose.

"Garibaldi's orders must be obeyed immediately." he said, and mounted his horse.

In a few minutes he was out of sight.

Hugh Tracy was left in command of the company.

For two days nothing particular occurred.

But on the third day, about noon time, Hugh Tracy and his gallant little band were astonished to hear the incessant report of distant artillery in the direction of Crema.

At first every one thought it to be distant thunder. But Hugh Tracy rode over to a neighbouring village, through which the telegraph wires ran, and was informed by the man at the office that a great battle was then raging between the left wing of the Austrians and the volunteers under General Garibaldi, near Crema.

Hugh Tracy and all his men were annoyed that

they could not share in it; but an old officer, who

was passing, smiled, and said,
"Be in no hurry, my lads; Garibaldi knows you English volunteers too well to let you remain idle long; it will be your turn in a day or two."

And it was their turn in a day or two. But we must not anticipate.

Towards night Hugh Tracy again rode into the village, and found the electric telegraph operator nearly drunk, and singing all manner of strange "Victory, eh?" said Hugh. "I wonder what has become of Frank Ford?"
"Who?" said the clerk.

"Why, of our young commander—Frank Ford." "The devil! I should remember that name well enough," said the half-tipsy clerk, "for he is mentioned in the dispatch which Garibaldi has just sent to King Victor Emmanuel."

" Indeed !"

"Aye, he was appointed as special aide-de-camp to Garibaldi, who speaks of your young captain in the highest style of praise. He did prodigies of valour, the dispatch says."
"Excellent," said Hugh, as he rode back to the

camp and told the company.

No one could tell though whether Frank was or was not killed.

A gloom settled over the whole company, when, after two days, he did not return.

On the evening of the third day after the battle he did return.

He was wounded in the arm, but not seriously. Great was the outburst of joy, and loud the rejoicings of his men, as, after a hasty supper, he raised his goblet on high, and drank three times three to Garibaldi and his brave volunteers.

"I shall never forget that conflict," said Frank, when conversing with his brave lads round his own

camp fire again.

"All the roads from Crema to the camps were so strictly guarded, that no one could possibly gain egress or admission without 'passes,' undergoing the strictest scrutiny from commissioned and noncommissioned officers of the guard.

"Sentinels were almost numberless, and appeared

ubiquitous.

"No one could stir in any direction without coming in contact with foot or mounted patrols, and, although in uniform, and armed with papers duly signed, and personally known withal to many officers and men on duty at various places, from incessant travel to and from head-quarters, I was regularly halted and interrogated even as an utter stranger to them all.

"The day preceding had been exceedingly fine.
"The sun shone forth in unusual splendour, and our old army, four-fifths without tents, were in great good humour at the propitious state of the weather, for nearly all were to the 'front,' and

bivouacking

"After riding to and fro in all directions during the day, first from the right, then to the left, to head-quarters, and thence back again, I turned towards Crema, in no very good humour at the constant duty imposed upon members of the staff.

"Towards evening heavy clouds began to gather

at the North.

"Dark, dense, stationary masses, which overhung

all our camps, and presaged a storm.
"At sunset winds began to blow, flashes in the

east and north, and low rumbling of distant thunder told the approach of heavy rains.
"Stronger and fiercer the north winds blew; nearer and louder thunders pealed forth, until

lightnings flashed with blinding brilliancy, ripping up heavy masses of clouds in all directions, accompanied with sudden earth-shaking bursts of thunder, while the very heavens seemed to tremble, and poured forth mighty floods of rain.

"The storm was fearful and unprecedented.
"To the front was thick, dense timber, which

concealed the Austrians.

"Our men in battle line, were in open fields, and

unprotected.

"Neither fires, tents, houses, nor woods were there to save us from deluging water, which

literally spouted from the heavens.

"Lightning flashed, and darted through the woods; thunders roared; trees, both large and small, crashed, toppled, and tumbled in the forest; while rain, incessant, violent and deluging rain, poured mercilessly upon us, as brooks, and springs, and gullies were overflown, and every road flooded with a foot or more of water.

"It seemed as if this storm would never cease,

"Clouds gathered or broke, and reformed again; white fields of moonlit sky momentarily broke upon the view, and camp fires once more began to flicker and blaze.

"But fresh winds blew forth darker masses.

"Lightnings flashed again, thunder pealed forth with redoubled fury, and rain, constant, heavy rain, poured upon us all, and seemed to have gained renewed volume and power each moment.

"The miry or sandy roads were drenched,

furrowed, and overflown in all places.

"Large pools gathered in every hollow, while briery swamps in the woods were waist deep with mud, and like every road and foot-path impassable alike to man or beast.

"It continued thus until long past midnight.

"It appeared as if the heavens were upheaving in deadly strife, for dark, deep rolling clouds were drifting north or south by changing winds, while lightnings flashed and thunders rolled alternately in all parts of the skies.

"As morning dawned the storm abated.

"The moon peeped forth from heavy-drifting banks of clouds, winds sighed through the trees, and the reflection of brightly-twinkling stars was seen far and wide upon all the landscape as in some broad, expansive lake.

"The whole army was drenched, and soaked to

the skin

"Gathering into little groups, the men stuck bayonets in the ground, and, stretching blankets over the butts of their pieces, thus improvised some

slight and temporary shelter.

"Relief-guards groped their way in the darkness, and many unlucky officers marching in front tumbled into ditches, or floundered about in gullies and ruts, now deeply cut by heavy floods of water rushing down declivities.

"How sentinels were found and relieved seems a marvel to me, for the night was so intensely dark that none could distinguish objects more than a few yards distant, and it required the utmost caution in moving to and fro, as much from the slimy, slippery nature of the soil as from the increased vigilance of our various out-posts.

"Huddling together, as best they could, under small canopies of blankets, with streams of water coursing in on all sides, they shivered and shook until their teeth chattered again from want of

warmth and clothing.

"Not one in a thousand had an overcoat, few had good shoes, and none carried more than a single blanket.

"Such a miserable night was never known,

"Officers and men on duty in the swampy woods stood knee-deep in water, and it was dangerous to move, for fear of suddenly sinking into some deeper and worse place.

"A few, indeed, clambered up trees, and sat roosting upon the limbs; but, as it was dark, this proved unsafe and uncomfortable, for branches broke, and

they often tumbled down again, and, with a loud splash, fell headlong into pools of mud and water. "Mounted pickets up the roads could scarcely move, yet move they must, for, had they stood in the yielding soil, both man and horse, one might suppose, would have become fast bound in mud, or

sunk to depths beyond all extrication.

"Yet, while lightnings were flashing and thunders rolling with unearthly grandeur, in this fearful midnight storm, aide-de-camps, orderlies, and carriers began to splash to and fro through water and mud, picking their devious way to some solitary, far-distant, lamp-lit tent or fire, where generals had crept from the rain.

"Everything gave token of some important movement—brigadiers and colonels were in constant consultation. And thus it continued through

all that cheerless night.

"Rains ceased, then drizzled, and showered again, until none could imagine when all would subside. "When morning broke nought gave token of a

change.

"The whole landscape was literally flooded, and those who knew the wooded, swampy country to which the Austrians had but recently advanced on our right wing, assured us their position there must be even more unpleasant than ours, for the land gradually fell from our whole front towards the Oglio, which now had overflown its banks, carried away the bridges, and enclosed the rear of the enemy's right wing with sheets of water.

"At early dawn out-posts confirmed our suspicions of the dangerous and very uncomfortable position in which the frightful storm had placed the Austrians, and, from continuous movements transpiring in all directions among us, it was evident we were bent upon attacking them, and, if possible, to destroy their left ere bridges could be constructed for the passage of their right wing and centre.

"Through mud and mire the infantry moved forward to take up position in woods and fields right and left of the Crema Road, in order to smash up the Austrian division, a mile in front, and reported

to be very snugly ensconced in tents,

"Rain still showered, banners drooped, and bands made miserable failures in attempts to cheer our soaking, dripping troops, who for hours had been standing drawn up in a line knee deep in mud or water, momentarily expecting the order to advance, and heartily cursing each moment of delay.

"Hours passsed, and still no movement.

"Ammunition waggons and artillery were mudlocked in the roads; animals could be seen wildly staggering and pulling, or fainting and dying where they fell, while teamsters' whips and loud oaths were heard in all directions.

"Artillerymen jumped from caissons and guns, and, with long ropes, convulsively tugged at their pieces, well nigh buried in mud; and such was the softness of the soil, the number of stumps and deep flood-cut ruts, it was, in many instances, impossible to move them a foot.

"Generals ordered, and troops were marching and counter-marching all the entire morning, until the far-off sounds of Crema's bells told the hour of

noon.

"Distant pattering of musketry told us the action had commenced.

"Skirmishers advanced, and regiments were

hurrying through the mud to their relief.

"Presently the irregular but vigorous 'popping' of outposts ceased; but long volleys, quickly and regularly delivered, broke upon the ear, which assured us the engagement was momentarily becoming general and sanguinary.

"They're making noise enough," remarked an officer, passing; "sombody's hurt by this time, for a

certainty."

"Regiment after regiment pushed up the road, splashing through the mud, many of the poor fellows having lost their shoes in the mire, and every man was drenched to the skin.

"Yet onward they went with cheers and shouts

and yells.

"All seemed gaiety and animation with them, and soon the constant cracking roar of rifles, mingled with the loud booming of howitzers, and the action had become general.

"Woods to the right and left of the road screened

from us all view of the action.

"Regiments and brigades were now fiercely engaged in the thickly timbered swamp, while the enemy's artillery fully swept the road, and threw numberless shell which coursed over head, and fell right and left with loud explosions.

"The engagement had now lasted more than an hour, and numbers of wounded men were slowly passing to the rear to numerous field hospitals.

"Some were lame, others had been shot in the head.

"But the majority were wounded in the arm. "All spoke of the fierce and sanguinary nature of the struggle, and of the heavy work before us, for the enemy was stationed in open ground, with earthworks and artillery to oppose us.

"Except on this portion of our lines, all was quietness, as if no engagement was in progress.

"Our whole front was in readiness to repel any Austrian attack on the left or centre; but they were not in imposing force at those points, and

would not, therefore, hazard an attack.
"Ordered to the front by Garibaldi himself, I pushed up the road deep in mud and water, passing regiments slowly toiling along, and batteries mud-

locked.

"A group of horsemen were returning from the scene of carnage, and seemed to be intently engaged in conversation.

"These were General Garibaldi and some others.

"Before these distinguished men rode a numerous train of aids, carriers, sight-seeing civilians, and Italian senators.

"The nearer I approached the scene of conflict, the more thickly shells were falling, [and wounded men trailing to the rear.

"Several breastworks and batteries had been captured by assault, and dead and dying Austrians lay thick in all directions.

"In low brushwood immediately fronting our position, the number of dead was astonishing

"The conflict between infantry and guns had been desperate here.

"Beyond the houses, and in open fields of farms, I could see the Austrian camps still standing.

"While a little beyond, long lines of men, half concealed in smoke, were rapidly advancing, cheering, and firing incessant, deafening vollies."
"Sometimes the fight seemed to be raging on the

left, then on the right, and after a slight pause would re-open with redoubled fury in the centre.

"Cannon were upset in all directions, and dead

horses blockaded the roads.
"Trees had fallen, or had been felled across every pathway and waggon-track to impede progress.

"Men, both friend and foe, like unfortunate human worms, were twisting and writhing in the agonies of death, cursing, praying, yelling, groaning, and moaning, with blood-stained garments, powder-blackened faces, and oftentimes with the staring look of idiots, and with red foam at the mouth.

" Riderless horses were galloping furiously to and

"Stopping for a moment, they would stand with head erect, and distended nostrils, snorting and pawing the earth, and dash away, again trampling alike on friend or foe.

"The conflict had now lasted several hours.

"Our troops were still progressing onward, taking breastwork after breastwork, and nothing seemed capable of retarding their victorious march.

"Generals, and colonels, and captains seemed to be animated with indomitable perseverance and

courage.

"Some were wounded, yet never complained.
"The only word heard from all was Forward,

boys!'

"Artillery had now come up to our relief, and equalised the 'conflict, and by their quickness and energy in action, seemed determined to make up for all time (previously lost while getting through the mud.

"Incessant vollies of rifles, the cheers of advancing regiments, and the loud roar of artillery now seemed to drown all sense of hearing.

"Smoke, in slowly moving clouds, hung in all directions over the landscape, and from the distance we had already advanced since noon, it was clear that the field was ours.

"As darkness was fast falling upon the scene, our troops seemed to redouble their efforts, and pushed forward along all the line with great ardour, until, after one grand volley from left to right, they finally left the battle-field with all its spoil in our hands.

"Occasional shell still visited us as we all stood halted in line, but this simply indicated that the Austrian commander was protecting the retreat of his left wing as best he could, but had no intention of assailing us again that night to recover the

field.

"Tents, guns, breast-works, stores, ammunition, and prisoners, were all in our possession-we had wrested everything from the foe; and as the last shots were fired from either side, as parting com-pliments, a long wild cheer burst forth from our victorious Garabaldian volunteers, who immediately bivouacked where they stood.

"Ambulances and stretcher-bearers were soon upon the scene, and hundreds of maimed and wounded were being fast conveyed to the rear.

"Such an awful revolting sight I have seldom

"The fight had lasted but five hours, yet over two miles of ground had been traversed and captured by our men, together with all things pertain-

ing to a beaten enemy.
"Field hospitals were busy in the rear; scores of poor fellows were limping towards them—some with heads, arms, and limbs bound up in handkerchiefs, and nearly every one with a pipe in his

"Tents were stretched here and there to accommodate the most pressing cases, while every house

for miles around was peopled with doctors and patients.

"One could scarcely conceive such a sight.

"Outside of these tents, barns, houses, and cabins, lay huddled together hundreds of moaning, bleeding subjects, with nought to cover them but half a blanket.

"The ground was wet, and rain still fell like a heavy mist; few fires were to be seen; and, by the light of lanterns, doctors in shirt-sleeves, all bloodstained and busy, were vigorously cutting and probing and bandaging, with as much apparent unconcern as if practising upon inanimate subjects.

"Long lines of carriages, omnibuses, carts, waggons, and every imaginable description of vehicle, were slowly toiling through mud and mire towards Crema; while the buzz of voices, movements of troops, and passage of artillery trains did not cease until long after midnight."

"He took the pistol, and fort the shop,

CHAPTER XLVII, IN WHICH AN OLD FRIEND IN DISTRESS RECEIVES THE REWARD OF VALOUR-AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR TO THE BOYS' CAMP.

ALL the young Garibaldians listened attentively to Captain Frank's account of the sharp battle before

the beautiful town of Crema.

As he concluded Frank relapsed into a profound

silence, and looked very sorrowful.

"You have told us all about the battle in a general way," said Hugh, trying to rouse his young chief, "but you have not said what you have done."
"No," said Frank, with a smile, "I have not said

anything yet of what I personally performed in the action, for I scarcely recollect what I did or what I did not, for, during the week I have been away from you, I have been through such striking adventures and chances of death that I can scarce recall them all."

"But tell us some of them, captain."
"Come, don't be so bashful," said Mark.

"Wait a day or two," said Frank, smiling, "you will see the whole account in the 'Crema Daily Post,' for General Garibaldi has ordered that not only a full account of the action should be printed, but that every deed of daring done by his followers should also be recorded. If I have been fortunate, therefore, in doing aught worthy of notice you may rely on it I shall not be forgotten." But what makes you look so thoughtful and

sorrowful?" said several. "What has happened? Does your wound pain

"There is some story connected with that cut arm of yours, I know," said Hugh, smiling; "the chap who gave you that slash didn't get off scotfree, did he, boys ?"

"No, you may depend upon it the captain gave

him some nasty stroke in return.

"For the present, lads," said Frank, "I must not speak of what I did, for there was another young Englishman in the battle who did much more than I."

"Another young Englishman?" said several.

"Yes."

"And did you learn his name?"

" I did."

"What was it !"

"Listen, and I will tell you. You all know him well."

"Who was it?"

"Guess."

A dozen names were mentioned, but no one could guess the right one.

Frank smiled, as he said, saim od don bluco

"You would never guess who it was, so there-fore you must listen till I have done, and, when the end comes, I know the name will astonish you."

After drinking a glass of wine, Frank went on. "All through the bloody and desperate battle before Crema I was acting as a special aide-decamp to General Garibaldi, and, in the thickest of the fight, I noticed a young Englishman who was madly galloping about in all places where the danger was greatest.

"He would now direct a gun and cause great

havoc among the Austrians.

"Again he would draw his sword, and lead on a regiment to the charge.

In truth he seemed to possess a charmed life.

"His actions and daring were so reckless, that, though they excited the admiration of all who saw him, made me think that he actually courted death.

"I did not get a good look at him, but from a hasty side-face glance, I at first thought he was a friend I had known once at old Bromley Hall.

"But my college friend did not have whiskers and moustache, neither was his face so white and haggard, nor his hair so long as this stranger's. "I approached closer to find out who he was.

"In fact Garibaldi and all his officers were dying to find out the name of the stranger, but could not.

"As I approached him he cast a side-long glance at me, and then put spurs to his horse and galloped right into the midst of the battle-smoke, sword in hand.

"A loud shout rose from our ranks.

"I enquired the cause, and learned that the stranger had ridden straight at an Austrian standard, and had captured it.

"On trying to retreat with the precious trophy he was seen to fall, horse and all, among the heaps

of killed and wounded.

"Thinking it was some brave, rash, hair-brained young Englishman who, for fun and frolic, had thus lost his life, I gave no more heed to him, and, of course, never saw him again during the battle.

"When evening came most of the troops occupied the ground they had gallantly won from the Austrians, and camped upon the blood-stained field.

"I returned to Crema, and reported myself to Garibaldi, who praised me much for all I had done that day.

"He particularly inquired if I had found out the name of my countryman who had fought so well. "When I told the General he was killed, he

seemed very sorrowful, and said-

"If I only had three thousand men such as you, Captain Ford, and that unfortunate young English-man, I would march straight on to Vienna, and be there, too, in less than a week.

"I drank a bottle of wine with the old general, and was afterwards taking a quiet walk in the moonlit Plazza, when I got down under the shadow of the colonnade, and smoked a quiet cigar.

"Not far from me stood a young man, cloaked and so disguised I could not recognise him.

"He was gazing at the sky, and I was much sur-

prised to hear him say, in English—
"'Italy! fair and classic Italy! the cradle of

liberty, civilization, and religion! Mother of all arts and sciences! Yes, with lovely vales and grape-clad hills, with goat and mountain, and firevomiting volcanoes; with smiling lands, and fair cities in the plains, girt around with the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean sea! Yes, Italy, fair Italy, who would not fight and shed their blood for thee ?'

"I could not be mistaken now, station again."

"It was the same young Englishman whom all thought was dead.

"There stood before me, not five vards off, one of the bravest young men who had faced the enemy

"I knew him by his voice, but not from anything

- "He was so much changed, indeed, to what he had been at Bromley Hall that he looked more like the ghost of his own self than anything else.
- "I approached, and tapped him on the shoulder.
 "He turned his head, and almost staggered from weakness.
- "He shook me cordially by the hand, and in a few words told me all his history since I last saw
- "While listening in amazement to all his trials and sufferings I could not utter a word in reply, for it was through me he had been cast into prison, and it was, he said, because poor, broken-spirited, and without a ray of hope in life worth living for that he had suddenly left England and joined Garibaldi's men in hopes of meeting death in the first
- "While my old friend, and yours also, lads, was speaking to me thus, I heard a voice calling out for me loudly.

"It was an aide-de-camp of Garibaldi.

"The general was at that moment passing through the Plazza with a brigade of volunteers, and wished to speak to me for a moment.

"I left my poor friend still standing under the dark colonnade, and rushed towards the old general,

bursting with joy, as I said-

"General, the brave young Englishman we spoke of is not dead, he only received a slight scratch by falling from his horse (for the animal he rode, I must inform you, was struck dead by a cannon shot), and, what is more, general, he tore the Austrain flag from its staff, and wound it round his body. He is there yonder, standing under the shadow of the colonnade. He is my friend, general, and I need not say that his unexpected discovery has made me overjoyed."

"I'm glad to hear it," said old Garibaldi. "Introduce your brave young friend at once, I will honour him with promotion on the spot.'

"I hurried back to the dark colonnade.

The stranger had fled!

"I was sadly disappointed and annoyed, and searched far and wide for him in all the cafes and wine saloons of Crema, but nowhere could he be discovered.

"When I returned home to my lodgings that night in the hotel, El Re Victor Emmanuel, I felt very miserable with all the young stranger had told me, for most of his hardships had been occasioned more or less through me, and I sighed to return to England again in order to confront the dastardly enemies who had so cruelly blasted my character with the suspicion of ghastly crimes.

"Day after day my thoughts were of him and our strange meeting, and I felt sick at heart.

"One evening, when returning home at dusk, a poorly-dressed young man hurriedly passed me by, and glided into a dark, narrow, back street, as if afraid to be seen in the gay, thronged, and gas-lit

"'Tis he, or his ghost !' I muttered, and quickly

followed.

" For some time he walked along hurriedly, and

frequently turned his head to 'see that he was not observed.

"I crept through the shadows on the other side

of the way.

"He suddenly stopped, looked around, and entered an old, dim-lighted, gun smith's shop.

"After knocking on the counter some time, the old gun-maker came out of the back-parlour, and in a trembling voice the stranger called for a revolver he had left to be mended a few days prior to the battle before Crema.

"He had not money to pay for it, he said.

"As I looked through the window, I listened and heard he was begging the smith to trust him until the morrow, when he would call and pay.

"The features were now unmistakable.

"It was our old friend of Bromley Hall, gentlemanly in manner as usual; but seedy, emaciated, care-worn, and scarcely able to stand from weakness.

"He took the pistol, and left the shop. " I hid from view, and followed him home.

"When he had gone into the old tumble-down house in which he lodged, I quietly rapped at the door, and enquired for the landlady.

"Does Mr. - reside here, madame!' I

asked, almost in a whisper.

"'No. sir, there is no such person living in my house. The only parties living with me are two married couples on the first and second floors, and a poor young Englishman, of the name of Smith, in the third floor back.'

"As she mentioned this 'poor young Englishman' she sighed, and added, 'and a very nice person he is, indeed, poor fellow. Always pays reg'lar-reg'lar as the clock, and that's saying a a good deal in these hard times of war and trouble, especially as I am a poor widow, and have many cares and troubles, and all my sons have turned out soldiers under the king.

"Oh! yes, madame,' I said, feeling certain it was my friend under an assumed name. 'I meant was my friend under an assumed name. With your Mr. Smith, although I said Mr. ---permission I will go upstairs and see him.

"Noiselessly proceeding up the stairs, I pulled off my boots at the second landing, and mounted

the last flight.

"The door of the third-floor back was ajar, and the supposed Mr. Smith was pacing the room

to and fro in great apparent trouble.

"He was in his shirt sleeves, and often stopped before the table on which lay his revolver, ready loaded and cocked.

" ' Five minutes more,' he said, 'and then--' "He sank down in an old arm-chair, and gazed attentively at a miniature he held in his left hand, "I could perceive that his whole frame shook with emotion.

" Would to heaven it had been otherwise!' he sighed, and, turning to the table, seized the

pistol.

"I noiselessly entered, and suddenly seizing him from behind, jerked the weapon from his hand.

"He was astonished.

"He looked at me like an idiot for a moment,

and sank into the chair as powerless as a child. "'My old friend,' I said, seating myself beside him, and 'shaking him by the hand, 'what means all this? Come, be a man again. While I live you have always a friend.'

"He did not speak, but buried his face in his

hands.

"For some time neither of us broke silence with a single word.

"At last he rose up, as calm and cold as marble,

saying,
"'I am sorry, Frank, fortune has thus thrown us
You see who I am, at together at such a moment. You see who I am, at least the wreck that is left of me—how I am situated you also see, a bed, a chair, and a table. This humiliation is worse than death,

" What is the cause of all this? Tell me, I beg of you-in memory of past times, of our friendship and brotherhood at Old Bromley. I beseech you explain this mystery,' I asked, passionately; for, revolving all past memories, I could not divine the cause of this unaccountable change in one so talented, so handsome, and so young.

"'Ask me for no explanation, Frank—at least, not yet, time will do all that;' and, as if some bright vision had then appeared before him, he exclaimed, with emphasis and warmth, 'A few short weeks will reveal everything, and I shall be myself again; but I never dreamed of ever meeting you again,""

"A friend of ours at Bromley Hall?" said several,

in a breath, "Why, who could it be?"

"Who was it, Captain Frank?" "Don't keep us so long in suspense,"

"Who was the poor devil?"

"Do I know him?" asked Fatty, with rolling

"Yes, all of you know him, and love him too; but you must wait patiently till I tell you all about it."

"After much persuasion I got our poor friend

into good humour again," Frank went on,

"There was no question as to how poor he was. "He had pawned and sold everything he had in the world; and had I not suddenly rushed in upon him as I did, he would have blown out his brains, for he was tired of life.

"I rang the bell, for I was afraid to leave him alone only for a few moments, for I knew he was desperately in love with a rich young lady; but his poverty and blasted character, for both of which he was blameless, had almost driven him mad.

"Wine and nourishing food were soon provided, and little by little I told him of his good fortune.

"'And what have you done with the Austrian flag you captured?' I asked.

" Here it is,' he modestly answered. 'I had packed it up and intended sending it to England, as a present to one you well knew, in order to prove to her that, though I might be poor, I was not a coward, and might, if fortune favoured me, cut my way to fame unaided by any one or anything except my own good sword.

"'And so you have,' said I. 'Gen, Garibaldi has heard of your gallantry; and in presence of his staff the other night, in the Plazza, where you escaped me, raised you to the rank of a major, and has appointed you to command several troops of dragoons,'

"" What !" he exclaimed, in astonishment, with two tears of pleasure and pride moistening his eyes.

'What I can it be possible?'

"At that moment the old housekeeper returned with an answer to a note I had sent her with to Garibaldi's head-quarters.

"I read it, but said not a word,

"In a few moments heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the gay laughter of several officers approaching reached our friend's ears,
"He hastily rose from his seat, looking pale and

excited, not knowing what I suspected.

"Three dragoon officers entered and bowed to

"I whispered two or three words to them, and then said aloud-

" Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to an old friend and a young countryman of mine, your newly-appointed superior officer, Major — '" "Major what?" shouted all the boy soldiers, in

a breath, as Frank paused in his narrative.

"Major who?" said Fatty and Buttons, jumping up in excitement.

"Major—Caspar," said Frank, laughing. "Truth is stranger than fiction, my boys. Valour in his case is justly rewarded."

"What! our old friend Caspar promoted from the ranks to be a major of dragoons!" said all.

"Just so." " Bravo," "Excellent,"

"Three cheers." " Nine times nine, and a bumper to old Caspar's success and good fortune,"

"Good luck to him," roared Fatty; "he never

thrashed me as old Shanks did,"

Glasses were filled to the brim, and three cheers

given with great heartiness,

"I thank you, my brave lads," said Frank, "for drinking our favourite young tutor's health with such spirit, but, as I cannot think of responding to it in proper words, allow me to introduce to all of you this gentleman now entering our tent,"

It was Caspar himself!

In a moment he was surrounded, and almost squeezed to death by his young friends, who made the whole camp re-echo again with their loud shouts, toasts, and songs, which did not subside until long after midnight,

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE MEETING BETWEEN AGNES AND NELLY LANCASTER-LOVE, PRIDE, AND JEALOUSY.

LITTLE did Frank Ford imagine that the young nun he met upon the stairs as he descended from the sick chamber of the fair Agnese was none other than his sweetheart Nelly Lancaster,

But such was the fact.

Her father, a rich banker, had a great stake in the Italian war,

He, among others, had loaned to King Victor Emmanuel a very large sum with which to prosecute the war against the Austrians, and, like any other man under the circumstances, felt very desirons of seeing how that money was expended, whether economically or otherwise, and what chance there might be of his ever being remunerated again,

Mr. Lancaster's idol was Garibaldi,

Like any sensible Englishman, he felt sure that the Italian cause could not well fail of success, if carried out according to the plans of that bold old Italian patriot.

But besides this, the old English banker had

another motive for visiting Italy.

His dear, and only daughter Nelly, who was at school in Marseilles, had been for two months or more rapidly declining in health, and the doctor's advice was that a few months of travel in such a genial clime as Italy was, would do much to restore his handsome daughter to full health and strength again.

To travel in Italy was the dearest wish of Ellen's

She had not heard from her lover Frank for a long, long time, and began now to imagine that perhaps he had forgotten her, and had fallen into the snares laid by the charms of some foreign

She, of course, did not know it, but, as we have seen in the course of this story, such was the actual

With a wild joy, therefore, she left the academy at Marseilles, and her pale face was flushed with expectation as she contemplated the chance of meeting with the brave, handsome youth, who long ago had made the conquest of her heart.

From one place to another the banker and his daughter travelled, and mixed much with company.

Whenever she went to the houses of nobility or gentry her father always found himself thrown into the company of officers of the Italian army.

Nelly's striking beauty made sad havoc among the young men whithersoever she went, and not a few of the fiery lords of Italy felt their hearts beat more rapidly than usual when Nelly cast a passing glance at them.

"Isn't she beautiful?"

"How pale and bewitching!" were the remarks

heard on every side when out in company.

Now, as both Nelly and her father knew the Italian language well, they were never at any loss when out visiting at the houses of various persons who invited them.

Wherever they went, however, little else was talked of but the bold deeds of the Boy Band of Volunteers, and of the handsome, dashing young captain who led them.

Nelly listened to the accounts she heard regard-ing Frank and his young heroes with a heart

beating high with pleasure and pride.

The more the ladies praised him the more Nelly

felt faint and sick at heart.

"This, then, is the cause of his long silence," she thought; "he has forgotten me, and cast his eyes upon another. Would that I knew where he was, I then might find out whether it be true or not that he has lost all love for me."

Both day and night did the charming Nelly think of the gallant youth at the head of his Boy Band.

And the more she meditated the more she desired to see him to learn, if possible, whether it was true or not that he had proved faithless to her,

But of these her secret feelings no one knew

anything.

Now, as chance would have it, her father in his travels put up for a few days in the nearest village to Frank's encampment.

Here it was for the first time she learned or heard something of the story of Agnese, the bandit's

daughter.

She quickly discovered the abiding place Frank had provided for Agnese, and resolved to visit her in some strange disguise.

Thus it was by accident Frank saw her on the

stairs of the tavern.

She had procured by some means the dress of a Sister of Charity, and concealed her long hair and beautiful features that no one would have discovered who she was.

When she saw Frank leave the chamber of Agnese her heart beat wildly and strangely.

She had not for some time any strength to move, and at first resolved to descend and not confront at all the maiden who had stolen her lover's heart.

Upon after thought, however, she boldly entered the sick girl's chamber, and conversed with the invalid on religious matters.

The pretended Sister was so good, kind, and endearing that soon Agnese opened her whole heart to her.

"And do you really love this English youth?" the Sister asked, with a great effort.

"I do," said Agnese, with choking accents. "I love him with all my heart; he is so brave, so kind, and true."

"And he, of course, loves you in return?" said the Sister, with a faint, but sickly smile.

"Ah, sweet young lady," Agnese replied, "that is more than I dare hope or say.'

"He has never declared it, say you?"

"Not as yet," was the blushing reply; "he has acted towards me with great consideration; indeed, if I were his only sister, he could not have been more attentive."

"But perhaps he may declare his passion one of these days, should the war soon end."

"My heart misgives me," was the faint reply. "I never knew what life was until I met him, and then my heart was filled with a sweet, entrancing pleasure it never knew before."

"Poor girl!" the Sister sighed, "and little does she think that another has felt that pleasure also, but one whose heart now, alas, is cold and de-

serted."

"What says the Sister?" Agnese languidly asked. "I was merely remarking that perhaps the reason why he has not declared his passion may be that he has left other sweethearts behind him in England. I do not say that he has, you know, but perhaps it may be."

"Think you so?" said Agnese, with a flushed

"I know not, but it may be so, dear girl; and, lest your heart be not already too much wrapt in him, I would say, beware! Do not believe all these handsome English youths say.'

GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES!!

1,400 VALUABLE PRESENTS

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE

BOYS OF ENGLAND,

Consisting of Ponies, Pet Dogs, Pigeons, Ducks, Fowls, Rabbits, Concertinas, Watches, Cricket Bats, Balls and Stumps, Bows and Arrows, Fishing Rods, Quoits, Boxes of Colours, Sets of Characters, Scenes, Stage Front, etc.

ORDER No. 1 OF THE

BOYS OF ENGLAND.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

With No. 1 is PRESENTED A LARGE AND MAGNIFI-CENT ENGRAVING OF THE BATTLE OF CHEVY CHASE, AND A SET OF CHARACTERS FOR A NEW PLAY.

FOUR TIMES THE SIZE OF ANY OTHER BOYS' JOURNAL.

LOOK OUT FOR

THE BOY SAILOR;

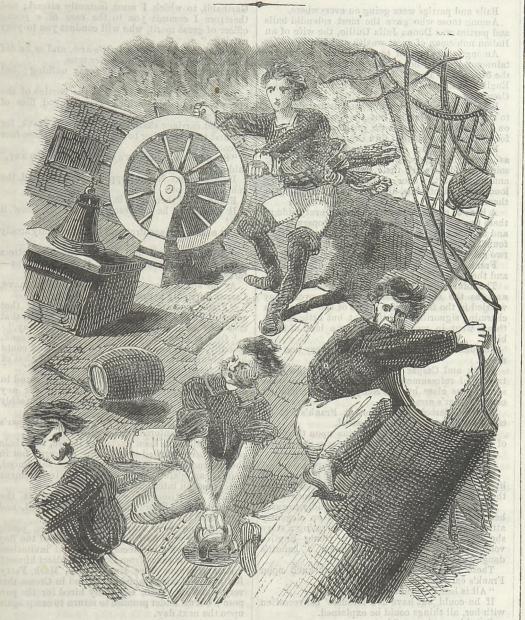
OR,

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A most interesting and powerfully-written Tale, to be completed in about 30 Numbers.

No. 2 with No. 1, and a LARGE EN-24 JA 67 GRAVING, GRATIS.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



A STORM AT SEA!

Agnese burst into tears, ad could not make

Had she been keen-sighted she would have perceived that the pretended Sister beside the bed turned away, and that, with a heaving bosom, she concealed her face.

Nelly Lancaster struggled to conceal her feelings, yet, as she left the sick girl's bedside, she kissed her hand, and left the room hastily.

When she had departed Agnese was surprised to see on her pillow a purse of English sovereigns, and the hand the Sister had kissed so affectionately had been moistened with the young visitor's tears!

CHAPTER XLIX, tage off roll

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION AT THE OPERA
—THE LOVERS MEET.

GARIBALDI'S success against the Austrian detachment before Crema had so elated the gay inhabitants of that town, that, after providing for the wounded, and burying the dead with all the honours of war, the citizens gave way to spontaneous merry-making.

Rich and poor, all vied with each other in celebrating the event with all due ceremony and pomp.

The town was illuminated for several nights.

No. 18.

Balls and parties were going on everywhere.

Among those who gave the most splendid balls and parties was Donna Julia Guilio, the wife of an Italian nobleman of great wealth and fame.

Among others invited to a grand ball and entertainment given by her in the opera house, hired for the occasion by Donna Julia, were the two young English volunteers, Captain Ford and Major

Both of these gallant young men at first declined to accept the invitation, but they were so pressed on all sides that at last both got leave of absence for a few days, and went into Crema.

Frank and Caspar dressed themselves as neatly as could be expected for rough, hardy young soldiers, and, directly their names and rank were announced at the door of the reception-room by loud-mouthed officials, all eyes were turned upon them.

A buzz of admiration was heard on every side as these two gallant youths entered the opera-house, and neither of them had been there long ere they found themselves conversing with much spirit to two celebrated belles of the town.

Frank and Caspar were the envy of the men, and the idols of the fair sex, on that occasion.

The soft swell of lovely music fell upon their ears, and, as the entertainment was soon over, they whirled in the fascinating mazes of the waltz with charming signoritas, and thought but little of how things went in merrie England, the land of their

The dance was at its height, and every one was

merry.

Frank and Caspar loitered in the lobbies, partaking of refreshments and smoking, when who should pass close by but Nelly Lancaster, leaning on her father's arm

If a thunderbolt had fallen at Frank's feet he

could not have been more surprised.

He would have spoken, and was upon the point of moving towards her, when their eyes met.

Nelly's gaze was cold, hard, and cheerless. She swept by him like a thing of marble. There was even a slight curl upon her rose-bud

lips, but slight as it was it sent the blood back to the young soldier's heart like an icy torrent.

He left Casper's side and walked rapidly towards her; but heard her conversing with an elegantly attired young Italian officer, and narrating a story she had heard about a certain young English volunteer officer who had abducted a bandit's daughter !

These few words fell like a death-knell upon

Frank's ears, and he felt desperate.

"All is lost," he thought.

If he could but have five minutes' conversation with her, all things could be explained.

But this was impossible.

She was surrounded on all sides, and Frank had not the ghost of a chance of obtaining a stolen

For the rest of the evening Frank was sorrowful and dumb.

Many a fair dame conversed with him, but he had no heart for frivolity or gaiety.

How long he remained sitting lonely and thoughtful he knew not, but was suddenly aroused from his reverie by Col. Medicci, who passed by arm in arm with a female wrapped up in a hooded cloak.

A sign from the colonel brought Frank to his feet, when De Medicci said, in a soft accent,

"I know the fair signorina will excuse me, but an urgent message has just reached me from Gen. Garibaldi, to which I must instantly attend; and therefore I commit you to the care of a young officer of great merit, who will conduct you to your carriage."

Frank took the young lady's arm, and as he did

so Col. Medicci said, in an under tone,

"Come to me immediately; say nothing; but there is hot work in store for us."

By this time Frank arrived at the portico of the opera-house, outside which were ranged files of

"What carriage shall I ask for ?" said Frank, for the first time speaking to his fair charge, whose face he could not see.

"Sir Edward Lancaster's carriage stops the way,"

said a loud voice.

In a moment Nelly stepped within it, and the vehicle drove off.

Frank stood there as if in a dream.

It was Nelly he had escorted, and he knew it

But as the carriage drove off he heard Nelly archly

"Capt. Ford will find all his old love letters returned to his camp by the time he returns-farewell!"

As he stood there dumb and unable to move, Caspar hurriedly approached him, saying,

"Frank, come this way; the police fear that some of Basil's band have intruded here. In that case they mean mischief to you; come this way."

"Oh! it cannot be possible!" said Frank, moodily, "that any of Basil's infamous band could have obtained admission here; but, if so, what of that, I fear them not, d-n the black villains."

"But come this way, I tell you. You stand in danger there, for how easy would it be for any cloaked rascal to approach you and deal a deathly blow."

After much persuasion, Frank followed Caspar's advice, and re-entered the opera-house.

As should have been explained before, the whole pit had been boarded over for the dancers; but in the programme two entertainments were announced, namely, an operetta to precede, and a divertisement to serve as an interlude, to the dancing.

This divertisement was in progress at the moment when Frank and Caspar re-entered, and

stood near the great doorway smoking.

To the no small surprise of both these young officers they were now joined by several of the Boy Volunteers, who had received especial invitations and leave of absence from Colonel Medicci himself.

Among whom were Hugh Tracy, Mark, Fatty, Buttons, and others who had arrived in Crema that very night by coach, especially hired for the purpose; but all under promise to return to camp again upon the next day.

Fatty and Buttons amused themselves highly with eating and drinking at Donna Julia's expense, and almost made their heads ache with incessant dancing; Master Tony especially, who wheeled about just as nimbly and gracefully as a young elephant

Frank was surprised but pleased at De Medicci's condescension to his brave young followers, and immediately left them in their glory to wait on the

colonel.

"Don't let any one find out the secret, Captain Ford," said De Medicci; but the old general has got a plan in his head to storm the Austrian fort on the high road to Trent, as you know our volunteers have been battering at it for about a week with their cannon. They have already made a breach in the walls, and Garibaldi intends to assault it to-

morrow night; in fact, he left Crema about an hour ago for the fort, and I should much like you and your friend the major to join us; in fact, it is the general's orders."

"General Garibaldi's wishes are always our commands," said Frank. "I thank you for the honour conferred upon me, and will be sure to be there. It is only about twelve hours' travel, I think ?"

"Not more."

"You may rely on my punctuality, colonel." Frank again sought his young comrades, and told them the secret, at which they were overjoyed.

"We must be the first to plant our flag on the walls, lads," said Frank. "So for a few hours enjoy yourselves. We will start ere daybreak."

While they were thus speaking to each other in confidential chat, with their backs to the stage, they had not noticed what was passing behind them.

Two Italians, dressed in long black cloaks, had crept behind Frank in a slow, cat-like manner,

unheard and unseen.

They hovered for a moment around the young Garibaldians, as if uncertain which of the group before them was their especial object and victim.

Suddenly, however, the tallest of the two dis-guised rascals pointed to Frank with his long, lean finger.

The second in an instant obeyed the sign, and advanced towards Frank with an upraised dagger.

With an oath, low and guttural, he struck the

But in a second Caspar turned his head, and perceived the villain's design before the blow had been given. *

Next moment his sword flashed through the air. The dagger slightly pierced Frank's shoulder. But the next moment the would-be assassin lay weltering in his gore.

He was cleaved through the skull.

The second rascal dropped his cloak and hat instantly, and fled amid the crowd, and could not

again be recognised.

But the scene was so sudden and so tragical in its effect that cries and shouts were now heard all over the opera-house, and a great throng gathered around the Boy Soldiers, shouting and cursing loudly against the intended assassination.

Frank was carried forth instantly, and received

medical aid, for

The rascal's dagger had been poisoned!

CHAPTER L.

FRANK FORD, MAJOR CASPAR, HUGH TRACY, AND OTHERS, HAVE STIRRING ADVENTURES, DEADLY CONFLICTS - THE FORTRESS STORMED AT MID-NIGHT-FRANK LEADS THE VAN.

It was well for Frank Ford that he was immediately conveyed away from the gay and festive scene at the opera-house, and placed under medical care after he had received the wound at the hands of the cowardly hireling of Basil's band.

Had the gallant young fellow not been taken care of on the instant, he would have surely died,

The point of the dagger had been poisoned! The commotion that ensued among all assembled in the opera-house, when they heard of the dastardly attempt at murder, was very great.

Gentlemen swore roundly, and endeavoured to discover the dead scoundrel's accomplice, but with-

out success.

The performance was stopped, pobnotore bad ody

The dancing and hilarity ceased.

All were intent on hearing the cause of the sudden attempted assassination.

But all was vain inquiry.

No one could tell why nor how this cowardly trick had been played upon so bold aud gallant a youth.

Under the skilful hands of an experienced doctor, Frank's wound was immediately attended to, and he took a draught which proved a powerful antidote against the poison which had been introduced into his system by the envenomed dagger

Crowds assembled round the house whither he had been conveyed, to inquire how the gallant

young soldier was getting on.

Ladies left their cards, though late it was, and averred that they could not retire to rest until they had learned and felt satisfied that the youth's hurt was not mortal.

A few hours of medical care brought Frank round again, and though he bled a little from his wound, no serious consequences were apprehended, for the poison had been killed by the powerful antidote.

In a short time, therefore, and sooner than the medical attendants expected, Frank opened his eyes and began to commune freely and goodhumouredly.

"So the poison is harmless, you say, doctor?"

Frank asked, with a smile.

"It is, captain; and, thanks to your strong and healthy constitution, there is no danger. You have bled a little, but that is all the harm that has happened. You must remain quiet for a day or two, and all will turn out for the best."

"How long will it be then, doctor, before I am ready for active service?" Frank asked, fretfully. "If my wound's not dangerous, as you say, the sooner I am up and doing the better, for I hate

to lie idle on a sick bed."

"Don't talk of active service," the doctor replied, with a smile. "You have seen as much of that as any one in the whole Volunteer army. But if you ask my opinion, I should say that you ought not to venture out under three or four days at least."
"And my companions?" said Frank, peevishly.

"Your comrades have started on the Tyrol road an hour ago."

"Gone !"

"Yes; surely you would not think of stirring out with such a wound as you now have in the left shoulder? It would be folly !" and habe

Have all of them gone?"

"No, I believe that one remains behind." "One, eh! and do you know his name?"

"No. I saw him running hither and thither about the opera-house, in search of the second of the two rascals who set upon you, and threatened all manner of things to everybody because you were hurt."

"What kind of person was he?"

"A large, round face, fat-looking youth." and and "Tony Waddleduck, for a hundred pounds." dead

"Now I come to think of it, his name is Tony. I heard your companions ask him if he was not going off in the coach with them, but he refused, and stood blubbering like a goose at the house-door, and swore he would not stir an inch until he felt satisfied that you were safe and out of all danger."

Frank smiled, and shortly after was left alone, the servants being told that he must not be disturbed, but remain quiet for several days.

Directly the doctor had gone, however, Frank,

who had pretended to be asleep, opened his eyes, and was surprised to find Fatty setting by his bedside.

"That you, Tony ?"

"Yes, Frank, that's me, what's left of me, for I felt so knocked up when you were hurt, I thought I should have died. All I wanted was to find out that other chap as had a hand in this cowardly affair, but could not. If I had thought," said Fatty, with an oath, "I'd a' smashed him, and no mistake."

"And how did you manage to get into my room? Don't you know I'm not supposed to allow any

one in to see me?"

"Yes, Captain Frank, I know all about it; but I wasn't going to let them Italian fellows wait on you while I was near."
"And Mark, Mr. Caspar, Hugh, Buttons, and

the rest, what has become of them?"

"They have started off to assist in capturing the Austrian fort which stops the way of the Volunteers on their road into the Tyrol. They said, as you had promised your word to go, they felt in duty bound to be present."

"They were quite right," said Frank, "Colonel

de Medicci expects them and me also."

"But, of course, you can't go?" " But I can though," said Frank,

" You ?"

"Yes, and you, too." "I don't understand."

"It's very easily comprehended. Listen !- the doctors have extracted all the poison from my wound, and say that there is not any danger from that cause now, except a little loss of blood. I feel as strong and active as ever, and as I have the use of my right arm, I intend to go also."

" No, no, no, Captain Frank," said Fatty, " you

must not go."

"But I tell you I will," said Frank, "I'm not going to lay here idle and do nothing, while the other lads are exposing their lives. I'm not one of that sort."

Fatty smiled, but said,

"If you go, I will also, Captain Frank. You

ain't agoing to leave me behind."

"Well, then, get me a carriage and four horses immediately," said Frank. "You and I will start after Caspar and the rest immediately. We shall get there all in good time-the storming doesn't come off until to-morrow night."

Although he did not much relish the idea of his captain escaping from his sick-room with his wounded arm, there was nothing else for it but to

order the carriage and four.

The vehicle was soon hired, and stood ready in

the shadow of a by-street.

In less than an hour Frank escaped from his sick chamber, unperceived by any one in the house, and joined Fatty.

He flung himself into the carriage.

Fatty perched himself on the box seat.

The two postillions cracked their whips, and in less time than it takes to tell it, both were on the high road to Trent at a clipping rate.

It was in the afternoon of the following day that Frank and Fatty arrived in the plain that in part surrounded the Austrian fort, before which were gathered some five or six thousand gallant Italian volunteers.

Frank had heard the loud booming of artillery for several hours ere he reached the scene of

action.

But the sight that he saw in the valley in front

of the fort was something more than he ever expected to see. The air was calm and still.

A clear sky was overhead; but through the green valley volumes of sulphury smoke lazily rolled away from the brazen mouths of thundering artillery, and entirely concealed the lower part of the fortress, in the walls of which were visible three large rents.

A bright flash of flame would now and then burst from the walls; but the unceasing roar of the Italian volunteer artillery drowned all the other sounds, save when a loud ringing cheer would burst from the brave volunteers in the trenches, as now and then a well-directed shot brought some part of the heavy masonry of the fortress rattling down.

The utmost activity was visible on all sides. Troops pressed forward here and there to the relief of their tired and powder-blackened comrades

in the trenches.

Officers rode madly hither and thither, giving orders, and all betokened that the long-expected assault upon the grim fortress would soon take

While every volunteer in the army was anxiously expecting the final dicision of General Garibaldi, a general order was made known from head-quarters, in which, after briefly detailing the plan of assault, ended with these words :-

"The fortress must be carried by assault to-night, by orders
GENERAL GARIBALDI."

When the order was privately circulated among the principal officers, the activity on all sides seemed to increase ten-fold.

As the day drew to a close, the cannonade on

either side was slackened.

A solitary gun would be heard at intervals, and its echoes would thunder through the valleys and the mountain gorges of the Tyrol.

But when night set in, even these sounds were not heard, and a death-like silence reigned on all

In the trenches, which were crowded with anxious and well-armed soldiers, not a sound was audible, and even among that silent host the challenge of a solitary sentry could be distinctly heard.

The marine fortress loomed larger, as its dark shadow stood out in bold relief from the light blue sky, and was as silent as the grave, while now and then could be detected in the several trenches the sudden passing twinkling of a lamp, as the Austrian guards walked their rounds upon the lofty walls, and then suddenly disappear again, leaving all dark and gloomy as before.

Frank had not been long among the Italian officers when he learned that General Garibaldi had so much admired the bravery of Mr. Caspar, Hugh Tracy and Mark, that he had given to each

of them the command of a storming party.
Garibaldi had heard of Frank's accident at the opera-house, and was much incensed with the

cowardly trick played upon him.

He had given strict orders, moreover, that Captain Ford should refrain from further duty until his recovery was placed beyond all doubt; and Colonel de Medicci had even been heard to say that Frank had already rejoined his company of boy soldiers, and was then strictly under the doctor's hands, and would be unable to report for active duty for at least a month to come.

"This is fine news," thought Frank, laughing, "General Garibaldi fancies I'm in bed among my own lads, and here I am dying to have something to do, and take part in the grand assault to-night. And I dare not show myself to the old general either, or he will reprimand me, and have me under arrest. I am in a regular fix. But I wonder where Caspar,

Mark, Hugh, and the others are," he said, as he walked through the various camps, knowing not whither to direct his steps, and feeling like a fish out of water.

"How aggravating it is, each of them have been entrusted with the command of a storming party, and here am I walking about uselessly, and afraid to report myself at head quarters."

While thus he mused, he accidently met Major

He sprang towards Frank, and grasping his hand said, hurriedly. "Glad to see you, Frank; but I heard the general say you were confined to your

"I might have been so," was the laughing reply, "but whether I offend or please the old general, I'm not going to be put on the sick list at such a time as this, at least while I've got a peg to stand on. What had I better do?"

"Why, retire to the rear, Frank, you are weakened too much with your two recent wounds to stand

any further excitement and exertion."

"To the rear!" said Frank, "you would not insult me."

"Insult you, my lad, far from it," said Caspar, "I did not mean that; and, to prove how much I respect your valor, I want to beg a favour of you."

"What is it?"

"Why one of the young officers in the party I have to lead to the assault has just been wounded, and we want some one to lead his men. It is the young Count Volto, and although he is unconscious he still raves and insists upon leading his men."

"I'm your man," said Frank, laughing, "if I cannot lead on this occasion, why, then, I'll follow. Trust me, I shan't be far behind the foremost man who mounts that deadly breach to-night."

While he spoke, some one called out -"Major Caspar, you are wanted this way."

"Follow me, Frank," said Caspar, as he dived down towards the trenches.

By the light of a lantern, two officers could be

seen kneeling upon the ground.

Between them, on the grass, lay a third, upon whose features, as the pale light fell, the hand of

death seemed rapidly stealing.
A slight froth, tinged with blood, rested on his lips, and the florid gore which stained his uniform, showed that his wound was through the lungs.

"He has fainted," said one of the officers, in a

"Are you certain it is fainting?" the other replied. "You see how it is with the poor youth," Caspar whispered, "it is all up with him."

While he thus spoke, four soldiers of his regiment placed the wounded young officer in a blanket, and carried him out of the trenches.

A long sigh escaped him, and he muttered a few

broken words.

"Poor fellow! it's his mother he is murmuring of," said Caspar, with a sigh. "I hear he only joined his regiment a month since, and is, as you are, a mere boy. But come, Frank, we must lose no time. By Jove, that's just what I expected! Did you see that rocket?"

"Yes."

"That's the signal for our assaulting column to In ten minutes more the stormers must fall What's the matter, there?" he asked of an officer, who had stopped the four soidiers with the wounded youth.

"I have been cutting the white band off his left arm, Major Caspar; for if poor Volto perceived it when he awoke to consciousness again, he would go mad to think he had not been one of the stormers;

for the white band on the left arm is the sign by which the assaulters are to know each other.

"Just so-quite right-thoughtfully done," said Caspar, who was now every inch a soldier, and seemed to revel in that wild and daring life. "He seemed to revel in that wild and daring life. was in the forlorn hope, Frank, as I said-"

"But you won't refuse me to take command of his

"Refuse you, Frank!" said Caspar, grasping Frank's hand with both his own, "never, my lad; there's not another in the army I respect more than I do you; and if Garibaldi wasn't under the idea that you were confined to bed, and far away from here, I'd give up my command and follow you myself; but you must change your dress, Frank—that red shirt is too much of a mark for the Austrians, you would be shot down in a minute. You see, all of us here, in the 1st Regiment of Volunteers, wear blue-so must you.

"I can give your friend a cap, major.

"Here is a spare jacket for him," said another. "And I," said a third, will give him a well-filled brandy-flask, which is by no means a thing to bs despised when bound on such an errand as thie present one."

While Frank was making these necessary changes in his attire, so as not to prove too conspicuous an object to the Austrians, Caspar whispered to

"I hope your sword and revolvers are in good order, for we shall have to fight like devils to-night. The town which this gloomy fortress defends have proved no friends to the cause of Italian independence; and I fear, that once our men get into it, there will be no stopping them: they will burn the place and pillage on every hand. But no matter; it is all death or glory with us."

While they thus spoke, Frank gave the care of his horse to Fatty, who wasn't positively aware what was about to take place, and Mr. Tony went to the rear grumbling very much; but swore he'd have a

hand in the fight, cost what it might.
"This way, Frank!—this way, my boy; they are telling off the stormers of my party-quick!" said

"Who commands the storming-party?" asked a

rough voice, near by. "I do," said Caspar.

"And who is second in charge?"
"Captain Count Volto," said Caspar, shoving Frank forward into his place.

"Very well, sir; keep your men together; be sparing of powder, and give the enemy plenty of cold steel."

So speaking, he shook Frank by the hand in the darkness, and moved away.
"Who was that, major?" Frank asked.

"Garibaldi's son; a brave officer, as you will soon find out."

Everything was now prepared for the assault. The stillness of death reigned on all sides.

A deep-toned bell from the village, behind the fortress, tolled out the hour of midnight

Its echoes had not died away when through the darkness crept thousands of men towards the fortress, and advanced like shadows to the foot of the breach.

"Quietly, men; quietly," said Frank. "Don't

crush—let not a word be spoken!"

He had scarcely uttered the words when a musket, belonging to one of the volunteers, went off accidentally.

The whizzing bullet could not have struck the walls of the fortress, when suddenly a bright flame

burst from the ramparts, and shot upwards towards the sky!

For an instant the whole scene was as bright as

noon-day.

Before them, on the fortress walls, and in every imaginable place, stood solid bodies of the Austrians.

Around the base of that towering pile were creeping the Italian volunteers with glistening

bayonets!

A crashing discharge of musketry from Frank's party was the signal for the action to commence, while, with a loud shout of defiance, Frank and Caspar leaped into the deep ditch, sword in hand, followed by their men!

Suddenly a loud rumbling thunder crept along

the earth!

A hissing, crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch a forked, and livid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano!

A mine had exploded!

While this dreadful scene was going on on one side, Hugh Tracy's voice on the one hand, and Mark's on the other, could be heard cheering on their several detachments, and were foremost in the fight.

Frank knew their voices, and his heart leaped with joy as in the distance he perceived his two comrades, flag in hand, leading on the Volunteers.

The old fortress seemed girt about with fire. From every part arose the shouts and yells of Italians and Austrians.

The rush on all sides was tremendous and

awful

For scarcely had Frank, at the larger breach, led on his men to the crumbling rampart, fighting and climbing up as best he could, when a large force, under Caspar, came after them, forcing the first ones right into the jaws of the enemy.

Then commenced a scene which it is almost im-

possible to describe.

The whole ground, covered as it was with combustibles of every deadly nature, was rent open with a crash.

Huge fragments of masonry flew into the air like

The deafening roar of cannon from the fortressthe shouts, yells, screams, and groans on every side-the bursting of powder magazines, the serpent-like hissing of shells-all was horrifying and hellish-like uproar.

Yet onward the gallant Frank, Hugh Tracy, and Mark, led their thinning ranks, at different points, and foremost in the deadly strife were they.

Each moment some well-known leader among the Italian Volunteers fell dead or mortally wounded; and his place was supplied by some brave officer, who, springing to the front, had scarcely shouted out words of encouragement to his men ere he also fell dead upon the spot.

For more than an hour the frightful carnage continued, and still but little was accomplished.

Frank, and a small party of brave fellows, clambered up the ramparts, and defended themselves there bravely, while fresh troops continually poured through the breach upon the Austrians, firing and bayoneting on every side.

The slaughter was most awful.

But above the dim, and while Frank and his brave fellows were battling against fearful odds on the ramparts, could be heard Caspar's voice as he rushed to Frank's assistance with a chosen body of desperate men.

"Officers to the front!" he shouted, as he leaped

into the deep ditch and began to clamber up the broken masonry of the walls.

His men bravely followed him.

"See there, lads, see there !" said Caspar, shouting in triumph, as he pointed to Frank Ford, who, with the Italian colors in one hand, and his sword in the other, stood upon the highest part of the granite rampart. "See there, lads, see there!" said he again, waving his cap in triumph.

A loud shout answered Caspar, and they fought their way up the breach with the impetuosity of

bloodhounds.

The Austrian garrison, however, fought like

Man to man was now the combat. No cry for quarter was heard. No supplicating look for mercy.

It was the death-struggle for vengeance and despair.

At this instant an explosion, louder than the loudest thunder, shook the air.

Italians and Austrians were alike the victims.

The great magazine of the fortress had been ignited by a scoundrel in bandit uniform, whom Frank recognised as one of Basil's band.

The walls and forts tottered and fell.

Black smoke, with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and dying.

The artillery and murderous musketry were for a moment stilled, as if paralyzed by the ruin and devastation all around.

Both friend and foe for a moment paused in the dreadful work of slaughter.

But the pause was for a moment only. Loud shouts from Frank, Caspar, Hugh and Mark were heard cheering on their men, and the cries of the dying steeled every Italian's heart.

A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air.

The fiery volunteers closed on the Austrian ranks.

For an instant the shock was dreadful.

The next moment a host of Italian bayonets gleamed on the walls and ramparts.

Their colours, in Frank Ford's hand, were thrown out to the night breeze in triumph.

The battle was over-the fort was captured!

CHAPTER LI.

THE DESPERATE PERIL OF FRANK-THE TRAITOR'S DOOM-REPRIMANDS AND PRAISE.

WHEN the long, loud shouts of victory reached his ears, Frank suddenly felt like one in a trance.

He leaned against an angle of the parapet, overpowered and exhausted.

His old wounds pained him much. His uniform was torn into shreds.

His head was bare, and of his sword blade there remained but four inches to the hilt, while in his left hand he firmly grasped an Austrian's flag-staff he had captured on the ramparts, but with only a few yards of tattered silk attached to it.

As thus he stood, fresh troops came pouring through the trenches into the fortress and town, trampling alike on the dead and wounded in their

path.

Weak, exhausted, and overcome, he sank among

the crumbling ruin.

Loud shouts and screams from the fortress and town told that the work of slaughter and robbery was going on, and still, in the far distance could be heard the pattering of musketry, as the Austrians were still fighting hard to protect their retreat.

Thus passed the long night, more terrible from horrors of lying among the dead and wounded than all the dangers and hellish excitement of the

While thus Frank lay in the ruins of the breach, among the ghastly bodies of the slain, he was aroused by the distant sound of several English voices, the chief of whom said, "Bring him this way, lads! Over the breach

with the rascal into the fosse !"

"He shall die no soldier's death, by Heaven!"

"Oh, mercy, as you hope for mercy!"

"Traitor! scoundrel! don't dare to mutter to us of mercy."

As the last words were spoken, Frank, in some degree, recovered consciousness, and turned to look

whence the sounds proceeded.

He saw, not far from him, four of his own band -Fatty, Buttons, Mark and Hugh Tracy—dragging forward a pale and haggard wretch, whose limbs trailed behind him like as if he had the palsy.

His uniform was that of some Austrian regiment,

but his voice was English.

"Kneel down there, and die like a man, Moss,"

said Hugh, with a lip trembling in rage. "No, no! have mercy. Pardon me," said the voice, whiningly.

"There is no pardon for such scoundrels as you,"

said Mark.

"Didn't you try all sorts of plans to get Captain Frank into Joel Flint's clutches?" said Fatty, with an oath.

"Wasn't he in league with Basil's men?" said

Buttons.

"Didn't you desert from our camps, you and your pal, and go over to the Austrians like a traitor?" said Hugh.

"I saw him firing at us for fully an hour," said Mark; "and, I verily believe, the villain has shot Captain Frank, for we can find him nowhere, high nor low."

"Have mercy!" said Moss, imploringly. "Have

pity on me!"

"Fix bayonets, lads," said Hugh. "There is no possible doubt of his knavery, for we discovered him concealed behind a broken embrasure, and caught him with his Austrian uniform on."

"Forgive me! for the love of heaven, forgive me!" screamed the voice of the victim, Moss, the one who, as we have seen in previous chapters, had

deserted.

But his last accents ended in a death-cry.
For as he spoke the bayonets flashed for an instant in the air, and the next were plunged through his body !

Frank saw all this take place, but was unable to

Nor did his companions perceive him, as, dusty, powder-blackened, and exhausted, he lay hidden among the rubbish and ruins of the rampart.

What was worse, Hugh Tracy and the others left the spot, and did not for a moment dream that their young captain, for whom they were searching, was at that instant within twenty yards of them, and had seen all that took place.

He lay there helpless for more than an hour, when a party of the 1st Volunteers, four in number, commenced to search among the ruins near by, but

did not perceive him.

"Was he killed, think you?" said one.

"There cannot be a doubt about it," another replied. "Did you see him fighting for the Austrian flag upon the wall, single handed?"

"Yes; and a right good rousing cheer we gave

him for his valor. These English are very brave and no mistake."

"Captain Ford's conduct, and that of his young companions, is the talk of the whole army.

"When did you see the young captain last alive?"
"At the top of this breach."

"Then if he fell we must surely find him somewhere hereabouts."

While they spoke thus, and searched for the body of the brave youth who had led them, one of the party caught sight of a fragment of the Austrian banner which Frank held in his hand.
"Curses on him," said he; "why here is an
Austrian ensign still alive, and with the colours in

his hand.'

A short and fervent prayer burst from Frank's lips as he thought,

"They mistake me for an enemy, and are about to shoot!"

The leader of the party called out, "Make ready! aim! one! two!'

"Ground arms! ground arms!" the leader sud-denly roared out, "don't fire! ground arms!—'tis

the young English Captain himself!" Down went the muskets with a crash.

Springing towards Frank, the sunburnt Italians changed their scowling revengeful looks for smiles, caught the brave lad in their arms, and with a jerk mounted him on their shoulders.

The shout they gave when this was done sounded

like the wild yell of maniacs.

"Ha, ha, ha! we have him now," sang their wild voices, as with blood-stained hands, and powderblackened features, they bore him down the rampart towards the town.

In this manner, on the shoulders of four volunteers, Frank was borne towards the market-place, where several hundred men of different regiments

were bivouacked.

A shout of recognition welcomed their arrival, when suddenly three or four youths springing from the ground rushed forward with drawn bayonets, calling out in angry tones,

"Give him up !- give him up to us this minute! or, by heavens, we'll make short work of you!"

The order was made by youths who seemed well destined to execute it, and accordingly Captain Frank was grounded with a sudden shock, that thoroughly aroused him to consciousness.

As he sat passively on the ground, looking wildly about, he perceived that Fatty, Buttons, and Mark

were beside him.

About him also were encircled scores of volunteers, who gazed upon the pallid youth with looks of admiration as they whispered to each other the many deeds of daring done by him during the assault.

"Where is Major Caspar?" Frank faintly asked.

"In the church, captain," many answered.

"But why there?"

"There's one of your generals badly wounded."

" Did you bear his name?"

"No, sir; all I know is, that he was one of the storming party."

"Where is the church then?" asked Frank faintly, and for the first time trying to walk.

"I'll show you," said Hugh.

Leaning on Hugh's and Mark's arm, Frank slowly moved towards the church, and as he did so, all the straggling soldiers rose to their feet, and gave him the salute.

After they had turned down a small narrow street, they came very near the private door of the church, before which a sentry paced up and down. Hugh and Mark, by his own desire, now left Frank alone, and returned to the market-place, while he walked slowly towards the church entrance.

"Halt there! and give the countersign," said the sentry, in a gruff voice, at the same time levelling his musket at him.

"I am an officer," said Frank, endeavouring to

pass in.

"Stand back! stand back!" said the sentry, more gruffly than before.

"Is Major Caspar in the church?"

"I don't know.

"Who is the officer so badly wounded?"

"I don't know," he answered, while with an oath he muttered, "Stand back, I tell you, sir; don't you see the general and his staff approaching?"

Frank turned round hastily, and at the same instant several officers, who had dismounted at the edge of the street, were seen approaching.

They came hurriedly forward, but without

speaking.

He who was in advance of the party wore a red shirt, and carried a heavy sabre only.

The rest were in full regimentals.

Frank, dusty, dirty, pale, and in ragged uniform, had scarcely time to get out of the way, when Garibaldi stepped and said, in a stern voice,—
"Who are you, sir?"

Frank startled for a moment at the harsh sound,

but at last said feebly,

"Captain Ford, of the English Boy Volunteers." "What brings you here, sir? Your company is far beyond Crema; and, besides, you have been reported unfit for duty a week ago."

"True, general; but I did not wish to remain

idle while so much was doing."

"It matters not, sir, you should obey orders. You have done wrong. You have been wounded at Crema, and at the opera-house the other night; you should have remained in your quarters until further orders.'

"Dam'me, now I come to look at him, that's the young Englishman who led the storming party of the 1st Volunteers. Yes, that's him, general, the person I spoke to you about. Is it not so, Captain Ford?"

"Yes, sir, I led a party of the 1st Volunteers" "And right gallantly you did it. Why, general, I saw him spring on to a rock and attack some powerful brigand who was picking off all our officers. The leap was a desperate one, for it was just at the edge of the fortifications, and a deep precipice was yawning beneath them both. It was truly a death struggle. But after a fierce encounter the young captain here, with one blow cleaved the scoundrel's skull, which broke the captain's sword blade off to the hilt, but the next moment the villanous brigand was hurled down the precipice (see illustration in No. 17). When this was done, and that dangerous sharp-shooter had been disposed of. the young captain leaped back again right amidst the Austrian ranks, and seized one of their standards. He snatched a sword from an enemy, and fought for the flag like a hero! By Jove!" said the speaker, with a laugh, "why, that's the remnant of the flag he has now-there's the flagstaff still tightly clutched in his left hand!"

While Colonel de Medicci-for such was the speaker's name—went on narrating all he had heard or seen of the young captain, those around looked upon Frank with eyes of admiration.

Not so General Garibaldi, who smiled calmly,

and said.

"Orders must be obeyed, young sir. Did you

obtain the doctor's leave to quit your apartment?"

"No, general."

"Then report yourself at your own quarters under arrest for disobeying orders."

"But, general," Colonel de Medicci began,

Garibaldi did not stop to listen; but entered the church, and the others followed him.

"Confound the luck!" thought Frank. "I'm always getting into scrapes of same kind; instead of having praise for what I've done I only receive blame and a sharp reprimand besides. Hang the

As thus he thought, he heard the sharp click of the sentry's musket again, and Colonel de Medicci

came forth from the church.

"Ha! Captain Ford, still here, I see, I didn't expect to hear of you taking any part in this storming after your accident at the opera-house; but you love the smell of gunpowder, I see."

"Yes, colonel; but who is wounded in the church?"

"A general, and your friend Caspar, very severely through the arm, and, I fear, the lung also. He has spoken to all of us about you, and your gallant conduct deserves all praise. The major takes all the blame for allowing you to command Count Volto's men; in fact, if you are able, you are to have the distinguished honour of carrying General Garibaldi's despatches about this affair to King Victor Emmanuel".

"Could I not see my friend Caspar before I

"No; General Garibaldi supposes you are on the way to your own company half an hour ago.'

Not knowing the fate of poor Caspar, Frank returned to the market-place, and there found his four young companions, who were waiting for him, mounted, and ready to start for his own camps again beyond the town of Crema.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES! GRAND

1,400 VALUABLE PRESENTS

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE

BOYS OF ENGLAND,

Consistings of Ponies, Pet Dogs, Pigeons, Ducks, Fowls Rabbuts, Concertinas. Watches, Cricket Bats, Balls and Stumps, Bows and Arrows, Fishing Rods, Quoits, Boxes of Colours, Sets of Characters, Scenes, Stage Front, etc., etc.

ORDER No. 1 OF THE

BOYS OF ENGLAND. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

With No. 1 is PRESENTED A LARGE AND MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING OF THE BATTLE OF CHEVY CHASE, AND A SET OF CHARACTERS FOR A NEW PLAY.

FOUR TIMES THE SIZE OF ANY OTHER BOYS JOURNAL.

LOOK OUT FOR

BOY SAILOR; THE

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A most interesting and powerfully-written Tale, to be completed in about 30 Numbers.

No. 2, with No. 1, and a LARGE EN-GRAVING, GRATIS.

24 JA 6.7

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE BOY SOLDIER'S REVENGE -- See No. 20.

CHAPTER LII.

FRANK ENTRUSTED WITH DESPATCHES TO VICTOR EMMANUEL—BUTTONS AND THE REPORTER,

THE next morning, after Frank had reached his Boy Soldiers again, he sat in the upper room of an old farm-house, round which the company were camped, and was buried in deep thought about the news he had heard about affairs in England from Caspar, respecting his uncle's death, the sudden disappearance of Jonathan from Bromley Hall, Caspar's apprehension and acquittal, and old Flint's mysterious flight.

"I should dearly like to return to England No. 19. investigate the foul charges which have been made against me; but I fear I would not get leave at such a time as this; besides, these Italian fellows might think I waned to shirk duty, and get out of danger. No; that will never do; nevertheless, if I could get leave for a few weeks, it would greatly relieve my mind, for there cannot be a doubt but that I am surrounded by enemies who will not be over nice in anything they attempt against me."

for a few weeks," Frank thought, "if only to

These were Frank's thoughts, when his attention was withdrawn to a conversation going on beneath his window between young Buttons and an Italian

lancer.



"I say, my lad, are you Captain Ford's servant?" said the lancer to Buttons.
"Well, suppose I am?" said Buttons, going on

with the brushing of Frank's boots.

"Because, if you are, take these letters to your master; there are important despatches among them. Be alive. I will wait for a written receipt. Come, be quick, I'm in haste."

"Oh! don't be in such a hurry, life is short," said Buttons, looking at the letters very leisurely. "Oh! there's nothing but invitations to dinner, or something of that sort. Our captain is bothered with them every day in his life; but tell me, my friend, didn't any of the generals send me an invitation, or a letter? I don't see my name among them."

"Come, come," said the lancer. "No joking,
my time is short."

"Then all I can say is, your nose isn't," Buttons

replied, as he ran up stairs, and delivered the letters.

In a moment Frank wrote an acknowledgment of the letters, and so much pleased was he that he handed it to the lancer, and therewith a sovereign for his pains.

"In less than an hour, Buttons," said he, "we must start for Florence to deliver those despatches to the

Buttons was overjoyed at the prospect of the journey, and, according to Frank's orders, he put on his old livery as a page—the hat and all—so as to make out his young captain-in the eyes of the world-a greater and a richer man than he really was; and also to show the Italians that he really could afford servants in his own country, however much he might do without them in time of war.

He left Hugh Tracy in command of the company, and, with Buttons as servant, he started off within

two hours for Florence.

Even in these days, Italy is not furnished with too many railways, and in consequence Frank and Buttons were obliged to make most of their way by means of a coach and four, as best they could. Wherever they went, however, by some strange circumstance which Captain Frank could not understand, the people turned out to welcome him; and when they stopped to change horses at a village, all the inhabitants shouted and cheered like mad-

This cordial reception on the route astonished Frank, very much, for he could not conceive how any one had found out the object of his journey.

Master Buttons, however, might have been able to inform him, for, perched on the roof of the coach, he amused himself with dancing, and singing, and playing wild, discordant solos on a brass trumpet he had captured from some stray Austrian during

All Frank's attempts to keep Buttons quiet on the

road were useless.

He had pledged Frank's health so often during the day-had drunk so many toasts to the Boy Soldiers-so many to Garibaldi, and so many to himself on the route, that when, in the evening, the coach rolled into Modena and stopped at the principal hotel, Master Buttons was obliged to be put to bed.

It was then, to his great surprise, that Captain Frank found out the cause of so much rejoicing on the road, for Master Buttons had placed at the back of the coach a large placard, which, in immense letters, caught the eye of the astonished Italians,-

"Terrific and Bloody News! Capture of an Austrian Fortress! 5,000 Prisoners! 100 Cannon captured!"

When Frank had somewhat refreshed himself, he took a walk through some of the principal streets; and on returning to his hotel was astonished to see hung up in the reading room an immense poster, round which a large number of persons were gathered reading.

Frank walked up to it, and almost laughed right

out as he read,-

"The Battle of Crema! Bloody Details! Capture of an Austrian Fortress! Great deeds of Valor! Hundreds of Prisoners!

Scores of cannon captured! With a full account, and all particulars. By Captain Buttons, of the English Boy Volunteers."

Leaving those around to puzzle themselves as much as they liked, as to who Captain Buttons might be, Frank took a waiter on one side, and asked,

"What is the meaning of that placard over the

fire-place? where did it come from?"

"Most important news, sir, to appear exclusively in the 'Modena Post', to-morrow morning; the young captain has just arrived.'

"Who, pray? What gentleman?"

"Captain Buttons, sir; large bed-room, blue damask, supper for two, six dozen oysters, champagne, and so forth, sir."

Frank laughed right out as he said,

"I am an Englishman also, and a volunteer, I should much like to make the acquaintance of this Captain Buttons; show me to his room."

The waiter bowed.

"Follow me, sir, if you please; this way. What name shall I say, sir?"

"You need not announce me. I am a fellow countryman of his. Show me his room."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, "the re-porter of the 'Modena Post' is deeply engaged with him, and the captain has given positive orders not to be disturbed by any one."

Frank smiled.

"Leave the matter to me," he said, at the same time placing a gold coin in the servant's hand.

Frank opened the door.

His entrance was unseen, on account of a large screen which stood before the door.

Seated in a large arm-chair, with his heels cocked on the table, was Master Buttons, dressed in new regimentals Frank had bought on the road, in order to present a favourable appearance before the king.

Buttons had a cigar in his mouth; lots of oyster shells were scattered up and down the room.

Champagne bottles had been broken off at the neck; and, with Frank's sword by his side, Master Buttons looked a strange compound of fun and

Opposite to him, sat a round-bellied, pock-marked old gentleman, pen in hand, who seemed very much vexed that the "captain" would not go on with his interesting narration instead of drinking and smoking.

"You must remember, captain, time is pressing, the placards are out, and it's now nearly twelve o'clock; unless we make haste, we shall not be able to have the account in the morning edition, so let us proceed once more. You were at the great ditch, I think, before the fortress."

"Hang me, if I know, or care, where I was," said Buttons, hiccupping. "Just ring that bell; them

oysters were beautiful; just order in five dozen

more, and plenty of wine and cigars."

"But, captain, pray proceed; you sent for me, and according to your desire, I came, and have paid you well beforehand for the information you promised."

"Just so; but don't hurry yourself. See how I'll knock that bust off the mantel-piece with this shell."

So saying, Master Buttons commenced throwing the shells about the room, and making a "cock-shy of everything.

He next commenced performing on his trumpet

until the reporter almost became deaf.

Signor Dando tried to smile at the capers Buttons was making.

But he saw there was no prospect of getting any

information, so was about to depart.

But this Buttons would not allow, so compelled the poor unlucky Dando to take off his coat, and dance a hornpipe to the abominable music of the brass trumpet.

In truth, old Dando was compelled to jump about like a performing bear for the amusement of Buttons; and as often as he left off, the captain gave him gentle taps over the shins with a walking-stick.

In truth, Master Buttons was very nearly intoxi-

cated, and so was old Dando.

But this did not end the performance by any means.

Buttons commenced to play all kinds of tricks with the unfortunate man.

He made him stand on his head.

Next, with Frank's sword drawn, he threatened to cut off Dando's head, unless he stood on one leg and held the other one up with his right hand for five minutes.

Next he got some soot, and painted whiskers and

moustachois on his visitor's face, to show him how much he resembled Colonel de Medicci.

All these tricks and antics lasted for more than an hour, but still the incorrigible Buttons would not let the man go until he had tried him with the boxing gloves, a set of which were in Frank's trunks.

"I'll give you a lesson or two," said the captain, capering round his victim; "it's excellent sport." But poor Dando didn't think so.

"You are no hand at the 'mittens,' "said Buttons, laughing.

And at it they went tooth and nail.

Dando was dying to get away, but could not; and, although Buttons laughed whenever he gave his antagonist a good punch in the ribs, Dando was getting savage in the extreme.

At last he waited for a good opportunity, and gave Buttons such a tremendous thwack on the jaw,

as laid the captain sprawling on the floor.

Next moment Dando, puffing and blowing, flew down stairs, much like a man who has suddenly escaped from Bedlam.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE PUG TURNS INFORMER.

THE mishap which befel the Pug in falling on the sharp spikes of the garden wall at Bromley Hall, and his subsequent apprehension by Gale, the detective, did not by any means improve his temper or his language.

He cursed and swore like a true blackguard; but that only he was able to do, for he was strictly guarded by the domestics of Bromley Hall, who, with thick clubs in their hands, stood over him, ready to administer a sound thrashing to him should he at all prove refractory or troublesome.

Meanwhile, Gale and the old gardener, Giles, went in search of Warner.

They searched high and low for him, but nowhere could he be found.

Intending to renew their search at some other time, Gale returned to the Pug, and conveyed him to the railway station.

The Pug was very low spirited, and did not appear to be at all inclined to open his mouth.

Gale, however, laughed and joked in such a merry style, and he was all at once so very polite and kind in giving his prisoner a pipe of tobacco, and a good stiff glass of brandy, that the Pug began to think that "the slop' wasn't sich a bad sort o' chap arter all."

They had a separate compartment in the railway carriage to themselves, and, on the way up to London, Gale became very chatty.

"Bad job for you, Puggy," Gale began.
"Yes, it were a nasty fall on to them ere spikes, and I feel werry sore about the thighs."

"I dare say you do. But what took you to Bromley Hall at all, Puggy?"

"Nothing."

"Of course not. A man of your professional abilities don't travel from London for nothing. Ha, ha! you don't gammon me in that way, Puggy," said the detective, with a broad grin. "What brought you in the first floor, then?"

"I were only curious to see how the place was built, that's all."

"And curious to see what you could lay your hands on also, I suppose?"

"Me? Lor' bless yer, I hadn't the slightest notion of nicking anything."

"You hadn't time, that's all; but I can tell you

one thing, it is a very bad job for you."
"What, being caught in the house?"

"No, not that."

"What then?" said Puggy, opening his eyes very widely at the detective's solemn manner.

"Oh, you know; it's no use of you looking so innocent; you know all about it."

"Know all about what?" persisted Puggy, with well-feigned innocence.

"About that affair of old Ford, the miser." "Me? Upon my soul I'm as innocent as a kid."

"I dare say. I never knew a thief or a rogue as wasn't, at least in his own mind. If you go to Newgate, and ask every one of the prisoners there, they'll all tell you they're innocent, but that won't do for me. I have 'wanted' you for this job some time, Puggy."

"Who told you as how I were in it?" asked Puggy; at the same time thinking of, and mentally

cursing the cabman.

"It doesn't matter who told me, Puggy; but I know all about it," said Gale, with the air of a man who is cognizant of everything in life.

But the truth was he did not know all about it. He was "pumping" and "bouncing" Puggy, who, Gale knew, was an arrant coward in his heart.

"Look here, Puggy," said Gale, breaking silence; "you have got into a very nasty mess, and it is your own fault if you don't get out of it."

"I'm as innocent as a kid o' that ere job," Puggy persisted.

"Innocent or not, it matters little, but you wouldn't like to have a 'lifer' or 'fourteen-penn'orth across the herring-pond' for it, would you?"

"No, not me."

"Well, then, you had better make a clean breast

"And if I do?"

"Why, then, I'll take care you ain't touched. You understand?"

"On the square?"

"Yes, on the square, provided——"
"Perwided what?"

"You didn't do it."

"No; on my soul I didn't."

"Who did it, then?" "I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"No; I couldn't swear to it; but I guesses who done it."

"Who?"

"My chum as went with me to Bromley; him as you couldn't find in the old Hall-Warner, I

"Warner isn't his right name."

"It's the on'y name as I ever heerd him called by."

"But he goes by several names at times."

"That I knows nought about."

"And why did he do this horrid deed?"

"He acted as the doctor." "But he isn't one?"

"No more nor me." " Well ?"

"But there were a lawyer in the mess, and it strikes me that the old rat done Warner out on the money, arter all."

"Was that the lawyer you and Warner were with the other day in the parlour of the public-house?"

"No; that's another cove as Warner comed across."

"Oh, another, eh? Who, pray?"

"Why, old Jonathan, the master of Bromley Hall."

For a moment Gale said nothing, but thought

deeply.

"So, so, the master of Bromley Hall is mixed up in the affair, eh?" he mused. "This accounts for his sudden disappearance. What a deep, dark, mystery this is. However, light is just beginning to dawn upon it."

- After a time, Gale said, "Look here, Puggy; if you like to act on the 'square' with me I'll not charge you with this affair at all, for, as far as I know, you have not stolen anything, and all we could bring against you would be for entering the house with dishonest inten-
- "'Zactly. Vell," said Puggy, rubbing his hands. "But that would be enough to send you to Portland, you know, for it isn't the first time you have been up before old Sir Richard, not by half-adozen."

"I was always innocent."

"I dare say you were," said Gale, with a smile. "But that hasn't anything to do with it. All I want to know is, will you help us in this matter?"

"What, to go in the 'touting' hire?"

"Yes."

- "No objection in the world; but, then, a cove can't start out with nothing in his pockets. I haven't got a mag."
- "You shall have all that is necessary. You know this old lawyer, Flint, well, you say ?"

"Could pick him out of a regiment o' soldiers."

"And Jonathan also?"

"In course I does."

"Well, then, when we get to London I will confer with the authorities, and I have no doubt but what they will release you in order that you may turn queen's evidence."

"Queen's evidence? Whot, get up in the box, and 'blow the whole gaff' on 'em?"

"Yes; why not?" "Couldn't be done,"

"Why not?"

"I should have my head broke. Why, there ain't a cracksman in all England but would 'spot' me, and you'd find me some fine morning in the Thames or down Drury Lane with my head broke."
"Nonsense," said Gale.

But the detective very well knew the horror and contempt which "professional" rogues and vagabonds feel towards any one of their fraternity who "blow the gaff," as Puggy termed it, or in other words "split on their pals," and turn informer.

For some time Puggy made no reply; but said,

at last, with a sigh,

"This time you've got me in Queer Street, Mr. Gale, and I doesn't know which way to turn; but I suppose I must do it."

"There is no must about it, Puggy; you have only to consult your own interests; if you'd rather be transported for life than tell the truth, why, then, do so."

"It's a bargain," said Puggy, at last. "You'll

stand my friend, Mr. Gale ?"

"Yes; I am always the friend to those who act right."
"But it's d----d hard lines to go and split on a

pal," said Puggy.

"Not at all, when you serve the ends of justice."
"If I do this job, I must arterwards hook it to Australia, or my old chums will knife me."

"No fear of that, Puggy, no one else shall know you. And if we can help it, you shan't enter the witness-box at all."

"Not at all?" said Puggy, with a beaming face. "Then that alters the question entirely," said he, jubilant. "If I thought as how I shouldn't have to stand up there afore old Sir Richard, and be quizzed at, and cursed by my old pals, I could do wonders, for I owe a grudge to more nor one as you knows

"How do you mean?"

"Vhy, among the 'fences,' and 'smashers' to be

"Do you know many of them?"

"Vhy, in course I does. Vhy, there is one fence as I knows on in the (Petticoat) 'Lane' as would dazzle your werry eyes. Kept by a stingy, hardfisted, crooked-backed Jew, as I have long had a grudge against."

"Well, one thing at a time," said Gale. "When we have finished this job, I dare say you will have

plenty more to do."

In this manner they conversed on their way to London, the detective and the villain each moment getting more and more intimate.

Puggy, even in his own mind, was a greater rascal now than ever.

He had all his life been more or less associated with the greatest rogues of London.

But somehow he had nearly always managed to slip through the clutches of the law.

And yet here he was, "half a fighting man," as many called him, shaking like a leaf at the bare thought of punishment.

More than that, he had made up his mind, as his own race was almost run, to turn "informer" on those who had been among his best friends in life.

As we have seen, he feared to appear in public. But he had resolved to act silently and secretly in the pay of the police.

And the very detective, who sat laughing and joking beside him, loathed the rascal in his heart.

Puggy was in the hands of the very worst enemy he had ever encountered through all his life.

"I will get all I can out of this trembling hound," thought Gale, "and when he has served my purpose, I will let him slip away again into his old haunts and habits. It won't be long ere he does something we shall 'want' him for, and then—"

Ave, then !

If Puggy had known Gale's meaning by the word "then" as he thought it, he would have seen the panorama of a penal colony pass before his mind, in the centre of which, Puggy himself stood, decorated with a cannon-ball and chain to his leg, breaking stones in the quarry, or hewing timber in dismal forests.

For life!

For detectives think thus of informers-

If they prove false to their friends they will surely do so to us, their natural enemies.

"I will use this rascal, and then transport him

out of the way."

Puggy was in the hands of a man whose heart was of ice, and whose hands were made of steel.

But he knew it not.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE FLIGHT OF VILLAINS-THE RUSE.

THE sudden appearance of policemen in the apartments of old Flint or Mr. "Schmidt," as he now styled himself, would have struck terror to the heart of any one with less nerve than Jonathan.

He, however, smiled blandly when informed of the purport of their visit, and asked them so many questions with an air of coolness that threw the

officers off their guard.

For a moment Flint knew not what to do or

He felt like a man in a terrible nightmare.

When he perceived, however, how quietly Jonathan took matters, he also assumed an air of indifference.

After much questioning and scrutinising, the officers came to the conclusion that they had been

put upon the wrong scent.

Jonathan was very grand, and informed them that he was the sole master and proprietor of Bromley Hall, and was indignant that the privacy of himself and friend should have been thus trespassed

Had the officers known so much about Bromley Hall, and its proprietor, as Mr. Gale, who was then on his way to London, they would not have retired

as they did.

But they did not.

Neither did they for a moment imagine, as Gale would, had he been on the spot, that these two very respectable-looking persons were none other than rogues and vagabonds, if nothing worse.

And this is the manner in which detectives some-

times foil their own designs.

They seldom, if ever, let the men of one division know what those of another are after; but keep their own thoughts and designs to themselves,

through pride or avarice.

Hence it often arises when great rogues or scoundrels know, or, to use their own terms, have the " office," that they are wanted by the detectives of one division, they move their place of abode far away, and if hotly pressed, actually commit some petty theft in a far-off rural district, and get committed for a month or two until their own affair has blown over.

Had the officers therefore of this division known as much about the affairs of Flint or Jonathan as Gale did, those two accomplished scoundrels would have been arrested then and there.

As it was, however, the officers imagined that they had made a descent upon the wrong place,

and shortly afterwards retired.

They had not gone farther than the bottom of the street, however, when a "plain-clothes man" who had been placed there, stopped the sergeant, and entered into conversation with him for a few moments.

"You don't mean that?" said the sergeant in

astonishment,

"I do, though," said the plain-clothesman.
"Then we may be right after all."

"I have no doubt of it."

"Let us, return then. There is no way for them to escape, is there?"

"I think not," was the reply, as they returned

towards old Flint's abode.

The officers had scarcely left the house a moment when Flint heaved a deep sigh.

You see how it is," said Jonathan.

"I do," gasped Flint.

"There is no time to be lost, they are on our track."

"I have done nothing," said Flint, pretending to be innocent and very calm; "why should I run away like a guilty thing for?"

Jonathan scowled on him darkly and with a

curling lip.

"Done nothing!" he growled.
"No! I have not. I fear not all the officers in the land."

"Liar!" said Jonathan.

And as he said this he seized Flint by the collar and whispered in his ear.
"Done nothing!eh? Do you know Warner?"

The mention of this name caused Flint to tremble violently.

He could not speak for some time.

He and Jonathan looked at each other like two wild cats about to spring at each other's throats. "You know all, then?" the lawyer gasped.

" I do."

"What must be done?"

" Leave this place at once, if you don't wish to swing on a gallows."

"But I have bulky luggage."
"D-n your luggage!" said Jonathan. "If you saw your ship sinking and a life-buoy near wouldn't you jump overboard without your luggage? Have you any ready money by you? That is the question."

"I have."

"Where?"

"In that trunk, yonder; but stay," said the lawyer, "I will find it, and take care of it."
"No, you won't," said Jonathan, tearing open

the portmanteau mentioned, and seizing a bag of gold and some notes.

This was done within a few moments, and very

quickly.

"Can't we get a cab?" Flint enquired.

"What for, to ride to Newgate in?" Jonathan asked with a sneer. "Isn't the house watched, you old ass ?"

"Watched !"

"Aye, watched, and so are you; you sat in the theatre all the evening with one of the sharpest detectives in all London."

" Me? I sit with him?" Flint gasped.

"Yes, you. I watched him like a cat would a mouse.'

"Oh, Heaven? I cannot believe it."

"But I can. Come, come this way; pull off your boots and follow me."

"I will not."

"But you must; we are linked in life or death,

As he said this there was a terrible meaning in his words, and a fierce fire in his eye, which the old lawyer knew meant mischief.

With their shoes off, Jonathan and Flint left the parlour, first having blown out the light.

Jonathan next bolted the street-door, and double

locked it.

All this was done noiselessly and quietly, so much so that no one in the house could possibly hear

"Follow me," said he to the old lawyer.

Quickly he mounted the silent staircase, followed by the panting lawyer.

Flight after flight was ascended.

They had now arrived at the fourth floor, when a sudden noise startled Jonathan.

He paused, breathed hard, and listened. Some one knocked loudly at the street-door, "What can that mean?" Flint sighed.

"The officers have discovered their mistake, and are just returned."

"Impossible."

"Hold your prate, old fool as you are," said Jonathan, grasping Flint firmly by the coat collar. " Mount that ladder."

'What for?"

"Why, we must escape over the roofs of the houses."

"I cannot; I shall surely fall into the street, and

dash my brains out."

"I wish he would," Jonathan thought. "If I only knew where the old villain secreted his money."

Bang ! bang ! bang ! went the door knocker. "Quick," said Jonathan; "up the ladder you

Flint was half-way up the ladder when the door of a chamber on the same floor opened. "Who is there?" inquired a voice.

There was no response.

Jonathan and Flint dared not move. They held their breath in the darkness. They knew not whence the voice proceeded.

"Who's there?" was the repeated question. "Speak, or I will raise the alarm of thieves, robbers!"

"'Tis a female voice," thought Jonathan.

He approached the door.

Biddy, the cook and housemaid, stood shivering and alarmed at her chamber door, half-dressed, and trembling with agitation.

Jonathan seized her by the throat.

Before she could struggle or articulate a sound, he said,

"Breathe another word, and you die."

"Oh, spare me! Oh, mercy! thieves-

"Hu-s-s-sh!" said Jonathan.

His grip upon her throat was more persuasive than his words.

The poor servant-maid trembled, and fell to the

"Speak again, and I will kill you! Do not stir out of your room on any account."

Bang! bang! bang! again went the street-door

knocker. Jonathan closed and locked the servant's door, and mounted the ladder on to the roof with the

agility of a lamp-lighter.
"Keep out of sight," he whispered to Flint, "or

they will perceive us from below.

So cautioned, Flint crept along the roof near to the gutters, behind the heavy stacks of chimneypots and had crossed the roof of a house or two, when he stopped from sheer exhaustion. "Go on, go on," growled Jonathan.

But Flint refused.

Jonathan, however, with his dirk-knife, pricked the old lawyer several times in the leg.

This made Flint wince with pain, and he crawled on faster and farther than ever.

The noise below now convinced the two fugitives

that the officers had burst into the house.
"Quick, quick! for your life," said Jonathan.

By this time they had crossed over more than a dozen houses, unperceived by any one below, and had reached the corner of the street.

They were now on the roof of a large ware-

house.

Jonathan and Flint were completely concealed by an immense stack of chimney-pots.

Yet in the distance they could perceive the bull'seyes of the officers' lanterns.

They were now on the roof also, but far away. The little gleam of light caught old Flint's eyes, and his heart sank within him.

"This way," said Jonathan, who had discovered a trap-door. "This way."

He opened it hastily, and in a great hurry old Flint descended the ladder.

"Are you down?" asked Jonathan.

A deep groan of agony was the only answer. Flint's leg had been caught by a watch-dog. In a moment Jonathan descended.

"Help! help!" groaned Flint, "or I shall be worried to death."

Jonathan, however, thought it of more consequence to secure the trap-door than look after Flint, and, therefore, barred it from the inside so that the officers could not follow, and should be thrown off the scent.

When this was done, during which time the watch-dog had been gnawing at old Flint's leg, Jonathan descended to the staircase, and, with one thrust, stabbed the watch-dog to the heart.

With a terrible growl in its death-agony, and a final bite at the unfortunate lawyer's legs, the

animal died.

Jonathan seized it, and in the dark was about to throw it downstairs, when he violently struck some unknown person to the floor.

A curse and a groan was the only reply. It was the watchman of the warehouse, who had noiselessly approached.

He was alone.

Flint, in his hurry and flight, stumbled over the prostrate watchman, and tumbled head over heels downstairs, and with a loud smash fell through a sky-light all of a heap into a room on the ground.

Jonathan was more lucky.

He delivered a series of such violent kicks and cuffs to the unlucky watchman, as left that unfortunate man more dead than alive, and afraid to raise

With much difficulty, he found out Flint, and released him from his place of confinement.

Flint wished to be left behind.

But this Jonathan would not think of.

"The old villain wishes to get rid of me," he thought; "but that must not be. If I lose sight of him this time, I shall never set eyes on him again; besides," thought Jonathan, "he might turn round and prove an informer."

More dead than alive, Flint was dragged out from his place of concealment.

The door was broken open, and both villains were safe in the passage.

The front door was only barred.

Jonathan forced back the bolts and listened.

There was the sounds of many voices in the streets of persons hurrying to where Flint had lived.

Jonathan looked out, and found the coast clear.

"Quick! quick!" he said.

He and Flint hurried away as fast as possible, and

turned into another street.

They had scarcely done so, when several policemen turned the corner, and were entited to join the chase which now ensued by the night-watchmen of the warehouse and others running after Jonathan and Flint, shouting,

"Stop thief! stop thief! Burglars! murderers!

Stop thief! stop thief!"

These Mondison CHAPTER LV, dell bad anes

FRANK'S HEROISM-THE LIFE-BOAT AND RAFT.

WHEN Frank arrived at Modena it was his determination to proceed to Florence by land.

But he was informed that King Victor Emmanuel was then at Leghorn, in Tuscany, superintending both military and naval affairs in that province.

This was a sore disappointment to the young soldier, for he was in a great hurry to join his Boy

Band again.

Besides, it obliged him to go to the sea coast, and perform the rest of his journey by water, a prospect which did not, by any means, agree with the wishes of Master Buttons, who heartily hated the tossing and buffetings of the sea at all times.

But there was no help for it.

If the despatches from Garibaldi were to be delivered at all it must be done quickly.

Frank, therefore, directed his course towards the nearest seaport, where a frigate, several troop ships, and a valuable envoy were waiting to set sail.

When Frank learned that his brother, Tom Ford, was at Leghorn, his heart felt rejoiced at the unexpected change in his journey, for it was now a long time since he had heard or seen anything of the gallant lad.

The prospect of soon meeting Tom, cheered both Frank and Master Buttons, who went on board the Italian frigate, "Carlo Alberto," with light hearts and joyful anticipations of a short and pleasant journey along the beautiful coasts of

The "Carlo Alberto," the troop ships, and others, however, had not left port more than twenty-four hours, with a fair, fresh breeze in their favour, when a terrible gale arose.

It was the first time that either Frank or Buttons had beheld the sea in such a wild commotion, and

the sight was terrible in its grandeur.

The noble frigate was borne like a weed upon the ocean, at the mercy of the mighty tempest, which howled through the rigging so as to deaden the shouts of the brave seamen while furling the sails.

Billow after billow beat over them, and, as the foamy waves dashed up their snow-white crests to heaven, roaring in the wildness of their fury, Frank stood calmly on the quarter-deck, with a proud smile on his handsome face.

The troop ships and others were now scattered far and wide upon the broad, storm-crested surface of the waters.

But, now and then, some of them could be distinguished as they appeared for a moment on the surging foam like dim specks on the verge of the horizon.

Night came on, and with it ten thousand horrors. A pitchy darkness, which seemed almost palpable to the touch, hung with a funeral gloom above.

The waves, lashed by the fury of the tempest,

sparkled with diamond-like foam, All this seemed but to render the heavens above more dense and horrible.

The wind now changed favourably, The "Carlo Alberto" dashed through the liquid

element with astonishing swiftness.

But the shifting of the gale and sudden change in the whistling, howling winds, produced a still wilder commotion in the waves, which seemed to be struggling for the mastery, and threatening instant destruction on every hand.

Wave after wave, and billow after billow, came raging after the devoted frigate, and threatened to

engulf it.

But, like a bird upon the wing, the gallant vessel lifted and rose to the swell, and rushed down the steep and yawning abyss, tracking her path with brillancy and light,

The terrors and horrors of that fearful night were

appalling.

Buttons was more dead than alive.

But Captain Frank, with that real bravery for which he has been always noted, was here, there, and everywhere, performing feats of daring that astonished and delighted all on board.

Morning dawned at length.

But if the gale of the preceding night had been fur ous, it now became doubly so, and the "Carlo Alberto," which before had steered her course with majesty and pride, now lay groaning beneath the foaming and angry billows.

Things were now getting desperate. Orders were given to furl the foresails.

Sixty seamen sprang aloft to execute the order. They had already extended themselves upon the yards, and were in the act of gathering up the folds of the sail, when a heavy sea like an Alpine mountain came rushing upon them.

Their situation was most awful.

No human voice could warn them of their danger in time, nor any hand be stretched to help them.

All was now dreadful suspense.

Still onward rolled the mighty waves.

It struck the vessel fair upon the bows, and the decks were deluged with water (see cut in No. 18). A crash, with a wild, tumultuous yell ensued.

When the spray had cleared away it was found that the foremast had been swept away, and over fifty of the seamen buried beneath the yawning

Some few remained entangled in the rigging, but man after man was washed away.

One alone was left!

That one was the gallant Frank Ford!

He had, without being asked, led on the gallant

seamen in that perilous duty.

When discovered that it was none other than the gallant young captain of the Boy Soldiers who was thus clinging to the rigging, and suspended between life or death, a shout of horror and pain was ised on every hand, Hdo bus nomow ous stoff I "Save him! save him!" and was I; distinct less raised on every hand.

"The gallant youth is lost !" were the cries "I cannot help it," was the cold reply,

There he was and no one could save him.

He struggled boldly and manfully against the winds and waves, and his strong limbs writhed round the shattered mast.

But no fear was depicted on his noble face.

Every one thought that each moment would be Frank's last.

Not so, however.

The gallant lad did not seem to take any heed of himself.

All he was intent upon was to clear the foremast of the wreck which still clung to it.

"An axe! an axe!" cried Frank, in a cheery

voice. With great agility Frank still clung to the wreck

with one arm and his legs. With the other arm he collected and threw down

a thin long rope upon the deck.

"An axe! an axe!" he shouted,

This was fastened to the end of the rope, which

Frank quickly hauled up.

By exerting all his strength, he cut asunder the tangled rigging which still fouled the fore part of the vessel, and in less than ten minutes the top part of the broken mast fell with a loud splash into the foaming water.

This bold and daring act saved the frigate from certain destruction, for the fouling of the mast as it hung over the ship's side made it keel over, and had it long remained in that state must have swamped the vessel.

The storm after some hours greatly abated, but still Frank would not leave his post on the cross trees of the broken foremast.

He tied himself to the mast and swept the angry

ocean with his eagle eye.

In all directions he could perceive ships, like black specks upon the water, tossing and heaving and rolling in the most frightful manner.

Amongst those who laboured in the terrific storm were several troop ships, filled with soldiers bound,

like himself, to Leghorn.

From his high position Frank could plainly discern in the distance the decks of several ships covered with parts of wreck and broken spars.

Some of the ships appeared to be water-logged, but on the decks and in the rigging of each were discernible crowds of soldiers, sailors, and others elinging as if for dear life.

Not far away, and nearest of all was a dismasted

brig, which rolled and pitched most frightfully. It seemed as if this doomed ship would each moment be sent to the bottom by the immense weight and power of the dashing waves.

In an instant there flashed from her dark sides

a streak of fire.

Presently came booming over the deep a long, heavy reverberating sound.

It was a signal gun, a token of sore distress!

"Man the boats! the vessel is sinking to leeward of us. Man the life-boats! man the life-boats!"

Frank's voice was clearly heard above the whistling of the wind and the splashing of the angry billows.

"Man the life-boats! man the life-boats!" Frank still shouted, in stentorian tones.

"'Tis madness! the boats cannot live in such a sea," was the response. "Do not unlash the boats, men ; 'tis folly."

Enraged beyond measure, Frank slipped down a rope on to the deck, and spoke to the commander.

"There are women and children on board that vessel, captain; I saw them waving their handkerchiefs as signals of distress."

"I cannot help it," was the cold reply. "I can-

not send either men or boats away from my ship in such weather as this, it is certain destruction; we must look to ourselves."

"I care not if I perish," said Frank; "those poor creatures must be saved."

"I cannot allow my men to lose their lives uselessly."

"Give me a boat, then. I will go alone."
"You may have one of the boats if you choose; but, take my advice, do not venture out to sea in such frightful weather."

"But I will," said Frank, firmly; "and will go alone if no one else will volunteer."

"You shall not go alone Frank," said Buttons, summoning up all his courage, "If you sink we must perish together."

"Bravo Buttons!" said Frank, slapping his young companion on the back. "Bravo, my lad, unlash the ropes, and let's lower the life-boat at once.

Who will volunteer?"

"So will I," said half-a-dozen brave sailors, in a breath.

In a moment the boat was lowered to leeward.

Buttons was at the tiller.

Frank had the bow oar, and a boat-hook ready for instant use.

Before the gallant crew of the life-boat had pulled away many cables' length, loud shouts were heard on board the "Carlo Alberto."

"She's gone down!"

" All is lost !"

"The vessel has foundered !"

"Return! return!"

Frank heard these dismal tidings, but they only tended to nerve his heart with fresh courage.

"Return! never!" said he. "Pull away, my merry merry men; pull away, we must surely pick up some of the unfortunates."

GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES!!

1,400 VALUABLE PRESENTS

AWAY GIVEN WITH THE

ENGLAND, OF BOYS

Consisting of Ponies, Pet Dogs, Pigeons, Ducks, Fowls, Rabbits, Concertinas, Watches, Cricket Bats, Balls and Stumps, Bows and Arrows, Fishing Rods, Quoits, Boxes of Colours, Sets of Characters, Scenes, Stage Front, etc., etc.

ORDER No. 1 OF THE

BOYS OF ENGLAND.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

With No. 1 is PRESENTED A LARGE AND MAGNIFI-CENT ENGRAVING OF THE BATTLE OF CHEVY CHASE, AND A SET OF CHARACTERS FOR A NEW PLAY.

FOUR TIMES THE SIZE OF ANY OTHER BOYS' JOURNAL.

LOOK OUT FOR

BOY SAILOR;

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A most interesting and powerfully-written Tale, to be completed in about 30 Numbers.

No. 2 with No. 1, and a LARGE EN-GRAVING, GRATIS.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE BOY SOLDIER IN COMFOTABLE QUARTERS.

From their position in the boats, now tossed high upon the waves, and again almost engulphed by yawning chasms, Frank could not well perceive the direction they were taking.

But soon they came across one of the boats of the unfortunate vessel.

It was turned bottom upwards.

Frank and his crew soon "righted" this boat

and took it in tow.

Several other boats were soon perceived struggling towards the frigate.

Frank bade them good cheer, and pulled away towards a distant raft, which was tossed like nutshell upon the waves,

No. 20.

As they approached it Frank's heart sickened at the sight heathen beheld.

It was crowded with men, and women, and children.

In an instant the lifeboat-men began to take off

Men were praying, swearing, shouting, some half mad with fear, others speechless from drunkenness. Women and children were crying and clinging to

each other in wild, heart-rending disorder. The first to leap upon the raft and lend assistance

was the gallant Frank. Membe two boats were quickly filled with human beings, and about to leave the raft to its fate, when a heart-rending cry reached Frank's ears.

He turned deadly pale as he heard it. "Put back to the raft again," he shouted.

Before the order could be obeyed, gallant Frank leaped into the foaming water and swam to the

Lashed to the edge of the raft, and bound together with strong cords, were an aged man and his only daughter.

They were still alive, but half concealed from

view by the dashing blinding spray.

Like a Newfoundland dog Frank bravely battled with the waves, and swam towards those two helpless beings.

With his knife he severed the rope which bound

them, and dragged them on the raft.

As he clasped the young girl in his arms his senses began to reel.

He tottered and fell.

They were none other than Sir Edward Lancaster the banker and his daughter Nelly!
"Saved! saved!" said Frank, in a loud tone of

triumph, "Saved! saved!"

CHAPTER LVI.

THE HAUNTED WING OF BROMLEY HALL.

THE position of Warner in the old and long deserted wing of Bromley Hall, where we last left him, was most perilous and awful,

The words attered there had filled him, chilled

him with deadly awe.

He wished to escape from the chamber of horrors, and yet felt impelled from some undefined impulse to continue his researches.

He could not escape the way he had come. He tried to do so, but the heavy door was immovable and solid as the wall itself.

"Must I be buried here alive?" he thought; and as this terrible conclusion flashed across his mind, he was seized with grim despair,

He knew not what to do, or in which way to turn. "I am caught in a trap!" he mused, "and am

buried alive.

Cold sweat poured from his pale and pallid brow. He had now no thought of his companion Puggy,

or of the danger of any detection,
"This is a most awful place to be in," he sighed;
"and I would give £1,000 to be safe and sound out

of it again."

He groped about, but for a long time his lamp

revealed no possible outlet for escape.

As he stood sounding the walls with a sword he had found, his foot came in contact with some secret spring!

A door which was made of solid masonry to correspond with the walls, suddenly opened inwardly! A spacious porch stood before his astonished eyes!

A massive iron gate with ponderous knocker enclosed a long stone passage, as dark as pitch !

A cold unearthly dampness was emitted from

this gloomy passage.

"I will arm myself and explore it," thought Warner, "its a safe means of escape doubtless, and leads to some old, unused, and mysterious part of Bromley Hall."

All was as still as death.

He looked in at the lower bars, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom.

After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and, seizing the massive iron knocker at the gate, lifted it, and, for a moment hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke.

The noise resounded through the whole place

with hollow echoes.

All was still again.

Nerved with grim despair, he repeated the strokes more boldly and louder.

Another interval of awful silence ensued.

A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still.

In the distance, however, a faint glimmering light was now seen.

He fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether or not it had or had not been a light he had seen in the gallery before him.

It again appeared in the same place, and quickly

glided away as before.

At the same instant a deep sullen toll sounded from some distant turret.

Warner's heart made a fearful stop.

He was awhile motionless.

Then terror compelled him to make hasty steps towards the outer chamber again; but shame and fear stopped him, and urged by curiosity and a resistless desire of finishing that night's strange adventure, he returned to the porch, and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate.

The heavy door creaking upon its hinges, reluc-

tantly yielded to his hand.

He applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open. He quitted it, and stept forward.

The door instantly shut with a thundering clap, Warner's blood was chilled.

Turning back to find the door, it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it.

But his utmost strength could not open it again. He looked straight before him, and beheld across a hall, upon a large staircase, a bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around.

He again summoned forth his courage, and

advanced towards it.

It retired.

He came to the foot of the stairs, and, after a moment's deliberation, ascended.

He went slowly up.

The flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery.

The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in

silent horror, treading lightly.

For the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another staircase, and

then vanished, At the same instant another toll sounded from some distant turret.

Warner felt it strike upon his heart.

He was now in total darkness, and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second staircase.

A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forward!

He endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not.

He made a farious blow with his sword.

Instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears.

The impression of the dead hand was left in his! His hand felt as if on fire, and he rushed forwards with desperate fury !

The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone.

The staircase grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate.

Warner pushed it open.

It led to an intricate winding passage just large enough to admit a person on his hands and knees.

A faint glimmering of the blue light served to show the nature of the place,

Warner entered.

A deep, hollow groan resounded from a distance

through the dark apartment.

He went forward, and, proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him.

He followed it.

The apartment, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared completely armed, frowning, with a menacing gesture, brandishing a long sword in his hand.

Warner sprang forward, and, aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massive iron key.

The flame now rested upon a pair of ample fold-

ing doors at the end of the gallery.

Warner went up to it, and applied the key to the brazen lock.

With difficulty he turned the bolt.

Instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin resting upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it.

Along the room on both sides, were statues attired in knightly habits, and holding enormous swords in their hands.

Each of them raised his arm, and advanced forward, as Warner entered.

At the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the distant bell tolled again.

The flame still glided forwards, and Warner followed till he arrived within six paces of the coffin.

Suddenly a lady, in bridal robes and veil, rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him.

At the same time the statues clasped their swords and advanced.

The lady rose from her coffin, and threw up her bridal veil, and revealed a deep red mark around her neck, as if it had been severed.

Instantly the old building shook as with an

earthquake.

"This is my burial," said the spirit bride, in awful chilling tones. "The knights you see around me are my ancestors, and former lords of Bromley in times of old; they will yet avenge me, who was the last of the race."

Warner, with horror and amazement in his heart, was thrown into a sudden trance, so it seemed to him, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal.

A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle.

The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, in bridal robes, entered, surrounded by a troop of young bridesmaids fairer than the Graces.

She advanced to the festive board, and said, as she raised a glass of wine to her fair lips, "Man of blood and crime behold, this was the bridal banquet prepared for one who never lived to partake of it. You came for plunder, but all is now rust and worthless." softer, in the first place, and, as the judge at the Old Bailey says, in the egond place, you must give us something handsome, as here you sticke,"

CHAPTER LVII.

PURSUIT OF JONATHAN AND FLINT-STRANGE AD-VENTURES-THE PROCLAMATION-£200 REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE MURDERERS.

"STOP thief! stop thief! stop thief!"

Such were the horrible sounds which assailed the ears of old Flint and Jonathan as they sped away with all haste out of the way of their pursuers.

They had got such a long start of the police, however, that there was every chance of their effecting an escape.

Up one street and down another they ran like frightened hares.

A dark, dirty, and narrow lane was entered, and for a time they felt safe.

"I cannot run any more," gasped Flint, out of

breath. "But you must," said Jonathan. "Would you

give yourself up ?" "Oh, terrible! No, death rather than capture!"

"Then hasten onwards; we have given them the

Jonathan forced old Flint along as best he could, but every moment the old lawyer's legs began to get weaker and weaker.

The dirty, narrow lane they were in led neither of them knew whither.

Yet onward they ran and groped their way in the

They could hear the barking of dogs and tumult of voices all round them.

And yet they were safe.

"I cannot run any further," Flint gasped. "Leave me to my fate, and flee away yourself. I will hide in some doorway."

"Leave you, eh? Ha, ha! that is very likely," old Jonathan remarked. "Not after having had so much trouble to find you, I think. Come, come along."

So saying, he seized Flint by the coat collar, and forced him along at an increased pace.

Both Jonathan and Flint were now exhausted. They could not run much further if their lives depended upon it.

As they were trotting through the dirty, dark, and narrow lane, the gutters of which were like rivers of stagnant filth, both flint and Jonathan stumbled upon the trap-door of an underground cellar.

The door gave way, and both gentlemen fell right into the deep cellar upon some straw.

The trap-door above, by some invisible means, was closed again upon them.

Here they were in a cellar some twelve feet below the surface of the lane.

They began to curse each other's stupidity with great heartiness, one blaming the other, when-

Overhead in the lane was heard the tramp of policemen.

Their footsteps crossed the trap-door.

But the trap-door did not give way then. How was that ?

It was fast, and policemen were heard moving about over it.

Jonathan and Flint held their breath,

"We are entrapped," whispered Flint.
"Hu-s-s-h!" said Jonathan. "Listen to what
they are saying."

"Do you think they have given us the slip?" said one.

"It looks like it."

"Has any one been seen to go out of the other end of the alley way through Cribbage Court ?" " No."

"Perhaps they may be in the 'den.' "

"Not they; they have nothing to do with those sort of fellows. They are not far off, anyhow, so let's look into all the passages; they may be concealed on the stairs, or in the cellars."

So speaking, the two policemen overhead moved

away.

The sound of their retreating footsteps gave great courage to Jonathan and Flint, both of whom, a few moments before, were almost distilled into a jelly with fear.

"This is a lucky escape," one whispered to the

other

"Yes, if we could only see our way out of this stinking place," was the whispered reply.

Jonathan began groping about.

His hand at last found the bolt of a door.

He was about to move it, when-

The door was opened by a rough, villanous-look-

ing man in a hairy cap, candle in hand.

This was done so quietly and suddenly, Jonathan had not even perceived the slightest glimmer of light through the chinks of the door.

He started back in terror, and tried to hide his

Flint rolled himself up like a ball, and crept further

into the corner than ever.

"Hel-lo! What's all this here, eh?" said the rough-looking rascal. "Vell! blow me, if I didn't think as how I heard that trap go, and so it did; but who'd a thought of seeing two such blokes as these 'ere ?"

So speaking, he whistled slightly, and was soon joined by two other men, as evil-looking as himself.

"Vell! I never," said one, in surprise. "Two real tofts," the third remarked.

"Why, it's a regular windfall'!" said the first,

"and no mistake."

"My dear friends," said Jonathan, rising at last, and speaking boldly to the men. " My dear friends, it is a mere accident, I can assure you; myself and friend were passing along this lane, and by a mere chance we fell through the trap-door."

"I dare say !"

"How werry innocent!"
"A couple o' Bow-street pups in disguise."

"On my word, gentlemen, you are mistaken," said Jonathan, "we have nothing at all to do with

the police; d—n them!"
"Amen!" said the first; "no more have we, my fine gentleman. But I don't trust neither on yer,

for all that."

"Does yer know where yer is?" another asked.

"Not the remotest idea."

" I dare say not."

"That's all a bit o' kid o' his'n," the other said. "You would do me a great kindness by showing

the way out of this filthy place," said Flint, in an assumed tone of disgust and annoyance.

"I dare say you would! Come this way, my fine chaps, and let's have a better look at yer ugly mugs."

So saying, the three rough-looking rascals conducted Jonathan and Flint into an inner apartment, which was warm and well lighted.

A long deal table and forms were there, and plenty of plates and dishes, as if the place had been used as a kitchen.

They locked the door upon their luckless visitors, and eyed each of them with no very favourable expression of countenance.

"This chap is werry like the slop as guv' me six penn'orth, Bill," said one, pointing to Flint, and smoking his pipe very savagely.
"Perhaps he is."

"And this long-legged cove looks for all the world like a genteel smasher," said another, pointing to Jonathan.

Both gentlemen felt very uncomfortable, and

neither knew what to think or say.

At last the first of the three rogues tapped

Jonathan on the shoulder and said,

"And don't yer know where yer is ? No kid, now; all's on the square, here, my jolly pal! How's business in your line ?"

Jonathan tried to smile at the jokes of the rough

fellows, and, at last, said,

"Well! my men, we may as well tell you all."

" Jest so."

"Out with it."

"My friend, here, is a distinguished lawyer."

"A lawyer, eh ?"

"I thought I see his mug afore somewhere—at the Bailey, most likely."

"And I am a clergyman."

"A what ?"

"A clergyman."

"Gammon!" "Truth."

All three looked at him with staring eyes.

"My friend and I are old friends, and have not

seen each other for years." "I listen-go on. Don't spin it cut too long."

"We dined together yesterday, and had, perhaps, too much wine. In fact, we did not rise from the table till after midnight."

"Jest how I should do if I was well up. Well,

"We were rambling along, we scarcely knew where, when we were accosted by two low females. They robbed us of several articles. We resisted them, and knocked one down."

"They hollered, in course ?"

"Yes; and two burly fellows rushed up to ill-

treat us, and we ran away.

"To save themselves, they raised a great outcry, and we made the best of our way anywhere we could.

"The police, mistaking the real facts of the case,

gave chase.

"We stumbled over your trap-door, and fell in where we are."

"'Zackly-here you is."

"And here he is likely to stick, without he forks out."

"And handsome, too !"

"We don't want any queer-looking people around

"True, mate-we might hurt 'em,"

"Well, gentlemen, I have told you the truth. We do not wish to pry into your affairs, and if you will accept of our apology-"

"Of your what ?-your 'pology ?"

"We'll accept of your watches and coin rayther." So saying, two of the rascals searched both Flint and Jonathan, but did not find much.

The packet of notes which Jonathan secured in Flint's room he had previously thrust into the leg of his boot.

"'Taint a great deal, arter all," said the chief of the rogues.

"Two tickers and five quid atween 'em-that's

"Never mind-they ain't gone yet."

"Gone yet! what do you mean?" said Jonathan, indignant.

"What I mean is-you'd better speak a little bit softer, in the first place, and, as the judge at the Old Bailey says, in the second place, you must give us something handsome, or here you sticks."

"But we haven't got anything else."

"Gammon. Gents like you is have lots o' chink at the bank. Don't yer twig ?"

"You must write us out an order or a cheque for a hundred or two-that's all."

As they thus spoke together, the chief man was suddenly silent.

He heard some one whistling outside.

"Hark !" said he, "that sounds like Joey's note." "Joey it is," said a second, who listened again.

Presently some one was heard to enter the house. Numerous bolts and bars were drawn to admit

the new comer.

Flint and Jonathan, for the present, were thrust into the front cellar again, and were shivering with

Jonathan peeped through a crack, and heard the distant conversation between the four rogues.

"Such news!" said Joey, rushing in; "you'd never believe it."

"What is it?"

"Barney the Pug has turned approver."

" What ?"

"Not a farden less; he's turned his coat, so all on us had better look out for squalls."

"How do you know it?"

"Couldn't be mistaken. He and Gale went to-

gether, and I heard him say-

"Don't matter what he said; if he's in Gale's fingers it's Hookey Walker with him." "And us too."

"If we don't step it."

"But what job has Gale got on hand now ?"

"Why, he 'wanted' two or three blokes for that murder at the Red House, old Ford as you've heard of; and it turns out that the same parties have been knocking two or three slops out o' time in a lawyer's office."

"Crikey! they had their hands full."

"Yes, Barney is linked in one of the affairs, but he bought himsel' off by turning "prover.' He and Gale called at the lodgings of one of the parties just a minute too late, the two birds had flown; they were traced over the roofs of a dozen houses or more, and-

" Got free."

"Clean as a whistle."

Three of the fellows winked at each other very

wickedly.

"What are yer winking and blinking at?" said Joey, in a passion. "Don't yer believe me? Didn't you hear the people running about the neighbourhood half an hour ago ?"

"Jest so, Joey; and how much reward is offered for these coves?"

"I saw a big bill up to-night, and collared one

on 'em. Here it is."

So saying, Joey produced the proclamation he had taken off the wall, and read it as follows—

" £200 REWARD.

"WHEREAS, a most foul and deliberate Murder has been committed on the person of Mr. Ford of the Red House, under most revolting circumstances, and, whereas it is very probable that the same person or persons have been concerned in the killing of two constables and the wounding of a third while in the discharge of their duty, "Therefore, it has been resolved by the Queen's

pleasure, that the above sum of

"£200 REWARD

" shall be given to any one who will arrest and

bring the said person or persons to justice. Or half the above reward, viz.,

"£100,

"to any person or persons who shall give such information as will lead to the apprehension of the said offenders

"It is supposed that three persons have been concerned in these diabolical murders, viz:-

"A man who sometimes begs under the name of Warner, a well-built, powerful man of about 35 or 40 years of age; bright, quick, small black eyes, large mouth, high cheek bones; wears, oftentimes false moustache, whiskers and wig; of gentlemanly address, and frequently passes for a medical man. When last heard of he was in the neighbourhood of Bromley Hall Academy, shire

"The second person is named Jonathan Gravestones, a schoolmaster, who gives out that he has been and is a minister of the gospel; tall, longlegged, grey eyes, hooked nose, large mouth and ears, wears black always, continually smiles and rubs his hands when conversing, is fond of wine and

snuff, and has generally a very greasy appearance.

"The third person has for years been a pettifogging lawyer under the name of Flint. It is supposed he has changed his name for that of Schmidt. He is between 40 and 50 years old, very miserly, medium height, crooked back, and sharp, ferretlike eyes; he dresses in black, usually, and wears a snuff-coloured overcoat. When last seen was in the habit of frequenting the east-end theatres.

"Any information regarding these persons, or the murder with which they are connected, must be transmitted at once to Scotland Yard, or to Bow Street Police-court."

CHAPTER LVIII.

PUGGY MEETS WITH SOME OLD PALS-JOEY THE REFORMED THIEF.

JONATHAN listened most attentively with outstretched ears to the reading of the proclamation, and was confounded.

It was by a great effort that he did hear, however, for the distance between the back cellars was con-

It was by rapt attention and straining every nerve that he managed to hear it.

As Joey proceeded with his reading Jonathan felt

sick at heart.

"£200 reward," he thought. "Then we are lost; these rascals will be sure to give us up. £200 to them would be a little fortune."

While he thus thought, and was in agony of mind, the conversation in the inner cellar pro-

ceeded.

"Vell, and what are yer larfing at?" said Joey. "All on ye look as if you were going to have fits with yer smiles and winking and blinking. Is there any secrets ?"

"No, Joey : but what do yer think?"

"Can't tell."

"We knows where two of these identical blokes

"What, the murderers ?" and sonit trode a ni

"Yes."

For a moment Joey looked incredulous, and whistled in doubt.

"You jest hang that there proclamation over the fire-place, I say, and you'll see what yer shall see, only keep quiet, and don't seem to know nothing."
"All serene; but where are they?"

"They tumbled into our celler this werry blessed night."

"Gammon !"

"True, Joey; me and my mates were planning a little job or two, and I hears the noise; hang me if I didn't think as how it were a couple of slops at fust; but, lor! there's nothing to fear from them."

As he spoke he re-entered the front cellar, and conducted Jonathan and Flint into the inner one

"Does yer see that, my covies?" said the chief speaker to Jonathan and Flint, as he pointed to the proclamation over the mantle.

Both the lawyer and his companion read it. While they did so the three rascals were intently

watching them and comparing notes.

"Werry like the descriptions," whispered Joey; "nothing could be neater. These are them for any

"Vell, and what do yer think on it?" said the

chief man.

"Think," said Jonathan, with well-assumed indifference and coolness. "I don't know what to

"Nor I either," said Flint, sinking into a chair. "I'll tell yer what I thinks," said he of the hairy cap, "that whoever as did that murder desarves to be hung."

"So do I," said Jonathan ; "it was a most horri-

ble affair."

"So it were; but I'll tell you what I thinks

"What ?"

Why, that you and t'other party there had summot to do with it."

"Me ?" gasped Flint.

"I? Lor' bless the man!" said Jonathan, "you must be dreaming; I never knew any one of the name of Ford in all my life,"

"Nor I either," said the lawyer. "Please let us

depart, we have a long way to go."

"No yer ain't, my fine bloke; you ain't got very far to go; there you is mistaken; the police station is close handy."

"And do you mean to say that you intend handing two respectable gentlemen like we are over to

the police on the charge of murder ?"

"Yes, nothing shorter. Don't look so red, you might burst a blood-vessel, and it's not a bit of use of you cursing and swearing in that way, pertic'lar as you said you were a parson a while ago. A pretty parson you is, and no mistake; you'd beat the best fishwoman in all Billingsgate. I wonder what college you went to ?"

This remark made all the rogues laugh.

But Joey said,

" What ? "

"Why, the slops are coming."

"Impossible!"

"I can hear 'em. Put your two coves out of sight. Let'em come if they like; the crib is empty

-they can't find anything."

As quick as thought, Jonathan and Flint were thrust down a hole in the flooring, and almost

suffocated.

In a short time the signal whistle was heard. "It's the Pug," said Joey, "his note is peculiar." Sure enough, it was the Pug.

The bolts and bars were withdrawn.

He entered the Den, and cast his eyes to the right and left.

He perceived the placard, and remarked,

"Well, old pals, I sees you knows all about it."

"About what?" said Joey, in a surly manner.

"About that murder."

"No, we doesn't. We don't know half as much as you do."

"What do yer mean?" said the Pug, with an

"Mean?" growled all four in a breath, like bull-dogs, casting wicked glances which made the Pug wince again.

"Mean? Why, we means that you had better be off about your business as quick as possible, without you wants a broken head; and mind you, don't you ever dare poke your nose into this crib

"Break my head? Who'll do it?" said Puggy,

very valiantly.

"Why, I will," said Joey. "Get home to Bow Street, among the sneaks and spies. Don't come here any more."

"We don't want to hurt you, Puggy," said another, "for we knows you've got the slops outside. How much did they give you to turn sneak, eh?'

"Whoever says I left my pals and turned tout is a liar," said Puggy. "I never deserted a pal yet."

"Then you are the liar," said Joey, "for you can't fool us, Puggy; we are too old birds to be caught with chaff. Besides, Bill has got touts out at all times as well as you and the police. I watched you to-night."

This evidence was too strong against Puggy. He cursed and swore till almost black in the face.

But it was all to no purpose.

No one believed him.

He tried to make friends with his old pals again, and to deceive them as to what he really was doing. But, as they said themselves, "they were too old birds to be caught with chaff."

Puggy left, vowing vengeance in his heart against Joey, if anything should throw the chance in his

"I'll get Master Joey lagged," said Puggy; "it won't be a very difficult job now I'm linked in with Gale. If I does a favour for him, he must do one for me. Yes, Joey, we'll give you a sixer across the briny ocean."

"He must have had the cheek of the devil to

come here," said Joey.

"He didn't know as how we were up to him."

"Lor bless yer, I never thought Puggy was much; he pretends to be a bit of a fighting man, but he's a perfect cur in his heart. I wouldn't mind having a 'turn up' with him myself," said Joey, with an

"He's too heavy for you, Joey."

"Is he? you wouldn't lay two to one on him, would yer? I think not. If I only catches him up in 'Young Clipper's drum' with the gloves on again, I'll show him what I can do with him. I've been in training for Puggy a long time, for I always suspected he had private dealings with Gale and the other slops."

"Well, so do I. It looks werry suspicious when all his pals get 'nicked' in every job they has, and he gets off. But, for bless yer, he didn't cum here alone; there's a detective or two prowling about; let me go and see."

Joey went, and had scarcely got to the door when he was confronted by a "plain clothes" man.

"Hullo, Joey, that you? not out to-night-nothing doing?"

"No, Mr. Radfen. I've turned over a new leaf lately, and started in the cabbage and turnip line with my little moke (donkey)."
"Any one in the Den?"

"Only Bill, Jack, and Alf."

" All the others away ?"

"Yes; if you don't believe it, go down and see." Radfen, the detective, believed what Joey said,

and whispered to him,
"It's a dark night, Joey. Keep out of the Pug's way; he might give you a sly poke. I know him.

"So does I, Mr. Radfen, thank you; a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse."

"Positive there's nothing in the Den to-night?"

"On my oath."

"All right. Good night, Joey,"
"Good night, Mr. Radfen,"

"Not a bad sort of bloke for a slop," thought Joey. "I know where he lives. I wonder if he's fond o' cabbage. I'll call to-morrow, and let his old woman have a head for nothing."

Joey had good reason to like Radfen.

For that police officer had had more than one chance to "run him in" for minor offences, but had never done so.

When he returned to the Den he found Bill, Jack,

and Alf talking to Jonathan and Flint.

"Now which will you do?" said Bill with the hairy cap; "there ain't a doubt in my mind but what you are two of the blokes which is 'wanted.'"

"Do!" said Jonathan, with a quivering lip, " what

can we do? we have no money.

"Yes you have, in the bank or somewhere." "They must either cash up, or we must hand 'em over to the officers, and get the £200," said Alf.

"I'll tell you what we will do."

"Well, what?"

"Myself and friend are perfectly free from all guilt or crime; but as you seem determined not to let us go hence without money, we will give you a check for £100."

" Not enough," said Flint.

"Not near."

"Well, say £200 then; surely that will satisfy you?" swore Jonathan.

"No, that 'ud be only £50 a piece. We want £100 each."

"What! £400 in all!" gasped the lawyer.

"Yes; not a farthing less."

"But we haven't got it."

"No; but you can get it when the banks open tomorrow."

"I have not a penny in the bank," said Jonathan,

" No; but that other bloke has. You can swear to that. I heard all about him hooking it with the dead man's money."

It was finally agreed that Flint should go out next morning-but watched all the time-and

procure the £400.

He protested that he could not raise it.

But this was only laughed at by the three rough

Jonathan was detained a prisoner until Flint's

510 10 depends of the control of the FLINT DRAWS THE MONEY-HE OUTWITS THE PROFESSIONAL ROGUE-THE DRUG.

It was frightful torture to Flint to be obliged to part with any of his ill-gotten money.

But he saw no help for it.

Either he must pay dearly for his liberty, or be

conducted to Bow Street.

Jonathan at first offered the rascals the £200 in notes he had concealed in his boot-legs.

But this discovery only heightened their curiosity and avarice.

The original £400 was still insisted upon. Jonathan wanted Flint to write an order for the

amount, and he would go and get it cashed.

This was very cunning of him; but his captors feared Jonathan much more than the old lawyer, who, next day, was conducted out of the Den in a very roundabout way, and at last emerged into the open thoroughfare again.

He was accompanied by Bill, the owner of the

hairy cap.

But on this occasion Bill changed his clothes, and looked every inch a well-to-do tradesman, as he walked beside the old lawyer,

They had not gone far when old Flint began to try to bribe Bill; but it was all to no purpose.

"You'd better have a £150 or £200 yourself, and say I gave you the slip."

"But what is to become of your long-legged partner, then?"

"Let him go to the devil. He's one of the cleverest thieves living, and is up to all kinds of roguery, from breaking into a house to cutting a man's throat.

"You don't say so! What a very clever bloke he is then. Why, he'd be of any amount of service to me, Jack, and Alf, when we've got a job in

Do all he could, Flint could not bribe the owner of the hairy cap, and after a time they both came within sight of the Phœnix bank.

Bill accompanied Flint into the bank, and stood

by his side.

How the old lawyer got the money, Bill could not tell; but there was a deal of talking and signing, Mr. Hairycap thought.

At last, however, the money was paid to old

Flint.

Within a few minutes, he and Bill went into the parlour of a public-house near by, had some brandy, and then counted out the notes.

Four hundred pounds in bran new crisp bank notes

were on the table.

Bill was about to take them up when he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and excruciating pains in the stomach!

This came on so suddenly and so violently that

Bill was doubled up like a ball, in pain.

"It's that brandy !" said Bill, groaning. "Just so. Wait a moment, I'll get you something from the bar that will ease you," said Flint.

Flint seized the handful of notes and dashed at the doorway.

He was free!

With a loud oath and fearful intention, Bill Flint escaped, money and all! rushed after the fugitive.

"He'drugged me," said Bill, "and I suffered awful tortures! He has escaped! But I will have revenge on his partner! I'll make the bank suffer for of the Phosnix Eink were working extremely hard to bolance their book with the day, in order id get

CHAPTER LX.

THE BANK ROBBERY, O AND OFT

PETTY thefts are the seeds of great crimes. " broad

No one, when they first give way to pilfering small things, have the least idea of committing burglary and the like heinous offences.

Yet it is a matter worthy of remark, as we glean from the lives of great criminals, that their infamous career always began with trifles.

So it was with Warner, Puggy, old Flint, and Jonathan, who were now safely in the remorseless hands of Bill, Jack, and Alf, three notorious rascals.

Joey, the costermonger, had once had small deal-

ings with these three rogues.

But although he still kept up his acquaintanceship with them, he wisely followed costermongering rather than run his head into the same noose, which already dangled round the throats of his former " pals."

But why did Bill resolve on robbing the Phænix

Flint, in his hurried flight from the parlour of the public-house, dropped three or four notes for five pounds each.

They were on the floor, and as Bill, with awful curses on his lips for his ill-luck, picked them up,

he determined to get them cashed at once.

He retraced his steps to the bank, got coin for the notes, and then wended his way back to the Den, through one lane, down another, up this court and into that, until at last, unobserved, he reached his anxious companions.

When he told them, on the sly, all that had happened they were in a furious passion.

Jack and Alf wanted to drag Jonathan to Bow Street at once.

But Bill wouldn't hear of it.

"Pve had my eye on the Phoenix Bank a long time," said he, "and it wouldn't be a very difficult job to clear out the whole concern."

"How do you mean?" "Why, this is Saturday; it won't be opened till Monday; we've got lots of time to do the trick in."

"But it's watched both day and night." "I know it is; but that old lawyer told me on the

way that the cove as we've got here knows the parties who live in the house. He can call, and manage to let us in. One of his former pupils is a clerk also there.'

"Good idea—but will he?"
"He must," said Bill. "Once in, we can do the trick nicely in a few hours, during Sunday."

After a very long consultation among themselves, it was resolved to attempt the bank robbery.

For the sake of his life and liberty, Jonathan at last consented to do what they required of him.

He even went farther, and as he knew the bank

premises well, he even made a rough plan of them.

But he had his own motives in doing this, as we shall shortly see.

"I'm beggared now," thought Jonathan; "Anything to get out of the hands of these hard-fisted rascals. Oh, that I had old Flint's head under my heel this moment!" he thought. "But that can never be. I shall never see him any more. He has outwitted me. I must play the tool to these low-lived rascals; but I will have ample revenge. Let me alone for that."

It was just past bank hours; business for the week was ended, and the clerks behind the counter of the Phoenix Bank were working extremely hard to balance their books for the day, in order to get away to their respective homes to enjoy an evening meal.

The clink of cash and slamming of books were

heard in all directions.

Some, with immense rolls of notes, were counting them out preparatory to deposit in the huge iron safes—which, with yawning doors, were standing ready to receive them—in the "strong room."

Young, active, sprucely dressed, and good-looking clerks were shouldering "Ledgers," "Day-books,"

and the like, carefully placing them in proper order in massive iron receptacles.

Quicker than one unaccustomed could imagine, the counters were cleared of all the paraphernalia pertaining to a first-class bank; and accountants, clerks, messengers, cashiers and managers were yawning and stretching themselves in self-complacent gratulation at the close of a very long and heavy week's business.

The doors had been shut for fully half an hour, and the customary cards with "Bank closed" printed thereon were dangling inside the stout plate glass windows, informing all who might be particularly interested that money could not be received or paid across their counters until 10 A.M. on the following Monday.

The watchman was already in the establishment, preparing for his responsible duties of the coming

night.

Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson, gay young clerks, were "skylarking" and touching up their

toilet in an adjacent room.

The grey-haired cashier had buttoned his overcoat up to the throat, and was on his way home; so that one by one all the employes had departed, and felt infinite relief when stretching their weary limbs in the street, and inhaling the exhilarating breezes of a cold, frosty, and snowy December day.

All the clerks had gone-save one.

And he, utterly unconscious of things around him, sat before the fire, deep in thought, and was following out a train of pleasant fancies suggested by the ever-changing panorama, rising and falling in the fitful embers, wherein streams and waterfalls, cottages, gold mines, fair ladies and castles, were continually passing and repassing before his eyes, until at last he sighed, and relapsed into deep me'ancholy.

The upper part of the house and premises on which the Phœnix Bank was situated was used as the private residence of one of the directors, a Mr. Carrington, whose son Charles had for several years gone to Bromley Hall Academy, and was educated

This was the youth who, the day in question, still sat lolling before the fire in the bank parlour, musing of the present and the past.

The hall bell rang, and a servant presented a card to the director's son, who smiled as he said,

"Show the gentleman in, and then go upstairs to inform my father, if he is in, of the Rev. Jonathan Gravestone's arrival."

The servant did as he was ordered, and went

Jonathan was a long time rubbing his boots on the mat in the hall ere he walked forward into the

"What, my old master at Bromley!" said Charley, rising and shaking Jonathan very heartily by the hand. "I am most delighted to see you. When

did you arrive in town?' "Only an hour ago, but, my old pupil, you seem

very thoughtful. What is the matter?"
"Well, I was thinking at the moment of old Lawyer Fint. How rich he has become lately, and what large sums he has from time to time deposited in and drawn from our bank, for different persons, and in strange names."

"Indeed," said Jonathan, with a ghastly smile. "I know him well; have you seen him lately?"

"He drew five hundred pounds out of bank this afternoon, and yet he has no practice. I never heard of him being engaged in any great case."

"Nor I; but he seems to possess money, at all events, and that's the great thing,"

THE MURDER OF THE OFFICER.

"It is the great thing, as you say, Mr. Jonathan; but some people don't get along as fast as others. How some people make large fortunes is very mysterious sometimes."

"Yes. Who'd have thought, Carrington, my boy, that old Flint would ever have been able to boast of such a bank account as you say he has? I knew him thirty years ago, and then he was almost picking rags in the street, and was scarcely better than a bundle of rags himself.

"Not that I say so to his disparagement, you know," said Jonathan, with mock charity; "it is to

his credit rather that, from nothing, he should have gradually risen up to be among the wealthiest,

"It shows, Carrington, as you are yet quite a young man, what can be effected by untiring industry and prudence.

"Instead of being otherwise, I should feel buoyant at your age; with education, talent, good address, and winning exterior. I would not give your chances of success for the oldest and richest in the

"And let me tell you, also, something in confilence, which your father told me. The bank directors are very much pleased with you, and propose raising your salary. What do you think of that? And again, you may imagine the confidence they have in you from the fact that although from they have in you, from the fact that, although, from

all other clerks, even from directors' sons, they demand rich connections as securities, nothing of the kind has ever been exacted from you or your worthy parent. That shows what an excellent and sound education you must have received under me at dear old Bromley Hall; for, from almost nothing in the bank, you and your father have gradually risen to what you now are, and, in time, I have no doubt he will be president of the establishment."

Shaking hands, "kind old Mr. Jonathan" left his young friend in the bank parlour, and ascended the stairs to converse for a short time with Mr. Car-

rington, senior.

"Old Jonathan can preach as well as any of them. Not a bad sort of old fellow, though, but mighty stingy. He's all right, and don't care much for anybody, so that he gets a fat salary for doing nothing at Bromley Hall, while all the work falls to the poor tutors. Never mind, Rome wasn't built in a day; my turn will come one of these fine mornings. Who knows? I may have a bank of my own. They are going to increase my salary, eh? Well, they are very long-winded about the business, and should have done so long ago. What's three hundred a year to a fellow like me, in times like these? Why, I could spend that amount in less than a week, if I only 'let loose' a little."

Thus thought young Carrington, while old Jonathan was upstairs, conversing with his father.

But while Jonathan's pupil was in a deep reverie about the large sum which old Flint had to his name in the bank from time to time, and reflecting upon the many scenes in which he and Joel Flint had taken part at Bromley Hall, Jonathan himself was detailing to Mr. Carrington, senior, the whole history of the terrible school riots at Bromley Hall.

But, it must be remarked, the servant who let Jonathan in had not gone up more than two flights of stairs, when Jonathan turned and left the street-

door ajar.

While he was conversing, therefore, with his former pupil, Bill, Jack, and Alf, the burglars, entered the establishment, and hid themselves.

After a long time spent in conversation with the old master of Bromley Hall, Mr. Carrington and his son persuaded the old tutor to remain all

night.
This was exactly what Jonathan wanted. Hour after hour passed in pleasant conversation, about all manner of subjects, and at last bedtime

Jonathan was shown to his room, and retired to

In another hour the whole house and the bank were as quiet as the grave.

The night watchman went his rounds.

All was safe and still.

But little did the watchman dream that three determined villains were then in the bank, hid

Neither did he suspect that old Jonathan was likewise awake, and moving about the house in his

stocking-feet.

He was about to descend the stairs, to assist in the robbery, when his quick ear caught the faint sounds of-

"Help, help!" and of a quick, violent scuffle

going on in the bank below.

Again all was still.

"Have they killed the watchman, I wonder?"

thought Jonathan, with bated breath.

He descended the stairs cautiously and slowly. "I will go and assist them," thought he, "or I shall have nothing for my share. In the morning I shall be found fast asleep in bed. No one will ever suspect me of having done anything-besides, I shall leave the house long before the bank opens

on Monday morning."

He had descended two flights of stairs, and was about to go down the third, and last, when a door opened, and a hand was laid roughly upon his shoulder.

"Who are you?" said some one, in the dark, and

in a whisper.
"Who is he? what brings him here?"

The whispered tones of the unknown men were so harsh, quick, and decisive, that they made Jonathan tremble.

"Who and what are you?"

"I am a visitor, a friend of Mr. Carrington, the resident director."

"What brought you down from your chamber, then, at this time of night?"

"I heard a mysterious noise, and faint cries for help, as if of some one in distress."

"Indeed-and you came to his assistance, I suppose?"

"I did, or to ascertain the cause of the noise ere

alarming the household.' "You did well, then. You may go to your apartment again, and leave the rest to us. Had you alarmed the house, you would have spoiled every-

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing in particular-there are three professional burglars in the bank-that's all !"

"Burglars in the bank! impossible-and you

"Police officers."

"But the cry of help I heard, then, arose from-" "The night watchman. He was seized, bound, and gagged; but no harm will befall him.

"But how did you know of this affair ?" "From information we received, we entered the house just half an hour after the burglars. have been watching them several hours. When they have done their work below, we shall collar 'em, and transport 'em for life."

"But how could you watch them?"

"We bored a hole with an auger through the first or ceiling. Have a peep?" floor ceiling.

Jonathan did have a peep, and through the hole could plainly see the three burglars hard at work trying to prize open the safe.

"Now are you satisfied ?" said one of the officers. "Yes, I am. Oh! the villains! see how hard they are working. Why, Alf and Bill are actually perspiring. If they only worked half so hard in any honest labour, they'd make their fortunes."

"I dare say they would; but who told you that those two men trying to prize open the safe were

called Alf and Bill ?"

This question took Jonathan fairly aback, and for a moment he felt his heart in his mouth.

"I heard them whisper their names just now,"

said Jonathan, telling a lie. "The very men we suspected," said one of the

officers, who was Josey's friend Radfen. " I thought they were concocting some villany or they wouldn't have kept so quiet as they have done for the past week or two."

"The third party as is guarding the door must be Jack, then," whispered another officer.

"Yes; that's him."

"But why don't you go and arrest them at

"We are waiting for a fourth party," said Radfen.

"Two more, I think you said, Radfen ?"

"There were two strangers with them in the den, but I don't know whether they are all pals or not."

"Who told you, Joey?"

"No; I can't get anything out of him," said Radfen; "but I found it out in a curious sort of way."

" How was that ?"

"Why, this morning they sent to the public for a quart of gin. Any other morning they only have a pint between them. So I knew that there must be one or two extra people there."

This conversation was carried on in whispers, and yet they watched the robbers at work below with

hawk-like eyes.

"Now's our time," said Radfen; "we can't wait any longer. If we stop for the other two, we may loose these three. To work, my men, each one to his post."

Jonathan was glad enough to creep out of the

way, yet he seemed charmed, and fixed to the spot. He dearly wanted to see how the officers would effect the capture of his late associates; and these four knelt down, and looked through the hole in the flooring.

The officers, in their bare feet, left the room.

For five minutes nothing was heard or seen of them.

Bill, Jack, and Alf were still very busy with the safe, and were upon the point of forcing it open, when they dropped their tools, and looked around

In the distance Jonathan could see that Radfen and two others had got into the bank by a side door.

They were there crouched low down in front of the counter.

No noise had been heard.

Yet by instinct, the three burglars knew that some one was within pistol shot.

They listened.

But no sounds were heard.

Bill, now upon tiptoe, approached the counter, to look over.

A loud oath escaped from Bill.

He drew his revolver, and fired at Radfen. The poor detective staggered and fell.

"I told yer last time you should have it Radfen, and now you've got more nor you want."

The other two detectives jumped across the counter.

By a well-directed blow Bill levelled one to the

ground with a small "jemmy."

Jack and Alf now rushed forward, bent on murdering the remaining officer.

On the instant, the door leading into the entrance hall was forced open by half-a-dozen officers.

The fight now was desperate.

Pistol shots were fired quickly by the three desperate men, who fought with the desperation of

Radfen, faint from loss of blood, still persisted in

attempting to arrest Bill, but was unable.

He staggered forward, and grasped the burglar firmly by the throat.

The struggle was brief.

Bill threw Radfen to the ground, and fell heavily upon him.

A knife was at the detective's throat.

"I always said I'd 'do' for you, Radfen; and so I will if I 'swing' for it.

He raised his dirk knife, prepared to plunge it

into the brave detective's heart-

When a truncheon blow laid him speechless upon the floor.

As faint and weak as he was, Radfen immediately

pulled out a pair of irons, and handcuffed Bill ere he was conscious of it.

Jack and Alf fought most desperately to get

away. "It is liberty or transportation for life for us," they

thought, and struggled most savagely to get away. Knives, pistols, crowbars, "jemmies," everything had been used by the three desperate robbers, who

fought like fiends. Many of the officers were fearfully cut and

wounded about the head and face, and blood flowed

freely on either side. Yet during the entire conflict, the brave detectives used no weapons at all, except their stout

truncheons. But they laid about them so vigorously and earnestly, that in less than ten minutes, Bill, Jack and Alf were cut and bumped and bruised in a most terrible manner, and their faces were red with blood.

But it was not until fairly exhausted and unable

to stand, that the burglars gave in.

And even when they lay prostrate upon the floor, Jack and Alf resisted all attempts to handcuff them, until at last they were forced to submit, and were tightly bound both hand and foot.

A cab was called, and the three prisoners driven

off to the nearest station house.

All this exciting and terrible scene old Jonathan saw through the hole in the ceiling.

But when it was over, he began to think of his own safety.

The whole house and neighbourhood were of course alarmed.

Mr. Carrington and his son, revolvers in hand, rushed downstairs, but it was all over ere they

Old Jonathan perceived them among the officers and servants, and took the opportunity to go into the chambers of both father and son, and helped himself to whatever he could find of value.

Then mixing with the motley crowd of officers, servants, and others, he greatly condoled with Mr. Carrington, and felt so much interest in the "bar-barous attempt at burglary," as he termed it, "that he would go forthwith towards the police station to see if the three rascals were like some thieves who a year before had robbed Bromley Hall."

It need not be added that Mr. Jonathan never

went to the station house at all, for-

No sooner had the old villain placed his foot in the streets once more, than he called a cab, and was driven to the outskirts of London out of harm's

In less than an hour after Jonathan had left the house, the three burglars-knowing there was no

hope for themselves-divulged everything.

"And where is this friend of yours, Mr. Carrington, the old master of Bromley Hall?" Radfen asked.

"Why, officer?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, sir; only there's £200 reward offered for him and two others, on the charge of wilful murder."

"Impossible, officer!"

"The three burglars have confessed all."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; do you know a person who was a lawyer of the name of Flint?"
"Yes, well," said young Carrington; "his son and

I were schoolfellows at Bromley Hall."

"Has he any account at your bank?"

"He had at times a very heavy account, and also other deposits which he managed for his clients. The last sum he drew was £500 to day, and closed

his account. Why do you ask?" asked young Carrington.

"He is the second of the three for whom the

reward is offered.

This news fell like a thunderclap upon the bank director and his son, who raised their hands in horror.

"They are both at large," said Radfen, "but still

in London. They must be tracked at once."

So saying, the active detective, wounded as he was, went forth in search of the two criminal fugiret during the entire conflict, who brave detec-

tives used no weapons at all, except their stout

But they laid about them so vigorously and CHAPTER LXI.

JEALOUSY AND LOVE-THE CHALLENGE.

THE gallant behaviour of Captain Frank during the terrible storm was the subject of universal approbation among both sailors and soldiers.

Frank himself was doubly rejoiced at his own good fortune in saving the lives of so many poor

creatures.

But that Nelly Lancaster and her father should have been among the number filled him with astonishment.

Both Nelly and her father were tenderly cared for by the officers of the frigate, and, strange to say, not one of those who volunteered to go in the boats with the gallant Frank were either injured in any way or drowned.

When they reached Leghorn the news was spread far and wide about the heroism of the young Englishman both upon land and sea, and the king, who, from his youth, always delighted in acts of daring and heroism, and never forgot those who in any way distinguished themselves in flood or field, received Captain Frank with marked favor, and gave him several medals, which the young volunteer wore with great modesty and becoming dignity.

But no one succeeds to fame or power without

making enemies for himself. And so it was with Frank.

There were several young Italian officers, though much older than himself, who took every opportunity to laugh at and detract from the brave deeds performed by the gallant band of English Boy Soldiers.

These tales were told to Frank by Master Buttons, who, though willing enough, was much too young to think of taking up the vindication of his brave companions.

Not so Frank, however.

For several days he enquired at the hotel regarding the health of Miss Lancaster.

Each time he was told that she was no better, but

that her father was up and well again.

The servant said that Mr. Lancaster was sorry he could not see Captain Ford then, but would at some future time when Nelly was better.

Now it came to the ears of Frank that Nelly was

better.

More than this it was known that Mr. Lancaster had often invited Italian officers to dine with him, who seemed enraptured with Nelly's beauty and accomplishments.

But, perhaps, more than all charmed with the reputed wealth of her father, the banker.

It came to Frank's ears, by some mysterious means, that among these young officers there was one, named Marquis de Sangri, who aspired to Nelly's hand in marriage, and never allowed any occasion to pass in which Frank's name was men-

tioned to jeer at the young soldier, and sneer at his reputation.
This pleased Mr. Lancaster.

His daughter's likings or dislikings never gave him a thought.

He wished to see Nelly surrounded by counts, marquises, barons, and the like, never asking himself the question whether they were worthy of his daughter's notice.

All he wanted was "men of title" about him.

"Count" sounded well in his ears; "Baron" still better; and the style of Marquis de Sangri threw him into raptures.

If De Sangri had only been a "duke" now, although not worth a stiver, and with no more brains than a cabbage, old Lancaster would almost have adored him.

He had heard much of Frank, and of his attach-

ment to Nelly.

But bravery, honour, honesty, virtue, and qualities of that kind, in a young and gallant English soldier, were not remarkable enough for the silly old banker.

He wanted Nelly to marry no man who was without a grand, high-sounding title, although he lived in private on nothing better than German sausage, or sour krout.

Frank met Mr. Lancaster one day by accident.

After thanking the youth for saving his own and his daughter's life, he offered Frank a £100 note "for his services!"

Young Ford spurned the offer with disdain.

Had any one else so affronted him, he would have knocked them down on the spot.

"I did not expect an insult, Mr. Lancaster," said

Frank, sorrowfully.
"Insult! Is it an insult to offer you payment for your services to me and my daughter? What else could you expect ? "

"I expected the pleasure of once more seeing and conversing with one-if only for a moment-who

has ever held possession of my heart."
"Heart!" said old Lancaster, getting red, and jingling money in his pockets; "the lad must be mad! Have pretensions to my daughter! Why, sir, you must be crazy !"
"I have known Miss Lancaster a long time, sir."

"More's the pity. Good-day to you. But let me tell you this, young Ford. I have heard of this attachment before, but have broken it off; if we ever meet again, it must be as strangers."

Mr. Lancaster went his way, leaving Frank Ford

standing like a statue.

He knew not what to think or say.

As he thus mused, and felt sorrowful at heart, a fine English carriage and horses passed him.

The vehicle was open.

To his astonishment, Frank saw Nelly Lancaster and De Sangri sitting in it, side by side.

His eye caught Frank's.

De Sangri twirled his moustachios in triumph. Nelly hung her head.

Frank returned De Sangri's look with one of scorn and defiance.

And he shook with passion,

"That is the scoundrel who has been circulating all manner of false stories about me. I will call him out, and have satisfaction. He is an accomplished duellist, I am told; but no matter; one of us must fall. I care not now to live, since Nelly has proved false. She must be false, or why insult me by riding out side by side with that conceited fop?"

When Frank returned to his hotel, Master Buttons said that a fierce-looking, podgy, military man had called, and left his card and a note.

On the card was-

COUNT BODZO, Capt. of Artillery, Hotel Victor.

The note ran thus-

CAPT. FRANK FORD, SIR,-Your hasty and ungentlemanly conversation with Mr. Lancaster, as reported to me to-day, requires an instant apology, or otherwise, as a gentleman, I demand that satisfaction which a soldier expects of any one, and condescends to ask from such an impostor as Capt. Frank Ford.

I remain, DE SANGRI, Marquis de Novolo, &c.

P.S.-Any answer to this, addressed to my friend Count Bodzo, will receive instant attention.

"A challenge, eh? Why, what an old fool Lan-caster must have been! I never insulted him. I have too much love for his daughter, and respect for his own old age for that.

"I suppose he has magnified the matter over his wine, and this De Sangri, who has longed for a duel with me, has considered it a peg on which to hang a

quarrel.

"Well, so be it, I am not at all averse to the meeting, but will answer De Sangri's challenge at once "

Frank sat down and wrote.

Hotel de Londres.

To the MARQUIS DE SANGRI, MARQUIS,—I have never yet given utterance to any word of which I have felt ashamed to acknowledge, and I can assure you no single sentence of mine could have given offence to Mr. Lancaster, a gentleman whose life, under Providence, I lately

saved.

As your insulting language, however, leaves no doubt that on any pretext, however slight, you desire a hostile meeting, I should not be an English Volunteer if I declined, although you are perfectly well aware that recent wounds, received in battle, are still unhealed. I will say no more, but leave further argument until our meeting. In the meantime, I refer your friend, Count Bodzo, to confer with my brother, Captain Tom Ford, of the King's Navy, who is staying with me for a few days.

I am, Marquis,

Yours, &c., FRANK FORD, Capt. (Brevet Major) of English Volunteers.

"There," said Frank, "this upstart marquis has long desired this meeting, and much good may it do

So saying, he attired himself in his best uniform ate a hearty dinner, and went to the opera with his brother Tom.

.bull givet on a note to lake to S otherd Yard. CHAPTER LXII.

DETECTIVES ON THE TRAIL-THE FATAL SHOT-THE ENCOUNTER AND DEATH.

RADFEN was much too weak to think of starting in pursuit of Jonathan.

He, therefore, by the inspector's advice, entrusted "the job" to Sergeant Gamble, a "plain clothes" man, who was very expert and bold.

Gamble first enquired at all the cab ranks near the bank if any one had been called off within the hour.

He found out from the waterman that a Hansom cab had been called off by a long-legged, clerical-looking person.

"Where did he want to go?"
"Epping Forest."

"Did you hear him say so?"

" No, but the driver told me."

"Get me a cab, then—the best on the rank. Did you see the party yourself?" "Yes,"

"And could identify him?"
"In course I could."

"Hi, cabby !" said Gamble, to the driver of a Hansom, "how's your horse—fresh?" dan horse "As a daisy!" was the reply.

Cab horses are always "fresh," although out all

night, and most part of the day very often.

"Then drive like the devil to Epping Forest, Cime along, waterman; you must go also, I can't do without you, for I never saw the chap as I'm after in all my life."

Gamble and the waterman jumped into the cab, the driver cracked his whip, and off they went to

Epping Forest.

Through the dark and silent streets they clattered at a fearful pace, until the horse was all afoam.

From time to time Gamble peered out upon any

passing vehicle.

But cabby did not stop for anything, although he drove so near to the curb occasionally that there was great fear of his "spilling" his fare into the road, or smashing the cab.

When they fairly got a mile or two into the country road, Gamble stopped the cab, and asked

one of the mounted rural police,

"Seen a cab along the road to-night?"

"Yes."

"How long since ?"

"An hour, and going like the devil. Why?"

"Murderer wanted, that's all."

And on the Hansom cab rattled along, mile after mile, until in the distance they espied Epping

Beside the roadside stopped Jonathan's cab. "Am I a dreaming?" soud Job, ich rank shifted to Doping lonest

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE PURSUIT-WHAT CAME OF IT-THE SAD END-THE CONCEALED VILLAIN-THE FATAL SHOT.

"Is that the cab, waterman?" asked Gardner, the detective, as his own conveyance bowled along at a sharp pace towards Epping Forest.

"Jest so, Mister Gardner."

"Who drives it?" "Old Job Perkins."

"I know him well enough; he used to drive a four-wheeler."

"Yes, but he's got up in the world lately."

"How do you mean ?"

"I can't explain it, for, as you see, Job is an artful old devil, and has more ways than one of making money these hard times."

"I don't understand you, waterman."
"Well, what I mean, Mister Gardner, is this here; you see, one rainy night when Job was driving a four-wheeler, he was called off his rank in a great hurry by a very suspicious-looking party, but as he drove along he heard some one calling out for him to stop; he did so, and the party who called out for him to stop was no other than Puggy.'

"Puggy, eh," said Gardner, with a smile; "and

where was this ?"

"Well, I heard Job say once it were in the next street to where old Ford was murdered in the Red House."

"Oh, the Red House, eh, and on that very night, too? What brought Puggy so far from home, I wonder, on that particular night?" said Gardner.

"That I don't know; but this I do know, old Job said that Puggy was minding an old gent as fell down in a fit, and wanted Job to take him up; he refused at first, but when he discovered that the chap who called him off the rank had hooked it in a very queer way, without going his journey and paying his fare, why he takes up the old gentleman and drives him home. Job saw Puggy some time ago, and as he was flush, 'Here, Job,' says Puggy; 'I met that old cove as you drove home, and he told me to give you this,' so saying he put ten twentypound notes in Job's hand, and tells him that the old gent wants him to start a Hansom, so that's how old Job got such a sudden rise in the world."

"Yes, yes; but how did Puggy get so much money?"

"The old gent gave it to him."
"Nonsense," said Gardner; "if even he had, Puggy isn't such a fool, or rather such an honest fool as to hand it over to old Job; not he, he's more likely to stick to all he gets, I know Puggy this long time."

"So do I," says the waterman; "and how he

came by that money quite 'licks' me."

"I dare say I could explain it all," said Gardner. "The deepest mysteries are unravelled at times." "It would puzzle the devil, I'm thinking, to know

all that the Pug has been up to in his life.'

By this time the detective and the waterman came up to Job's cab, which was standing by the side of the road, near a small inn.

Gardner jumped out, and walked into the tavern

tap-room.

Before a blazing fire, old Job sat smoking a long pipe, and at his elbow stood a mug of hot spiced ale.

When he saw Gardner and the waterman enter, he took the pipe out of his mouth, and stared as if he had seen an apparition.

"Am I a dreaming?" said Job, "or has the Strand

keb rank shifted to Epping forest?"

"No, you are not dreaming, Job," said Gardner. "You know me ?"

"I should think as how I did; but what's yer little game? What are yer arter?"
"I'll tell you presently."

The waterman took "a long pull" at Job's spiced ale, which that worthy did not at all relish, as he

said, "'Old 'ard, there, vatercock, it ain't kimmon

stuff as you're gulping."

After a few moments of ordinary conversation, the waterman left Gardner and Job to themselves in the tap-room.

The detective shut the door, and locked it. He then sat close beside old Job before the

"And vhat's yer little game?" said Job, looking very wise. "What's yer hup to?"

"Where is that party you brought down here in your cab, Job ?' '

"Can't tell from Adam."

"What do you mean?"
"Mean? Vhy, I mean that I drew him to the edge o' the forest, he got out, paid me two quid, and then hooked it."

"Yes; jest so."

"Was there no house in view?"

"No; net even a pigsty."

"What sort of a person was he? Did you ever see him before?" "Yes; once." "Yes to be a special support support

"When ?"

"Well, I called to hev a pipe and a pint one day at a house I uses, and I sees this chap in the parlour with two others."

"Who were they?" "I can't say."

" Now look here, Job," said Gardner, " let's have no nonsense. You do know who they were."
"So help me never I——"

"No swearing, Job; you do know. One of them was Puggy. You needn't look so surprised; you and he are great friends."

"How d'yer mean ?"

"He brought some money to you from an old party you drove home one night."

"Who told you ?"

"Puggy himself."
"Never!" said Job, in greater surprise than ever.

"He did, though."

"Blowed the gaff, eh? Well, they can't touch me," said Job, drawing a long breath. "I hadn't any hand in it."

"In what ?"

"Why, in smashing them two bobbies in the old lawyer's office."

"Oh, ho!" thought Gardner; "this is something

With a few well-put questions, in which he drew from Job all he knew, heard, or had seen of Jonathan, Flint, Warner, and the Pug, the detective

"Yes; it were the same party as you described, Mr. Gardner," said Job; "nobody who has seen that long gent once would ever forget his ugly

Job drove the detective to that part of the forest

where Jonathan had alighted.

Gardner examined the ground, and, for a few minutes, proceeded among the trees in the direction Jonathan had taken.

There were no marks or footprints to be seen. All was cold, bleak, wild, desolate and quiet. Beyond the whistling of the winds no sounds were heard.

"You are sure that this is the correct spot he got

out at ?"

" Positive," said Job.

"You didn't know there was a heavy reward out for him, did you?"

"You don't mean that?"

"I do, though."

"Has any o' their pals split, then ?" "Puggy has turned approver."
"You don't mean it?"

"Fact; keep dark, though, Job. If you aid me in this affair I'll make it all right with you."

"All right, Mister Gardner, I'm your man, then;

but what must I do first ?"

"I'll give you a note to take to Scotland Yard. We must have a score of men to beat up the forest in all quarters before many hours. If he is concealed anywhere hereabouts we shall find him."

"Beat up in all directions at once, eh?" said Job; well, then, there's small chance of him escaping; but you'd better look sharp, Mr. Gardner, or else

the bird will have taken wing."

"True," said Gardner, "time is precious. I'm bound to take the villian, if it costs me my life; he has hitherto foiled all the 'force,' but now that I am on his track, I'll follow it up to the death,"

So saying, he got into the cab and hastily wrote

a note to Scotland Yard.

"Here, Job, take this to our head-quarters. Drive like the devil; you'll get well paid."

"But ain't you a coming?"

" No."

"What, are yer going to stay here all shivering in the cold ?"

"I am."

"You must have a queer taste," said Job, grinning. "You ain't like most o' the detectives; they'd rather go into the public for an hour or two, and have a pipe and some good old ale."

"Never mind, Job, there is two hundred pounds reward if I catch the rascal."

"Oh, Moses and Son!" exclaimed Job, "jest

think on it-two hundred pounds !"

He cracked his whip, and drove away towards London.

Gardner, the detective, stood against a tree by the roadside, muffled up and deep in thought.

All this time, Jonathan, the fugitive, was not

more than twenty yards off.

He had heard every word of the conversation, and was concealed in an old tree.

Thus, then, were standing, near each other, two

deadly enemies. Gardner had sworn to capture him, dead or alive.

Jonathan had resolved to kill the officer!
"He could not have gone far," thought Gardner,
"for, after all, his cab didn't have such a long start of mine, but Job says he was ordered to drive like lightning itself.

"But what on earth could have prompted the fugitive to come to such an out-of-the-way place as

this ?

"He would have been much safer in London.

"If I could only track him by his footprints, how easily would the reward drop into my ready hand."

While he thus stood behind a tree thinking what he had better do and what course to pursue, Jonathan crawled out of the large, old, hollow trunk of a giant oak tree, and cautiously peered about.

He could not see Gardner, but he knew in-stinctively that the officer was very near.

He retreated to his hiding-place again, and examined his revolver very carefully.

It was all right.

"I have got six shots for him if he comes within reach," thought Jonathan, with a fiendish smile. Now, as chance would have it, Gardner was

doing exactly the same thing.

"It will not do for me to enter the forest, unprepared," he said, and so minutely examined every

chamber of his "six shooter."

"Now for it," thought Gardner, as he left the road. "If this long-legged rascal is anywhere concealed, and sees me, it is all up with me; he may shoot before me."

With a stealthy step Gardner crept rather than

walked along.

His eyes were like those of a ferret, and he peered in every direction in hopes of discovering some traces of the fugitive.

"He may have hidden in some old tree; there are lots of rotten hollow trunks hereabouts. I must give

them a wide berth.

"What was that?" he thought, as he heard a sudden rustling noise as of some one stirring.

He stopped and listened.

His quick bright eye looked in every direction.

"That's a very large old trunk," he thought, as he approached the tree wherin Jonathan was con-

"I must not approach too near," he mused; "who knows, he might be hidden in it, Good thought," said Gardner, "I'll hide in that old tree myself. The fugitive may retrace his steps, and then I can suddenly pounce upon him."

Again he heard the rustling sound.

"I wish I could get on the other side of that old trunk," he said, "for I'm sure it is hollow; and yet I don't see any opening."

Prompted by some instinct, he levelled his re-volver full at the old trunk and fired.

The bullet passed through the trunk and grazed Jonathan's cheek,

As may be supposed, he was greatly surprised.

He did not stir out, however.

"He couldn't have seen me, neither could any one have told him that I intended to stay on the borders of the forest for the night. It is only his suspicions. He won't fire again."

Jonathan wiped the blood from his cheek, and

crouched down to the bottom of the trunk.

"He surely will not fire again," thought the fugitive. "I did not make any noise. This silence will disarm the officer's suspicions. I do not hear his stealthy footsteps in the dry leaves. Had I made the slightest noise it would have proved my

But Jonathan had made a noise, but unknown to

himself.

When the officer's bullet grazed his cheek he

started suddenly.

"Hullo!" said Gardner, as he heard the slight noise. "What could that have been? Some squirrel, perhaps. It wasn't a man, I'll wager for £100, or else he would have bawled out; mortal men can't stand a bullet through 'em without wincing with pain."

In order to satisfy himself of the truth of his suspicion, Gardner fired again at the old trunk.

Twice, in quick succession, he fired.

The bullets on this occasion did not merely graze the hidden fugitive, but, as low as he crouched, one of them almost scalped him; and the other striking lower, hit Jonathan in the ankle.

For a moment or two persons who are wounded do not feel any pain, but a certain sort of numb-

When they do feel the pain, however, it is thrice more excruciating than anything the imagination can fancy.

And so it was with Jonathan.

The scratch on his head, which, had it been but an inch lower, would have killed him, and the bleeding ankle, caused Jonathan to writhe again in

Yet he n ade not the slightest noise.

"It is a case of life or death," he thought. "He has fired off three of his charges, and has but three remaining. I am three charges one occur, therefore. If it comes to a hand-to-hand combat, I am more prepared."

He bit his tongue in agony, and listened for the

officer's footsteps.

He heard nothing. But through the bullet-holes he could see Gardner standing about ten yards away, peering about.

He did not advance or retreat.

From some unknown cause he paused, and seemed

fastened to the spot.

"There cannot be anything or anybody concealed in that tree," he thought, "or if there was I should have heard some moan or groan, for I must have hit him in some part."

So thinking, he cautiously advanced to examine it. "Now is my time," thought Jonathan.

He peeped through the bullet-holes, and saw Gardner advancing.

He cautiously turned, and crept out of his hiding-

place, yet concealed by its bulk.

A fiendish smile of triumph was upon his features.

"He is a dead man, and I am free," thought he.

In a trice he stepped out of his hiding-place. "Ha!" exclaimed Gardner, as he saw the figure of Jonathan.

The exclamation had scarcely passed his lips, when Jonathan discharged the charges of his revolver at the officer.

Gardner threw up his hands, and fell to the earth half dead.

Jonathan ran towards him, as best he could, considering his wounded ankle, and knelt over him.

The officer was unconscious. He was bleeding to death.

Jonathan's aim had been too true.

He was dying.

A smile of bitter scorn played round the mur-

derer's features as he limped off.

"I must make the best of my way from this place," he thought. "Old Flint told me he had part of his treasure concealed in that old inn. I know he sometimes goes there, and has a bed-room always at his disposal; that is the reason I came here; but he knows not that I am aware of all this. If I could only meet him, and have my revenge on him, like I have had with that officer, I should feel

At that moment, and while he limped along the road, he heard, in the distance, the sounds of a horse

galloping hard.

In the distance he could perceive the muffled

figure of some one approaching.

He got behind some bushes, and awaited the

horseman's approach.
"Who can it be?" he thought. "I want a good horse now, and if I can only stop the stranger and rob him of it, I can make my escape; if not, this wounded ankle will cause me to be arrested and hung. It is better I should, for my own sake, steal a horse than be swung up at Newgate.'

The horseman had now approached within a hundred yards of Jonathan's hiding place behind the bushes, and checked his horse into a leisurely

walk.

CHAPTER LXIV.

HOW JOEY, THE COSTERMONGER, SERVED OUT PUGGY

JOEY, the reformed thief, though he now disliked robbery and all such villany, yet felt a kind of old liking for Bill, Jack, and Alf, for in sickness and other distresses they had helped him along.

When, therefore, Joey went into a public-house to have his dinner, he took up the newspaper—the "'Tizer" was his favourite journal—and was astonished to read an account of the arrest of several persons charged with breaking into a bank.

"It's Jack and t'others for a quid," said Joey, "and that all come of Mr. Puggy; if they will go robbing for a living instead of sticking to hard work like any honest man, why it sarves 'em right.. But still, that don't excuse Puggy—he has turned informer, and is paid for his pains: he won't work, and is afraid to steal, so he takes a kind of middle course, and gets an easy crust by informing on those who do steal.

"And he 'fancies' himself too, and thinks he can fight, but I never heard of him holding up his hands to any one who wasn't a deal the weaker man. I should dearly like to have a shy at him one o' these

times on the quiet."

Joey had not long to wait for an opportunity of

meeting Puggy "on the quiet."

There was to be a ratting match for £10, at "The Clippers," and as usual, on Monday night, Joey "did himself up" rather sprucely and went there.

For Joey was very fond of "sport" of any kind, and would much rather spend "his tanner" in looking at a ratting or a boxing match, than stand "boosing" about beer-house bars,

On the night in question, Joey went early, and after the ratting match was over, "boxing" menced.

Among the "gents" in the "shilling place," Joey espied Puggy in the company of a sprucely-dressed

"Puggy seems well up," thought Joey. "It ain't half-a-pint, and a ha'porth o' tobacco now with him ; and ain't he conceited in his new togs?"

After a few rounds by several indifferent amateurs, Puggy went into a side room, pulled off

his things, and put on the boxing gloves.

He felt very anxious to exhibit his knowledge of

"the noble art."

But though he had been in the ring several minutes no one among the non-fighting men present seemed anxious to meet him.

Puggy smiled, and was about to throw off the

gloves again, when Joey stepped forward.
"Don't pull 'em off, Puggy," said Joe, "Ill give

you a ture."
"You?" said Puggy, in disgust; "why I'm a stone heavier than you."

"I knows it," said Joey, pulling off his shirt, and tightening his belt. "That's why yer head is so

This rather nettled Puggy, who, in truth, had a

very large and ugly head.

The numerous bystanders laughed at Joey's retort, and when they saw what a trim-built, sturdy little fellow he was, with not an ounce of useless flesh about him, and his muscles standing out from his arms and shoulders like a mass of steel, they could not but contrast him with his big and bloated opponent.

Joey fastened on his gloves, and stood in the

middle of the ring ready for action.

"Play light, Puggy," said Joe, with a confident

"Make it as hard as you like," said Puggy, with an oath: "for I mean to smash ver smeller afore I've done."

"All right," said Joe, and they began to spar. Every one was silent, for they could see that the two sparrers had no love for each other.

"Close the door, Weazle," said the sporting land-lord to one of his "stud," on the sly. "Let no one come up, 'cept swells, for this here's going to be a reg'lar slogging match, I can plainly see."

'Puggy is too much for t'other,' said Weazle;

"he's two stone heaviest."

"No matter, the little 'un's got game, you'll see." During the first round Puggy smiled like a man who has a very short and easy job before him.

He advanced, and feinted, and jumped back in very clever style, which caused some applause.

Puggy was very vain, and wished to show those present, and his detective friend in particular, "what he could do if he liked."

Joey did not make any show whatever, nor did he hop and skip about like a tom-cat on hot bricks, like Puggy.

He waited for an opening.

It soon came.

"Stop sparring, and go in, Puggy," said the detective.

Puggy did go in.

He made a feint with his right, and then reached Joey's nose with the left.

The same instant, however, he was knocked clean off his legs.

For Joey had waited, and then cross-countered Puggy's left with his own right.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

Such a spank it was that it took all by surprise, and no one more so than Puggy himself, who got up, attempted to smile, but looked daggers at Joey.

"Time," said Weazle, the master of the ceremonies. "Time, my men; make it quick and merry."

And then he whispered to several professionals, "They've got an old grudge against each other, You'll see some capital 'give and take,' shortly."

The boxers met again.

"That was the first ewent for me, Puggy," said

Joey, smiling, and getting confidence.
Puggy did not answer, but seemed bent on "cutting down" his opponent in "no time."

He capered around the coster for a minute or two, saying, "the second ewent will be scored to me," and then let drive a terrific hit at Joey's head.

The coster ducked his head cleverly.

Puggy's fist struck the wall with great violence, and Joey, turning quickly round, gave Puggy "one, two," on the mouth with such effect that it made his nose bleed, and his teeth to chatter like a dice box.

No. 22.

Great applause followed this display in favour of Joey, who had not yet been hit at all.

Puggs was in a terrible rage, and pulled off the gloves to fight it out with his fists.

" No, no, no !"

"Take him away !' doidw ave dupin

"He's too big for the little 'un !" I hald w

"It ain't fair play!" cried many, when they perceived Puggy's intentions,

"I can't allow this," said the sporting publican, "in my house. Besides, Puggy is big enough to eat him."

"Let him alone," said Joey, pulling off his gloves, "I ain't afraid on him, if he was as big as St. Paul's; he's nothing else but a slop's pup—an informer!"

Puggy heard this and his face was red with rage. He swung his bare arms about in a ferocious manner, and rushed at Joey.

But again and again the Coster met his rush with a tremendous smash on the nose, which made the blood spurt out in all directions.

"The big 'un's caught a reg'lar Tartar," said several in high glee. "Go it, little 'un !"

"Give it him, big 'un !"

Puggy now rushed to close with Joey. A fearful struggle ensued for the first fall.

For a moment it was any odds against the Coster, for Paggy was so big and strong that he caught up Joey in his arms, and seemed bent on splitting his head against one of the stakes of the ring.

But, as Joey termed it, "it was all a bit of kid" on the Coster's part.

He wished Puggy to waste all his strength, which

he did do.

And then Joey wriggled like an eel, and, when least expected, gave his opponent "the leg," and Puggy came to grief with a "buster" on the

"The three events to me," said Joey, grinning.

"Bravo!" cried all assembled.

"Capitally done !"

"I back the little 'un for a tenner," said a sport-

ing gentleman present.

"I think you'd better chuck it up," said the pub-

lican who was a fighting-man himself.
"I think you'd better chuck it up Puggy, or else
the Coster 'ull eat yer afore he's done."

But this was only said to rile Puggy.
The "sport" had now assumed a very serious

aspect.

But the doors were locked, and several hangerson of the establishment were round about the corners ready to give the alarm if any of the "slops" were

More than a score of gentlemen from Regent street, and the Haymarket, hearing of the fight, "going on on the extreme quiet," at the Clippers, hastened to witness it.

And when they got into the room, and saw a

round or two, bets ran high.

" Make up a purse of ten pounds, gentlemen," said the landlord, "and the sport shall go on."

"Done," said several. "It's a capital mill." "I'll back the Coster."

"The big 'un must win," said the publican, who wished to get all the bets he could on the other

The fight continued.

Four fighting-men were found among those assembled, who, for a dollar each, were willing to second the men.

When Puggy next came up for the third round his face had been wiped, and he looked fresh and

confident.

He advanced boldly, and hit Joey in the ribs with his right; the Coster repaid it with a smack on Puggy's right eye, which made it blink again, and grow black almost instantly.

Blow now followed blow in quick succession.

Puggy began to look very serious.

Joey was as lively as a cricket. The Coster received all Puggy's blows on the

chest and ribs.

But Joey invariably "landed" with the left and right on Puggy's face, nose, and eyes, until his countenance was cut and braised and bumped in a shocking manner.

Puggy's heart began to fail him.

He had always looked upon Joey as an easy

But he had reckoned without his host.

Because Joey had always been a very quiet and civil fellow, and averse to fighting, Puggy looked upon him as a bit of a coward.

Now, however, the tables were turned. Puggy looked more serious than ever.

His heart began to fail him.

He was also weak in the knees; but Joey was as strong as ever, and, except a few bruises on the body, was untouched.

Puggy began to think of crying "a go."

But he knew not in what way to do it without appearing to lose the battle and the purse,

He resorted to the old game.

First he complained of his knee being hurt, then of his thumbs being swollen; his boots hurt him, he was not "in condition," but had been very sick, &c.

But it was of no use.

The publican knew Puggy of old, and was well aware that he was a great coward at heart, though one of the greatest bullies that ever lived.

"Fight on ! fight on !"

"There's nothing the matter."

"Finish him, little one."

"Use both your hands, my lad," said the publican to Joey, on the sly, "and you can sew him up in ten minutes. A pound a minute for you, recollect, if you win."

"Win! I mean to win!" said Joey, as he sat on

his second's knee.

"I don't care a straw about the money, although I'm poor ; but I do care about giving that sneaking rascal a good hiding. He's nothing else but a thief, and a liar. And now I've got him, I'll pay him off for getting three of my old pals lagged."

So saying Joey advanced to the scratch for the

last round.

Seeing that Puggy began to show the "white feather," Joey made up his mind "to go in and

Amid great confusion and applause, he advanced and met Puggy in the middle of the ring.

A regular "slogging" match ensued.

Joey was all life and bustle.

He smashed Puggy's nose, and made it almost

level with his face.

He knocked out several of his teeth, blackened both his eyes, and almost split open his jaw, and finished the battle, amid great applause, by knocking Master Puggy all of a heap upon the floor, where he lay senseless and immovable.

Amid great enthusiasm, Joey was carried out into an adjoining room in the arms of his admirers.

That was how Joey "served Puggy out."

Such a spank it was that it took all by surprise, CHAPTER LXV. Designed to que

FRANK AND TOM MEET A VERY OBLIGING FRIEND IN THE HOUR OF NEED-WHAT HE DID.

WHILE Frank and Tom were at the opera enjoying themselves, and thinking but little of the duel that was to take place on the morrow, they made the acquaintance of a fine old military officer, named Count Cellini, who had served in all the previous battles of Italy, from 1848, when the brave Piedmontese were so gallantly led by Carlo Alberto.

The Count had heard much of the boy soldiers, and seemed delighted to make the acquaintance of two such gallant youths as Tom and Frank Ford.

After the performance at the opera, the Count accepted anginvitation to sup with the two young Englishmen at their hotel.

Supper passed off with great good spirit, but as Frank sat at table over his wine, a servant handed him a letter.

An answer is required immediately.

Frank opened the note, which read:-

"Capt. Frank Ford,
"Dear Sir,—I received your acceptance of the Marquis de Sangri's challenge, and although most happy to do all I can in an amicable manner. I must, as his second, decline the presence of your brother as second on your part.
"There is no objection to his presence on the ground, but we would much prefer your selection of some Italian gentleman who would perform the office as second. If you would send an immediate answer, naming place, time, and weapon, it would much oblige." much oblige.

Frank threw down the note in great annoyance.

He knew not what to do.

Among all his acquaintance he knew no one who could, or perhaps would, perform the dangerous office of second.

"You look put out, my boy, about something," said the Count, in a good-humoured manner. "Are

you ordered off to your company ?"

"No, Count, something worse than that. I paid my final visit to the King this afternoon, but my own and my brother's success in war has created many enemies. This is the consequence," said he, shoving over the note for the Count to read.

"Oh, that's it, eh? my young fighting cock, eh?

began to duel already, eh?

"Yes, but what am I to do? I have no second; tis now past midnight, and I have nearly all the

preliminaries to settle."

"'Tis a great pity," said the Count, "that any Italian soldier should try to pick any quarrel with one who has done so much good in the cause of Italian liberty; but although I don't like the office, and as you are young in the business, why, if you don't object, I will be your second. I have been 'called out' very often myself."

"Thank you-many thanks, Count," said Frank, in high glee. "Will you settle this little affair for

me at once ?"

"Certainly, my boy," said the Count, with as much coolness and good humour as if he were about to write out a check for £1,000 or more for Frank. "Give me pen, ink, and paper. I'll soon write the Major a line-he's a regular fire-eater. I know him well."

Within a few minutes the Count wrote a letter, stating that the Marquis de Sangri would be accommodated either with pistols or swords on the morrow, and to come to the ground provided with both weapons. The place selected was a small island in the narrow river, not more than a mile from the Marquis's estate.

All the necessary writing having been done, the letter was despatched, and Frank felt very easy in

his mind.

"But in case anything in our little arrangement should miscarry, Frank, my boy," said the Count, good-humouredly, "I'll go over and settle this little affair personally for you with the Major. You must stay quiet in your hotel until I come back, and not go out of your apartments on any account. I've got a case of broad-barrelled pistols that will answer your purpose beautifully. If you were anything of a shot," said he, smiling, "I'd lend you my own pair of little favourites, with the ivory cross on them; they are beauties.'

"I can hit the stem of a wine glass, at fifteen paces," said Frank, rather nettled at the tone in

which the Count spoke.

"I don't care about that, Frank, my boy, you are too young to understand this barbarous practice of duelling which is forced upon us. You, and a great many more, can do fine things with the target in a pistol gallery, but, then you see, my boy, as neither the target nor the wine glass can hold a pistol levelled at you, you see that makes all the difference.

Take your own pistols, then; look at me, hold your pistols, thus; no finger on the guard, these two on the trigger, they are not hair triggers, drop the muzzle a bit, bend your elbow a trifle more, sight your man outside your arm, outside mind, and pop the bullet right into his hip, if any higher so much the better."

The Count went forth, and soon returned. He threw himself on a sofa, and had a gentle doze for

a couple of hours.

So did Frank and Tom. It minimit deni an

At five o'clock they were called, and soon completed their toilet for the eventful meeting.

The old Count placed under his arm a small mahogany box which contained what he called his "peace makers," and led the way towards the hotel stables.

When the Count, Frank, and Tom reached the stable yard, no one was visible but Buttons.

He sat upon a stone step in a half-dreamy state,

and seemed the very picture of misery. As they approached, he suddenly rose, and giving them all a quick, searching look, seemed staggered at the small mahogany box the Count so affectionately handled.

"I see it all," gasped poor Buttons. "I heard of it before, but would not believe it; they are bent on murdering Captain Frank in a duel. I'll run off and inform the gendarmes."

But ere he had gone a few yards, Tom seized him

by the collar.

"It won't do, Master Buttons. I know what you intend to do; but you shan't spoil sport, my brother must fight, his honour is staked."

"Oh, don't, don't go out to fight this duel, Master Frank; I am certain those black-looking villains

want to kill you."

"Hold your tongue, or I'll cut off your head, Buttons," said Tom. "Do you want to alarm all the hotel and have us arrested for a breach of the peace ?"

"So I will, so I will, but don't, don't do it."

"Do what, you whimpering donkey?" said Frank, vexed with Buttons.

"I'll soon stop his blubbering," said the Count,

opening the mahogany box.

Taking out one of "the beauties," he cocked it leisurely, and pointed it at the head of poor Buttons.

"Speak another word, shed another tear, my lad,

and I'll blow your brains out."

"Do it if you like," blubbered out poor Buttons. "Do it if you like, I'd rather have my brains blow nout than his."

He had scarcely spoken these words, when Tom and Frank, both laughing, took hold of Buttons and shoved him into a stable.

The Count, Frank, and Tom, soon got out a two-

horse trap, and harnessed the horses.

"It's about an hour's smart drive where we have to go to," said the count, as he jumped into the trap and seized the reins, "but if we leave that young follower of yours—Buttons I mean—in the stable, he is sure to get out somehow, and spread the news all over the town."

"So he will," said Frank, "and instead of us meeting with De Sangri and his friends, we may fall into

the arms of a company of soldiers.

So saying, he opened the stable door, let Buttons

out, and gave him a seat in the trap.

They had travelled on some time in silence, when the old Count remarked,

"We are to cross the river on to the island. They won the choice of ground, and the marquis seems to like the spot very much. He shot a friend of mine there some two years ago; but he's got worse luck now, you know, my boy, for by all the rules of chance he can't do the same trick twice in succes-

The Count still went on conversing in a merry tone and talked of duelling much like as if it were

only an innocent pastime.

"What are you thinking of, Frank, my lad?" said he after another pause, as he whipped up the horses into a brisker pace.

"I was just thinking if, after all, I should happen

to kill the Marquis."

"Quite right, my lad, I don't think there is much danger in you doing more than wounding him, but if you only had the good fortune to do so, you know, I'll guarantee to settle everything for you. You are not a very great hand at pistols, I think, are you ?"

"No, nothing to boast of; I am much better with

the sword."

"Well, never mind if I lose the toss; I know De Sangri will select pistols, he's a great shot and he knows it, but never mind that; you've got a good eye, never take it off him after you're on the ground, follow him everywhere. De Sangri's father, that's now dead and gone, always killed his man in that manner; he had a way of looking without winking that was very fatal at a short distance, a sort of killing look, as one might say. But, by the bye, here we are at the river bank," said the Count, throwing the reins to Buttons, and jumping out

upon the sand, very gaily.
"Yes, here we are," said Tom, slapping his brother Frank on the back, "here we are, the boat is in readiness for us. Now for the honour of old

"No fear of me not defending it," said Frank, "it is a case of life or death for one, if not both of us,

Tom."

head of poor

Tom Ford smiled bitterly, as he muttered between

his teeth, but unheard by any one,

"If there is any foul play they shall pay dearly for it. If Frank falls he shall be bitterly revenged. I will never leave the island alive; both of us shall be buried in one grave!"

Eaking out one of "ne "canties," he cocked it leisurely, and pointed CHAPTER LXVI.

THE BOY BAND OUT ON A NIGHT ADVENTURE UNDER noting roog to Major Caspar.

Major Caspar and the brave Boy Soldiers were

not destined to remain long idle.

Captain Frank and Buttons had not started off to the king's head quarters more than a day or two, when an orderly officer rode up to Caspar's tent with a letter.

Caspar opened it, and read,

" Major Caspar must report at General Garibaldi's head quarters without delay on most urgent business,"

"What can this mean, I wonder?" he said. "I have no sooner done one thing than they give me another. I wonder what's up this time? I hope none of Captain Frank's lads have got into any scrapes now that he is away. But my arm pains me dreadfully from the wounds I received when storming that fort."

He had not to remain long in doubt.

He went to Garibaldi's head quarters, and was immediately introduced to the old general.

"Major Caspar, I have sent for you on most important business, which brooks no delay."

"May I ask what it is, general?"

"Yes, I want you and a party of well-mounted volunteers to penetrate into the enemy's lines, ride round the country, and report to me all you see as to their strength, position, number of guns, and such like, for I believe, in a few days, we shall receive orders for a general advance upon the enemy, and it is necessary, therefore, to know as much about them as possible."

"From what regiment or corps am I to select my volunteers, general? It is a very dangerous expepition, and requires not only very brave and welltried soldiers, but also expert and very light riders.'

"True; well, then, select your own men, and I will take good care they shall be well mounted."

"I think I could pitch upon a company that would delight in the task, general."

"What company, major?"

"The English Boy Volunteers; they are all good horsemen, light riders, and as to their gallant bearing-

"There is no question about that," said the general, with a smile. "Well, then, think over it : but in two days report yourself at my quarters ready for the expedition."

"We shall want some guns from the flying

artillery."

"True; I will myself select two guns and have them doubly horsed and manned. Prepare yourself as soon as possible."

Caspar was delighted with the confidence which Garibaldi reposed in him, and went to his tent

"What a treat this will be for the Boy Band," he thought; "all of them can ride like jockeys, and are as true as steel."

He wrote off immediately to Lieutenant Hugh Tracy, and, within half-an-hour after the receipt of the order, the Boy Soldiers were on their way, rejoicing at the prospect of what was before them ; Fatty being the noisiest of all.

In less than two days Caspar had the pleasure of seeing all his plans arranged, and he called on the

old general for his final orders.

"I have come to the conclusion, major," said the old general, "that, as the Austrians are very strong in cavalry, you had better take with you three companies of you own dragoons, besides the English Boy Volunteers; and, instead of two, have four pieces of flying artillery, so that if you are attacked you can make a stand, and give battle to the enemy."

This was all the instruction Caspar received from the old general, yet ere he started, the chief of the engineers gave Caspar a well-made and accurate map of the country he was going to ride through, with all the lanes and roads marked in red ink.

All being prepared, and the force paraded, Major Caspar started out late in the afternoon, and towards evening camped in a forest very near to the enemy's

Rising early in the morning, and before the heavy mist had cleared off the roads, Caspar with his four companies of volunteers, and his light cannon, dashed along the road, and as the Austrian pickets unable to tell what the cloud of dust which they saw rising in the distance could mean Caspar's men rode through several small Austrian camps.

Some few prisoners were secured, and placed upon stolen horses, and onward went Caspar's men again.

They had not gone far, however, when they discovered several companies of Austrian hussars drawn up ready to receive them.

Caspar sounded a halt, prepared his men, and then dashed at the enemy sword in hand,

They did not stand, for the shock was too great' and they hurriedly dispersed in all directions, officers being the last to leave the ground where their men had so disgraced themselves.

Pistols, swords, and other trophies were here picked up, and onward went the volunteers again They had not progressed more than two miles,

when another body of Austrians were discovered. One company was sent on, to entice the enemy

forward.

This had the desired effect.

The Austrians did not know that Caspar's main force was over the hill.

On came the Austrians full tilt up the hill.

But they had not got more than half way up, when Caspar and Hugh Tracy's men came over the hill, and rushed upon them with loud shouts.

The Austrians were unable to withstand the shock, and were broken up in a few minutes, and scattered

like chaff before the wind.

Thus progressed Major Caspar's expedition through the enemy's country; wherever they met the foe, the brave lads soundly thrashed them, even when three to one against them.

But now Major Caspar played a clever trick upon

the enemy.

As night was coming on, he halted his command

in a forest, and called for Hugh Tracy.
"Hugh," said he, "I have over a hundred Austrian uniforms, perfect in all particulars, what shall I do with them ?"

Hugh laughed.

" I see, your idea is like mine."

"Suppose I dress all my lads up in them, and let us go into the nearest village, and levy contributions from all who will not swear to be loyal to the Italian cause."

"That was just my idea," said Caspar. "Bring up the lads, let us transform them into Austrians

at once."

Hugh Tracy told his brave lads of the intended trick, and his proposition was received with great

Fatty rubbed his hands in great glee in anticipation of all the good things he and the rest were to

enjoy.

Towards midnight they sallied forth to the nearest village, and from information furnished by an Italian sympathiser they found out the names of all who were true to the cause.

But while they were levying contributions right

and left alarming news reached them.

They heard the sounds of distant firing.

Caspar's camp had been surrounded by a strong

Austrian force. Hugh Tracy collected his men on the instant, and prepared to returned to camp and to Caspar's assistance.

While on their way thither a messenger dashed

forward to meet them.

"Quick! quick, Hugh! or we shall all be lost! Quick! quick! I say, or we shall all be butchered!"

With a loud hurrah! Hugh Tracy and his gallant

lads gallored back to the rescue.

How they succeeded and what they did will quickly appear.

CHAPTER LXVII.

A COLD-BLOODED VILLAIN-FRANK'S DUEL.

As the boatmen pulled in towards the island all perceived, a few hundred yards off, a group of persons standing, whom they soon recognised as their opponents.

" Frank," said the count, grasping his arm tightly, as he stood up to spring on land, "Frank, although you are only a boy, I may say I have no fear for your courage; but, still, more than that is needful here.

"This De Sangri is a noted duellist, and will try

to shake your nerve.

"Now, mind that you take everything that

happens quite with an air of indifference.

"Don't let him think that he has any advantage over you, and you will see how the tables will be turned in your favour."

"Trust to me, count," said Frank ; "I'll not dis-

grace my name or country."

He pressed Frank's hand tightly, and Frank thought that he discerned something like a slight twitch about the corners of the count's grim mouth, as if some sudden and painful thought had shot across his mind; but in a moment he was calm and stern-looking as ever.

"Twenty minutes late, count," said the short, red-faced little major, with a military frock, and foraging cap, as he held out his watch in evidence.

"I can only say, major, that we lost no time since we started; we had some difficulty in finding a boat; but in any case we are here now, and that I opine is the important part of the matter."

"Quite right; very just indeed. Will you present me to your young friend? Very proud to make your acquaintance, sir; a countryman of yours and I myself met more than once in this kind of way. His name was Beresford; I was out with him when he shot old De Sangri, who, by-thebye, was called the crack shot of our city; but, begad, your countryman knocked his pistol hand to shivers, saying, in a dry way, 'he must try the left hand this morning.' Go out a little this side, please."

While the count and the major walked a few paces apart from where Frank stood, he had leisure to observe his antagonist, who stood among a group of his friends, talking and laughing away in great spirits.

As the tone they spoke in was not of the lowest, Frank could catch much of their conversation.

They were discussing the last occasion that the Marquis de Sangri had visited this spot, and talk-

ing of the fatal event that happened there.
"Poor devil," said De Sangri, "it wasn't his fault; but you see some officers of his regiment, it had been said, had been showing the white feather before that, and he was obliged to go out and

"In fact, the colonel said, 'fight or leave the

When called out he came. "It was a cold morning in February, with a frost

the night before going off, with a thin rain.

"Well, it seems he had consumption or something of that sort, with a great cough and spitting of blood, and this weather made him worse, and he was very weak when he came to the duelling ground.

"Now," said the vain marquis, laughing, "the moment I caught a glimpse of him, I said to myself, 'he's got pluck enough, but is as nervous as a lady,' for his eye wandered all about, and his mouth was always twitching.

"'Take off your great coat,' said one of his friends, when they were going to put him up, 'take

it off, man.' "He seemed to hesitate for an instant, when one of my friends remarked, laughing, 'ah, let him alone, it's his mother makes him wear it for the cold he has

"They all began to laugh at this, but I kept my eye upon him. And I saw that his cheek grew quite livid and a kind of grey colour, and his eyes

"'I have you now,' said I to myself," and, said the Marquis de Sangri, with the laugh of a demon,

"I shot him through the lungs."

"And this poor fellow," thought Frank, "was the

only son of a widowed mother."

Frank walked from the spot to avoid hearing further, and felt, as he did so, something like a spirit of fiery vengeance rising within him for the fate of one so entirely cut off.

"Here we are, all ready," cried the major, springing over a fence into the adjoining field, "take your ground, gentlemen, we have tossed for weapons, De Sangri has won—pistols must decide it."

The count took Frank's arm, and walked

forward.

"Frank," said he, "I am to give the signal. drop my glove when you are to fire, but don't look at me at all. I'll manage to catch De', Sangri's eye, and do you watch him steadily-and fire when he

"I think that the ground we are leaving behind

us is rather better," said some one.

"So it is," said De Sangri, "but it may be troublesome to carry the young Englishman down that way, after I have killed him-here it is all easy."

The next instant they were placed before each other, and Frank long and well remembered that the first thought that struck him was, that there could be no chance of either of them escaping.

"Now, then," said the count, "I'll walk twelve paces, turn, and drop this glove, at which signal

both of you fire-and together, mind.

"The man who reserves his shot falls by my hand."

This very summary denunciation seemed to meet general approbation, and the count strutted forth.

Notwithstanding the advice of his friend, Frank could not help turning his eyes from De Sangri to watch the tall retiring figure of the count.

At length he stopped.

A second or two elapsed.

He wheeled rapidly round and let fall the glove. Frank's eyes glanced toward his opponent.

He raised his pistol and fired! His hat turned half round on his head, and De Sangri fell motionless to the earth.

Frank saw the people rush forward, and caught two or three glances thrown at him with an ex-

pression of revengeful passion.

Frank felt some one grasp him round the waist and hurried him from the spot, and it was at least ten minutes after, as they were skimming the surface of the river, before Frank could well collect his scattered faculties to remember all that was passing.

The count, pointing to the two bullet holes in

Frank's hat, remarked,

"Sharp practice, my brave lad. It was the overcharge that saved you,"
"Is he killed?" Frank asked.

"Not quite, I believe, but as good as killed. You took him just above the hip."

"Can he recover?" said Frank, with a tremulous voice, which he vainly endeavoured to conceal from

"Not if the doctor can help it," said the count, smiling, "for the fool keeps poking about for the ball; but now let's think of the next step, You'll have to leave this part of the country, and at once too.

Little more then passed between them.

As they neared the land a strange spectacle

caught their eyes.

For a considerable distance along the shore, crowds of country people, De Sangri's tenants, were assembled, who, forming in groups, had evidently been watching with great anxiety what had taken place on the little island.

Now the distance was at least one mile, therefore any part of the transactions which had been enacting there must have been quite beyond their view.

While Frank was wondering at this, the count

cried out suddenly,
"Too infamous! By Jove, we're murdered men!"

"What do you mean?" said Frank.
"Don't you see that?" said the count, pointing to something black which floated from a pole at the opposite side of the river, on the island.

"Yes; what is it?"
"It's De Sangri's coat they've put upon an oar, to show the people, his tenants, that he's killed, that's all. Every man here, on the river bank, is his tenant, and look there! They're not giving us much doubt as to their intention, the villains."

Here a tremendous yell burst from the mass of people along the river bank, which, rising to a terrific cry, sank gradually to a low wailing, then rose and fell again several times, as the death-cry filled the air and rose to heaven, as if imploring vengeance upon a murderer.

The appalling influence of these "death-cries," as they are called, had been familiar to Frank from the time of his first arrival in Italy, but it needed the awful situation he was placed in to consum-

mate its horrors.

He knew well, none better, the vengeful character of the peasants of the country, and that his death was certain he had no doubt.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE EXCITING CHASE-THE ROCKY CHANNEL-THE SUDDEN SQUALL-THE GREAT PERIL OF ALL ON BOARD-THE ESCAPE.

As the boatmen looked from him toward the shore' and again at Frank's face, they, as if instinctively, lay upon their oars, and waited for the Count's decision as to what course to pursue.

"Rig the sprit-sail, my boys," said Tom, "and let her head be up the river, and be alive, for I see they are baling a boat below the reef, there, and

will be after us in no time."

The poor fellows, who, although strangers to Frank and the Count, sympathising in what they perceived to be Frank's imminent danger, righted the light spar which acted as mast, and shook out their scanty rag of canvas in a minute.

Tom, meanwhile, went aft, and, steadying the boat's head with an oar, held the small craft up to the wind till she lay completely over, and, as she rushed through the water, ran dipping her gunwale through

the white foam.

"Where can we make to without tacking, my

lads?" asked the gallant Tom.

"If it blows on as fresh as it does now, sir," said the boatmen, recognizing a thorough sailor in Tom, " we shall run ashore within half a mile of the new battery."

"Put out an oar to leeward," said Tom in a cheery tone, "and keep her more up to the wind, and I promise you, my lads, you shall be well paid for your trouble if you land us near the new

battery."

"Here they come," said one of the boatmen, in mortal terror as he pointed back with his finger to a large yawl which shot out suddenly from the shore, with six sturdy fellows pulling at their oars.

Three or four others on board of her were endeavouring to get up their rigging, which appeared tangled and confused at the bottom of their

boat.

The white splash of water, which each moment fell beside the pursuing vessel, showed that the

process of baling her out was still continued. "Then the devil admire me, but it's the old 'Dolphin' the villains have launched to pursue us," said one of Frank's boatmen.
"What's the 'Dolphin,' then?" asked Tom,

smiling.

"An old boat that belongs to the Marquis de Sangri, that hasn't seen water except when it rained these four years or more, and is sun-cracked from stem to stern."

"She can sail, however," said Tom, who was looking intently at the pursuing craft, and was not at all pleased with her rapid progress through the water.

"No mistake about that, sir; they say she was once a smuggler's boat, and she's well used to But see, sir, how hard the crew are pulling after us."

"Lay out upon your oars, my merry men," said

Tom, "the wind is failing us."

The sailors now began to flag lazily, and the wind to die away.

"It's no use, your honour; we shall only break our hearts in trying to escape from the Dolphin; they are sure to overtake us," said one of the boatmen surlily.

"Do as I bid you," said Tom, in an angry tone, and looking daggers at the boatmen. "Do as I tell

you. What is that I see ahead of us?"

"It is called the Oat Rock, sir. A vessel with grain was coming up the river, and struck there, and went down with all hands on board three years

"There's no channel between it and the shore," said another. "It's all hidden rock, every inch of

"Good," said Tom; "here comes a fresh breeze, my lads."

The sail fell over as he spoke, and the little craft lay close to it until the foaming waters bubbled over her lee bow.

"Keep her head up, sir; higher, still higher, sir,"

said one of the boatmen in fear.

But Tom, at the helm, little heeded what they said, but steered straight for the dangerous channel spoken of between the Oat Rock and the shore.

"Heaven preserve us," said the terrified boatmen, in a breath. "The Englishman is steering straight in among the rocks. Death is certain; we shall all be drowned.'

"Sacristi," said one, in a fierce tone to Tom; "why don't you keep her head away from the fatal channel? I shan't be drowned for any of your mad

English whims."
As he spoke, he rose up, looking black as thunder, and drew a dirk, muttering curses between his

teeth.

"Sit down, sit down there and be still," said Tom in a determined tone. "Sit down, I tell you. Don't I know more about a boat than such a thickhead as you are ?"

To show what he really meant to do if the boat-

man did not obey him, Tom drew out a revolver from his breast.

"Sit down, I say, and don't stir for your lives until I order you," he said, with an angry oath; "unless you want some leaden ballast to make you do so."

"Here, Frank," said he, coolly handing over his revolver; "take this, and if those ugly-looking rascals dare do anything contrary to my orders hile I am steering, pull trigger and let 'em have

You understand me ?"

The boatmen sat down sulkily, muttering all manner of strange things, and with flashing eyes.

The small craft was now actually flying through the water.

Tom's object was a clear one to the Count and Frank.

They saw that sailing as they did, their craft was

no match for the "Dolphin" pursuing them.

Their only chance for life and safety lay in reaching the narrow and dangerous channel between the sunk rock and the shore.

By doing this they could very greatly distance

their pursuers.

Nothing but the great danger behind them could

warrant such rash daring.

The whole channel was dotted with patches of white and breaking foam, the sure evidence of the dangers beneath.

Here and there a dash of spurting spray flew up from the dark waters where some cleft rock lay

hidden beneath.

Escape, however, seemed impossible.

But who would not have preferred even so slender a chance of escape, with so frightful an alternative behind them, of falling into the hands of De Sangri's infuriated tenantry?

As if to add terrors to the scene, Tom had scarcely turned the boat ahead of the channel when an ominous blackness spread over all around.

Thunders pealed forth, and, amid the pattering of hail and the bright, almost blinding flashes of

A squall struck them !

The squall struck the little craft suddenly with great violence, and laid them nearly keel uppermost for several minutes.

The little craft righted herself, however, and rushed through the dark and blackening flood almost half filled with water.

All on board were obliged to kneel down, and

hold tight to the gunwales for safety. Roll after roll of thunder, loud and deafening broke right over head.

In the swift, hissing, dashing rain around them every object was hidden.

The other boat was now lost to view.

The terrified boatmen looked more dead than

They were livid pale.

Each moment they expected to find a watery grave.

They knelt down, and began to pray.

Tom and Frank were the only two persons who seemed careless, and indifferent to all dangers.

Even the Count felt fearful, and as he looked first at Frank, and then at Tom, those two gallant youths chatted and laughed.

"These English are sea-devils," he muttered, "they don't know what peril is, they laugh during this horrid storm, as if it were only child's play."

As Tom, still at the rudder, guided the craft, he could not help but smile at the frightened boatmen, and was about to give them a word of comfort whenA second squall, more terrible than the first,

struck the little craft.

The small mast bent over under it, and snapped asunder with a sharp report like that of a pistol shot.

It tumbled over the stern, and trailed the sail

along the milky sea.

Meanwhile the water rushed clean over them, and the boat seemed to be settling down in the current.

At this dreadful moment the boatmen turned their eyes upon Frank, and in horror muttered,

"This all comes of helping a murderer to escape! A murderer he is, for he has killed the Marquis.

Had it not been for Frank's revolver, which he held ready cocked, it is more than likely that the terrified and superstitious boatmen would have seized both of the brothers and pitched them overboard.

There was so much firmness about the two young Englishmen, however, that they dared not

Tom at the rudder was as calm and cold as ice. He seemed to rollick in the dangers of the deep, as much so as Frank did in those of a soldier's life.

The Count, however, did not know what to make of these repeated squalls, and looked pale and

resigned.

Meanwhile, the boat flew through the darkness and the hissing waters, and Tom seizing a favourable moment, he and Frank unshipped what remained of the little mast, and threw it overboard.

The storm now began to abate.

The black mass of clouds broke up, and in a short time it was sufficiently clear to perceive the pursuing vessel in the distance.

All on board of her seemed to be engaged in baling the boat out.

The 'Dolphin' seemed to be sinking!

The mist which had hidden the two vessels no sooner dispersed than those on board the 'Dolphin' ceased baling out the sinking vessel, and looking towards Frank's boat, burst forth into a yell, so wild savage, and so dreadful in its meaning, that it was enough to make the stoutest heart quail again, as the shouts fell upon Frank's ear.

The boatmen huddled together, and prayed. When they heard the dreadful shout of their

pursuers they turned paler than ever.

They crossed themselves, and muttered.

"Heaven help us this day, if the 'Dolphin' with the dead Marquis's tenants overtake us, we shall all be murdered in cold blood."

Tom and Frank, however, no sooner heard the yell than they raised a shout of defiance, and waved their hats in triumph.

Onwards dashed this gallant little craft through

the dangerous channel.
"We are safe now," said Tom, in high glee, just as they had cleared the last group of sunken rocks, over which the waters foamed. "We are safe now, Count," said he, "the storm and all peril is over."

"The 'Dolphin' can't follow us through that channel," said Frank, "she is too large, and draws

too much water."

"True, brother," Tom replied, "they will have to go right round, and thus we have gained a mile of ground; the river makes a long winding sweep just at that point."

"Here we are near the new battery," said the Count, "and right glad am I that we have escaped these bloodthirsty pursuers, for as sure as life, all of us would have been butchered, if De Sangri's people had laid hands on us."

"Yes, but what are we to do," asked the boatmen, "we must flee as well as yourselves, and what is to become of the boat."

"We'll look after all that," said Frank cheerily. Run the craft ashore, Tom."
"Yes, ground her anywhere," said the Count, " so that we get on land again."

"You English are as fond as ducks of water, but

I hate it.

Tom laughed, and ere many minutes, grounded the vessel.

In doing so, the boat struck heavily upon a small

rock close in to shore. The bows were stove in with the shock.

All on board jumped on shore hurriedly

In a moment after, the little craft which had so gallantly braved all dangers and perils of that exciting trip, split into halves.

It was a perfect wreck.

"Make haste, make haste," said one of the boatmen, "the 'Dolphin' is flying through the water; they are going to ground her higher up; if they land they may cut off our retreat."

Tom, Frank, and the Count, turned to look. Sure enough, those on board the 'Dolphin,' perceiving that ere long she must sink, were running her aground, just ahead of the Oat Rock

channel. So intent were all in watching this manœuvre, that they thought not of flying, and of their own

"They have grounded," said Tom.

All looked in the direction indicated, and could perceive those on board the stranded vessel leaping on shore wildly.

They could see Frank and the others, lower down on the river bank, and as they did so, raised loud shouts of vengeance, brandished their weapons, and hurried off to gain possession of the road, before Frank and his party could do so.

"There will be a bloody fight, I'm thinking," said

"It is a race for life," said the Count; "if they gain the high road before we do, I fear blood will freely flow."

"Fly ! fly !" said the terrified boatmen.

"I scorn to fly before such a rabble as that," said Frank.

"But, my boy, take advice, be advised by me, we must fiv.

"I will not fly for any one," said Tom, in a surly "Englishmen scorn to do such a thing; they tone. are only three to one."

"Only," said the Count.
"Yes, only," said Frank; "I have fought against

greater odds than that many a time.

"Come, come," said the Count, "Be advised by me. Let us try to gain the high road first; but if the villains are there before us, and are bent on killing us, why, then, we'll make short work of them, that's all."

"Agreed!" said Tom. "They can only kill us." "Only kill us, eh?" growled the boatmen, and

looked astonished.

They wished to walk behind, and began to mutter among themselves in a very threatening manner. But Frank and Tom soon put a stop to that.

The boatmen were forced to walk in front. The Count, Frank, and Tom, followed, each with

pistols in their hands. "You don't know these rascals as well as I do," said the Count. "They would kill you in a

moment if they got half a chance."

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



BUTTONS IS STARTLED BY THE SKELETON IN THE BOX .- See next Number.

Just while he spoke a squadron of dragoons was seen approaching at a hard gallop.
"What can this mean?" said Frank.

"I don't know; without it is they come to arrest

"And why?"

" De Sangri is in some way related to the royal family."

"What !" said Frank, astonished.

"He is, though not so vastly wealthy, you know; but he's got title, that's everything in Italy, and if he's dead you have rid the world of one of the greatest villains that ever lived. He has ruined many daughters of the best families in Italy, and

afterwards vindicated his own honour, as it is called, by killing their brothers and other relations in duels."

"And that was his intention towards Nelly Lancaster," said Frank, with an angry and flushed cheek.

"Without a doubt. He would have borrowed all the money he possibly could from her silly old father, under the pretence of marrying his daughter, and then when he had got all he could, would have dishonoured the girl, if he could, then left her, and afterwards laugh in old Lancaster's face."
"The villain!" said Frank.

While he spoke the dragoons drew near.

No. 23.

CHAPTER LXIX.

TOM'S GALLANT TARS GO ON A SPREE-WHAT THEY DID AT THE PLAY.

Bur while Tom Ford is away duelling with his brother Frank, let us take a glance at what his crew

Tom's fame upon the waters had spread far and wide.

Among the first to hear of his exploits were

numerous English sailors. Now as Tom had lost nearly all his original crew of Italian seamen, he determined, if possible, to make

up the required number by enlisting Englishmen at the different ports he called at.

The prospects of "plenty of fun and lots of prize money," acted like a charm upon numbers of English seamen, who ran away from their ships, and joined the Italian cause, under the leadership of gallant Tom.

With a first-class crew of hardy English volunteers, Tom was able to do much more against the Austrians than he had been able to do with his

former Italian crew.

"For brave as they might be," Tom said, "they can't come up in anything to our own gallant British tars."

In a short time many prizes were sent into port, and lots of money was the consequence.

The number of Austrian merchant ships that

Tom captured and sold was considerable.
When, therefore, Tom returned to Leghorn with

his gallant craft, each man had a large amount of money to receive.

Wherever they went they were well received, and soon picked up sufficient knowledge of the Italian language not only to speak on ordinary topics; but could enjoy themselves at theatres and the like.

But the British tar doesn't like operas.

He rather rejoices in a bloody five-act play,

wherein there is any amount of fighting.

In order to please the gallant British tars who had rendered such good service in the cause of Italian liberty, the good-natured people of Leghorn puzzled their brains in all manner of ways to get up various amusements for them.

Among other things, and that which pleased Tom's English crew most was, that the mayor had promised that a large portion of a small theatre should be given up to them free on a certain night, and the performance selected for their amusement was the tragedy of "Othello."

The gallant tars were delighted at the prospect of seeing an English tragedy, and when the theatre opened, the sailors were not slow to seize good

places.

In fact, the small theatre was crammed with

Some came to see for the first time an English tragedy, and others more especially to have a good

look at Tom Ford's brave blue-jackets.

The tragedy progressed, but brandy, wine, and other drinks had got into the sailor's heads, and they were very noisy, and made great fun of the chief character, Othello, because he was, they said,

"A big, ugly, black nigger, and nothing shorter." When Othello came to the passage where he

"And this—and this—the greatest discords be" (kissing the fair Desdemona) "that e'er our hearts shall make-"

"I'll bet a week's grog," roars out one of the tars,

"that their first young 'un'll be a creole!"
"Aye, sink 'em!" said another "there's the luck
o' them black devils. Why, 'twas only t'other day

I twigs the young captain's steward in tow with one o' the freshest, rosy-cheeked little craft as you'd see in a day's sail through Leghorn !"

Cassio's silly speech, where he reels about, and

"Do not think I am drunk, &c.—"
"No, not you," roared out another at the top of his voice. "Why not walk the plank, and prove yourself sober, mate? That's what we do."

These interruptions caused much laughter on the part of all present, for any one could see that the sailors took the tragedy in too serious a light.

But whatever excitement the sailors had shown during the first part of the play was nothing compared to the noise, tumult, and din that existed on all sides when the jealous Moor of Venice approaches Desdemona's bed to murder her.

The shouts at this particular part became

alarming.

Volleys of oaths were hurled at Othello's head; "his eyes and limbs" were cursed until they couldn't swear any more.

"What!" shouted out one of the loudest of the crew, "can the black brute cut her life-lines, eh, Bill? She's a reg'lar-built angel, and as like my Bet as two peas in a pod !"

"Aye," said another, striking the box front vigorously; "it all comes of being jealous, messmates, and that's all as one as being mad. But if he does kill her, why in course he'll get scragged, Harry, my boy."

When Othello seizes Desdemona by the throat in bed, she shrieks for permission to say but one short

prayer, and he will not grant it.

The gallant blue-jackets were worked up to a

fearful pitch ef excitement.

They could endure it no longer, and gave the most alarming indication of their determination to mix in the murderous scene below.

"I'm hanged, Dick, if I can stand it any longer," shouts out one in the boxes.

"You are no men if you sit quietly there, and see the poor gal murdered," said several, in reply. "Hands off, you bloodthirsty black villain!"

roared out another.

In the twinkling of an eye, a lot of sailors clambered out of the boxes, the pit and the gallery, and scrambled over every one in their way till they reached the noisy boatswain's mate, who was struggling to get on the stage.

Many persons now became seriously alarmed, and

rushed from the house in terror.

The musicians had their instruments broken, and fought like mad-men to beat back the English tars. Fiddles, drums, trombones and the like were

smashed on every side.

The fight became general. " Now's our time, lads," roared the sailors.

"Pipe the boarders away, all hands, if you're a man as loves a woman."

"Now for it! Go it, you cripples, wooden legs are cheap !"

The sailors, hearing their boatswain's pipe, dashed furiously over all obstacles.

Smash went the footlights.

The feeling became general, and the sailors, led on by the boatswain, swept all before them.

Out poured all the actors from the side scenes to assist Othello.

It was all to no purpose.

The sailors fought right and left like young

Desdemona was carried away in triumph by the

Othello slipped behind the scenes out of the way

of a broken head, and ran wild through the street in full costume.

But the rumpus did not end here.

Some unlucky person, in excitement, turned off nearly all the gaslights!

This added to the intense confusion.

Shouts and yells and screams were heard on every hand.

Almost in total darkness the sailors hit right and left.

Some were knocked into the pit.

A fat Italian actor lost his footing, and fell into a broken drum, and rolled all about the orchestra.

The benches were torn up in the pit. The box curtains were all pulled to pieces.

The side scenes were all rent and torn.

It was a perfect Babel of noise confu

It was a perfect Babel of noise, confusion and discord.

Oaths and yells, and shouts and screams were heard on every hand.

Everybody imagined that the English sailors had gone mad every one of them.

The police were called in.

But these got so roughly handled by the gallant tars that they were only too happy to get out of the scrape.

They made a rush upon the stage it is true.

But it is a notable fact that in a moment afterwards they rushed off again in an alarming hurry, chased by the Jack tars all through the streets, until they reached their own ship again, safe and sound, gloriously tight, singing, shouting, and dancing like so many escaped lunatics.

Such had been the havor made by Tom's men, that the little theatre was a perfect wreck, and a

wilderness of broken benches.

CHAPTER XX.

IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES—A FRIEND IN NEED—THE ITALIAN DETECTIVE—THE FLIGHT,

THE appearance of the dragoons, it must be confessed, did not look very re-assuring either to Frank, Tom, or the count.

But still they met their gaze fixedly and proudly,

nor did they betray the slightest fear.

The whole party proceeded quietly to the town of Leghorn, and escaped the attacks of the infuriated peasantry of the Marquis de Sangri.

The boatmen, greatly to their pleasure and surprise, were well paid for their trouble, and departed with many expressions of thanks for the generosity of the "gallant young Englishman," although a little before that they had been very loud in their denunciations of him.

When the dragoons reached the town, the com-

mandant approached Frank, and said,

"Signor, my orders are that you must remain in your hotel until you receive an important communication from the War Office."

Neither Frank, Tom, nor the count could make out what all this meant, but still they obeyed orders, and indulged themselves freely in wine and conversation.

"Lor' bless you, my gallant lads, I wouldn't be cast down by anything that dragoon officer said."

"But, what important information can they send to us?" said Tom, who was very impatient to join his ship once more.

"We haven't done anything of consequence,"

said Frank.

"No, you have only shot a man, that's all," said the count.

"Well, and what of that? Didn't he insult and

challenge brother Frank?"

"Quite true, my bold young English tar," said the count, tossing off a bumper. "Killing a man isn't so very great a crime in this Italy of ours, where nearly every one carries knives and pistols, but——"

"But what ?"

"This De Sangri is no ordinary fellow, you know, and, it may be, that some enemy of yours has sent some information to the government, which may cause them alarm."

"True," said Frank, "that is possible. But

who could have done so?"

"We have no enemies that I know of," said Tom, indignantly.

"Are you sure?" said the count, thoughtfully.

"Yes."

" Quite sure?"

"Yes; why do you ask so seriously?"

"Nothing, my brave lad, but I think you have enemies about."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Come, now, don't be offended with an old soldier like me; but think again. Haven't you any enemy you can think of?"

After a moment's reflection, Frank said,

"I have had a cur at my heels all my life, but cannot think he would be base enough to turn an open enemy when I spared his life in Basil the Bandit's cave."

"But I do," said the count; "you shouldn't have dealt so mercifully with him, for when a cur attempts to bite, kick him well—he will fight shy afterwards. What's the fellow's name?"

"Joel Flint."

"What! it cannot be," said the count, in surprise, "are you sure that that is his name?"

"I am."

"Does he not go under any other sometimes?"
"Yes, I have heard that he calls himself Schmidt."

"The very man," said the count, slapping the table until the wine bottles danced again; "by Jove! how lucky."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, my lad, that this same fellow, to my own positive knowledge, has been dogging your footsteps from the very hour when those two ruffians attempted to take your life in the opera house."

"You do not mean that?"

"I do."

"Explain."
"This same ra

"This same rascal, under various names, and in all sorts of disguises, has managed to get into society he has no right or title to. At one of Mr. Lancaster's parties, I perceived he paid particular attention to De Sangri, who, from some chance expression he heard, made him believe that the marquis hated your very name."

"Now I begin to see into it all," said Frank, biting his lip. "He it was, then, who, by cunning words, loans of money, and anonymous letters, urged him on to violent measures against me."

"Yes, you have hit the right nail on the head this time," said the count. "I never thought of mentioning this to you before, but now I see it all; everything is as plain as noonday."

"But why should the dragoons have been on the

look-out for us?"

"That is explained very quickly. Had you been killed all would have gone right with this rascal Flint; but as you killed his friend, I have no doubt in the world that he received a hasty message, and

on the instant lodged false information against you, either with the prefect of police or at the war

"Oh! the remorseless villain!"

"But how can he prove anything against me?"

asked Tom, indignantly.

"Easily enough. He has plenty of money, and that can do anything. For a thousand or two of pounds he could buy up a dozen false witnesses, aye, two or three dozen; for the lower order of our Italians are knaves at heart."

"But what had we better do?" asked Frank.

"Go up stairs, pack up your things, and make ready for an instant start.

"But we cannot do so."

"Yes you can; you have not been put under arrest, nor have either of you given your words of honour as officers and gentlemen not to leave this place."

"True, we have not."

"Then why stand upon ceremony; make good your escape; it will be much better than to lay rotting in a gaol until the war is over, at the mere false information given against you by this rascal, Joel Flint. I know these Italians better than you do."

Acting upon the count's advice, Frank and Tom hastened up to their apartments, and began to pack

up.

They left the count alone discussing his wine

and smoking cigars.

He had not been very long so engaged, however, when a young stranger, neatly attired as a civilian, hastily entered the room in which he was.

"Count," said he, "where are the two young Englishmen?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I have information which must reach their ears at once.'

"Indeed! then who are you, pray?"

"I am one of the secret police."

"Oh, oh! and what business have you with

"I have an important communication to make to them." (See cut in No. 22.)

"I cannot see how that can be, seeing that you are one of the secret police."

"It is easily explained. They have befriended me and mine—saved them from death."
"Who, pray?"

"Teresa, Garibaldi's female spy." "And because they did that-

"I have waited for an opportunity of repaying their great kindness and bravery, by disclosing to them the plot which is laid for their very lives."

"Go on. I am surprised. How came all this about?"

"It all followed from Captain Frank's duel with the Marquis de Sangri."

"I know it."

"But, for a long time, this young English wretch, Flint, or Schmidt-whatever his right name is-has been bribing all sorts of people to give false information against the two gallant brothers, Frank Jude in particular."

"As I supposed, and spent large sums, I have no

doubt."

"Yes, very large sums."

"And you accepted a bribe?"

"I did, but never intended to hurt them." "As the brother of Teresa, you could not have

done so, without proving a great scoundrel." The detective laughed, as he said,

"I threw myself in the way of this false English-

man, Flint, and, while I took his money, I got all the information I could out of him." "Very wisely done," smiled the count. "And

what charges has this English rascal made against them?"

"He gave information this morning that the Boy Band of young Garibaldians intended to turn traitors, go over to the Austrians, and tell the Archduke Albrecht all our plans."

"The villain !"

"This was all the more villanous, because it is already known in influential circles that the whole Italian army under the king's command intends to march against the Austrians in four days at the furthest."

"I never heard this before."

"But I did. More than this, Flint has sworn that the two brothers are concerned in a most horrible murder committed on their poor old uncle some time ago in England."

"I cannot believe such a monstrous charge."

"Nor I either; but this Flint has gone so far as to swear that Major Caspar and all the rest have had dealings and correspondence with that pest of the mountains known as Basil the Bandit."

"These are strong charges."

"But the last and worst charge is, that he offers to prove their cowardice before the enemy, notwithstanding all the gallant deeds they have performed,"

"The imp of the devil!" said the count, with a "Why, braver lads never drew a fierce oath.

sword !"

"Every one knows it, count, but the prefect of police has given orders to have them arrested."

"But it shall not be!" said the count; "I will stand their friend through thick and thin, if I die for it!"

"And so will I," said Tomasso, the detective, "and already I have proved my fidelity to them."
"In what manner?"

"As soon as I got positive information of what this Flint intended to do, I wrote off to Major Caspar, Hugh Tracy, and the rest, telling them of the storm that was approaching, and begged of them to hold themselves in readiness to fly at an hour's notice."

"But that cannot be done. Where is the ship

to convey them?"

"I have it in readiness. Last night, I went on board Captain Tom Ford's vessel, and informed the officer in command of everything."

"And what did the English lieutenant say?" "He swore he would blow Leghorn to atoms if the authorities dared to lay a hand on their gallant

captain and his brother."
"Bravo! Bravo!" said the count; "that's just like those English tars; they don't care about the very devil himself when their blood is up."
"The two brave lads must be informed of this at

once," said the detective.

"Very right and proper; but if we do get away, we'll teach these Austrians that we are not cowards. The Boy Band shall fight one more battle, and then Captain Frank can do as he pleases-stand his trial, retire from the service, or remain in it, just as he pleases."

"There is one piece of advice I would give, then,"

said the detective.

" And what is that ?"

"Why, do not persuade them to return to England yet."

"And why, pray? Are two brave boys to be accused of atrocious crimes, and not endeavour to sustain their untarnished honour?"

"No, I do not mean that; nothing in the world would please me more than that they should do so."

"Then why advise them otherwise?"

"'From information I have received,' as the English detectives say, I have reason to believe that Sergeant Gale is already on the track of the true culprits, and if Frank or Tom appear upon the scene at an improper moment, it might cause fresh complications, and, perhaps, thwart the ends of

"But how could you get to know all this?"

"Why, with Joel Flint's own money.

"I cannot see that, for, from what I have heard, the English police cannot be bribed to give informa-

The Italian detective laughed, as he said-

"Policemen all over the world are alike in many things, and I can tell you that a few florins in Italy, like a few pounds in England, have a wonderful effect on constables, and they will swear white is black, if they only have a chance. The reason of this is they are over worked, and very badly paid. It is true, if you wish a detective to get you out of a scrape, you must 'palm' him far more heavily than a man in uniform—for you must know this much, detectives themselves are watched by detectives, as constables are by constables, for in the police force no one would trust another further than they can see him, and, in most cases, they look upon every man, woman, and child as born thieves and vagabonds."

"Not a very flattering description, certainly,"

said the count, laughing,

"No; but it is true, though, count; and the way I got my information is easily told, for the King of Italy has Italian detectives in England like he has in Leghorn, and everywhere else; these know the English ones, so they are well informed of all that's going on, whether it concerns them individually or not."

"You are a clever-

"Rogue you would have said, count," the detective remarked, laughing. "Well, as you please; I have only done my duty to two trusty, gallant friends in this instance, for they deserve all that one true man can do for another. I have fulfilled my mission, and am satisfied. I must leave the rest to themselves."

"You are very kind," said the count, "and to reward you, here is my purse," said he, offering it

to Tomasso. The Italian detective shook his head, and looked

"No money between friends," said he, with a look of annoyance.

Taking up his hat, he was about to depart, and

said, "Captain Frank will find his Boy Band on the road towards Verona. The Italian army is ready to advance on Verona, leaving Peschiera on the left about ten miles. The army will not move for four or five days."

So speaking, he bowed himself out, and left. "This is a bold fellow," thought the count; "but who knows but what he may be a spy, after all? I must advise my young friends to depart at once, in case the detective's plausible tale might prove nought else but a trap to secure them."

When informed of this conversation, both Frank

and Tom were much amazed.

Buttons was astonished, and swore very loudly for a youth of his inches that-

"He wouldn't stay in Leghorn, to be clapped

into a loathsome gaol for six months, on a trumpery charge made up by Joel Flint, or any one else.

He was dying to rejoin Fatty and the Boy Band, and when the count, Frank, and Tom, after a short council of war, decided to depart that very night, he danced and kicked up his heels in such a wild, extravagant manner, that the Italian cooks and chambermaids thought the droll English boy had taken leave of his senses.

That same night, when no one expected it, Frank, Tom, the count, and Buttons, boldly walked out of

their hotel towards Tom's ship.

As they approached the landing, they were recognised, and surrounded by a large posse of police.

"That's your man-seize him!" said the chief, pointing to Frank.

In an instant Frank, Tom, and the count drew their swords, and fought their way through bravely.

They must have soon been overpowered, however, but, just as the police were gathering stronger and stronger each moment, a loud shout was heard from the waterside.

A loud, ringing English cheer resounded in the

air.

In an instant Frank's party were joined by a strong boat's crew from Tom's ship, who, cutlass and pistol in hand, dispersed the Italian police force like chaff before the wind.

In an instant two brawny sailors seized Frank, and carried him in triumph to their boat, and in a few minutes another loud cheer told the Italian officers that the English youths were then safely and triumphantly on their way towards Tom's gallant barque.

In less than half an hour Tom stood on the quarter deck of his gallant craft, and she sailed from Leghorn with every inch of canvas set, and dashed through the sparkling waves like a thing of life.

"Ho-o-ray! ho-o-ray!" shouted young Buttons, with all his might; "ho-o-ray, we shall soon join the Boy Band again."

"Yes," said Frank, in his ear, "but before we leave Italy, we must join in the first battle that takes place, to show these lying rascals that we are not cowards, but made of sterling English steel; and when that is over, we'll all seek adventures in another clime before we return to England."

"Where to?" asked Buttons, with breathless

curiosity.

"Why, in-Mexico; to help the people this time, and not tyrannical upstarts who call themselves kings."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE COUNT NARRATES THE EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD SOLDIER-CADET'S LIFE-THE BATTLE OF NOVARA-TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER.

FRANK, and everybody on board, imagined that the vessel could not possibly be more than three or four days at most in reaching the port they desired to land at.

But they were all very much mistaken.

The winds were so contrary and boisterous, that they drove the noble vessel off its course, and they lay more than a week buffeting about in the tempestuous seas, and many times were in great danger of being wrecked.

It was a sad disappointment to Frank, the old count, and all the crew, that they could not be able to land in time to take part in the expeditions of

the land forces.

But there they were tossing and rolling, and pitching and plunging about without any help for

In consequence they had to make a virtue of necessity, and arrange things on board as comfort-

able as possible.

The evenings were devoted to story-telling and like amusements; and the old count, being a perfect mine of adventure, the time passed quickly and pleasantly by.

"You have had many long years of soldiering, count," said Frank, one evening as they lingered

over supper. voi

"Many years, my lad, aye, fully a quarter of a century off and on."

"You see," said the count, "I was an orphan, and being brought up by cold-hearted relations, I got more kicks than half-pence.

"But there was plenty of 'blood' in me, my brave lads, and blood, you know, will tell one of

these days.

"They sent me to the village school when I was about eight years old, but the old master soon

wanted to get rid of me.

"They wanted to stuff a lot of Greek and Latin into me, but after long trying, much thrashing, and great patience, I found the only thing anyone could stuff me with to my own liking was good eating. In that department I always excelled.

"I did not stay long at the village school."

"And for a good reason why.

"We formed a club and raised a conspiracy

against the master.

"He found it out, and mounted me on a boy's back for the purpose of soundly thrashing me with

rather a heavy cane.

"I knocked the big boy over with a sound smack on the jaw, and then having got possession of the cane, I laid about me right and left until I cleared out the whole school, and remained the

only one in possession. desks and everything I possibly could, and then

returned home.

"When I reached my uncle's house, he looked

and frowned like a thunder cloud.

"'All he is fit for is to be a soldier,' said the old schoolmaster.

"'That's just what I should like to be,' I answered joyfully. "It was then decided that I should be sent to a

preparatory seminary in order to fit me, in a few

years, for the Cadet's College, at Padua. "I worked very hard at the seminary for three or four years, and longed for the time when I should have learned sufficient to enter as a cadet.

"Now I had heard a great deal of these cadets, and knew them to be violent, frolicsome fellows, fond of a spree, and of kicking up a row with the quiet, easy going tavern keepers and others, and always ready to 'go out' when called upon to fight a duel.

"In fact, their reputation was that of perfect

"The time came, and I started for the Cadet Academy.

"On my first entering the lodge gate, I was met by a posse of these gentlemen.

"One asked my name.

10" Another where I came from. Dus assessment

"And a third knocked my new hat over my eyes, because, he said,

" I looked cool, and that were add He but

10" Fortunately, further attentions were spared me by a new comer, and I escaped.

"The head of my room told me my principal business was to wait upon him, brush and mend his clothes, and make myself generally useful.

"For I found the other two young cadets were favourites of his, whom he had applied for, one being a personal friend, and the other a particularly clever fellow, engaged to coach him in mathematics.

"I remember the first morning, on coming out after breakfast, being struck with astonishment at seeing a pair of legs sticking out of the large mortar opposite the dining-hall, the owner evidently occupying the bore of that weapon, and making frantic efforts to extricate himself from his uncomfortable position.

"He was with difficulty released.

"He was a wretched 'last-joined,' still in plain clothes, who had ventured to appear on parade in a cap with anchor buttons.

"Besides my regular duties, I had to fag out at

cricket, and never see an innings.

"And often for an hour or so to work the treadle of one of the lathes, as my master was fond of turning, and we had no steam power then as we have now.

"Picking up ninepins was another pursuit I took

no delight in.

"And conveying cooked chicken, jellies, and other luxuries in my coat-pockets for my master when under 'arrest,' was anything but a pleasant employment.

"My greatest difficulty was in procuring fresh eggs for tea (which in those days we partook of in our rooms), no easy task when you have neither

money nor credit.

"Yet I generally managed it, cooking them afterwards in a nightcap tied to a long string, and lowered for three minutes into the copper of boiling water with which we made our tea.

"Woe me if the eggs were boiled too hard, or

found to contain young chickens.

"My neckties and other superfluities were bartered away to a wandering vendor of fish for stale crabs, pickled mackerel, shrimps or lobsters.

"My master, being a bit of a gourmand, was never satisfied with the plain bread and butter, which was all that we were allowed.

"So, when every supply was exhausted, I used to pay a slight visit of a morning to the general store (where parcels and goods were deposited when they arrived) to try and discover whether any kind parent had sent a hamper of good things to their affectionate son.

"And when visiting other rooms, I always kept one eye open, looking out for 'straws' lying about.

evident tokens of recent unpacking.

"Was I successful in any discovery, I boldly entered the happy room at tea-time, with my roommate's compliments, in the hope that they would kindly ask me to partake of what they had.

"But it was a very different affair when we received a hamper from any sympathising relative. How carefully we brought it over to our room, when few were about, hiding it away out of sight, and allowing only a very little to remain on our table at a time, so as not to rouse the expectations of any casual visitor.

"In less than a week we 'last-joined' were introduced to a new functionary of stern and sober mien, a sergeant of artillery, who was to be our

drill-instructor.

"He was evidently a Tartar, and always prefixed his orders or remarks with 'Last-jined.'

"He first placed us in two ranks, a little apart

from one another, and then gave us a lecture on

'setting-up' drill.

"How our chests were to be expanded, and the body leaning a little forward, standing well upon the ball of the foot, with our hands extended, our little fingers touching the seam of our trousers,

heads well up, eyes firmly fixed in front, and so on.
"His 'style' was too much for me, I began to

But a voice behind soon sobered me.

" 'You will turn out to drill to-morrow morning, sir, for unsteadiness in the ranks.'

' It came from the officer on duty.

"This sentence had a good effect upon us all, and the sergeant having finished his harangue, set to work to try and reduce our round shoulders, and make us hold up our heads.

"First we were to move our arms round and round like windmills.

"Then to place both of our fists under our chins, and jerk our arms backwards, as if to try and put them out of joint; then stretch over without bending our knees till we touched our toes with the tips of our gloves, causing our tunics to creep up under our arms, and buttons to fly, and seams to crack, in every direction.

"At last we all looked as if we were going to break a blood-vessel, or have a fit of apoplexy.

"So our instructor had pity upon us, and gave the

order to 'stand at ease.'

"It seemed to me a most uneasy attitude, one foot behind the other, and our hands clasped in front, as if we were all struck with pensive thought at something he had said to us.
"Take it all together, my brave lads, the life of a cadet is one of labour, love and frolic.

"If you are not studying hard you are making love hard to some pretty damsel, and may get a bullet through you next morning for your pains.

"My friends and relations never gave me too much money to spend, you may depend upon it.
"Yet, what little they did send, I had the good

sense to make a proper use of.

"So that when I had passed four years or more in hard work, I passed my examination rather creditably, and was appointed a year after to a lieutenancy in the army of Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, the brave father of the present King Victor Emannuel.

"I received several wounds, though, in duels with my fellow students, through love affairs, and I can tell you more than one sound thrashing at fisticuffs from long-armed rustics, whose sweethearts I have attempted to dance with at fairs and the

like."

"But what matter," said the old count, laughing, "war always accompanies love, and always will, I suppose."

"But what was the severest battle you were ever in," asked Frank.

"Well, that's hard to say, because one battle is much like another, as far as soldiers are individually concerned, for whether the battle be big or little in its results, you are fired at all the same."

"And I have learned that bullets thrown at one's head are not very nice compliments," said Tom.
"True, my lad. It's all very fine being dressed

up in fine clothes, and marching behind splendid bands, but that is not the thing.

"It is when one regiment stands before another, firing five thousand shots a minute at each other, or when you are marching to the point of an enemy's bayonet, that's the time when the real duty of a soldier takes place."

"But about the battle of Novara, count," said

Tom. "I have always heard that it was the severest fight ever fought by the Italians against the Austrians."

"So it was, my brave lads, and for this reason,

"King Charles Albert was the only one of the Italian kings or powers who had the courage to throw defiance in the face of Austria, and strike for liberty.

"When his army first marched out against Marshal Radetzki, the Austrian leader, they carried everything before them.

"But no other state came to his assistance, and the result was, that instead of marching on to Vienna we had to fall back towards Novara.

"During our retreat, the fighting between our rear guard and the Austrian advanced guard became

very hot and sanguinary.

"In truth, long after we had taken up our position to fight on the morrow, our pickets fired incessantly, and drove the Austrians some distance back, through a long field of standing corn.

"As morning approached, many of our men sallied forth beyond the standing corn, to despoil the Austrian dead, and this being perceived, brought out the enemy's pickets, who opened a brisk and lively fire.

"It must be confessed the audacity of our men in this proceeding was beyond all precedent, for, n the hills immediately beyond, the enemy were in imposing force, and certainly flushed with their

success of the previous day.
"A constant picket-firing on our left gave warn-

ing that the action would soon open.

Our troops rose long before day, and the most provident cooked themselves breakfast; and, smoking their pipes, sat in groups, chatting sociably, not knowing at what moment all would be summoned to 'fall in.'

"Soon, simple picket-firing was succeeded by the

roar of musketry.

"Whole volleys continually broke upon the ear at different points of the line, which, together with the occasional roar of howitzers and rifled pieces, was more than enough to rouse the entire army.

"Commanders were busily engaged, and rode from place to place with a business-like manner.

"No hurry or confusion was visible.

"All seemed to look upon the matter with indifference and cheerfulness.

"Our troops had smelt powder long before, and they simply said, 'Another day's work is before us,' and tightly buckled their straps and belts, as if bound for a march, or a long, fatiguing drill.

"Fighting on our left now commenced in earnest. Troops which had been prowling about fields fronting the standing corn, were seen to hasten their movements, and on came the Austrian line-of-battle in good order.be

"Observing our clouds of skirmishers rapidly withdrawing from their front, and disappearing in the corn fields, they gave loud cheers, and thought that little resistance would be offered until they had arrived at the top of the hill, where some of our troops were posted, or had found shelter in the

"Their mistake was a grievous one. "Their mistake was a grievous one."

"As the Austrian line-of-battle reached the fence up rose our men from their place of concealment among the corn, and delivered several volleys right in the faces of their fees, who, surprised and staggering with loss, retreated over the open ground, and were cut up fearfully by our batteries, which now opened with rapidity from our rear.

"So accurate was the artillery fire that whole

files of Austrian soldiers lay dead parallel with the fence, behind which we were.

"Hundreds of shell from the enemy now dropped in all directions, making our position in the stand-

ing corn very unpleasant.
"And although we disputed their advance stubbornly, they gradually forced us back, until they penetrated into the corn-fields, which their heavy line-of-battle bent and broke as they came sweeping onward with loud cheers.

"Supposing us to be beaten at this point, their commander lost no time, but seemed determined

to push forward rapidly, and smash our left wing.
"As brigade after brigade rushed gallantly forward they were subjected to a continuous and galling fire.

"But no token was given of our strength in the dense timber to which our men now fell back in

skirmishing order.

"When the enemy had traversed the corn-fields, and reached the summit of the rising ground, the ground slightly 'dipped,' so that our commanders in the woods had full view of the Austrian force as it advanced.

"Every fence and every tree was made available by our sharpshooters, who constantly poured into

their heavy masses a galling fire.

"Still onwards they came impetuously, and, from their hurried movements, were apparently breath-

"Down went every fence in their paths, as they rapidly crossed the road towards the woods; and lustily they cheered as the last of our skirmishers disappeared from their front and were lost in the dark, thick forest.

"All was silence within our lines.

"Regiments were lying flat on their faces, with rifles cocked, and the men cautiously peered at the enemy as they came rushing into the woods in great masses and with much noise.

"Suddenly, up rose our left line of battle. In the

"The enemy halted.

"A moment of silence ensued.

"No man stirred.

"And then deafening, quick, accurate, and nu-

merous volleys broke from our lines.

"The enemy were too numerous to be missed; and, amid frightful loss and confusion, they broke and rushed forth from the woods, trembling like beings who had seen some dreadful apparition.

"Soon as these fugitive masses had gained open ground our batteries in rapid succession broke loose, belching forth grape and canister in such profusion that the infernal storm could be heard raining upon them with a hissing noise, and it literally ploughed furrows in the confused masses, so that daylight could be seen through them at every discharge.

"Round shot bounded and bounced.

"Shells, after whizzing overhead, dropped with loud explosions, in the groups rushing through the corn fields and dotting the landscape.

"The carnage was frightful.

"Through these fields the enemy (exulting in their success the previous day) had come cheering in dense lines.

"But a few moments before they had swept from their front every man opposed to them, and had entered the woods with deafening shouts.

"They had not been lost to view many minutes ere they rushed back in confused, bleeding, staggering masses of human beings, without officers, without order, pursued by our lines of battle.

"Rapidly our brave fellows pushed over the wellfought fields, and, amid showers of shell, kept close to the flying foe, and incessantly poured into their shattered ranks murderous volleys, which whistled through the corn and peopled every acre with scores of dead.

"Field officers of the enemy gallantly rode to the front, and endeavoured to rally their brigades.

"Reinforcements were seen approaching to their relief through open fields beyond; but onward pressed our victorious men, and did not halt until the foe was safely screened in their original position of the morning.

"Fighting on the left had now lasted several

hours.

"Our men were thoroughly exhausted, and un-

able to advance further upon the enemy.

"In truth, it would not have been wise to do so, for our position for defence was preferable ground to any we could win.

"Cannonading now opened with great fury on both sides, and it was soon ascertained that the foe was largely reinforced, and beginning another ad-

"This they did in gallant style, but were met again by such a determined, withering fire, and their loss was so great, that no impression could be made upon our position.

"Not only were they loth to follow us into the woods, but they were quickly beaten and demoral-

ised in open ground.

"Constant volleys were now exchanged by both sides; and as reinforcements arrived to succour us, they were immediately thrown in front to withstand the third attack, then organizing along the enemy's right, which was to be composed of all the commands there present.

"The new line of the enemy seemed to be of

immense strength.

"But as they came fully into view, our artillery opened upon them with such rapidity and accuracy that great confusion and disorder began to reign ere they became sufficiently close to exchange shots with our infantry.

"Long and constant volleys resounded along our

whole wing.

"Both combatants were stationary.

"Sometimes we slightly gave ground, and again recovered it, until at last our fire began to tell among the enemy, and it seemed that little was now required to drive them completely from the field.

"While indecision seemed to reign among the Austrian commanders ours were unanimous for an advance, and when the order was received, loud cheers and yells burst forth from our troops, and the cannonade re-opened with redoubled fury.

GIVEN AWAY!!

SCENES,

SHEETS OF CHARACTERS,

LARGE STAGE FRONT FOR A NEW PLAY, CALLED

"ALONE IN THE PIRATES' LAIR."

READ THE "BOYS OF ENGLAND,"

SECURE THE ABOVE MAGNIFICENT GIFTS. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE MANIAC .- SEE NEXT NUMBER.

"The onset was furious; nothing seemed to withstand the impetuosity of our men.

"The enemy gradually withdrew from the open ground in much confusion.
"Fresh divisions were hurried to the front to

check our advance.

"The meeting was terrible, but the shock of short duration.

"Beaten again and again, they were at last driven beyond the position originally occupied.

"Through woods and copse, across corn-fields and ploughed fields, grassy slopes and meadows, over gullies, ditches, brooks and hedges, the combatants in this wing had contended since early morning, and their lines had advanced or retreated again and again, until it seemed that every acre of the landscape was strewn with dead.

Ño. 24.

"Tokens of carnage were visible on every hand.

"The woods were torn and shattered.

"The corn and grass were trodden under foot; outhouses and farmhouses were heaps of blazing ruins, while, for miles, long lines of smoke ascended over the fertile valley, and numerous batteries uninterruptedly belched forth showers of shot and

"Still the contending lines swayed and advanced, or broke and retreated, so that, to civilised beings, it seemed like some ghostly panorama of things transpiring in a nether world. Charles Albert's impetuous advance at length halted.

"His men had far surpassed their olden fame; but it soon became apparent that weakness was enfeebling our efforts, and that without reinforcements, we could not maintain the conquered ground, should any fresh body of the enemy assail

"Indications were not wanting to prove the enemy's activity, and the signal corps soon gave warning that fresh and heavy masses of Austrians were concentrating and forming, to make a final effort to dislodge us from our advanced position.

"Soon the enemy appeared to our front again, and advanced with a steadiness which plainly indicated they had never yet pulled trigger during

"The meeting was fierce, vindictive, and bitter. "Volleys were given, and returned incessantly. "Their artillery slowly moved up to the front, and one line began to fall back, with regularity and

coolness. "We would again retrace our steps, we thought,

and invite them into the woods where their first attacking corps had so suddenly melted away.

"Slowly, we fell back, and still more cautiously

did the enemy pursue.

" For some time the fight was maintained by us in open ground, and our superior fire inflicted great loss among them.

"Through the corn-fields once more we enticed the enemy onwards, and boldly they advanced to try there again the fortune of war.

"Once within the forest, our generals quickly prepared for their coming, and fell back some distance.

"Forward still the enemy came over the numerous dead of their own army; but ere they entered the woods they opened a long and fierce cannonade, throwing hundreds of shells and round shot on those spots which we were supposed to occupy.

"Our men, however, having re-formed much further back than at first, these missiles fell short.

"Not a man of our lines was touched, but all lay quietly on their faces until daylight was shut out from our front by the dark, massive lines of the enemy, who, slowly approaching, made the woods echo with their cheers.

"Cautiously they advanced, and single shots of sharpshooters resounded through the forest, as of

solitary hunters in search of game.

"Moving forward up a gentle rise, their long lines came full in view, and instantly our artillery and infantry opened upon them with a deafening

"Branches of trees showered down upon friend and foe alike.

"Trees cracked, and bowed, or toppled over, and fell with a crash among the enemy in the ground, and still volleys upon volleys whistled through the cover, until it seemed as if the clouds had opened, and rained down showers of bullets.

"The smoke, confusion, dust, and noise was indescribable, and how long the fierce conflict lasted

I know not, but it seemed an age.

" Bravely had the enemy assailed us, and gallantly were they repulsed; King Charles Albert could not be moved, but held his ground, and, taking advantage of apparent indecision and mystification, gave the word to advance, and this, the fifth corps sent against him, was hurled bleeding, staggering and defeated from his front, and retreated from the forest, with great loss; but Charles Albert was too weak to attempt another advance, and was content to hold the enemy in check until positive information could be ascertained of their operations on other parts of our lines.

"Thus the battle continued all day long.

"It was a terrible conflict, for in the balance hung the great question of Italian independence, and, as might be expected, our men fought with the ferocity of demons.

"Austrian cuirassiers charged our squares in vain. "Our batteries belched forth upon them showers of deadly missiles, and the cries of the wounded and dving rent the air.

"Thus it continued all the live long day.

"But as night set in we all found, that though we were not beaten and driven off the field, the

Austrians were too strong for us.

"To add to the horrors and dangers of the situation, we learned that the cunning Austrian commander, Marshal Radetski, was endeavouring to get a large force in our rear, and thus cut off our retreat from Alexandra.

"What must be done?

"Mortal men could not have done more than we had done.

"The king, Charles Albert, and his brave son, the present king, Victor Emmanuel, galloped into the thickest of the fight during the day, and we all thought that they sought death.

"At midnight, and when all was still, we silently and sullenly retreated, nor did the Austrians dare to pursue, for our misfortunes and disasters had wrought us up to the pitch of madness.

"The carnage of that day I shall never forget,"

said the old count, with a heavy sigh.

"I was wounded twice; once in the head with a sabre cut, and the second was a bullet in the thigh,

"Three horses were killed under me, yet I so distinguished myself that one of the first things the old king did was to promote me, and raised me to the dignity of count, a title which my forefathers had won centuries before.

"This was the severest and bloodiest engagement I was ever in," said the old soldier; never hope to witness such a sight again."

Just as the old count had finished his story, one the sailors came down into the cabio, and, doffing his cap respectfully, said,

"A sail in sight, Captain Tom. Bearing right

down upon us."

"What does she look like? an Austrian?"

"Can't tell, captain; we have signalled her, but she shows no colours."

"Then prepare for action; it may be an Austrian cruiser, and, if so, we must be ready to give her a warm reception."

In a few minutes after Captain Tom had given this order all was bustle and excitement on board.

Every one was busy in making the ship ready for action, and each moment the strange, suspicious craft approached nearer and nearer, but did not show her colours.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE CHASE-THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE excitement of the moment was very great. The strange sail was now not further than a mile away.

Yet not a man could be seen upon her decks. Captain Tom and Frank went aloft with their glasses to "look into her," but it was all to no purpose.

Not a soul could be seen on board.

It looked like a well-rigged craft which had been abandoned, and was now drifting about on the lone ocean without officers or men.

Tom and Frank were puzzled; they knew not what to think or make of the suspicious-looking craft.

Judge of their astonishment, then, when they were within three quarters of a mile from her, she changed her course, and bore away at a clipping rate, as if afraid "to speak," or encounter Tom Ford's vessel.

Away she went like a bird upon the wing.

"Hillo! What's the meaning of all that?" asked

the count, in astonishment.

"It means this, count," said Tom; "I take her for some Austrian privateer. She came close enough to see that we were too much for her, and is now going before the wind to get out of the way." "But you will not permit her to do so?"

"No; trust me," said Tom, laughing; "she must pay for peeping. Set every stitch of sail, my merry men; we'll soon overhaul the rascais, and if they don't heave to, and show colours, we'll send her to

Davy Jones's locker."

The sudden movement of the stranger in changing her course was very suspicious, to say the least. But this only heightened the curiosity of Tom's English crew, who cheered lustily, fired a gun after the stranger, and danced among the rigging as nimbly as monkeys, and spread out every inch of canvas the ship could carry.

The more Captain Tom's gallant fellows strained every nerve to increase the speed of the chase the more the stranger did likewise.

For more than an hour the two vessels kept on their course full sail.

The breeze was equally fair for both.

Yet neither gained a single cable's length on each

"She's a regular clipper," said Tom, "and no mistake; see how she sails—how beautifully she is handled."

"She's no Austrian vessel, sir," said several to

"That's what I've been thinking." "She's beautifully handled," said Frank.

"Yes," said the count; "but we are going off our course at a devil of a rate. Instead of steering for the Italian coast, we are going towards the Atlantic "

"Never mind, count, we'll keep the chase up all night; at all events, we mustn't let them beat us."

"What flag are you flying?" asked Frank.

"The Italian flag, as usual."

"Then change it. Hoist the English flag, and see if she'll acknowledge it."
"A good thought," said Tom.

In a few minutes the English flag was raised above that of Italy.

On the instant the stranger ahead eased all sail,

and boldly hoisted the English colours also.
"This looks strange," said Tom; "they hoist colours and ease sail quickly enough; but I can't make out a single soul on board."

"Nor I, sir," said several.

"It must be the 'Phantom Ship,'" said one, who was an old sailor; "I've often heard that, like the Wandering Jew on shore, there is a Phantom Ship roaming over the whole world in full sail. No one can catch her; she's a Will-o'-the-wisp, like, and is sure to lead us on to rocks or reefs."

Tom laughed; but as the stranger eased her sails

his vessel was quickly gaining on her.

In half-an-hour they were abeam, or, as might be said, breast to breast, but yet some quarter of a mile north and south.

"Take every precaution, brother Tom," said Frank; "we must not be led into any snare."

Tom was not one of those who was at all likely to be led into any snare, for he had prepared his ship for instant action.

His men stood to their guns, and were ready for the word of command.

Nearer and nearer the two ships approached each other, like two wary giants.

"Stand by, my men," said Tom, quietly, glass in hand, as he mounted on the poop.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Ship ahoy!" he shouted, through his speaking trumpet; "ship ahoy!"

"Ship ahoy!" was the anwser.

"Your name, and whither bound?"

"Are you English?"

"Yes; from Leghorn."
Tom's answer was scarcely given when the stranger's decks were suddenly crowded with soldiers, as the captain asked-

"Have you heard anything of Captain Frank

Ford, of the Boy Volunteers?"

"Yes; he is on board here, now. I am his brother, and command this craft."

On the instant the stranger's rattlings were swarmed by a great number of nimble youths.

With three cheers they hailed and saluted Tom's vessel.

"It is Hugh Tracy and the Boy Volunteers for a thousand pounds!" said Captain Frank, greatly excited. "I cannot be mistaken!"

It was Hugh Tracy and the Boy Soldiers, and foremost among them all was the gallant Caspar!

In a short time the two vessels came to, side by side, and the meeting between the captain and his brave young companions in arms baffles all description, for on all sides reigned merriment, noise, and confusion.

"Sail away for Mexico, Captain Tom," said Frank. "We have done with Italy, and will go to the land of the Montezumas-the land of love, war,

and adventure!"

This announcement was received with loud applause by all.

Fatty and Buttons were in ecstacies.

They danced and capered about like two lunatics; Fatty with a huge piece of bread and meat in one hand, Buttons with a bottle of wine in the other.

"To Mexico! To Mexico!" resounded on all sides, and ere long the two ships set sail again in company along the Mediterranean, gambolling over the bright blue water like things of air.

"You know this yoeng Foglishman, Flin(, well, Tomasso?" CHAPTER LXXIII.

JOEL FLINT IS "DONE" ON BOTH SIDES-TOMASSO, THE ITALIAN DETECTIVE, PROFESSES TO BE ASTONISHED AT THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

TOMASSO, the Italian detective, had not left the court more than an hour, when he well knew that the prefect of police was making preparations to capture both Tom, Frank, and Buttons that very night.

For your Continental police seldom make a descent upon any place in the daytime, but always manage to make their captures at night, when the unsuspecting victims are in bed and sound asleep.

This Tomasso well knew.

When night-time came Frank's hotel was surrounded by police; but, greatly to their chagrin and disappointment, they found that, with all their cunning, the English bird could not be caught with chaff, and had taken wing!

The prefect was in a frightful rage.

He walked up and down his office stamping and swearing and could not make it out.

"To be fooled by two such youths as they are!" he exclaimed. "Why, it is a perfect disgrace! Where is Tomasso?" he asked, repeatedly.
"He is without, in waiting on your honour,"

said an attendant.

"Call him in at once," said the prefect, seating himself in an arm chair, and looking the picture of wrath.

Tomasso entered, and politely bowed.

The prefect ordered him to be seated.
"How is this, sir?" he began.
"What, sir?" asked Tomasso, innocently, although he knew all about it.

"Why, they tell me those English youths have escaped."

"Indeed-impossible!"

"No, sir, it is not impossible. They have gone, bag and baggage. How they managed to do so is a mystery.'

"So it is, signor prefect, but I did my duty. watched the place, but I did not see them depart."

"Strange, sir, strange; they could not have flown away.

"No, truly, signor prefect; but if they have gone, they must have done so in a very mysterious way.

"No doubt. I have no hesitation in my mind but that they have been tampering with some of our detectives."

"Impossible, signor. It cannot surely be that any of our honourable body have so disgraced themselves as to be bought over," said Tomasso.

Although, at the same time, he very well knew that the prefect himself was "to be bought over"

as easily as any one, if a good chance offered.
"It is shocking, sir," continued the prefect, "that the culprits should have escaped us after all the time and money spent in their apprehension by the young

Englishman, Signor Flint.

"Quite true, signor prefect, quite true. As you say, Signor Flint, or Schmidt, or whatever his name As vou may be, is, no doubt, an open-hearted, free-handed young gentleman, and deserves that success should crown his efforts."

"Perfectly right, Tomasso, perfectly right; but though they have escaped, I do not in any way blame you, for I am certain we have not another officer in the force who is more faithful and true

than yourself."

Tomasso smiled, and bowed to his superior in a very respectful manner.

"You know this young Englishman, Flint, well, Tomasso?"

"I do, signor prefect."

"And are aware where he lives?"

"Yes."

"Then go to him, tell him all that has happened, and confer with him as to the very best measures to be taken for the capture of these daring young Englishmen."

"I obey," said Tomasso, and he left the prefect's

office, smiling archly.

He was on his way to the hotel where Mr. Flint resided, when he was unexpectedly met by Joel himself, whose face was radiant with smiles.

"Have you heard the news?" said Joel.

" No."

"We have got 'em."

" Who ?"

"Why, Frank and Tom Ford."

"Who told you?"

"The prefect, this morning."
"Oh, indeed."

"Yes, and I am now on my way to the prefect's office, to accompany the officers who are ordered to surround the hotel and capture them."

Tomasso laughed loudly.

"What are you laughing about?" asked Joel, in disgust.

"Why, I was just on my way to your hotel to tell you some important news.'

"Indeed! What was it? Have you got them already?"

"No; you would never guess,"
"What is it, then?"
"Why, they have escaped."
"Escaped!" gasped Joel, biting his lips in vexa-

"Yes; they got away unknown to any one, and are now sailing in Captain Tom Ford's vessel as fast as the wind can carry them,"

"The devil!"

"Tis true."

"And where are they bound for?"

"Why, to join the Boy Band of Volunteers, in Lombardy."

"Excellent!" said Joel, plucking up courage again. "Then, we may recapture them after all.

"Yes, if--"If what?"

"If we have money enough to do it."
"Oh, as to money, I have enough for that. My worthy father in England is very wealthy, and he would give anything to have those two villains safe in the hands of the law."

"Very considerate on his part," said Tomasso,

"Yes; but you know," said Joel, "I have spent a large sum already."

"I know you have." "I loaned poor De Sangri a large sum."

"Which you will never get back again, for he is

"I know it, and am sorry. I should have jumped for joy had he brained Frank Ford.'

"But he didn't do it, though, you see."

"No," said Joel, with a fierce look; "the boot

was on the other leg that time."
"True; and yet the marquis was a professed duellist. He was never known to have been hit before. He was 'a dead shot."

"I know he was. Poor fellow, he's a 'dead'

shot now, and no mistake."

"You are witty," said the detective, laughing.
"No, I am not. But what plan do you propose? How are we to get these two young villains in our hands again?"

"'Tis easy enough."

" How ?"

"You have plenty of money, and that can do everything.'

"True; but what have you done with that two hundred pounds I gave you a month ago?"

"I spent it in hiring men to watch them. I did

not keep a penny for myself; I entered into your case for love only."

"I thank you, Tomasso," said Joel, putting his hands into his pockets. "But I also gave you one

hundred pounds last week."

"Which was also spent in bribing their young companion, Buttons."

"Impossible!"

"'Tis true, or how could I have gained all the

private information I did?"

"In that case, if Master Buttons is leagued with us, all will go well; but I can tell you," said Joel, sorrowfully, "that my money is getting very, very low; all I have left is two hundred pounds, and when that is gone, if we do not succeed in capturing these two expert young villains, I fear I must return to England again."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Tomasso. "We cannot fail this time."

"I'm glad you think so; but in any case if money

is wanted, I suppose I must give it."

"You wouldn't expect me to do it, would you? For see how long and faithful I have laboured for you from pure friendship alone; been out night and day looking after and hunting up these two enemies of yours."

"Well, how much do you want?" "How much have you got?" "Only two hundred pounds."

"Well, say you give me one hundred and eighty pounds, and in less than a week they shall be secured and in gaol."

"But that would only leave me with twenty

"Suppose so. Wouldn't you rather succeed than fail? Of course you would; and, besides, see the number of spies I shall have to employ both in and

out of the army."
"True, true," said Joel, handing over the one hundred and eighty pounds. "And when shall I see or hear from you?"

"In a week at most. Good-night; consider they are captured already."

"I will; good-night, dear Tomasso, good-night."
"Good-night, fool!" said Tomasso quietly to himself, putting the money in his pooket and walking away.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

TWO "VERY DEAR" FRIENDS MEET.

THE unexpected meeting of old Flint with Jonathan, on the road near Epping Forest, was startling alike to both those cunning worthies.

Flint at first tried to spur his horse onward.

But Jonathan's ferocious aspect, and his levelled revolver, struck terror into the craven heart of the old money-grubbing lawyer.

Seeing there was no earthly chance to escape, he pulled up his horse, and appeared timid, as if just meeting with some highwayman or other he had never heard of before.

"Halt!" said Jonathan, advancing into the middle of the muddy road. I salt out

"Halt, I say, or die!"

"What!" gasped old Flint, who was muffled up to the very eyes in comforters and the like, "What did the man say?"

"Halt, or die!" said Jonathan, seizing his bridle

"Who are you, my good man? What do you want with me?"

"Want with you? Why, I want a good deal." of "Some money, perhaps?"

"Yes, that is one thing I stand much in need of." "Well, then, let go my horse, my good man; let me pursue my way, and I will well reward you."

"Don't 'good man 'me," said Jonathan, with a growl of passion.

"I don't know you."

"Don't you, though? How very innocent you are, all at once!"

"No; upon my word I don't!"

"You don't want to know me, perhaps; but I know you."

'Indeed!"

"Indeed!" laughed Jonathan, with a mocking echo; "Indeed! you old rat! Come, get off your horse at once, or I'll pull you off, Flint."

Jonathan's words and gestures were so full of

meaning, that old Flint saw it was not of the slightest use for him to try and deceive him.

He therefore gave a little start, as of surprise,

and said-

"What! is that my dear friend Jonathan?" "Yes, it is your 'dear friend' Jonathan," the other chuckled.

"Why, who would have expected to see you

here?"

"You didn't, at all events, I am very certain; and, if the truth were known, I have no doubt you would rather have encountered the very devil himself instead of me. Ha! ha!"

So Mr. Flint would, had he had the choice, particularly as the devil was never known to carry a

six-barrelled revolver.

The old lawyer smiled in a ghastly manner, however, as he said-

"Well, really, this meeting is delightful-such a pleasure is beyond all my expectations!"

"I dare say it is; but I have no time to waste in

talking to you here upon the public road." "Why can't we talk here as well as anywhere else?"

"For a good many reasons."

"For a good many reasons, eh?" said Flint, thoughtfully, knowing not what to do.

At last he said—
"That's a very nice, pretty-looking revolver
you've got, Jonathan; let me have a look at it."
"How very simple you are, Flint! Ha, ha!
What should I be able to do—what would become of me-in less than a minute, if I did, eh, old fox?'

"Oh, upon my word I didn't mean any harm, or

intend any treachery."

"Oh, of course you didn't! I wouldn't suspect you for all the world, Flint! Ha, ha! You didn't mean treachery, I suppose, when you bribed Bill to let you go after you went to the bank, eh? I heard all about it. But if you managed to trick him, you won't do so with me. I'm too old a bird for that now, Flint !"

"Well, well, friend Jonathan, there is no use of us growling together about that little affair. It is true, I did trick Bill, as you say; but it was my intention to use my freedom in getting you released out of the hands of those housebreakers."

"I dare say you did! Words are only wind, Flint; I don't believe anything you say. But, as you observed just now, this is a very pretty revolver I've

got, isn't it ?" "Quite so."

"And what do you think I have just done with

"Can't tell; you are an excellent shot, I have heard. You have been amusing yourself with rabbit shooting, I suppose, in the forest.'

"Yes; two-legged rabbits."
"What!" said Flint, turning red; "it cannot be. Surely you have not-

"Yes, I have, though; it was a case of life or death with me. I shot the officer who came after

"Oh, heavens! murder again!"

"Murder again? Yes, and why not? What are you whining about? Do you think I have made up my mind to be hung, then, like a cat for your sake?"

" My sake?"

"Yes, your sake," said Jonathan, with flashing eyes. "Has not all my misery and crime arisen from you?"

"No."od "Liar!" said Jonathan, firmly seizing the horse by the bridle. "Liar, Flint! you know it has. Ever

since I knew you I have had my hands steeped in

villany and crime."

There was such a terrible look of vengeance in Jonathan's countenance that Flint quaked for

"What do you mean to do?" gasped Flint, in alarm. "Put down that revolver. Don't point it at my head, for heaven's sake! Put it down, Jonathan; I see a devil in your eye."

"Yes, a dozen devils, Flint. Ha, ha! I have longed to meet you, I even prayed for it."
"And why?"

"That I might have vengeance on you."

"Do not speak in that threatening manner," said Flint, in a beseeching tone.

"But I do, though, and will. I have six chambers of this revolver loaded, and every bullet shall be

discharged through your old heart, unless——"

"Unless what?" said Flint, with a faint ray of hope dawning in his mind. "Unless what, Jonathan ? Speak. For mercy's sake take that revolver out of my face."

"My terms are-divide the booty."

"But I haven't got it."

"But you know where it is."

"True; but the chest is far from here."

"No matter; I must have some money at once; get it how or where you can, or otherwise you die!"

"But what gratification could it be to you to kill me?" whined old Flint. "I am willing to give you money, plenty of it; but, for Heaven'ssake, put down your revolver; your hand might slip, and then it would be all up with me."

Jonathan, still holding on to Flint's horse, led it

back towards the inn.

"What are you about to do, Jonathan?"

"Why make you wait until I hire a horse also."

"But suppose they have none."

"Why, then both of us will ride together on one. Don't think for a moment that I intend to lose sight of you this time, for you are too slippery to catch again in a hurry."

Now, as it chanced, the landlord of the inn had a very good saddle horse of his own in the stable.

After a little negotiation it was hired, at a high price, and after drinking a glass of brandy, and filling their travelling flasks, the two horsemen put spurs to their horses, and galloped away. observed just now, this is a very prefty revolver, ive

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE VILLAINS ARE NOT YET CAUGHT-THE PUB-LICAN'S HORSE WILL NEVER RETURN-THE PURSUIT-THE POOR PEDLAR'S JEOPARDY-THE DEAD BODY.

"THAT stranger paid a tremendous price for the loan of my horse," said the old landlord, jingling Flint's gold in his pockets. "I wouldn't mind hiring out my horse every day at that price. Just fancy a man paying five sovereigns for a twenty miles' ride. He will return to-morrow morning, he says."

"I'm not so sure of that, husband," said the old landlady, shaking her head; "I didn't like the

looks of either on 'em."

"Stuff and nonsense, wife. You like the appearance of no one, to hear you talk. It was very wonderful you ever took a liking to me then. I tell you they are both gentlemen, wife, or how could they afford to sport their money in that way?"

The wife shook her head, and the innkeeper

filled out for himself some rum and milk, muttering as he smoked,

"My wife is a simple woman. What does she know of this ere world of ourn? Not she, poor creature! When she's lived and knocked about, as I have, this six-and-fifty year or more, she'll know that these gentlefolk are queer fish when they are bent on a spree. Didn't the Marquis of Waterford sell real guineas in the streets for a farthing each for a wager? and what's giving five pounds for hiring a good horse to that?—why nothing. I made a great mistake, though, I should have charged him a ten pound note; he'd have thought more of me."

While he thus thought, and smoked his pipe, the

rain began to descend in torrents.

Black, lowering clouds quickly encompassed all the earth.

Vivid lightning flashed across the scene.

Thunder crashed over head, until it made the rafters of the inn shake again.

The rain came down incessantly.

Such a tremendous storm, and one so sudden, had never been known before, for the torrents of rain came down with such violence and fury that the roads were soon naught else but pools of water.

"My eye!" said the old innkeeper to one or two who had dropped in out of the rain; "my eye,

mates l it do come down, don't it?"
"Yes, in buckets full," was the rejoinder, as the two wet and dripping strangers walked into the taproom, looking like half-drowned rats.

"And so sudden too," said the landlord, smoking,

and poking up the fire into a merry blaze.

"It's playing the very devil with the forest," said one.

"How so ?"

"Why, the lightning is blasting the trees in every direction."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do, though; and more than that, master-if I didn't hear somebody groan as I passed, you can hang me."

"Groan, man?"

"Aye, groan."

"You must have been dreaming."

"No, I wasn't, master. I was so wide awake that I ran away hither as fast as my legs could carry me. It was like the last gasp of a man who was dying."

"The deuce !" I'm

"There has been a murder committed there, or I'm not a sane man," said the stranger.

The publican eyed the man with a look of fear and suspicion, but said not a word.

"A murder, ch?" thought mine host. "Well, this chap is a pedlar; who knows but what he may have done it? I'll keep my eye upon him."

While the publican and his two customers were roasting their shins before the fire, several horsemen rode up to the door in great haste, and dismounted.

The noise of the storm was still so great without that no one had heard their approach.

They entered the tap-room so suddenly that the innkeeper and his customers were taken by surprise, and rose from their seats.

They were seven mounted policemen. For a few moments no one spoke.

Indeed, the publican's breath was fairly taken out of his body at the appearance of the men in

He changed all manner of colours, put the pipe on one side, and looked like a man who was "wanted" for something or other.

" Has any officer in plain clothes been here this morning, landlord?" asked the chief of the police-

"Why, yes, gentlemen, I think there was one, who came in a cab. He didn't stay here long, though; but said he'd take a walk in the forest for an hour or two. He paid his cab, ordered breakfast, and such like; but he hasn't returned yet. Won't you sit down, officers, and take something?"

"As it's a cold, wet, stormy morning, I don't think a little drop would hurt any one," said the red-faced sergeant. "Let's have some hot spiced ale, landlord, as quick as you like; we must be off again directly."

"In all this pouring rain?"

"Yes; our business is important. Will you take

care of our horses until we retnrn?"

"Yes; but surely you are not going forth on foot, gentlemen ?"

"Yes we are; but we shan't be long."

They drank their hot spiced ale, and went forth towards the forest.

The landlord took care of their horses, and com-

fortably stabled them.

Yet still the rain continued, and still the two strangers crouched beside the fire, loth to go forth into the drenching storm.

In less than an hour the heavy, regular tread of men was heard approaching the inn door.

"Here they come," said the old landlord, as he

went to the front door to open it.

He had scarcely lifted the latch when he fell back into the passage again with a cry of surprise and horror.

The six policemen carried between them, on some limbs of trees, the lifeless and blood-stained body of Gardner, the detective.

"This is bloody work, master," said the pedlar, as he stood aghast, looking at the horrid spectacle; "this is horrid work, master," said he. "I told you," addressing the publican, "that a murder had been committed, didn't I?"

"So you did, so you did. Alas! poor gentleman, he left my house not four hours ago, smiling, to take a walk; but look at him now; look at him

"I told you there was a murder committed," repeated the pedlar, with the air of a man who has prophecied truly.

"Indeed!" said the sergeant. "You seem to know so much about it that I shall detain you until we inquire into this bloody affair."

"Me?" said the pedlar, "detain me? Why, what have I done? I've done nothing."

"We don't know that," said the sergeant. "Scroggins, take charge of the pedlar, and search

The pedlar now began to tremble in every limb, "Hullo, what's this?" said Scroggins, pulling a revolver out of the pedlar's pocket.

"It's what I found when skirting the forest," said the pedlar, all pale.

" When ?"

"This morning."

"It's one of yours, sergeant," said Scroggins,

showing the revolver to his officer.

"Yes, I know it; it belonged to poor Gardner. This pedlar knows more about it than he likes to confess," said the sergeant. "Handcuff him, Scroggins, and don't let him go out of your sight. Any one else been here this morning, landlord?" asked the sergeant.

"Why, yes, sir; two gentlemen have been here; one came on horseback, the other on foot. The latter hired a horse from me, and paid a good price for it."

"Oh, indeed! And what sort of persons were

they?"

"Well, the one as hired the horse was a tall, longlegged, dark-looking fellow, and ---

"That's quite correct."

"What did you please to observe?"

"Go on, we are listening; and the other was--"

" Quite the reverse."

"Just so; and did they appear to be in any hurry ?"

"Oh! a terrible hurry, I couldn't make it out."
"And which way did they come?"

"From the direction of the forest."

"All right, they are the men we are after," said the sergeant; "but I didn't expect we should find them both together hereabouts. So much the better. Did you hear which way they were going, or intended to go?"

"Well, no; but I heard 'em whisper something about 'express train,' 'Southampton,' 'Germany,

and such words."

"As I expected," said the sergeant, "here is a murder committed, and the culprit has fled by express train."

"And my horse," said the publican, in a flurry. "Oh! hang your horse," said the sergeant.

"Never mind that."

"Yes; but I do mind it," said the innkeeper, storming and raving. "It was the only one I ever had. Worth £20 of anybody's money. Such fine action, such splendid--"

"Yes, I dare say," the sergeant coolly observed. "A very grand animal, no doubt; but you'll never

have him back again.'

"What!" gasped Boniface, striking an attitude with the poker, just as he was about to stir up the fire. "What! my horse gone, and never to return ?"

"Just so. The 'gentleman,' as you called him, who hired it, was a murderer. He was the one who must have killed poor Gardner. Old Jonathan is a desperate villain."

"We had better haste away," said one of the officers. "If they have gone to the station we may overtake them by sharp riding."

"Too late," said the sergeant, looking at his watch. "Too late. The express is due at 9. 'Tis long past that now."

"But then we can telegraph."

"True; if the wires are not all blown down."

" If that be so, then, sergeant, I fear these two rascals have escaped us again."

"D-n them !" said the publican, red with passion. "Why, I took them for gentlemen."

The sergeant smiled, as he said,

"Yes; and so have a great number of people; but your worst of scoundrels are usually dressed the best, and have the politest manners."

"Why, they seemed to have lots of money," said the publican; "at least, the smaller of the two had his purse full of coin and notes—filled, indeed, almost to bursting; it made my eyes water to look at it."

"That's all right enough; they have lots of money; at least, the lawyer has; but where he keeps it is a secret. In one word, landlord, these people we speak of are the greatest and most cunning scoundrels in all the world. We have been a long time after 'em, and each time, when we thought we had got 'em, they slip through our fingers like slimy eels. Never mind, we'll have another try. Come along, my men, let me take care of the pedlar, and another look after the body of poor Gardner, and we will be off to the railway station. All hope is

not yet lost.'

So saying, the sergeant and his six comrades mounted their strong horses, and galloped away to the nearest railway station. Tides one out . He

CHAPTER LXXVI. Ted a in () "

"Trat's quite correct."
"What did you-please to observe?"

THE RIDE FOR LIFE-THE "VULCAN," AND ITS DRIVER-THE SERGEANT'S FEARS.

THEY were not very long ere they reached the station.

They galloped so fast and furious, that when they arrived there, their steeds fairly trembled again,

and were covered with foam. They made all sorts of inquiries of the porters, ticket-takers, and the like, and were much pleased to find that the two strangers described had been there, and had taken tickets for the express train to Southampton.

"How are the telegraph lines?" asked the

sergeant.

All right, I believe, sir," said the operator; "but I will try them. I shouldn't wonder, though, if some of them have not been blown down by the storm.'

The operator went to the instrument, and worked at it for several seconds without any reply.

At last, the signal bell rang, and an answer came.

"Express train passed here half an hour ago—
the line is broken down beyon! this."

"Hang the luck," said the sergeant.

"What had you better do?" asked the station-

"Is it possible to overtake the express train?"

"With an engine and tender, you mean?" I do."

"Yes, it is possible, but only possible; but it will be a tight race if you do overtake the express, for it has got a long start."

"No matter. Can we have an engine and

tender?"

"Certainly, if you demand it. There is the 'Vulcan,' a splendid locomotive, just steaming out of the shed, and the line is all clear."

"Then let us have it-no expense is to be These two villains must be captured at spared. all cost,"

In a moment or two, the sergeant and his men gave their horses into the charge of a stableman at

The officers jumped on to the tender of the "Vulcan," and the engine-driver received his

orders from the station-master.

"All right, sir; leave it to me," said the driver, with a smiling look, "it will be quick and dangerous work to overtake the express, but as it stops several times before reaching Southampton, I have little doubt I shall overtake it, or, at all events, be in as quick as they will." a sid food over

He gave a shrill whistle.

"Hold on tight, gentlemen," said he, "and keep your backs to the wind, for it blows hard enough to take one's head off."

In less than one minute after leaving the station the "Vulcan," like a high mettled steed, had got into its "full stride."

Away they went, at almost lightning speed. Through meadows they glided like a thing of air.

Deep "cuttings" in the hills were run through with a scream and a yell. Steam streamed forth, and the fires glowed

The machinery worked with almost countless velocity.

The piston was almost noiseless, and trees and woods and streams and villages darted by like specks in a dream.

Past one station and through another they flew. The porters and others had scarcely time to turn their heads to watch its approach, when the "Vulcan," with a scream of triumph, tore by at a giddy speed, and was quickly lost in the far distance like a small black object in the fog, and sleet, and rain.

Bravely did the "Vulcan" try its highest speed. It seemed to bid defiance to wind and rain, and laughed at mile posts as they vanished by like

white spectres in the hazy morning. "Twenty miles," said the driver, smiling, as he rattled through a small country station at his top speed, "twenty miles. What time have I made?"
"Fifteen minutes," shouted the sergeant, as he

held on with both hands tightly to the tender.

'Good work," said the oily, black-faced stoker, in a loud voice (for the rattle and noise of the engine was very great). "Good work, that," he repeated, as he shovelled in more coke; "but the old 'Vulcan' can do better still if it likes; can't it,

Joe (addressing the driver)?"

"All right, Bill; so it can," said the driver, shouting, with one hand to his mouth, in the fashion of costermongers. "Shake her up, Bill."

Bill, the black-faced stoker, did give her a shake

up in earnest.

He piled up the fire afresh, examined the state of the water, and, seeing that that was all right, shouted.

"All square, Joe; let her have it!"

"Hold on, gentlemen," said the driver, smiling.
"We're coming to a long and level bit of running ground-a clear fifteen or twenty mile spin. Look at your watch and time us."

With increased speed, and like a race-horse who is winning, and is let loose towards the finish, the "Vulcan" dashed forward.

The speed was now frightful. The officers, though brave men enough, were not prepared for this dangerous exhibition.

They literally flew through the air.

Hats were blown off.

Coat tails for a moment flapped in the wind, and next moment were in rags.

The sergeant and his men looked like birds

whose wings had been clipped too short.

They pulled out their brandy flask, and tried to hold it to their mouths, but could not, for the jolting made their teeth chatter again.

"Joe" the driver and his demon-looking companion, "Bill," grinned with delight at the anxious, serious-looking features of the "bobbies," drank off the brandy without even winking.

LOOK OUT FOR THE released the forest,

SAILOR; BOY

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A most interesting and powerfully written Tale, to be complete in about 30 Numbers.

No. 1 with No. 2, and a LARGE EN GRAVING, GRATIS "Why, yes, mir; two centlemen have been here;

READY SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



A DELIVERANCE-SEE NEXT NUMBER.

The sergeant and his men tried to smile, but they could not.

This trial was too much for their nerves. They expected a "smash" to take place every

This catastrophe was rendered almost certain when "Bill" the demon stoker received the wink from "Joe" the driver as he shouted in the sergeant's ear,

"You ain't afraid?"

The sergeant looked blue all over, but with a faint smile shook his head, as much as to say,

"No; none of the force are ever afraid of anything."

"I'm glad o' that," said Joe, "because I'm going to carry a little more steam. Shake her up, Bill."

Bill gave her (that is to say, "Vulcan") a "good shake up," and seemed much pleased, as he winked at Joe, and said,

"The safety-valve's all right, ain't it, Joe?"

"Yes, I think so; it's a little shaky, but it don't much matter; if the 'bobbies' ain't scared, I don't know why we should be. Give her another good shake up, Bill!" No. 25.

The sergeant now began to look very serious, for he heard something about the safety-valve being "rather shaky," and he firmly resolved if he should only escape that time, he'd never trust his life and limbs on a "fast engine" again—no, not for the chief inspector himself.

There was no knowing how much Joe "could get out of her" (Vulcan) in speed, but at all events he had gone at a terrific rate, but that while passing through a station the danger signal was up, and the signal-man waved the danger flag in a wild, excited manner.

Joe perceived the long arms working, and the flags waving.

"I thought so, Bill," said he, with a grin; "we ain't far behind, I think."

"Ease her, Joe," said Bill, "we might have a smash up."

Joe eased "Vulcan" into a twenty-mile-an-hour trot, and had not gone far, when he espied the express turning a corner in the track, and enter a

All right, Bill, the 'Vulcan' has done its duty

this morning; we've beat the express, and given it forty minutes start; that ain't bad going."

"No," said the sergeant, who now tried to smile, and look like himself again. "No; you have gone at a devil of a rate."

"Oh, it's nothing when you're use to it."

"But I should never get use to it," said one and another; "I have been dizzy for more than an hour." " My hat is lost."

"My coat tails are blown to ribbons."

"And my teeth ache, and are almost loosened out of my jaw.

Joe and Bill laughed like two oily, black-faced

demons, as Joe observed,

"We went at sixty, sixty-five, and seventy. We could have got more out of her (Vulcan), if we had only given her another good shake up."

The sergeant and his party were heartily glad that the "Vulcan" had not another good shake up, and began to enquire how far it was to the nearest stopping place.

"Only thirty mile," said Bill, "and I'm glad on it, for we can give you, gentlemen, another specimen of what we can do before we can reach the terminus. I know you like it."

"Lor', bless yer," said Joe, with a smile, "I've driven this here engine three years or more, off and on, and if they were to insure my life, I would warrant to run eighty miles an hour, or ninety even, for two or three hours together."

"How long is the tunnel?" asked the sergeant,

as they approached it.

"Oh, not long," said Bill, smiling; "two mile and a half, or thereabouts. I don't know to a mile or two; do you, Joe?"

"No; I think it's about five mile or thereabouts." "Vulcan" gave a loud whistle, and proceeded at a moderate rate after the "Express."

But they had not gone very far, when every one was startled at the sounds they heard.

The "Express" had run into an ordinary train

in the long tunnel!

"Stop her !" shouted Bill.

In an instant Joe turned off the steam.

But it was too late.

The "Express" had run into the train before it by some unaccountable means.

And the "Vulcan," at the rate of at least twenty miles per hour, went with a terrific crash into the "Express !"

The noise, confusion, shouts, cries, hissing of steam, and general uproar was indescribable.

In a second, the driver, stoker, and the policeofficers were jerked off the tender and engine. There was a double collision in the tunnel!

All was darkness, haste, uproar, and the mingling

of many voices.

Some wounded, some dying, and some shouting out commands, made up a fearful Babel, which it defies the powers of description to portray.

A OVER LXXVII. CHAPTER LXXVII.

FRANK'S FAREWELL TO NELLY LANCASTER.

Tomasso, the Italian detective, had so played his cards that he had not only deceived the prefect of police, but, among the rest, Joel Flint also.

He had made "a very good thing" out of Joel.

For Mr. Flint had been so over anxious in some way or other to encompass the destruction of Frank or Tom Ford that he did not seem to care about what the expense might be.

Hence it was that Tomassa, while being able to help his friends, had so beautifully fleeced Joel that when it at last came to the final pinch, Joel had not a copper to spend or spare.

Worst of all for Joel was that, though up to the present he had been in constant and regular correspondence with his father-from whom, from time to time, he had received frequent and large sumsthe troubles at home with Jonathan and others had been such that, for more than three months, he had heard nothing of the doings of old Flint.

What Joel was to do he knew not.

Up to the present he had had "lots" of money, but now he could hardly find sufficient to buy a

His position was certainly not enviable.

He applied to Mr. Lancaster, the old banker, to lend him a sum sufficient to take him back again to England.

But, although that rich, hard-fisted old man could smile upon any one who heartily hated the young Fords, he was too much of a miser to part with one stiver to any one who could not give in exchange unquestionable notes of hand, which, it must be confessed, Joel could not.

Young Flint, therefore, under the circumstances, knew not what to do.

He was at Leghorn, and there he must stay, for all anybody cared, and scarcely one among those who had formerly known him would condescend even to bow to him in the public streets.

Among those, however, to whom old Lancaster was at all liberal must be mentioned Tomasso, the well-known detective.

Young Joel had told him so many stories about the villany of the two youths, Tom and Frank, that the old banker made up his mind to spare no expense on his own part which might tend to bring them to justice.

When, therefore, he heard of the duel between Frank and the Marquis de Sangri, and of its unexpected termination, he raved and swore like a lunatic.

He had fully made up his mind that De Sangri would kill young Frank, and he felt delighted.

For it must be confessed that he had his suspicions, and strong ones, also, for supposing that his charming daughter Nelly not only liked, but loved, the Captain of the Boy Volunteers.

He had given Tomasso large sums to assist him in bringing Frank and Tom to justice regarding the duel, but Tomasso quietly put the money into his own pocket, and winked slyly.

When Frank and his brother Tom, therefore, had made good their escape from Leghorn, Tomasso sought an opportunity to speak with old Mr. Lancaster at his own hotel.

But the old banker was out when the detective called.

"This," Tomasso said, "was a sad disappointment to him ;" and he pulled such a very long face that the servants at the hotel thought Mr. Lancaster's absence at the moment was a great misfortune.

But Tomasso thought otherwise.

He knew that the father was out before he

In truth, he had patiently waited until the old gentleman had gone out, and then he boldly went up to the hotel; and, since he could not see the father, he asked to see the daughter. as od mee bus

Nelly, beautiful as ever, but looking rather pale, melancholy, and thoughtful, received the message for her father, and, as the detective was descending the stairs, she discovered on her own writing-desk a letter, which was directed-

"MISS ELLEN LANCASTER.

" Personal and Private."

"What can this mean?" thought the blushing maid, as she toyed with it. "Oh, I suppose it is a billet from some love-sick count, marquis, or duke, as usual. All they admire me for is my father's money."

She was about to toss it into the fire, when a

second thought struck her.

"The handwriting seems familiar," she mused,
"I have seen it before, somewhere—yes, but where?
The hand seems somewhat disguised. Who can it be

She seated herself in an arm chair, and opened the letter.

Directly she saw the interior of the note, her face became deadly pale, as she whispered to herself-

"It is from Frank!"

For some minutes she could not-she dared not attempt to read it.

She tried, but the tears flowed to her eyes freely,

and blinded her vision.

With haste she went to her own chamber, and there, in strict privacy, she locked the door, kissed the letter times and times again, and read it through and through.

It ran thus :-

"DEAR NELLY,-Ere you read this, I shall be many miles DEAK NELLY,—Ere you read this, I shall be many miles away upon the briny ocean, bent on seeking fame and fortune in a land far more distant, and filled with more dangers and adventure than the sunny clime of Italy.

"You have heard of that sad occurrence between myself and the late Marquis de Sangri.

"Believe me, Nelly, the quarrel was not of my own seeking. It was the doing of your father in the first instance; and, although I went forth to do battle formy own honour, it was no less the love I bear you that steeled my hand and heart to do that dreadful deed.

"Nelly, you know not how much I have loved you through-out my whole life; whether in school at Bromley Hall, or in the tented field, you have ever been my guiding star of love and

tented field, you have over the same of an apoor; but, Nelly, gold does not make the heart, or control its longings and heatings. Were you poor, and I rich, I should love you all the same, and far more intensely than even I do now.

"But the world tells me, Nelly, that you, too, have grown cold and heartless, and that the name of Frank," no longer escapes your lins.

your lips.
"Be it so, fair one!

"May honour and happiness accompany you! is my earnest "May honour and nappiness accompany your is my care-prayer. But, remember! the time may come, and that, per-haps, at no distant day, when you may learn to love and prize the heart you now so coldly despise.

"Your faithful lover, and always
"FRANK FORD."

Had a dagger pierced young Nelly's heart it could not have caused her more intense and acute agony than did the perusal of the brave young soldier's letter.

"He loves me still," sighed Nelly, with streaming eyes. "Oh, Frank, did you know me as I know myself, you would never accuse me of for-

getting or despising you.
"Then, all the stories I have heard from the lips of Joel Flint and De Sangri about Agnese, the bandit's daughter, are untrue," she thought, at last, as she sighed heavily. "My'heart told me that those rumours were false. I knew they were; his face, look, actions, words, all told me so, and yet I would not believe it. Oh, poor heart, how hast thou been deceived-aye, cruelly deceived."

As thus she spoke, she dried her tears, and a red,

angry flush mantled her beautiful cheeks.
"They have played upon me," Nelly sighed,
"I must be a woman, and no longer a girl. I will
play upon them in return."

Surrounded as Nelly Lancaster had always been (since she started on her travels with her father, the old banker) by persons of title only, she knew and heard but little of what was really taking place in the great world around her.

Old Lancaster was a plebian, and had raised himself from nothing; but now that he was rich he had "great designs" for his daughter.

In other words, he, when young, had married from love, but he had made up his mind that young girls with fortunes had no right to look after such

an article as love in matrimony.

If Nelly could only marry a duke, or a lord, or a marquis, all would be well, but that she could and should actually cast her eyes upon a friendless youth like Frank Ford seemed madness in his mind, and he could not entertain the thought for a single moment.

But we are not made as others would wish us.

We have hearts and minds of our own. And if he had married for love alone in his heyday of youth, it was more than possible that Nelly would make up her mind to do the same.

"For what are all the titled persons around me?" she often thought. "They are called counts and barons and dukes, and such like, but they are all like painted dolls; they do not like me for myself, they only covet my father's wealth, and, in exchange, would give me a faithless, worthless heart, and a lifetime of misery."

Such, however, was a destiny that Nelly Lan-

caster little cared about or feared.

"I would rather be a farmer's wife," she thought, "if he loved me, than all these painted, decorated, heartless people around me,"

And the more she thus thought, the more her heart yearned to meet Frank once more.

But he loved another, she was told.

She could not—she would not believe it.

Did not his manly letter give the lie direct to all the falsehoods she had heard about him.

Was he not young, handsome, brave and talented? And more than all, had he not loved her all his life?

This thought was too much for her feelings.

She sunk her head upon her heaving bosom and

wept,
"He is now far away on the ocean," she thought; "it is impossible for me to meet him again, perhaps for years. Cruel, cruel youth!" she sobbed. "Why not have told me the whole truth before?"

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

it would sound in English soo young Baroness de Vermicelli.

IN WHICH MATRIMONY IS SPOKEN OF-PROPOSALS FOR NELLY LANCASTER'S HAND-NELLY, LIKE A TRUE YOUNG WOMAN, CHOOSES FOR HERSELF.

WHILE the daughter thus wept in her chamber a curious scene was going on in the drawing-room, of which Nelly never dreamed.

Mr. Lancaster was talking to a dandily-dressed Italian fop, who, to his family name, had appended half a dozen titles.

He was a young insipid ape; yet he wore upon his breast the ribbons and insignia of many orders. Orders, truly, which Mr. Lancaster was not aware

could be bought from five pounds upwards.

This important, self-inflated, padded, walking advertisement of a tailor's bill he had never paid, and, moreover, never intended to pay, had been a frequent visitor during the old banker's sojourn in Leghorn, and rejoiced in the princely income of about £200 a year.

In truth, so attracted had he been by Nelly's reputed wealth, that he had followed her about from city to city, and would have proposed for her hand long before only the Marquis de Sangri had

stood in the way.

And as De Sangri, as we have seen, was a great bully and duellist, this timid "nobleman" very wisely stood aloof until he had been "put out of

the way" by Frank's well-directed bullet.
"Well, Baron Vermicelli," said old Lancaster,
with a look of fatherly importance, "I have heard your proposal for my daughter's hand; but, you know, no one but the son of the best family in Italy could ever hope to obtain it."

The baron smiled and bowed. He was able if need be, he said, to show Mr. Lancaster that he was the lineal descendant of

Cæsar Augustus.

Which he could easily do, he knew, by procuring at one sovereign's expense some heraldist to trace his genealogical tree as far back as he liked even up to Noah, or Adam himself.

"But there are more considerations than title, even," said the banker; "I should not like my

daughter to marry against her will."

"Oh, not for worlds," said the baron, twirling

his moustaches.

"In the meantime, baron," said the old man, "I will think over the matter, and, as you seem to have been on very good terms with my daughter, I have no doubt but that the issue will prove favourable to your suit, and that the illustrious house of Vermicelli will not be in any way lowered by an alliance with the equally distinguished family of Lancaster."

The baron bowed himself out, and in a few mo-

ments Nelly found herself in the presence of her

pompous father.

"Nelly, my darling," he began, "do you know the Baron Vermicelli?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, my dear, he has proposed for your hand in marriage."

"My hand, father?" said Nelly, laughing.

"Yes, your hand; he is of noble family, and can trace back to the time of the Cæsars."

"Really, father, you cannot be serious in this matter," said Nelly, biting her lip in annoyance.

"But I am, though," said old Lancaster, with a look of displeasure; "I have riches, and he has title, a very good exchange, I think. Think how it would sound in English society—the charming it would sound in English society-'the charming young Baroness de Vermicelli."

Nelly laughed right out at her father's pompous manner, and afterwards said, calmly, but with an

arch smile,

"I think the 'Countess de Maccaroni' would

sound much better."

"I do not like your girlish whims," said old Lancaster, with a frown. "I have made up my mind on this match, and it must be as I wish."

"Would you have me marry a man I could never

"Love? Fiddlesticks! What's love? It's all moonshine and shilly-shally, baby, girlish twaddle.

Position is everything. He seems to be a nice young nobleman, and his attire——"

"Proves him to be a brainless ape," said Nelly, in scorn. "He is well enough in a drawing-room, and can be as namby-pamby as any one; but he will never be my husband !"

" Daughter."

"Father."

"I do not understand this foolish mood of yours."

"Nor I, father, understand why you should wish me to become the wife of the man I could never

There was a majesty in Nelly's manner that took

her foolish parent by surprise.

He opened his eyes still wider, as she went on— "Marriage, father, is not for a day, but for a life. When I marry, it must be to a gentleman of my own choice. Give me virtue in preference to wealth; love I would exchange for rank, and riches I would freely fling to the winds for an honest man-such an one I already love. Not all the world will change me, and, whether I be rich or poor, my affection will remain still the same—yes, as unaltered as his affection is for me."

"You love already, you say?"

" I do."

"And who may be the person, Nell? I think I guess who it once was-De Sangri !"

"De Sangri? Never!"

"Who then, Nell?" said old Lancaster, relenting. "Whoever it be, I know he must be noble, handsome, talented and brave."

He is all that, my father, and more," said Nell, falling on her knees before him, at the same time tears flowed from her eyes. "He is all you describe, father dear, and more."

"I do not understand you."

"He is poor," said Nelly; "but I love him all the more for that."

Old Lancaster frowned, as he said,

"His name?" "Frank Ford."

"What!" "Frank Ford."

Old Lancaster hastily rose from his seat. He was red with vexation and passion.

"Mention not his name again, as you are my daughter."

"Why not, father? What harm has he ever done?" "I hate him," said old Lancaster.

As he spoke, he disengaged his hand from those of his daughter, and thrust her from him.

As he left the apartment, he turned round, cast a look of withering scorn upon Nelly, as he muttered,

"Frank Ford! I hate the very name, and would rather see you dead at my feet, Nell, than ever consent to such an unequal match."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

FATTY FIGHTS WITH THE BLACK SPECTRE OF THE RUINS, AND DANCES WITH A SKELETON.

"AND how have all the lads behaved themselves since I have been away, Hugh," said Frank, one evening, as they were sailing merrily and gaily across the Atlantic, on their way to the sunny land of Mexico.

"Oh, nothing could have been better," replied Hugh, "they acted on all occasions worthy of their name and nation, and were the pride and admiration of all with whom they came in contact."

with a grin,

"And Fatty, how has he been?" asked Buttons, ith a grin. "Has he got into any scrapes?"
"A few, I'll warrant," said Frank, "for the fat old rascal is always up to some nonsense or other, But here he comes. Don't say a word. I'll question him, and pump out of him all that has happened."

"Why Fatty," said Frank, "you don't seem as stout as usual. What has happened?"

"Oh, he swears that one night he saw a ghost."

"A what?" asked the count, laughing. "A ghost, count," said Hugh, laughing.

This announcement was received with roars of

laughter by all present in the cabin.

The loudest of all in their merriment was Master Buttons, who laughed till the tears ran out of his eyes again.

"What are you laughing at, eh?" growled Tony Buttons. "You are always laughing at me. I at Buttons.

won't stand it any longer."

"No, I wouldn't," said Frank, tittering, "but you see, Fatty, it is very hard to believe in ghosts." "I don't think so," Fatty replied, moodily, "for I have seen one, and more than that, I have played

cards with a ghost. What do you think of that?"
"Played cards with a ghost," said the count, in

surprise, "why, what next, I wonder."
"But it's true, though," said Fatty, "and no

mistake."

"Tell us all about it, Fatty," said the general

"Well, I don't mind, but you must keep all your laughing to yourself, for to me it was anything but a laughing matter."

"Well go on-we are all attention."

"Fill up the glasses, first," said Tony, "and pass

a cigar this way."

This was done, and after a moment or two of profound silence and expectation, Tony began

"I see Master Buttons grinning already, but before I'm done I have no doubt he will shiver in

his shoes.

"You see," said Fatty, "that the chaplain of the 12th Garibaldian Volunteers, who were encamped next to us, died rather suddenly, and as he requested to be buried in the churchyard of his own native village his last wishes were complied with.

"The old man was much beloved by all the volunteers, and as a mark of respect, one man was detailed from each company around us to do him

honour.

"Hugh Tracy detailed me to represent the Boy Volunteers, and as I much wanted a little spree of some kind, I felt very glad of the opportunity thus afforded me.

"There were twenty-four volunteers attending the funeral, and as I was fond of driving, and knew more about horses than the Italian fellows, they appointed me to drive the four-horsed hearse.

"Now the village we had to go to was just in front of our 'lines,' and very near the Austrians,

altogether about ten miles from our camp.

"We did not, from one cause or another, stir on our journey until about four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Now the men of the village we were going to had heard of the old clergyman's death, so that when we marched slowly along towards our destination, we were met by crowds of men, women and children, who had come forth to do honour to the worthy old man.

"Such crying, howling, and lamentation you could never conceive; for among those then present, some had lost sons, and fathers, and husbands in the war, and they cried out vengefully

against the Austrians, and their iron rule over the Italians.

"We had not gone far, however, and were mounting the side of a lofty and steep hill, in slow, solemn procession, when it came on to rain.

"The clouds lowered, and all soon became inky

darkness around us.

"We toiled along until we came to the top of the hill, when it was decided to halt the procession until next morning.

"This was agreed to willingly by me, for I was

almost soaked to the very marrow with rain.

"At the top of the hill stood the ruins of an old church, which had been destroyed by cannon shot during a recent battle, and as it afforded a good place of shelter for the night, I unhitched my four horses, and tied them up out of the rain in a good shed.

"The next thing to do was to place the coffin in

a place of safety

"The vestry of the old church was in good order, and our men placed the body there upon tressels for the night.

"Some of the volunteers went into the village,

and some to farm houses.

"Before I was aware of it I found myself alone, deserted, and miserable in that old ruin, with no one to talk to but the dead body of the old chaplain.

"More than that, the country folk said the place

was haunted.

"I didn't like to make a noise about it, so tried to arrange things as comfortably as I could for the night.
"I collected a large heap of wood, and soon had

"I next took several of the mourners' cloaks, and hung them up before the window to keep out the wind.

"I closed the door, and drew an old stool up to the fire, and leaned my head on the ruins of a three-legged table I found there, and made myself as cosy as possible.

"When on the road, I appeared to be in such grief about the old chaplain, that the good country folk, to comfort me, made me presents of bottles of wine, pork pies, and such like, until at last I had a basketful before we had reached the ruin.

"With this basket and its contents I soon made

acquaintance, for I was terribly hungry."

"As you always are," whispered Buttons.
"Silence!" said Frank. "Go on, Fatty."

"When I had demolished three large pork pies, and washed them down with a bottle of wine, I

began to feel dozy.

"But to keep myself awake, I drank more and more of the wine, and pulling out a pack of cards, tried to amuse myself, until at last I tumbled off the stool, and fell fast asleep before the roaring fire.

"How long I remained there I can't tell.

"It could not have been very long, perhaps, but when I awoke the fire was burning dim and low, the candle was almost out, and what should I see sitting on his haunches opposite to me but a thin, long-legged stranger, dressed in black from head

to foot.
"My blood curdled in my veins, for, thought I,

this is the ghost they spoke of.

"I slowly raised myself up, and sat on the stool,

eyeing the mysterious stranger.

"But he moved not, no, not a muscle; not a wink was visible; and his coal-black eyes stared at me, and glowed fiercely in the fire-light.

"I am a soldier," said Fatty, "and don't fear any man; but when a fellow falls in with a ghost, no wonder his legs tremble, as mine did.

"We sat facing each other for fully five minutes, and my heart was beating violently.

"I filled out a goblet of wine, and took a long

drink, to keep up my courage.

"'It's very warm to-night,' said I, trying to commence a conversation.

" 'It is,' said the ghost, in sepulchral tones; 'it's always warm where I come from.'

"'And where did you come from?' said I,

" From below.'

"The devil! thought I; this is a ghost, and no mistake, and my hair began to creep on my head. I'm certain it stood on end.

" 'Will you have a drink?' said I, handing the

ghost a goblet of wine.

"'Thanks,' said the man in black, taking the wine from my trembling hand, and looking right

through me with his glowing eyes.
"'Thanks,' said he, in that same sad, sepulchral tone. 'I'm very thirsty; it's very dry where I come

from.

"He drank the wine with a sour-looking face, as if the liquid was gall.

"We did not speak for some time.

"He was watching me, and I was watching him, like two cats in the dark, just before they spring at each other's throats.

"His fingers were long, bony, white, with sharp nails, and as he spread them out on his knees and grinned at me, I could see two rows of teeth, which looked more like the fangs of a serpent than anything else.

"Besides all this, his face was thin, narrow, and

of a tallow colour.

"His nose was hooked, and his eyebrows widely arched, and above them, his temples looked all bare, and there was little hair on his head, except on the

"The more I looked at him, the more I hated him, but what was to be done? I did not like to run away, but looked at the vestry door very

anxiously.

"'The door is locked,' said the man in black,

with glittering eyes.

"I knew not what to do, but at last I trimmed up the candle, and taking up the pack,

'Will you have a game of cards ?' said I,

- "'Not the least objection,' was the answer. "In an instant he rose to his feet with a sudden spring that startled me, and sat on the edge of the
 - "I could scarcely breathe, but still I said,

" What shall we play for?"

"' Anything you like,' was the answer.

"I shuffled the pack, but this did not suit him. "He took the cards, and played with them for a second or two, and it seemed to me the cards flew about and around him as if they were enchanted.

"He dealt, and I led,
"But, lor! it was no use of me attempting to

play with him.

- "He won every game, and I drank deeply of the
- wine.
 "I had lost all my money. In fact, I played him for the very clothes on my back, aye, down to the boots I wore.

"He won all-everything.

"Each game he won made him more anxious to play again.

"But I had nothing to play for now, and was

getting so drunk I could scarcely see.

"But I saw plainly enough that while his long, bony fingers shuffled the cards, he was grinning most hideously at me, and his eyes seemed to penetrate my very heart.

"' Is there anything else you will play for?' said he, in a solemn way, which made my blood run cold.

"Oh, the devil I thought I, this monster has won everything I've got in the world, and now he asks me if I've got anything else I'd like to play for.

"Perhaps it's my soul he's driving at, thought I, "The blood rushed to my face, and my hand trembled, as I seized an empty wine bottle and

flourished it over my head.
"'Devil, avaunt!' I cried, staggering about. 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us; be ye a spirit of health, or goblin damned. Avaunt! quit my sight, my name is Danger.' and odw snotting

"But the ghost did not stir.

"He laughed loudly, till the old ruins shook again, and the clock struck twelve!

"''Tis the witching hour of night, when church-yards yawn,' said he, with a ghastly smile.

"I stopped to hear no more.

"With one blow I closed with the ghostly stranger, and broke the bottle over his head.

"The fight that then took place between us was

terrible, and deadly.

"I was sobered in a minute, but he clutched me in his arms, and would have borne me away, but my legs caught the tressels which supported the dead man's coffin, and down it came with a crash, broke the coffin, and out rolled the dead body!

"Here was an awful sight.

"Beyond this I remember nothing. I have some recollection of having hit right and left, but the last thing I can recall was the ghost laid me low, as flat as a pancake, with the three-legged stool,

"With a horrible laugh, he vanished through the

window, shouting 'me shall meet again!'

"Next morning I found myself lying down across the dead body of the chaplain, with my head all cut and bruised.

"I had a couple of black eyes, and every tooth

in my jaws was loose.

"Large bumps had risen on my cheek bones, and my lips were swollen to the size of those of an African negro.

"When discovered I was moaning and groan-

ing.
"I told my story to all the villagers and peasantry about, and they believed firmly, as I did and do now, that I had encountered the Black Spectre of the Ruins, about which there has been so much talk in those parts."

"Well if they believed it was a ghost, I don't,"

laughed the Count.

"Nor I."
"I do," said Buttons, whose eyes were starting out of their sockets with the story.
"But I haven't finished yet," said Fatty, tossing

off a bumper of wine.

"Well, what happened afterwards?" said Frank. "Not much, we buried the old chaplain next day, and, strange to say, the village clerk had his right eye bandaged, and a large white cloth round his head, for he, too, it seems, had met with the Black Spectre somewhere in his travels on that same night, and had been served out just as I had been.

"I should not have noticed this strange adventure but for one thing," said Fatty, solemnly, "and that one thing proved to me that I had seen

a real ghost and no mistake."

"What was it?" "Why, when he vanished through the window, he screamed out,
"'We shall meet again."

"And did you?"

"Yes."

"How did it happen?"

"When?"

"Well, I'll tell you.

"Several weeks after that, when I had got rid of my black eyes, and the bumps on my head had disappeared, I felt as gay as a lark, for all the ladies around Crema sent me presents, because they said I must be very brave, and good, for I had fought with the devil himself, and had come off victorious.

"Presents of all kinds came flowing in upon me, and as there was a grand bal masque to come off in a few days, I was invited by an old noble-

man who had heard my story.

"'You need not provide yourself with any dress," said the old Italian, 'for I have many suits which

will prove suitable."

"All life and joy, I went to his house, where the masque was to take place, and, as dancing did not commence in earnest until about ten o'clock, I sat at dinner longer than usual, and amused them very much with stories about the Boy Volunteers, and particularly with my terrible adventure with the Black Spectre of the Ruins.

"'I'm glad to hear you are such a brave fellow," said the old noble, with a smile, and, in a confidential whisper, added, 'There is an old room in

this mansion which is haunted.'

"'Is there?' said I, by no means relishing the idea of meeting with any more ghosts or spectres.

"'Yes,' said he, 'and, as you seem to have the power of expelling evil spirits, I should much like that you would try and find out all about this mystery in the house; if you succeed, I will bestow upon you anything you name.'

"Now, as he was rich, and had very pretty daughters, I made up my mind to face the devil

himself in order to marry one of them.

"But, just as I had made up my mind, I could hear a dismal echo, which said more than once,

" 'We shall meet again.'

"I drank deeply of wine, and about half-past nine the old noble conducted me to a room where I could exchange my soldier's dress for a masquerade

"He opened the door, and I entered.

"'You will find plenty of clothes in that box,' said he. Help yourself, and do not be long ere you join in the dance. "But about this haunted room?' said I.

"'There will be plenty of time to see into that little matter after supper,' said he, and left me. --

"Directly he had gone the door closed with a sharp crack as if a spring had snapped.

"I did not take any notice of this at the time,

and began to prepare myself for the bal masque. "The old oak chest the nobleman pointed out to

me contained splendid suits of all kinds, sizes and

"I selected the gayest-looking, and dressed myself with great care, for, as I was the 'lion' of the evening, I wished to make as great an im-pression as I could upon the fair dames present.

"I never did so before, but on this occasion I powdered and brushed, and did everything I could to make myself good-looking."

"A very difficult task, I should think," said

Master Buttons, grinning.

Fatty looked fierce for a moment, and then pro-

"I had been fully an hour over my toilet, and as I stood before the glass admiring myself, I came to the conclusion that there could not be a finer fellow anywhere than I should prove to be in the ball-room.

"I danced about the room, trying all my best 'steps' and 'graces,' and yet something said loudly in my ear-

"" We shall meet again !"

"I laughed off this thought, and was about to look into the old chest again for a splendid silken scarf I wished to wear, when, judge of my horror and amazement, there sprung out of the box a living skeleton! (See Cut in No. 23.)

"I would have shouted with horror, but could

"My tongue was dumb, and my knees shook almost from under me.

"' We have met again !' laughed the skeleton. "And in an instant he was beside me, and whirled me round and round the room in a fast and furious waltz.

"What to do or what to say I knew not.

"Judge of my intense horror to be dancing madly round and round in the embrace of a skeleton!"

"I was more dead than alive.

"I should like to have fainted, but I could not. "Before I could recover my senses, the skeleton whipped a long red cloak out of the chest, and put

it on.
"He next found a plumed hat and a black

"This he also put on, and, suddenly seizing me by the arm, touched a secret spring.
"The door opened, and we both went forth from

the apartment arm-in-arm.

"It seemed to me that I was dreaming.
"But it was not so; for, whenever I felt weak in the legs, the skeleton gave me such a pinch in the arm or thigh with his long, bony fingers, as made me wince again with pain.
"Arm-in-arm we went down the grand stair-

The band was playing delicious music. "The servants flung wide the the folding-doors, as, with a loud tone, they announced, Signor

Toni Waddledooki !' "At any other time, I should have felt proud, but at that moment I would have given worlds not

to have heard the sound of my own name. "The skeleton, disguised as he was, still clung to my arm until we got into the centre of the room, where we were met by the old nobleman and a large crowd of ladies.

'Allow me to introduce to you, ladies,' said the old nobleman, smiling blandly, 'allow me to introduce to you the brave hero of the Black Spectre of the Ruins.'

"I bowed sadly, and would have said something; but the bony gentleman beside me gave me such a pinch that I fairly groaned with agony.

"'And who is your friend in the red cloak?' said

the old nobleman.

"Before I could answer him, the skeleton stranger threw off all disguise, and appeared in his true form before them.

"Loud screams from the ladies followed.

"Some fainted; others dashed madly from the

"The musicians jumped out of the orchestra, trampling on each other, and breaking all their instruments in the wild confusion.

"The gas was turned off. "All was pitch darkness.

"The mansion was in a terrible uproar from top to bottom.

"Old ladies and gentlemen tumbled over each other in getting down stairs.

"The footmen, cooks, and other servants rushed about madly hither and thither.

"Such a terrific noise, confusion, bustle, cursing, and swearing, and general babble you could never

"The whole town was soon alarmed, and the house

was besieged by an angry, excited mob.
"What came of it all I didn't stop to see, so hurried down stairs into the street, and, dressed as I was, never stopped running until I got to our camps again.

"If that wasn't a ghost or a spectre," said Fatty,

out of breath, "there never was one."

"An excellent story," said several, in a breath. "Yes; rather an exciting one," said Frank.
"But it only lacks one thing to complete it," said Hugh, laughing.
"Then there is some secret about it," said the

"Yes." don wend I yes of tank to oh of

Count.

"What is it?"

"Why," said Hugh, "the truth is that the Black Spectre of the Ruins that Fatty saw was none other than the clerk of the next village, who had called to pay Fatty a visit."

"I won't believe it," said Tony.

"It is true, though; but you were so tight you could not distinguish anything that night."
"Well, but it was a real skeleton, anyhow," said

Fatty, "no one can dispute that."
"Yes, I can," said Hugh, laughing. "I had heard so much nonsense about our bravery in fighting ghosts, that, when I was informed of your going to the bal masque, I got into the mansion, hid myself in the old chest, where I knew the old nobleman kept his masque suits, and, with the aid of a few human bones, and a skull, I attired myself as a skeleton, and almost frightened Tony out of his

"I know the affair created a great noise at the time, but now that we are far away from Italy, the

truth does no harm."

Hugh's explanations were received with much merriment and laughter. Tomit tomo vus JA

CHAPTER LXXX.

WARNER STILL GROPES HIS WAY IN THE LEFT WING OF BROMLEY HALL - THE PLACE IS HAUNTED.

THE position of Warner in the deserted wing of Bromley Hall was not by any means an enviable

He would have given a thousand pounds to have got out of the mouldy and damp place, for whereever he went he only encountered fresh horrors.

What had become of his companion Puggy he knew not.

Time seemed to have no change.

All was darkness and perpetual night.
"Am I to die here?" thought Warner, as he sat down, prostrated with weakness and fatigue.

"This place is filled with horrors.

"Whichever way I turn I encounter some strange and supernatural spectacle.

"What brought me here at all?

"What has become of my companion, Barney?" Thus he thought, and on whichever hand he endeavoured to grope his way in the darkness, he found no possible outlet for escape.
"I am entombed alive!" he gasped.

The memories of all the villanies he had committed in his whole life flitted through his mind in a ghastly, dismal procession.

These recollections were worse than deathlitself to Warner.

He could have torn his hair in madness.

The ghost of old Ford, and the spirits of the murdered policemen darted across his staring eyes. Each hole and corner seemed peopled with devils,

who on every hand were shouting out— "Murder! murder! murder!"

Days passed, and yet he could find no way to escape.

He retraced his steps as best he could, without a lamp, and he only wandered about in the inky darkness to find himself still more puzzled and baffled.

The position of Warner was terrible indeed.

Had he not fortunately discovered a few dozen bottles of choice old wine, he must have died from sheer starvation.

The nutritious juice of the grape, however, sustained his tottering limbs.

A week passed, and yet he could not liberate himself.

He had, in this time, grown haggard and old-

looking.

His hair, and brow, and limbs, were bathed in a clammy sweat, and his knees shook from under him.

Now he would grope about like a feeble child. Again he would sit down as if to die.

He tried to resign himself to his awful fate, and resolved to hang himself if possible.

Anything was better than the agony he was suffering.

Sleep forsook his eyes.

His brain was almost reeling.

He fell upon the stone pavement of a dark chamber, and his head knocked against it with

so much force that the sound re-echoed again.
"I must die at last!" he gasped. "I have no

further strength; my brain is all on fire!"

As he thought thus, he distinctly heard two voices conversing outside the door.

He started like a man in a terrible dream. " I tell you he cannot escape," said the faltering

voice of an old man. It was Giles, the gardener.

"I tell you he cannot escape, Mr. Gale, if he has once got into this old deserted wing, for it has been shut up for half a century or more, and has never been opened as far as I could ever find out."

"But I tell you that he will escape, if there is

but a rat-hole through which he can crawl."

"Gale!" thought Warner. "Why, that is the celebrated detective. What brings him here?"

"It is doubtful if he is here," said the old man. "It is more than a week since we captured the other one."

NOW READY,

THE BOY SAILOR:

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A most interesting and powerfully-written Tale, to be completed in about 30 Numbers.

No. 2 with No. 1, and a LARGE EN-GRAVING, GRATIS.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE BOY SOLDIER AND THE SPY.

"Barney captured!" sighed Warner.

"Yes, I know it is," said Gale; "but didn't Barney tell us that he had made up his mind to search this wing?"

"True; I forgot that," said old Giles; "but how could a man live for ten days without food?"

"No matter," said Gale; "we must try and get into this place one way or the other, if we burst in the old iron doors,"

"Barney taken, and turned informer," thought Warner. "Oh! the villain! if I only live to get out of this accursed hole, and have my freedom again, I'll teach the rascal such a lesson he'll never forget it."

As he thus thought he clenched his fists, and swore a terrible oath to be revenged on Barney.

"If we do burst open the old iron doors, we must get a blacksmith from the village to help us." No. 26. "Then go you, Giles, and bring one. Tell him we shall want his sledge hammer and several crowbars to force open these doors,"

"I shan't be long," said Giles. Itsed aid of

Warner could faintly hear his receding footsteps along the stone passages.

Gale, to amuse himself, began to examine the door with his lantern, whistling as he did so quite carelessly.

The faint rays of Gale's lantern shone through the key-hole and crevices of the gigantic door, and shed a faint light upon the floor.

"Am I to be rescued, then, and hung to the jeers and scoffings of ten thousand people?" thought Warner. "No! never!"

A sudden idea seemed to strike him.

His face was lit up suddenly with rays of hope, as he said, between his teeth,

"Why did I not think of it before? Happy thought! There are the chimneys!"

With the energy and despair of a half-drowned

man he rose to his feet.

In a trice he pulled off his coat and waistcoat.

Next he tugged at his boots. He stood ready for action of any kind.

But the cold and damp of the chamber almost chilled his blood.

"It must be done," he thought.

He tucked up his trousers and sleeves.

By the faint rays of Gale's lamp he groped his way to a chimney.

The fire-place was hidden from view by a canvas

covering.

With one cut of his knife he slit a hole into it, and crept through.

Once in the chimney, he began to climb with all

the strength he could command.

"This is almost worse than death itself," said Warner, as, half-choked with soot, he still climbed onward and upward.

He had got some distance up his perilous ascent,

when he heaved a great sigh.

"I must fall; I cannot climb any higher. My strength has all gone; I am as weak as a child, yea, as feeble as a kitten."
The feelings of Warner were past the powers of

description.

If he fell he must be dashed to pieces. If he attempted to go bigher his strength and nerves would sink under the effort.

But what is there that a desperate man, in fear

of death, will not attempt?
When all hope seemed lost, and just as he was about to raise his hand to heaven in wild despair, it clutched an iron bar which supported the chimney

"Oh, heaven!" he gasped, spitting out a mouthful of soot, "oh, heaven, I am saved!"

With both hands he clutched the iron bar, and,

with all his expiring energy, pulled himself up.
He could not get beyond it, however, without violently squeezing himself and tearing portions of flesh from his body.

This trial was worse than all others.

He did not heed his pain and intense sufferings

while there was the least hope of escape.

By much squeezing and struggling, he managed to get above the bar, and, to his infinite joy, he saw the light of heaven's blue sky shining down upon him.

"Saved! saved!" he gasped.

To his amazement, he discovered that the bend in the chimney afforded him some place whereon to sit.

He crouched into the corner, and sat there

trembling and gasping for breath.

But now sounds were heard below, which struck terror to his heart.

The blacksmith, Giles, and Gale were banging at the door below with heavy hammers.

Warner could distinctly hear them at work. He dared not move out of his hiding-place.

Indeed, he was too weak to attempt it.

In about fifteen minutes of incessant hammering, and with the assistance of heavy crowbars, the gigantic door gave way and fell into the stone chamber with a fearful crash.

The noise sounded like a death-knell in the ears

of the hiding culprit.

He could hear the three hunters below con-"Here's his coat." does not all described the same and th versing

"He must have been in a terrible hurry," said Gale, "for he has left his watch behind him in his waistcoat pocket."

"He has escaped up the chimney," said the village blacksmith. "Don't you see all this soot!"

"He couldn't escape that way," said Giles, "for there is an iron bar in each chimney, and no one but a mere child could squeeze themselves up."

"I tell you he has," said the blacksmith, "and it is not long since he has gone up."
"Well, no matter," said Gale; "if he is up we'll

soon bring the rascal down again, and much quicker than he imagines."

"Hullo there!" shouted Gale up the chimney, "hullo there! Come, come down, my man; it's useless for you stick up there. Come down, I say, or I'll bring you down flying."

There was no response to this challenge.

But Warner crept still closer in his hiding-place,

and awaited the course of events.
"Come down, my man," said Gale. "It's no use your trying to deceive me, you know; if you don't I shall fire!"

Still no response.

"I'll give you two minutes to think of it, Warner," said Gale. "I don't want to kill you like a rat in a hole."

Still Warner made no answer.

True to his word, at the expiration of two minutes Gale fired his revolver up the chimney.

The ball struck the brickwork, and brought down

an immense quantity of soot.
"That was a glance shot," said Gale. "I'll do better this time,"

So anxious were Giles and the blacksmith to see the culprit "brought down" that both of them tore away the fire-screen and thrust their heads upwards in the chimney.

Gale fired again.

Again the shot struck the old brickwork, and before they had the slightest notion of what was coming, an immense mass of brick and mortar and soot came showering down upon the heads of both Giles and the blacksmith.

Both swore heartily at the mishap, and looked

more like sweeps than anything else.

Again and again Gale fired. But it was all to no purpose.

"He must have come down again," said Giles, "for he couldn't pass the iron bar."

"No; he has escaped," said Gale. "He's got off, for a hundred pounds."

But Warner had not got off as had been imagined.

One of the bullets had struck the iron bar, and, glancing, struck the wretched fugitive in the

The pain was so great that Warner could have cried out aloud in agony.

But he did not !

After waiting for his opportunity, and after he had somewhat recovered his strength, he boldly commenced to climb again.

In less than half-an-hour he had reached the

roof.

He crossed the tiles, and got into an attic. But, while doing so, he heard footsteps approach-

ing on the stairs. He knew not what to do.

A large old cupboard was in the attic.

Into this he got, and closed the door. In a moment afterwards Gale and the others entered the room.

They got through the window on to the tiles, and

made their way to the chimney whence Warner had

just escaped.

"I told you so," said the detective; "he has escaped! Don't you see the marks in the chimney?"
"He has not escaped very long," said Giles.

"The marks are quite fresh."
"True," said Gale; "but, if he has got clear of the building, there is very little chance of capturing him."

While Gale and the others were on the roof. Warner emerged from the cupboard, and very carefully brushed way the marks of his foot-prints from the floor, and returned to his place of concealment once more.

In a short time, Gale and the others returned

through the window.

"Well, it's no use of me staying any longer at Bromley," said Gale. "We have caught one of the birds, but the other has flown."

"I'm sorry for that."
"So am I."

"Neither of you are more sorry than I am," said Gale; "for, independent of my duty, there is a very large reward offered."

"When shall you leave, then, Mr. Gale?" "Well, now that I am certain of how things are, I shall pay my respects to the young ladies, and leave by the four o'clock train."

"Is he not concealed somewhere in the house,

sir?" the blacksmith asked.

"No, my man, not he; Warner is too desperate and quick a rascal to remain about here longer than he can help."

So saying, the three men left the attic and went

down stairs.

"Saved ! saved !" gasped Warner, and, bursting open the door, fell exhausted on the floor

He was as weak as a child, and could not move. For two hours or more he lay upon the floor and

He tried to keep his eyes open as long as possi-

But nature was more than exhausted, and he

slept soundly.

He jerked, and twisted, and groaned fearfully, and all at once he suddenly awoke with a violent start.

He looked about him like a wild man.

"It is not a dream," he said. "I am free! But let me see, Gale leaves the hall at four o'clock. What time is it now-it must be later? The evening is very dark."

At that moment the hall clock chimed the

hour.

With staring eyes, Warner listened, and counted each stroke.

One-two-three-four! Oh, what a relief it was!

"If Gale only leaves, I shall escape easily; but, should he remain, I am too weak to resist him, for he is a powerful and determined man."

Though weak, he crawled to his feet, and even went so far as to get on to the roof again.

He looked over the lofty coping, and to his great joy saw a horseman at the main door, shaking hands with Giles and the blacksmith.

"That is Gale-he is off. Thank heaven for this

last chance for my life!"

He hastily retraced his steps into the garret

He waited until his courage returned, when he boldly went downstairs.

He reached the ground floor without being perceived.

The parlour door was open.

He entered.

The tea-things had been prepared for two persons, but there was no one there.

He shut and locked the door, and seated himself down to steal a hasty meal.

His appetite was great, but he could not eat much.

He was too far gone to do justice to the good things before him.

A cup of tea and the leg of a cold fowl were hastily consumed, yet before he had finished some one was heard knocking at the door.

No time was to be lost!

He opened a window, and was about to jump out upon the lawn, when Giles perceived him, and shouted out-

"He is here-he is here!"

With renewed desperation, and bent on mischief, Warner seized the poker, opened the door, and sallied forth into the hall.

Here he met the two daughters of old Jonathan. They screamed, and ran away in great fright.

Warner did not pursue them, but made his way to the empty stables unperceived, and there hid himself.

"Go after Mr. Gale!" shouted the blacksmith to

"Yes, yes! Giles, call back the detective; the villain is still about the premises. We shall all be murdered."

But neither Giles nor the village blacksmith thought for a moment of deserting the young ladies, but remained in the house.

Time flew by, and soon dark night set in. When he thought the proper time had come, Warner sneaked from the stables, and went forth over hedge and ditch towards the village without being detected.

He washed his hands and face in a brook, and thus refreshed he continued his journey on foot.

But still he retained possession of the poker, the only weapon he had, and felt confident of making good his escape.

While in a field resting for a time, he heard the

distant baying of dogs at the hall.

"They are after me," he sighed; "they have put the watch-dogs upon my track. I must fly with all speed."

This Warner attempted to do. But how was he to escape?

His ankle was bleeding and painful, and he was too feeble to run fast or far.

A thought occurred to him.

"I will put the hounds off the scent," he said, and ran towards the canal.

With the poker between his teeth, he plunged into the canal, and swam across.

Dripping and exhausted, he crawled up the bank side.

As he did so, the hounds arrived at the opposite

side, and were barking and howling most fiercely.
"I have thrown them off the scent," he sighed.
"I am safe at last. Now vengeance is mine. Let all tremble who encounter me. I am changed from man into a fiend!'

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE COUNT'S STORY OF THE MANIAC INDIAN WOMAN-HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

ALL on board Captain Tom's ship, on their way to Mexico, were as merry as crickets, and full of expectation of sharing in strange and wild adventures, without for a moment giving heed to what might or might not be going on in Europe, which

they had long left far behind.

Story-telling was the order of every evening; and as the old count had travelled much in all parts of the globe, his anecdotes were listened to with great delight by all, but particularly by Fatty and Buttons, who were "dying," so they said, to get to Mexico, and have a shake with the Indians on the broad prairies.

"Ah, stop till you get there-perhaps you may sing a different song, my young friend Fatty," said

the old count, laughing.

"I shall keep a journal of all I see," said Frank, "and send it to England, in order that my old schoolmates and companions may see all we are doing."

"An excellent plan," said the count. "I wish that I had done so many years ago, when, as a lad, I travelled through Mexico and the great West."

"Were you ever in Mexico, then, count?" asked

one and another.

"Of course I was. When I was a youth, I had a row with a fellow student-a brute he was. We fought a duel. I killed him, and had to go on my travels for a few months, to get out of the way.

"You have been up all the great rivers, then?"

"Yes, and on the immense inland lakes also. I have fought with the Indians, and against them, sometimes, and I don't know any one who has seen more ups and downs with them on the grand prairies than I have done. But the Indians are a very treacherous lot of devils; the 'redskins,' as they are called, can be perfect fiends when they choose. I almost lost my life through the treachery of a maniac Indian woman, once."

"Indeed! how? Let us hear the story, count,"

said all the boys, in a chorus.

"Well, I don't mind; but you must understand I did not find out she was a maniac until after the

adventure, as you will see:-

"On my return from the Upper Mississippi, where I had been out hunting for months, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wild prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country.

"My knapsack, my gun, and my dog were all that

I had for company and baggage.

"But, although well booted, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt

myself.
"My march was of long duration. I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day.

"The track which I followed was only an old Indian trail, and, as darkness overshaded the prairies, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse in which I might lie down to rest.

"The night-hawks were skimming around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles, which form their food.

"And the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

"I did so, and almost at the same instant a firelight attracting my eye, I moved towards it full of confidence.

"It proceeded from the camp of some wandering

Indians. I was not mistaken.

"I discovered by the glare that it was from the hearth of a small ruined log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and re-passed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

"I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night.

"Her voice was gruff, and her attire was negligently thrown about her. She looked wild, savage,

and like a maniac,

"She answered in the affirmative.

"I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire.

"The next object that attracted my attention was a finely-formed Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees.

"He moved not.

"He apparently breathed not.

"Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, I addressed him in French-a language not unfrequently known in some degree to people in that neighbourhood.

"He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave a significant glance with

the other.

"His face was covered with blood.

"The fact was that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a racoon on the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it for ever.

"Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I

might expect.

"Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many untanned buffalo hides lay piled in a corner.

"I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued.

"She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness.

"She told me that there was plenty of venison and buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake.

"But my watch had taken her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight

"I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstacy, spoke of its beauty, and asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her.

"Thoughtless, and, as I fancied, in such a retired spot, quite secure, I paid little attention to her talk

or her movements

"I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and satisfied my own demands of hunger.

"The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering.

"He passed and re-passed me several times. "He once pinched me so violently on my side, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger.

"I looked at him.

"His eye met mine.

"But his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system.

"He again seated himself and drew his butcherlike knife from its greasy scabbard and examined the edge as I would a razor. I suspected it was

"He replaced it, and taking his tomahawk from his back, filled his pipe with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced

to have her back turned towards us.

"Never, until that moment, had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to

"I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that whatever enemies I

might have, he was not one of the number.

"I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and, under pretense of wishing to see how the weather might be, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin.

"I slipped a ball into each barrel, put new caps on the nipples, and, returning to the hut, gave a favourable account of my observations.

"I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and, calling my faithful dog, lay down with my gun close to my side.

"In a few minutes, to all appearance, I was fast

"A short time elapsed when some noises were heard, and, from the corner of my eyes, I could see two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag upon a pole.

"They disposed of their burden, and, asking for

whisky, helped themselves most freely to it.

"Observing the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why he-meaning the Indian-was in the house.

"The mother, for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner of the room where a conversation took place, the purport of which required little shrewdness in me to guess.

"I tapped my dog gently.
"He moved his tail, and, with indescribable delight, I saw his fine eyes fixed upon me, and then raised upon the trio in the corner.

"I felt that he perceived danger in my situation.

"The Indian cast a glance at me.

"The lads had eaten and drank themselves into such a condition that I had already looked upon them as half mad, and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the mouth of their mother, I hoped, would soon reduce her to the like state.

"Judge of my astonishment when I saw this fiend take a large carving knife, and go to the

grindstone to whet its edge.

"Her task finished, she walked to her reeling

sons, and said,

""There, that'll soon settle him, boys; kill the

white-face, and then for the watch.'
"I turned, cocked my gun quietly, tapped my companion, and lay ready to shoot the first one that attempted my life.

"The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last had not Providence

made preparations for my rescue.
"All was ready.

"The infernal hag was advancing slowly, whilst

her sons were engaged with the Indian.

"I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot, but she was not to be punished thus.

"The door suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounded upon my feet, and made them heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should arrive at such a moment. The tale was told in a minute, the drunken sons were secured, but the woman rushed from the house like a deer, and ran to the woods.

"We all fired, and in the distance we could see

her fall, and believed her to be dead.

"The friendly Indian who had warned me, fairly

danced for joy, and, as he could not sleep for pain, he made us understand that he would watch over us, "You may suppose we slept much less than we

talked.
"The two strangers, like myself, were belated travellers, but they were more fortunate than myself, for they had horses, and I had not.

"Time passed, and I composed myself to sleep

as best I could.

"But still I could see that our friendly Indian was very uneasy, and he lay upon the floor with his ear to the ground.

"One of my companions was a rough, bold, adventurous devil; and swore he could not sleep in

the cabin.

"And despite all we could do or say, he unpacked a hammock he carried with him, and slung it between two trees.

"Into this he climbed, and the night being fair, and with brilliant moonlight, he was soon fast

"The Indian towards three or four o'clock in the

morning suddenly started up. "His eyes flashed with fire, as he came and roused me, saying,

"' Up, white face ; up.'

"I rose instantly, and seized my gun. "My faithful dog would have rushed out.

"But I had to hold him back with all my strength.

" 'What's up?'

"'The woman you thought killed is alive.' "'The devil she is,' said I; 'why three of us fired at her.'

"'And you saw her fall.'

" 'Of course I did."

"'But she's not dead for all that,' said the Indian. 'Keep back your dog; if he barks or growls, all will go bad with us.'

"'What do you mean?' said I.

"'She has run to a neighbouring tribe, and brought back a dozen warriors with her.' " 'Monstrous ! '

"' Keep quiet, I say.'

"'Where are they? We shall all be murdered in cold blood !'

"'Not if you follow my advice. Wake up your

friend as quietly as possible; make no noise," ""
""What, the one outside, sleeping in the ham-

"'No; let him alone. If we are seen moving about to the door, or heard making any noise, it will defeat my plans.'

"'What plans?'

"'Why, to have revenge on the maniac woman and her Indian followers. "'What shall we do, then?'

"'Both of you remain as quiet as mice; load your guns and revolvers.'

"' Each of you take his post near a crack in the beams, and when I give the word, fire as fast as possible.'

"'But where is this she-devil?' said I, still in

doubt. "'Yonder,' said the Indian, pointing through a ack; 'don't you see her long hair and haggard crack; face?'

"'Yes,' said my companion, 'she is brandishing a long knife, and is followed by two villainous-looking redskins. They are stealthily approaching the hut, and intent on murdering my friend in the hammock.' (See cut in No. 24.)

"' But I only see three Indians with her,' said I. "'I know you do,' said the Indian, in a whisper;

'the rest are in ambush in the forest. When the maniac gives the signal, however, you will soon see them run out into open ground, bent on murdering us.'

"As he spoke, the Indian woman and her three followers crept on the ground, and approached near to the hammock in which the unconscious sleeper

lay snoring.

"" That's him,' said the maniac, pointing to the hammock, 'that's the one who carries "a ticking devil" in his pocket. Kill him first, and then I'll give the signal to the others. They have my two sons bound hand and foot in the cabin; we must be quick and sure, or else the white faces will scalp

"As she spoke, her three companions approached the hammock, and were about to spring upon it,

when our Indian friend said,

"'Now's your time-blaze away at the devils! I hate every one of their tribe. They are the blood-

thirsty Blackfeet.'

"On the instant we all pulled trigger, and at the same moment the maniac woman and her three friends gave terrible shouts and fell dead upon the spot.
"Our friend in the hammock jumped out, filled

with alarm, though still half asleep.

"Before he could reach the cabin door, however, a flight of arrows coursed through the air, and by a miracle he escaped the poisoned shafts of the other Indians concealed in the wood.

"Again and again they fired.

"Our situation was now perilous in the extreme. "The Indians, like furious devils, rushed out of the dense forest, knife, tomahawk, and rifle in hand.

"They ran towards us at full speed, whooping and

shouting like so many demons.
"We barred the door as best we could, and for an hour fought our assailants with the ferocity of

tigers.
"No one among us fought half so hard or half so bravely as our friendly Indian did, but when we had beaten them off, we were about to raise a joyful shout, when our Indian uttered a fearful groan, and fell to the floor.

"At the same instant the maniac woman's two sons rose to their feet as if by magic, dashed past us with a wild yell, struck one of my companions a fearful blow on the head, and were about to escape, when my faithful dog leaped upon one of them, seized him by the throat, and before we could say a word, strangled the rascal.

"The other one ran for his very life; but I levelled my rifle, and, ere he had gone eighty

yards, I fired.

" He threw up his hands, and was dead.

"We now paid all the attention to our faithful

Indian friend; but he was fast dying.

"While we were fighting, it seems that the twosons picked up a hunting knife that had dropped on the floor, and, unseen by us, had cut the cords with which we had bound them.

"They fully expected that the Indians outside would have proved victorious; but when they found out their mistake, they hastily rose, stabbed my preserver in the side, and would have escaped.
"'But what brought you into the cabin at all?"

I asked.

"The Indian smiled, even while he was dying. "'I did not hurt my eye while shooting a racoon,' said he, 'I had vowed to have revenge on the chief of the tribe, to which that old maniac hag belonged.

"'I had been on his track for several days, and

at last, while concealed in the bushes, I espied

"'I drew my bow; my arrow split and thwarted me.

" 'But I am content to die now,' said he.

"'The old hag went to her tribe, and brought with her twelve or more of its most famous warriors.

" 'White Bull, my mortal foe, was among them.

"'I saw him approaching, and took deadly aim with my rifle, and killed him.

"'My shout of joy at his death awoke the suspicions of the maniac's two sons, who then discovered I was not one of their tribe but a spy.

"'This is the consequence,' said he, pointing to his wound; 'but I die content and happy. Pale faces, run for your lives,' said he. 'Ere morning, one thousand Indians will surround this hut, and burn it to the ground. Away! away!'

"With these words he fell upon his face and

expired!

"We did haste away, you may be sure," said the old count, "and escaped; but if I were to live as old as Methusaleh, I shall never forget that terrible night fight with the villanous Blackfeet."

In less than a week after the old count's story, the two ships, still in company, met with very rough weather, so much so that they were driven off their right course, and soon came in sight of the port of Galveston, Texas.

They intended at first to land at some Mexican port; but as the French navy were guarding all the seaports with numerous powerful ironclad menof-war, it was thought wise not to attempt any landing on Mexican territory in face of such powerful odds and opposition.

"We had better land at Galveston," said the old count, who was by common consent installed councillor in all difficult matters. "We had better land at Galveston," said he, "and march overland through the wild prairie country, and get into Mexico that way, for if we fall in with any French men-of-war, and they find we are going to fight against the Emperor Maximilian, whom they are trying to force upon the people against the popular will, we shall all be taken prisoners, and cast into loathsome dungeons at Vera Cruz, or some other hot and stifling hole.

The count's advice was followed, and the boy band of soldiers, leaving the ships under Captain Tom's command, set out upon their overland trip to Mexico, there to fight in the cause of the people for liberty against French aggression and tyranny.

Arrangements were agreed upon between Frank and Tom to meet again shortly, and with rousing cheers, and much rejoicing, the boy band started with a long train of mule teams and ox teams, all feeling merry and hearty, and ripe for any mischief or adventure.

True to his word, Captain Frank commenced from the first day of his march to keep a journal in which he intended to note down for the benefit of his boy friends and readers, all which might interest them ; and as the journal contains much that boys like to know, to hear, or to read about, we give Frank's version of their journey in his own words, and without alteration of any kind,

er, and ren't pick woods.
We all fired, and in the distance we could see
fall, and believed her to be dead.
The friendly Ledins who had warned me, sairly

CHAPTER LXXXII, ded bonings

JOURNEY THROUGH THE PRAIRIE-THE WILDER-NESS ON FIRE-THE FLIGHT OF WILD HORSES -THE BOY SOLDIERS CATCH NUMBERS-SCENES IN THE WOOD-NATURE AT REST-REFLEC-TIONS-CAMP FIRES IN THE FOREST.

FRANK'S JOURNAL.

"We have now been three days on our travels from Galveston towards the Mexican frontier, which is four hundred miles distant.

"All the boys are well and hearty, and most of

us mounted on horses or mules.

"The weather so far is splendid,

"Day follows day as we journey through this grim and trackless space, and its holy calm soothes the soul with a peace and pleasure unknown to the noisy bustle of the world.

"The landscape stretches for miles away-a level

flat on either hand.

"Far to the westward long black lines mark a timber-shaded stream, whither we are slowly journeying, while acres of red, white, and violetcoloured wild nowers accommod with beauty and variety, coloured wild flowers deck the chequered plain

"Our camp fires glow in the darkness of early morning, long before the wolves have ceased to howl, and hours before the sun shoots up from the east.

"The fragrant cup of coffee and homely meal are relished with epicurean taste, the appetite

sharpened by the morning breeze.

"We strike camps, harness the teams, and resume our journey through the long, damp prairie grass, in the cool and pleasant grey of dawn.

"Merrily the teamsters crack their whips, and merrily the harness, chains, and trappings jingle as

we go.

"And as the sun suddenly springs into view, we are miles upon our way, with joke and tale, and

tobacco smoke curling in the air.

"Riding in advance of the waggon trains along the firm sandy road which travellers have made through the grass—for the white sand becomes as hard as brick with moisture of any kind-and gazing upon the many-coloured eastern clouds bursting into a thousand phantastic beauties of form and colour.

"My favourite horse, Dando, with ears cocked and snorting, became restless and restive, champing his bit, and danced from side to side in dread of

something I could not perceive.

"Still gazing on the sea of waving grass, and noting the effects of light and shade upon the dewdrops sparkling like brilliants,

"I unslung the short Enfield rifle, which my friend, the old count, had given me, to have a shot at a flight of wild cranes, when Pedro, our Mexican guide, who was in advance of me, shouted out,

"' Signor, look out!"

"And at the same instant my horse Dando jumped out among the grass, and could not be coaxed into the road again with my utmost per-

"There must have been something in his path, I now felt convinced, and at first naturally supposed it might have been venomous black snakes, had not Pedro laughed heartily at Dando's trick.

"He trotted back, and said, 'Signor, trantlars'

(tarantulas).

"Dismounting, I took the end of my lasiet (horse rope), and allowing Dando to walk in the grass, but imagine that the only way they were caught

and graze at the end of his tether, I walked along the road in search of these tarantulas.

"Pedro soon pointed to one, which was lying in the road some few feet distant.

"It looked like a ball of black silk, which might

cover the palm of one's hand.

"I had been frequently informed these little animals had a deadly venomous sting, but as it could not jump more than three feet long, and about two feet high, I approached quite near to watch and torment this cunning and sagacious little thing, so as to learn something about it.

"Disturbing the black silky ball with the end of a long whipstock, it rose to its feet; its eyes

glowed quite red with rage.

"It jumped towards me, and fell upon, and clung

to my heavy riding boots.

"Gently loosening its tenacious crab-like hold, watched it crawl away several feet along the sand, and then disappear.

"I searched and found where it had secreted itself, by the shining of a series of strong webs, which radiated from one particular spot in the road among the prairie grass.

"The end of each single web or fibrous line was fastened to a small trap door, and this I endeavoured

to raise with a stick

"But the little creature, who was underneath, clung to it so tightly with its claws, that I must have broken the little trap-door into pieces in order to get at him.

"This I did not desire to do, for I wished to see and know something more of this cunning little

"I got a shovel out of the waggons, and loosened the earth for about a foot round his subterranean dwelling, in order, if possible, to frighten Mr. Tarantula out of his nest without injuring it.

"This, I supposed, had the desired effect. " For, feeling his walls shaking all around him, he opened the trap door, and jumped out towards the

"Pedro did not like tarantulas, so he took the shovel and killed the venomous little reptile on the spot, while I began to examine its curious habitation.

"Casual observers or inattentive travellers would never discover nests of this kind, for the entrance to one is nothing more than a collection of very small leaves and twigs; but the sun-light revealed to me many single webs radiating to a centre, hence I easily found it.

"This door, then, on the top of which all these webs united, was made of twigs, and leaves, and moss, and had excellent hinges made of some glutinous substance, which looked to me like web also, and which, from repeated trials, opened and

shut with the greatest ease and precision.

"So, then, it will be perceived, that when Mr. Tarantula was at home, he could instantly tell if any victim had been caught in his toils, by the vibration of any single web in the grass; and no grasshopper, however large, or beetle, ant, or even small birds, could ever extricate themselves from the tenacious and firm hold of the tarantula's network of webs.

"The interior of the house, or nest, when I came to examine it, was about seven inches in diameter, and as many deep, being lined with leaves and grass, and literally covered with the skeletons and

leavings of his many little victims.

"In truth, a tarantula's nest is like a dead-house, for it is full of skeletons of various sorts.

"I have seen many bones of small birds in them,

was by becoming entangled in the web, and after-

wards poisoned by the tarantula's sting.

"Let boys speak as much as they please of being frightened by 'little things,' and smile at the idea of being stung by anything less than a rattle-snake. Let me tell them that small, black, silky, red-eyed, and crab-like as the little tarantula looks, it is still one, if not the most deadly little animal that either man or beast can possibly meet, for its venom is poisonous, and almost invariably kills within a few hours.

"As the sun becomes intolerably hot about noon on the prairies, we thought it wise to halt for a time, if merely to have a dish of coffee, for, my boy readers, there are but two meals recognised by prairie travellers, viz —Breakfast before sun-rise, and

supper after sun-set.

"Wood is extremely scarce on the plains, for a single tree is not sometimes met with for a whole week, therefore it is desirable, if possible, to collect a little by the way, if even it be twigs only, otherwise, you may often be without fire or light of any kind at night-fall, unless you are lucky enough to meet with dried buffalo dung.

"Being near a gigantic cactus grove, we ensconced ourselves in its grateful shade, and soon made a fire of green wood, in order to smoke off insects and flies from tormenting the cattle, a thing much appreciated by the horses and oxen, for the latter shut their eyes amid the smoke of several fires, and comfortably dozed an hour away, unmolested by the troublesome gad-fly, horse-fly, and a thousand other annoyances known on the prairies.

"From my limited knowledge, as a boy, I never

imagined that the cactus arrived at such a growth; but here was proof to the contrary, for we sat in a large grove of them, the trunks of none of which were less than four feet in diameter.

"No water being near for miles, and our cattle requiring moistened food, we took our hunting knives and lopped off hundreds of the greenest catus leaves we could find and threw them into the fire to burn off the numberless needle-like thorns upon them.

"This done, we carefully opened the large, fat leaves (much like fishmonger's open oysters), carefully collecting the soft, white, juicy pulp within,

and threw the rinds away.

"Thanks to industry, we soon collected a large, white, mass of their juicy pulp and gave it to the cattle, who very soon and very greedily disposed of it.

"Indeed, they seemed to relish it so much, that several of the oxen walked to the greenest tree and began to help themselves, but with all their care and patience, they only succeeded in wounding their noses from the innumerable long, sharp thorns upon them, so contented themselves with chewing their cud, and dozing in the shade.

"Towards evening we were slowly journeying along, and had but a few miles to reach the bank of a very broad river, when clouds of dust rising in the west drew our attention towards that quarter.

"What it was I could not imagine.

"Opera glasses and telescopes were levelled in that direction for some time, and both horses and mules, with ears cocked, looked in the same direction, likewise snorting and braying loudly.

NOW READY, THE BOY SAILOR;

OR,

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

This will be found one of the most exciting and powerful tales of the day. The scene of the story is laid in Cornwall, and it abounds with the wild legends and strange adventures of the daring wreckers and smugglers that haunt the bays and inlets of that rocky coast.

FOUR ENGRAVINGS,

HANDSOME COLOURED BORDER,

Saucal-bank a cold at the GIVEN AWAY WITH NUMBERS 1 and 2.

ORDER EARLY. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE MYSTERY .- See Number 28.

"After long observation Pedro, our guide, rode up, shouting 'stampede,' 'stampede.'

"And quicker than may be imagined, our waggons were halted and formed into squares, and our horses secured therein against the possibility of their being tempted to run away with any of the wild companions approaching.

"Within a short time we saw a long black line in the far distance, and as the dull and increasing roar of thousands of hoofs came galloping towards us, we distinctly saw immense herds of these wild horses plunging along, tossing their heads and manes and tails high in the air, and kicking up their heels in utter wildness.

"Nearer and nearer they came towards us. No. 27.

"Pedro and many others of us anticipating some sport and profit were busy with lassos and ropes.
"Our cattle being safely tethered to the waggons,

we awaited the coming charge of these wild horses with composure.

"Following Pedro's example, I and others turned Spaniard for once, and coiled up our horse-hair lassos, designing to cast them at the coming herd, and try our fortune in catching wild horses.
"On they came nearer and nearer, the noise

increasing every instant.

"They perceived our waggon train, and swerved to the right and left of it, sweeping along at a tremendous gallop.

"We waited upon their flanks. loop and bas outball

"The horses we rode were excited to very great nervousness and quivering in every limb with excitement, until at last they sweep past us amidst a vast cloud of dust like a mighty rushing wind.

"We approached and galloped near them, and

then threw the lassos.

"But all in vain,
"The dust prevented us seeing whether we had

secured anything or not.

"But my lasso being loose convinced me I had

not at all events.

"In the confusion and dusk, some stray wild horse 'cannoned' against poor 'Dando,' and rolled both him and me in the grass; the last horse in the wild herd jumped over me very unceremoniously, and gave more than one kick in passing to the

prostrate 'Dando.'

"From the shouting of Pedro and the others, and the tautness of the lassos at their saddle bows, and objects rolling helplessly in the dust, some yards from each, convinced me that many of our brave lads had succeeded much better than myself, and were each leisurely securing a horse.

"Meanwhile the track of the flying herd was

plainly seen.

"For their passage through the grass was like a well-trodden, well-rolled road, and the dusty cloud in their rear, broken by the passing breeze, revealed in the distance many animals straggling far behind.

"Among the dozen wild horses secured by the lads of our train was a very fine stallion, who broke the rope that bound him, and starting up with great fury charged right through the circle of his captors, and dashed after the herd with headlong

speed.
"The other captures being mares and yearlings, offered but little opposition after the first desperate attempt at liberation, and followed our train among some tame horses with but slight indications of

rebellion.

"This episode delayed our journey for some time, and as nightfall drew near, I could see that Pedro was hurrying on the train as fast as possible, so as to cross the river before sunset.

"We were yet several miles from it, and dismounting, he sent one of the Mexicans ahead so as to find the best ford and select good grazing

and camping grounds.

"As we gradually approached the stream, Pedro looked often very anxiously towards that part of the horizon whence the wild horses had come.

"For the whole atmosphere in the west looked gloomy and smoky, and the clouds for many miles wore a dark, dull red colour.

"The last waggon had entered the forest, and had

passed to the other side of the river.

"Teamsters were 'hobbling' their animals before going to graze, while pots and pans were busily employed around the many camp fires sparkling under the dark shade of the richly grassed forest. "Until everything had been safely landed on the

"Until everything had been safely landed on the southern bank of the river, Pedro was frightfully nervous and excited, and frequently looked towards the smoky, blood-coloured clouds which hid the fast-setting sun.

"But as soon as all were safely landed he resumed his usual gaiety, smoked cigarettes, and lay stretched on his blanket, apparently oblivious of

every trouble in the world.

"While some were parching, or grinding, or making coffee, and others were concocting nameless savoury dishes of 'chili con carni,' I questioned Pedro, and he coolly observed that—

" The prairie was on fire!

"At first he did not think so, although the 'stampede' of horses suggested it, and careful subsequent observation had confirmed it.

This fact so startled me, that it seemed strange such an idea had not presented itself before.

"We were perfectly safe, however, for the flames could not cross the river, and in all probability would not even touch within a considerable space of the woods opposite, for the pastures were green, and would not ignite.

"While sipping my coffee, I begged Pedro to recross the river, so that I might witness this novel sight; and after giving our horses an excellent feed of 'mice' (Indian maize corn), we went forth into the darkness, and recrossed the river, leaving our many fires sparkling against the dense darkness of the background, reflecting their light on the swarthy features of our teamsters and servants, and our merry band of boys, smoking, chattering, grinning, and card-playing, in groups of twos and threes.

"As we approached the edge of the forest, I could occasionally hear a dull roar, which came and

went with each gust of wind.

"And when we trotted out of the forest into the

open prairie, these sounds were explained.

"To the westward stretched, as far as the eye could see, a black line of smoke rolling against the blue and starless sky. Beneath it another, of flames, fanned into red, and orange, and white by the fitful breeze.

"Whenever the flames were red, the line was thin and low, and seemed not more than an air line

on the landscape, advancing slowly.

"But when sudden blasts fanned it into white and yellow flames, they rose many feet in view, and swept along rapidly, destroying every blade of parched vegetation.

"The wind, beginning to blow freshly from the west, fanned the conflagration, and we could distinctly hear the crackling of reeds and underbush.

"It did not approach the green pastures bordering the forest nearer than within five hundred yards, and as it came towards us, our horses became exceedingly restive, and could scarcely be restrained from 'bolting.'

"In a few moments the fiery body advanced and passed us, and sped rapidly onward, leaving the prairie in a dull red heat, glowing or dying, while here and there a solitary tree, in bright silvery flame, stood out in bold relief against the blue of the sky and the glowing blood-colour of the plain.

"Such sights were not strange to Pedro, who puffed his cigarette with great composure, and looked on the smoking scene with Spanish indifference, simply thanking his holy Mother that they

had got to camp in time.

"On the way back to camp, he told me many alarming and frightful stories of the ravages sometimes effected by these conflagrations; but as in the present instance the country was not populated, it could not get into the settlements before encountering some stream, which would effectually retard its progress.

"At midnight, nearly all in camp were fast asleep, save Pedro and myself, who guaranteed to keep watch. Most of the tires were fifully burning, and our men lay stretched under the waggons or beside the embers, snoring loudly and inharmonicusly.

"Pedro, with back against a tree, was yawning, and as now cigarettes had no charm for him, I felt certain I should be the only one awake.

"No sounds were heard in this grand old forest,

save the owl, with its sudden flight and ceaseless challenge of 'teewit, teewit, teewho!' echoing from distant parts, and the moaning winds sighing among gigantic chestnuts, birches, and patriarchal oak

trees.

"The moon began to peep from amid the clouds, and from where I lay beside its osiered bank, could see the deep dark waters of the river floating, winding on swiftly and silently, until lost in the labyrinthine mass of dark timber bending in lofty arches above, while rays of moonlight stealing through the leafy roof, discovered flocks of water fowl sleeping on its banks.

"The white crane stood sentry in the shade.

" Herons fluttered in the marsh.

"Startled birds would dart across the stream, where silver-backed fish were rolling and disporting

on the surface.

"The scream of the wild cat and sudden flight of birds; the long howling of the wolf, the cry of the panther, and scream of the wild hog; these were the sounds that occasionally broke upon the ear in the quiet of the night as I lay absorbing the beauty and contemplating the magnificence of the scene, feeling dwarfed and full of awe at the prodigality of nature, and the magnitude and colossal proportions of this temple of nature, rising in island-like grandeur amid a sea-

like expanse of prairie.

"If the dust-begrimed and careworn denizens of European cities knew but a tithe of the peace, beauty, plenty, and prodigality of nature strewn with lavish hands in the prairie islands of the west-if the pallid and weary man of thought could but escape for a time to enjoy the unearthly quiet and repose of these priceless retreats, to hunt in its woods, and bathe in its streams, to inhale the bracing breeze, and by manly sport to feel himself hourly growing robust and strong, with his dogs and gun and trusty horse tethered and waiting beneath the wide-spreading beech; it would solace his soul with a calm and peace unknown before, and for ever wed him to a closer communion with, and an instructive contemplation of, the wonders and magnificence of nature.

"But while I thus thought and dreamed of faroff England, I was suddenly aroused by a fierce and

terrible growl behind me.

"I turned my head, and was horrified at what I

Dressed as he was no spleaded Mexican uniform Captain Tom Booked more bandsome mid bray CHAPTER LXXXIII,

TOM FORD AND HIS GALLANT CREW ONCE MORE PUT TO SEA-THE COMBAT-A HAPPY DELIVER-

WHEN the old count had departed with Frank on their overland journey towards Mexico, Tom Ford and his gallant lads were left alone in the port of Galveston.

The Americans there knew very well that the Boy Soldiers were bent on joining the people against the French, and they rejoiced at it, for nothing could ever displease them so much as the idea that an emperor should install himself so near them on the great continent.

When Tom bade adieu to his brother, therefore, the Americans loudly cheered the Boy Soldiers, and escorted them for a long distance on their way with

bands, banners, and much cheering.

But the Americans had no idea that Captain Tom Ford was also on the side of the Mexicans, for his two vessels were much too small to cope with the French men-of-war in those waters.

They were much deceived if they, for a moment, thought that Tom would remain idle, for such was

not his nature.

There were several French spies, however, who had narrowly watched Captain Tom's manœuvres, and they were not slow in sending on their information and suspicions to the French and Mexican admirals at Vera Cruz.

Tom didn't suspect this until quietly informed of

it by an American friend.

"What!" said Tom, to the American, "do you mean to say that any cowardly lubber has sent word to the French admiral, and that ships of war are on the way to watch us?"

"I guess that's the fact," said the long-legged American, chewing his quid, with a smile, "and although I don't wish any kind o' harm to any o' the sons of old Johnny Bull, I'd give you a piece of advice, and that is, skedaddle as fast as you kin, ontil sich times as you air strong enough to return to these diggings, and give the Frenchers an etarnal whipping.

Tom could not but smile at the American's advice; but before he acted he consulted the

wishes of his crew.

That same night, at midnight, he was about to weigh anchor and depart, when the long-legged American again made his appearance, and, mounting the ship's side, he whispered in Captain Tom's

"I calculate I've got a bit o' news as will suit

you roving Britishers."

"What is it?" asked Tom, with a smile. "Just awhile ago the Americans in town received word by pony express across the plains, that the French are driving all out of Mexico at the point of the bayonet who don't take the oath of allegiance to old Maximilian; there's a whole ship-load

on their way to prison now, I hear."
"You don't mean that?"

"I do, though, and some mighty fine ladies on board, too; and if you could just chance to fall across that craft and capture it, I'd bet my bottom dollar you'd not repent the adventure."

"Perhaps not, my friend; but what sort of craft is it, and what's it's name?" "It is called the 'Austrian Eagle,' and is a fastsailing, ten-gun brig. You're sure to fall in with her if you go as far south as Zambia or Vera Cruz.

"All right, my friend," said Tom, and heartily thanked the long-legged American for his informa-

The Yankee "liquored up," that is to say he drank a good draught of brandy with Captain Tom ere he left the ship, and went ashore rather " mellow."

That night, and about an hour after the American's visit. Tom signalled both ships to prepare to sail, and ere morning both vessels were far out at sea, with all canvas set, sailing for the south, and on

Tom had been two days at sea when the man on the look-out at the mast head shouted, and hailed the deck.

"A sail! a sail!"

"In what quarter?" bise on omit omse od) t

"On the port bow," on vrien var, ve basis"
"How far?"
"About twenty miles." dags ylasses bad oH

"Can you make her out?' shouted Tom, through his trumpet.

"Not much, captain." Jane 2004 1904 even I "

"What is she like?"

"A fast-sailing brig, sir."

"Any guns?"

"Can't make them out, sir."

"Go aloft, lad," said Captain Tom; "and take my telescope to the look-out man at the mast-

"Aye, aye, sir," said the boy; and, with a smile, clambered up the rigging, and was at the masthead in no time.

"Make her out now?" said Tom, through his trumpet. "See her ports?"

"Yes, captain; she's a ten-gun brig, and as pretty a craft as I ever saw," was the answer.

These words sent a thrill of joy to the hearts of

all, both officers and men.

"Signal our companion," said Tom; "do you see her, look-out?" "No, captain; she is obeying orders, and crossing

to the eastward."

"Isn't she in sight?"

"No, captain. She was out of sight an hour

ago," "Fire a gun, captain," said another; "that will

"No, no guns, my lads, that would spoil all the sport. We musn't let this Austrian brig know that we carry any guns at all, without she strikes her flag, and if she don't, why then we must sink her, that's all.'

In a few minutes, all was prepared on board the fast-sailing, trim-looking vessel "Kaiser."

The guns were double shotted, and every man

was at his post.

"Let every man jack of you hide himself as best he can," said Tom; "for the Austrians will be very curious to know who and what we are, but we must take care to deceive them."

In a few hours the two ships approached each

other, and came almost within gun-shot.

Tom pretended not to notice the flag of the "Austrian Eagle," as it floated out in the breeze.

He made it appear as if he wished to pass the enemy without showing his own colours. But he was soon forced to change his mind.

The Austrian commander fired a gun, and the shot ploughed up the water just athwart the

"Kaiser's" bows.

"Rather cheeky, that," said an old salt, turning the "quid" in his mouth. "Rather cheeky, that, of the stranger; I hope Captain Tom will return the compliment."

But, instead of "returning the compliment," Tom backed his sails, and made ready to speak to the

"Ship, ahoy!" said the captain of the "Austrian Eagle," with his speaking trumpet, in stentorian

"Ship, ahoy!" answered Tom.

"What vessel is that-where do you come from -and whither bound?"

More cheeky still," said the old salt, in disgust. "Answer that same question yourself," said Tom, in defiance.

"Are you for the emperor or the people?" asked

the Austrian.

"The people, of course, always," said Tom, "D--n Maximilian, say I, and all despots.

At the same time he said aside to his crew.

"Stand by, my merry men; be ready to run out your guns, and give the Austrian 'pepper.'"

He had scarcely spoken, when the Austrian captain, looking with contempt at the little craft, shouted out,

"I have seen your craft before."

"I dare say you have," laughed Tom, "and now you see it again, my hearty, I hope it will do your

sore eyes good."

"Haul down your flag," said the Austrian; "that craft was captured by a band of English boys in the Adriatic some time ago. It formerly belonged to the Austrian admiral. Haul down your republican colours, or I'll sink you. Surrender, I say, surrender !"

"Come and take us, then, my brave fellow," said Tom, laughing; "you talk loudly enough, but I don't think you can do much when it comes to the pinch.' "

"Haul down your colours, you buccaneering rebels!" roared the Austrian captain, white with "Haul them down this instant, or I'll sink rage.

you."

Instead of doing so, however, Captain Tom hauled up the British ensign over the Mexican flag, amid the cheers of his crew.

At that moment the Austrian fired a broadside at the "Kaiser.

But all the shots flew wide of their mark.

Shouts of derision resounded from the "Kaiser," and in a second the little craft discharged her guns

The shots were well aimed, and tore the Austrian

fore and aft.

The action now between the two vessels was

desperate and quick.

The "Kaiser," however, always managed by Tom's superior seamanship to take the wind out of her enemy's sails, and he brought up his vessel so close that his crew could almost climb on the decks of the big Austrian.

"Quick and devilish, my merry men," said Tom; don't waste much powder and shot at 'long taw.' Haul the 'Kaiser' closer still, rake her fore and aft once more, and then board her, sword in hand."

This resolve was received with loud cheers by

Tom's English crew.

The Austrian, however, although the fight had lasted only ten minutes, was so damaged, that she wanted to get away, and sneak out of the fight, if possible.

Tom's quick eye saw this, but he only laughed,

and shouted out, amid the din of battle,

"Keep close to her, lads; don't let her haul off an inch. Close with her, my lads, and show the Austrian and Mexican traitors what men can do who fight for liberty."

Dressed as he was in a splendid Mexican uniform, Captain Tom looked more handsome and brave than ever, as, sword in hand, and bare-headed, he rushed at the head of his men to board the stranger.

"They have got a lot of women and children on board, Captain Tom," said several. "I heard them scream, and beg the Austrian commander to sur-render."

"I know that, my lads," said Tom, with an oath, "and that's the reason why I wish to board her at once, so as to spare the lives of the innocent.

When it became generally known on board the "Kaiser," that there were many women and children on board the Austrian, Tom's followers were mad with rage, and begged to be led on at once to board her.

"This way, then, lads-this way! I'll lead you." "No, captain, you stay behind; you might get hurt or killed," said many brave tars.

"Let us go first, captain, and clear the way."

"No, you won't," said Tom, laughing; "I have always been first in danger, and will be first now. Follow me!"

With a loud shout, Tom's men followed their

young and gallant leader.

They clambered up the sides of the Austrian ship like monkeys, and in an instant rushed on board, sword and pistol in hand.

Tom was first on the enemy's decks, and at one blow struck down two or three of the enemy.

The combat, for at least five minutes, was desperate in the extreme.

But the fiercenes of Tom's followers was so great, and the weight of their blows struck such terror into all who opposed them, that ere long a joyful shout from his men told too well that the fight was over and that the ship was captured.

The last to surrender was the first lieutenant of

the Austrians.

He was a big, burly, ferocious-looking man, and he rushed at Tom with a frightful oath of vengeance.

Tom parried his blow, and the next instant the Austrian lieutenant was cleaved to the deck.

At that moment, and while the old commander, on one knee, begged for his life at Tom's hands,

great cries were heard from below.

A number of fair ladies rushed on deck in a frantic manner, and, falling on their knees, hailed their deliverance with joy, kissing Tom's hand, and blessing him as their deliverer. (See Cut in

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

THE CAUSE OF ALARM-FATTY IN TROUBLE-HE IS RATHER FOND OF HIS MEDICINE-BUTTONS WISHES THAT HE HAD PLENTY OF SUCH STUFF CHEER HIM - FRANK CONTINUES HIS JOURNAL, AND RELATES ALL HE SAW FIELD, FOREST, RIVERS, BIRDS, "VARMINT," AND THE LIKE, WHICH HE OCCASIONALLY READS TO HIS COMPANIONS.

THE cause of Frank's surprise and horror can be

easily explained.

He had been so absorbed in the wild beauties around him, that he took no heed of the fact that nearly all of his boy followers were fast asleep.

He had heard all sorts of noises from wild animals in the forest, but he took no notice of

He had also heard a peculiar noise very near him like that of a baby's rattle.

He did not know what it meant.

Twice he heard it, at short intervals.

The third time it sounded, he was startled by a

sudden cry of pain from one of the lads.

A rattle-snake had given its usual warning, but master Fatty and Buttons were so intent upon finishing a pigeon pie, which Pedro the guide had made, that they took no notice of anything, until, with a scream of agony, master Fatty found himself in the folds of a large-sized rattle-snake.

In an instant, his cries aroused the whole camp. The Mexican teamsters ran off on the instant, but Frank at once saw what ought to be done.

The rattle-snake's tail was coiled round a small tree, and the remainder of its powerful body would have crushed Fatty to death.

Frank seized his sword, and bounded down the

rock with fearlessness.

With two strokes, he cut the rattle-snake into halves, and then, with another blow, severed off its head.

Fatty's speedy deliverance from the folds of the snake saved his life.

But all was not yet over.

The venom of the reptile had entered Fatty's veins.

How was it to be eradicated?

No one knew.

At that moment, Pedro the guide, came forward with a cup of whisky.

"Drink, drink," said he, in haste, "it is the only cure we know of here in these parts."

Fatty did not refuse, but drank down the whisky until it almost choked him.

"My eye," said Buttons; "talk about medicine being nasty stuff, I wish I had Fatty's complaint, that's all.'

"Drink, drink, I say," repeated Pedro, "it's your only chance for life, you must get blind drunk, or

it's all of no use."

Tony's fat body was somewhat bruised, and he felt so sore all over, that he could not refuse anything, and not only drank one cup of whisky before he was blind drunk, but, as Buttons observed, "made he was blind drunk, but, as Buttons observed, a very large hole and signed his name pretty legibly in a second cup."

Fatty continued taking his medicine regularly for more than an hour, about which time he began to reel about and to hiccup, to sing, to dance, and make himself generally ridiculous to all assembled

As Pedro said, it was the only medicine for deadly, poisonous, snake-bites known in that wild region, and, true enough, it saved the life of Fatty, although he rolled about and tumbled over everything that came in his way, and at last fell down beside a roaring camp-fire and was soon fast asleep, snoring loudly.

This incident, which at first caused so much fear and alarm among the travellers, was duly recorded

in captain Frank's journal.

But, unlike the rest, it did not cause him any uneasiness

He again went forth into the moon-lit forest, and amused himself.

Everything he saw was so unlike anything he had heard or read of in England, that he did not fail to make remarks thereon in his note-book, some of which he thought might be amusing or interesting to those who might ever chance to read his journal.

We will not in this place attempt to describe his thoughts or note his observations, but the best thing we can do for those who have followed in these pages the fortunes and adventures of the Boy Soldiers, is to give the young captain's ideas in his own exact words.

Therefore, we continue the journal where it left off in a previous chapter, which reads as follows :-

"Unconscious of the flight of time, I sat gazing on the view around me, beneath the shade of a towering chesnut, puffing volumes of smoke, and full of pleasant imaginings.

"No description could paint the scene, and I sighed for power to reproduce, in any form, the mass of wild beauty abounding on every side.

"The moon was high in the heaven, and its light was so brilliant and entrancing that one could read the smallest print with ease.

"I distinctly saw animals moving about the undergrowth, and many cautiously approached the river edge to drink,

"Terrapins on logs occasionally flapped and

splashed in the water.

"Groups of geese and ducks would cackle and quack in sudden alarm and rush to the river, and, where they had been but a moment before undisturbed, foxes or wolves stealthily approached to reconnoitre.

"The solemn crane and stately turkey took sudden wing, and again silence reigned over all.

"The hard-breathing, ungainly bear was heard in the distant cane-break, trampling down the cane, which cracked like the explosion of numberless crackers.

"The king-fisher and fish-hawk would suddenly dive, and emerge from the surface with one of the finny tribe hopelessly gyrating in their bills or talons, and fly off into the darkness.

"And even as I turned and stirred the dying embers of the fire, its light disclosed a splendid buck, who had quietly approached, and, with head proudly erect, was looking at the intruders of his domain stretched in sleep.

"The camp was astir early in the morning.

"But the sun had arisen, and the forest was

alive with the song of birds.

"The water and pasture being of excellent character, and as the animals required rest after toiling through heavy sands, Pedro resolved to camp there for one or two days,

"This determination of our head man was received with acclamation, and each began to prepare

for the chase.

"Guns were plentiful, and [all had revolvers and hunting knives, and when Antonio (second in command) returned before breakfast with a string of squirrels thrown over his shoulder, and threw them to the cook, with orders to fry immediately for our meal, our swarthy, large-eyed attendants were in surprise, and anxious to go forth immediately in search of 'potstuff,'
"After appointing camp guards, Pedro, Antonio,

and myself, with many others, went forth with shot guns and rifles in search of game.

"But others of our train were already blazing away in all directions, and, from their shouts, there could be no doubt of their success.

"My companions were excellent hunters, and, although having but few dogs, and those untrained, made good use of their time, and reported success.

"I did not relish being incommoded by any excitements of the chase, but rather enjoyed my solitary walk through the forest, for at every step

there was novelty.

"The strange herbage, birds unknown, of varied plumage, and wild flowers never seen before, attracted me more than hunting, and I strolled through tangled under-brush in pleasant reverie, the sunlight pouring in golden columns through leafy apertures—the sudden glance of variously-plumed birds through these streams of light into

the deep, densely-wooded shade.
"The rapping of red-topped wood-peckers on blasted trees—the shiver and rustle of the tender ivy, and the gay festoons of wild vines and honeysuckles arching from the trees and forming

picturesque colonnades of shade.
"The song of the matchless mocking-bird—the flitting of squirrels, and flight of wild canaries, made this ramble in an untrodden forest a joy and pleasure never experienced or dreamed of before.

"I trod, perhaps, where mortal never trod before, and everything told of a wild, primeval beauty in which nature revels, and the slowly moving, gentle shaking of gigantic oaks and elms—the mammoth trunks of cypress and chestnuts, spoke of their existence in centuries wrapt in the history and mystery of the past.
"But though the density of the undergrowth pre-

vented easy progress, there were here and there

well-defined paths running through it, and so devoid of every vestige of vegetation as to look more like ordinary footpaths than cattle tracks, and I could not divine their origin or use.
"It seemed impossible that man could penetrate

such dense shade, and by constant traffic thus form

such roads.

"And I might have long remained in total ignorance of their meaning but from an accident.

"Observing, at intervals, on these footpaths, tumuli from two to four feet high, I sat upon one, and, lolling upon another, went fast asleep.

"But I had not long been thus, when I was stung on all parts of my person by a swarm of large-sized

ants, both black and red.

"Suffering intolerable torture, I hurried away as

fast as possible.

"For it was not only the needle-like sting that pained, but the hot and venomous nature of it that tingled the flesh long after.

"Beating my person violently in all directions, I must have destroyed hundreds, but I was literally covered with them, and the attraction of a few crumbs in my pockets had filled them.

"Such torment I never experienced before, and would have divested myself of everything mediately, only that the path on every side was beset with thorns.

"Hurrying to the river, I laid my rifle down and

plunged in, clothes and all.

"For the first minute I suffered indescribable torture, for in their dying agonies they stung me with tenfold fury; but ere long they were killed, and the relief was indescribable.

"I remained submerged to my neck in water for many minutes, for it soothed me unspeakably, and I returned to camp a wetter and wiser man.

"These 'well-defined paths,' which attracted me so much, were naught else than grand highways of ants, occasionally extending for miles and with junctions here and there, leading to their various colonies. There is not a particle of anything growing on them, and, for a foot wide, are as well beaten as

a garden walk or footpath through the meadows.

"They are used indiscriminately by ants of any size or colour; but there are frequent fierce battles between various tribes for pride of place; but I have often taken notice that the very small blacks ants always proved victorious, for they usually go forth in greater numbers, and attack the large red ones with much skill and success, not forgeting to carry off the carcase in triumph to their own colony.

"Unless there had been ocular proof, I could never have imagined that their numbers were so vast in

these deserts.

"Yet, after rain, there is not two square inches of earth but what is literally moving with them.

"What office they may perform in the order of nature it is difficult to conceive; but they till the earth most indefatigably, and, doubtless, add to its fecundity, even as infinitesimal coral lay the foundation of islands in the south seas.

"My compulsory bath much relieved and refreshed me, but, on returning to camp, to change clothing and hang my leathern suit to dry, I found the place deserted by all but two lazy teamsters, who, under the shade of the waggons, were fast asleep, and perfectly oblivious of the depredations done by wild hogs or wolves, which, from the sudden rush through the bush and an occasional grunt, I knew had been there, feeding luxuriously on our various stores.

"As best I could, I made my way to Pedro and Antonio, and met two of the party returning with

venison, hams, and skins.

"As we beat through the forest, Pedro suddenly halted, and pointed to a distant tree, up which a fine young bear had climbed some fifteen feet, and, unconscious of our presence, was scooping out honey from a knot-hole, which formed an entrance

"A sudden gleam of sunshine gave a better view of Bruin, industriously engaged in robbery.

"His head was perfectly smothered with a swarm of bees, buzzing and stinging him in every part.

"Heedless of the busy creatures, Mr. Bear continued to scoop out and eat the honey, while a stream of the golden syrup ran to the ground.

"A shot was followed by a sudden roar, and, quickly descending, the bear disappeared in the tangle wood.

"The excitement of a bear-hunt I never before experienced, and resolved to follow the grim Bruin.

"'You had better stay in camp with us, captain," said Pedro, in a warning manner. 'You English are too rash. Bear-hunting isn't as easy as foxhunting, you must know.'

"Thinking that there was a great deal of sarcasm in Pedro's remark, and to show him that English boys fear no danger, I grasped my rifle tightly and dashed off into the thicket after the enormous bear, with what success will be seen in another place."

CHAPTER LXXXV.

WARNER'S FLIGHT-THE CHASE-THE FRIENDLY RUSTIC-THE HIDING-PLACE.

THE intense sufferings which Warner had undergone in his place of confinement had reduced him almost to a skeleton, but now that he had a chance for freedom within his reach he felt a little stronger.

His wounded foot caused him much pain, and, as he stood shivering at the edge of the water, he knew not what to do for the best.

The hounds and dogs were barking and howling on the other side in a most inharmonious manner, but the servants of the Hall were clamouring and shouting like madmen.

"He has escaped !"

"I saw him get out on the other side!"

"I see him! I see him!"
"Let us run towards the bridge and stop him before he gets to the village."

Such were the cries which reached Warner's ears, as, almost fainting from fatigue, he hid behind a tree.

He had no weapon with him save the poker which he had stolen out of the parlour of the Hall.

But he seized it now more than ever with the energy of desperation.

For some time he remained behind the tree shivering and shaking.

He dared not go to the village, for he thought detective Gale might still be there.

To go to a farm-house and ask for shelter would

have been equally unwise he considered.

For his appearance was so ragged, haggard, and his face so black and grimy that he would have been detected and informed upon immediately.

While he thus stood considering what to do, a man approached and touched him on the shoulder. "Hullo, mate!" said the new comer; "you seem

wet, and cold, and hungry."

"Yes, I am all that," said Warner, looking in astonishment upon the stranger.

"But what do you want here?" said the escaped villain, grasping his poker in a threatening manner.

"Oh, nothing, mate, in particular. I heard the hounds and dogs barking close by, and it seems the folks at the Hall are chasing somebody."

"So they are," said Warner, coolly. "A thief has been discovered on the premises, but he escaped."

"La! you don't say so?"

"I do, though. I was staying at the Hall myself with Mr. Gale, the detective officer, and hunted the villain all through the mansion, but couldn't catch

"Not up the chimney, sure-ly?" said the country-man. "For now I comes to look at you, it seems

you are all smothered with soot."
"That's true enough. But where do you live?" said Warner.

"Just down here abit, in that small cottage."

"Will you let me stay there for half an hour. I'm too tired to think of going back to the Hall yet."

"I've no objection in the world, seeing as how you have been living at the Hall; for I used to be a labourer there myself once, before old Jonathan left so suddenly."

"Indeed," said Warner, who, though he spoke in a firm, but husky tone, still kept his ears open for the distant sounds of the dogs and the shouts of his

"Oh, yes," said the rustic, "I have worked off and on at the Hall for this ten year or more. This way, mate. We haven't far to go."

Warner felt rejoiced at this news, and followed the rustic with hurried steps.

In a short time both of them reached the cottage and entered it.

A bright fire was glowing on the hearth, but there was no one there to greet him.

Warner had not been in the house more than ten minutes, when the sounds of the dogs could be

heard more plainly than ever.
"They are on my scent," thought Warner, "and will be here in less than five minutes."

Warner now knew not what to do or how to act. To fly would have been madness, for he was thoroughly unstrung, and was now as weak as a

The rustic smoked his pipe, and spoke not for some time; but he eyed Warner in a strange manner.

"You look rather shaky, my friend," said the rustic, smiling.

"Yes, I do, rather."

"The sounds of the dogs don't please you, I think?"

"What do you mean?" said Warner, fiercely. "Oh, nothing, my hearty, only I saw your eyes looking rather wild, that's all."

"Do they look wild?"

"Yes, for all the world like those of a man who has just escaped from a lunatic asylum, or who has had a sharp run for his life, ha, ha."

"What do you mean?"
"I mean this," said the rustic, quietly. "You are the chap the detective has been after for some time past. That's what I mean."

And as he spoke, he smiled, and winked. "What?" said Warner, seizing his poker.

"Nay, nay, friend; put that bit of iron down, there's no occasion for it now. Not here, at all events." "What do you mean?"

"I only wish to ask you one question, that's all."

"What is it?"

"Will you tell me the truth if I swear to act your friend through thick and thin ?"

" I will."

"Then your name is ____"
"Smith," said Warner." "Ha, ha; Smith, eh; well that's good and no mistake."

"It's the truth, though," a the I'nob not

" No it ain't."

"How do you know?" fitestab and slad . If di "I have good reasons for knowing it. Your name is Warner."

At the bare mention of his own name the villain's

lips trembled.

He raised the poker in an instant.

"No, no, none of that here, Mr. Doctor," said the rustic; "for two can play at that game, you see."
And, as he spoke, he suddenly displayed a six-

barrelled revolver.

"Now listen to me," said the rustic, coolly, "you don't know me, but I do know you. Ha, ha, strange, ain't it?"

"Why did you call me doctor for, then?"

"Because you are very clever in attending on sick people who have got lots of money to leave their nephews; look at Ford, the old chap as you——"
"" H-u-s-h!" said Warner, sinking in a chair,

hu-s-s-h; I perceive you know all. I am undone." "No you ain't, if you promise me one thing."
"And what is that?"

"Go up-stairs, wash yourself, and have a shave; you'll find everything at hand ready for use, and more than that, look into the cupboard and you'll see plenty of clothes of all sorts and sizes, help yourself, and don't come down again until I

"I will."

"Then do it quick. Bolt the door after you, and if you should hear any men snoring in bed, don't mind them, they are pals of mine."

"But the light?"

"No one can see you; the room is formed right under the roof. You'll find a dark lantern burning. Up that ladder with you; quick, I say. Let the trap-door down gently again. Quick, I hear your pursuers approaching."

Warner did not wait to be told a second time.

He ran up the ladder and disappeared.

Directly he had done so, the rustic took away the ladder, and, opening a cellar-door, dropped it

in, and closed the aperture.
"I hear them coming," said the rustic. "The dogs are howling awfully; but Warner is safe this time; he's a clever rascal, and will serve me after this as faithfully as a dog. If he don't I'll kill him !"

As the rustic thus thought, loud raps were heard

at his cottage door.

Dogs were growling and sniffing outside; but the rustic did not speak.

Again the knocks were repeated, and more loudly than ever.

"Come in," said the rustic, gruffly.

"Open the door!"

"It is open."

"It is not. Open the door at once, Zoe, or we'll burst it open."

"Oh! you will, eh? Then burst away, you can't

do much harm."

True to their word, the servants from the Hall, and others, broke open the door, and tumbled headlong into the cabin, dogs and all.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

FRANK CONTINUES HIS JOURNAL-THE BEAR FIGHT—HOW THE GALLANT YOUTH FOUGHT WITH BRUIN—THE VICTORY—THE BOYS CON-TINUE THEIR JOURNEY THROUGH THE WIL-DERNESS-THE WAGGON TRAIN STOPS AT A VILLAGE ON THE SAN FERNANDO RIVER TO RECRUIT THEIR HORSES, OXEN, AND MULES-A GREAT PIGEON HUNT.

"WHEN the bear rushed away into the thick undergrowth in the forest, prudence would have taught me not to follow him.

"But Pedro's taunts aroused me, and rifle in

hand, I darted after the beast.

"For some time I could not track him; but could plainly hear the huge monster trampling down the herbage and small shrubs.

"I wanted to get a good look at him; but could

"I was so much excited that I had no notion of how the time was passing, and less idea of how far I had gone from our camp.

"At last I caught sight of the bear.

"He was facing me, and his eyes glared most savagely.

"I leaned against a tree, and took deliberate

"I discharged my rifle, and saw the bear fall, and give a most horrible growl. "'I knocked him over that time,' thought I, and

pulling my empty rifle against a tree, ran forward.

"But judge of my horror.

"The bear had been wounded, and the blood was flowing from him.

"But unexpectedly he rose on his hind legs, and with his fore legs was sparring at me like a fighting

"I was so surprised for a moment that I knew not what to do.

"I was then only about five feet from the monster. "I dare not turn back, or he would have been

upon me in an instant. " His eyes rolled savagely.

"His jaws were clotted with blood from his wound in the head, and his white teeth glistened like ivory.

"He was snorting, and each instant approached

me still nearer and nearer.

"My situation was most critical.

"I had nothing with me but my hunting knife and my revolver, all the chambers of which were empty save one!

"More than all, I was far away from all my com-

"It was a case of life or death for one or both of

NOW READY,

THE BOY SAILOR:

OR,

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

A most interesting and powerfully-written Tale, to be completed in about 30 Numbers.

No. 2 with No. 1, and a LARGE EN-GRAVING, GRATIS.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAI THE BOY SOLDIER: OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



"I did not for a moment take my eyes off the monster.

"For I had often heard that directly you do so the 'varmint' will be sure to take advantage of it, and pounce upon you.

"Nearer and nearer the bear approached me. "His long fore-paws almost scratched my arm.

"No time was now to be lost.

"I drew my revolver and took deliberate aim at his heart.

"At the same time I clutched my long hunting knife firmly in the other hand. Ind sraw storl "
"I fired.
"My sim was good.

"My aim was good.

"But I missed the monster's heart.

"With a growl like distant thunder he rushed upon me.

"His fore paws enclosed me.

"He had me now in his embrace.

"The squeeze was terrible.

- "I almost fancied I could hear my ribs crack,
- "Struggle as I would it was of no use. "I could not wriggle out of his embrace.

"My eyes and brain began to reel. "I saw his white teeth close to my face and neck.

"Like a madman I drew my knife, and plunged it several times in quick succession into the monster's side.

"Blood spurted out in torrents and almost blinded me.

"The last plunge I gave I heard a terrible growl, and then I knew not what happened, for I lost all consciousness. STL & MUS

No. 28.

"When I awoke I found myself lying on the ground covered in blood.

The bear and I were still in a tight embrace. "As I turned my eyes wildly about me I was rejoiced to find that the monster was stone dead.

"My last stroke of the knife had found his heart.

"That last slash had killed him.

"But even when dying he did not let go his hold, but we both fell together. The drom out not the leans

"My escape was most miraculous.

"I got out from the dead bear's tight hold as best I could, and looked at myself from head to foot.

"I was literally covered with blood all over, and a painful sensation in the left arm told me that the beast had bitten me.

"I was very weak, and leaned against a tree for

In the distance I could hear Pedro, the count, Caspar, with Fatty and others searching for and calling me, but I could not reply for they were still too far away.

"I rested for more than half an hour, and then commenced to skin the bear, for his hide was a splendid one.

"This job lasted more than one hour, but at last I secured the skin, toogsa bliw-list is

"In order not to take cold I put the skin around me like a cloak, and walked towards the spot where my companions were waiting about for me.

"I had not gone far when I discovered the Count

and Fatty some distance off.

"I could not shout, but heard Fatty cry out with all his lungs.

"'Fire, count, fire, there's an immense bear walking towards us."

"'Where?' said the Count.
"'There,' said Fatty, pointing towards me, and then ran away towards the camp as fast as his legs would take him.

"I had just time to jump behind a tree out of the

way when the count fired.

"His rifle shot glanced against the bearskin, and then throwing it off my shoulder I discovered myself, and was received with loud cheers by all the party.
""Brave lad," said the old [count, almost in

tears.

"Hurrah!' said Caspar, 'we have found him.'

"But, where's the bear?' said Pedro.

"I showed the way back, and we cut off the hams, and returned to the camp. Some of the lads

forcing me to ride on their shoulders.

"Fatty was not aware of what had happened, and when I got in camp, I found him eating a huge lump of pudding, and telling most wonderful lies to the Mexican teamsters about the bear fight he had had in the morning.

"To cure Master Tony of his boasting I threw the bear skin around me, and muddy and bloody as I was, suddenly placed myself before him in the

dim firelight.

"He dropped his pudding on the instant, and scampered off like mad, shouting and yelling to the great delight of all in the secret.

"Buttons was wild with joy, and capered about like a half wild young monkey as he always proved

"We started again on the following morning, and after three or four days hard travelling through

the parched prairie grass, were all glad when, one morning, we came in sight of the dense forest bordering the Sans Fernando river

"As our horses, oxen, mules, and men required a few days of rest, Pedro piloted us to a large village in the wilderness, called Las Angalos.

"This large village was a half-way place between Mexico and the town of Galveston in the United

to be.

"The pastures were excellent, the water splendid, and the wild sports of the forest were more than sufficient for the most enthusiastic hunter.

"Our lads, and, in fact, all our train, were comfortably provided for, and camped out in the green

forest with tents and fires.

"We made up our minds to stay in that part for a week, at least, in order to strengthen and fatten our horses for the other half of the long journey.

"The Count, Caspar, Hugh Tracy, and all the rest, made many friends among the Mexican villagers, and the longer we stayed the more they seemed to take to us.

"Unable to resist the invigorating air and beauty of a spring-time morning in this lovely climate, I often rose with the sun and galloped along the red, sandy roads until my chest expanded, and the blood bounded through my veins with unwonted

"The dew-moist verdure of field and wood; the ever-fresh half-wild aspect of its forests, all passed before my delighted, unaccustomed eyes, until an unbidden abandon came over me. "I laughed in the saddle, and rollicked in the

freshness of the scene, as even my horse, who, with swishing tail, wide spread nostrils, and steaming

flanks, snorted and shook his head, and cantered along the wood-fringed road in juvenile hilarity and freedom.

"The smoking chimneys of huts; the crowing of cocks, and barking of dogs; the plantation bell, and the shouts of teams a-field, recurred on every hand

"Nature seemed to revel in its youth and

beauty.

"One thing had particularly struck me.

"In my morning rides at sun-rise, the air was literally darkened with the rapid flight of pigeons, which continued for hours.

"Their return at evening shut out from view the

sinking sun.

"While watching these immense clouds of pigeons, one fine morning, an old darkie, with a spade over his shoulder, observed my curiosity, and dryly said,

"' Dats true, massa; dere's no end on 'em down these parts, rader hab dem away, do. De corn'll be none de better arter deir visits-sure! De Lor help de crops whar deys goin'; won't be much left, for dey digs up de young shoots, massa, mighty clean-like, and takes de seed.'

"Some friends informed me that there were immense pigeon roosts some few miles in the interior, and so many stories were told of their vastness, and the heavy losses occasioned by them, that I determined to have ocular proof ere crediting the marvellous stories heard on every hand,

"Some said they knew of roosts twenty-five

miles long, and ten wide.

"Others went farther than this, until I began to imagine they were dealing in the marvellous, since one would suppose that a forest area of thirty miles by twelve, would more than suffice for all the pigeons in creation.

I resolved to examine the statements.

"Towards evening, I saw several of my acquaintance leaving the village with light waggons, who were going to a roost, and I accompanied them.

"They were bent upon a 'spree' I could judge,

for all were laughing and singing.

"And by a frequent gurgling sound, I arrived at the conclusion that plenty of whisky was on board. "The negro teamsters cracked their whips and smoked their pipes.

"Some walked while others lay stretched in their straw-bedded waggons, spinning tough yarns of

hunting, &c.

"There were but few weapons in the party, and those who had them were having occasional shots at the number of squirrels jumping about in all directions.

"The sun had sunk two or three hours when we arrived at the dark, heavy mass of timber consti-

tuting the roost.

"The moon was peeping over the distant forest, giving sufficient light to discern the configuration of the scene of our intended battue.

"The waggons were halted in the hollow of a

neighbouring copse.

"Approaching the roost, we could distinctly hear a sea-like murmur, and the scarcely audible twitter and flutter of millions of birds in swarms upon its swaying branches.

"As the moon-beams chanced to play through the less wooded spaces, we could distinctly see the incon-

ceivable mass of birds clustered like bees.
"A few would occasionally flutter to a new branch and cause disturbance.

"Small trees, crackling here and there, caused occasional commotion,

"While some, bolder than the rest, flew out into the unclouded moon-light, and, after a short flight, would re-enter the timber again.

"The whole forest was a living mass of birds, and a single accidental shot would cause the up-

rising of thousands.

"None were foolish enough to enter the 'roost,' nor were there any dogs that might disturb it.

"For had accident affrighted such vast numbers, they would have flown out into the open grounds, and possibly knocked us down and smothered us.

"For if such numberless creatures bend and break down huge limbs of trees, and leave their roost a mass of broken timber, with a thick layer of feathers, manure, and debris, few persons would have the temerity to go within dangerous proximity, for fear of personal harm,

"Having, therefore, previously provided some dozens of thin deal boarding, and fixed them firmly against a fence in the form of a hoarding, and then placed a large mass of pine wood several feet in front, we ignited it, and immediately retired to a respectful distance, to watch and await the result.

"The smoke soon ascended in columns, and the flames began to crackle and send forth a lurid

glow, which lit the face of the woods.

"As soon as the light brightened, the roost appeared to be in an uneasy state of rustle and flutter, and occasionally a few birds took wing, flew towards

the fire, skimmed round it, and retired.

"Presently, however, as the pine wood shot forth a mass of light, the birds flew about in hundreds, and fast increased to thousands, sweeping hither and thither, until the moonbeams streaming through the forest were completely darkened.

"Their numbers increased every moment. "Flying directly at the blaze, hundreds dashed

against the boards, and lay fluttering on the ground.
"Thus the 'sport,' if it may so be called, continued, until large heaps of birds almost covered the hoarding against which they had been stunned, smothered, and killed.

"It was wise that we had retired a considerable distance from their line of flight, for had any one dared to approach such masses, they must assuredly have been killed, for nothing could scarcely resist their weight and numbers.

"When the fire had burned out, and the birds once more returned to roost, we ventured forth, and filled two waggons with the spoil, leaving several

waggon loads behind.
"The depredations of such immense flocks upon neighbouring plantations are very grievous; and I am assured that they are almost like locusts, for coming at spring time, they despoil thousands of acres of their seedlings, causing sad havoc, and entirely destroying prospective crops.

"Occasionally their stay is but short, but sometimes they choose to remain weeks and months, and there seems to be no method of being rid of them.

"To one who watches the flight of a few pigeons in a city, they seem to be the most harmless creatures in creation; but even the dove, emblematic as it is of innocence and purity, is one of the most destructive of the feathered tribe, and causes much mischief at spring time in the south, where they assail the seed already in the ground, and follow the sower with great diligence and pertinacity.

"The effect of such numbers is best seen in whatever forest they may have used as their 'roost.'

"I once visited one, and could scarcely credit the havoc there visible.

"The earth was covered with large branches, and everywhere a thick layer of manure and featherdown.

"Hogs, wild or domestic, are great patrons of such spots, and grow amazingly fat, for, from some cause, dead birds lie as thickly as fallen fruit in

"Towards morning, our party of pigeon hunters

returned.

"Among our number were Fatty and Buttons. "The former danced about like a maniac, and was for ever talking of 'roast pigeon,' 'boiled pigeon,' 'pigeon soup,' and 'pigeon pies,' until his merriment almost made our heads ache.

"True enough, we had now sufficient pigeons to

last us for a long time.

"But, to my surprise, Fatty and Buttons showed

us all an example by which to profit.

"They plucked the feathers, and made feather-beds, and the first sleep which Fatty had thereon lasted for twenty-four hours or more.

"In fact, his bed was such a huge one, that he was almost hidden among the feathers, and could not be induced to show himself in public, except at dinner-time, and at that particular hour, to use his

own words-" He was always on hand ! over I"

Frank Ford, but justend of doing that you let him CHAPTER LXXXVI, mette fie me I

TOMASSO THE DETECTIVE AND JOEL FLINT,

THE position of Joel Flint in Leghorn, deprived as he was of all communication with his father in England, was not by any means very pleasant.

He was without money.

And more than that, he was without a single friend.

That he must do something shortly he very well

knew, but what to do he knew not.

Tomasso, the detective, instead of proving a friend, now turned round upon Joel, and watched him both night and day as if he had been a thief, if not something worse, wherever he went; whether to the parks, to the theatres, or for a walk, he was sure to meet with Tomasso.

This, at last, became so painful to Joel, that he felt as if he were haunted by some dreadful gnome.

One day, when Joel was walking alone by the seaside pondering on what he had better do, Tomasso touched him on the shoulder rather unexpectedly and suddenly.

The movement, though slight in itself, made Joel

turn deadly pale.

He trembled, and for a moment could not speak. Tomasso's black eyes glistened again as he watched the sudden pallor of the English youth. "You are quite a stranger," said Joel; "how do

you do, Tomasso?"

"Nay, I am very well, I thank you; but how are you, Mr. Schmidt ?" He laid such peculiar stress on the Mr. Schmidt,

that Joel felt more uneasy than ever.

"Nay, how are you, my friend?" said Tomasso, again. "I. heard you were about to leave for England?" "So I was, but and :

"But what?" said Tomasso. "I hope there is nothing unpleasant going on at home."
"Unpleasant? I do not understand you," said

"Well, I meant that I hope your worthy father had not met with any reverse in fortune or any-

thing of that sort, you know." "Oh, no," said Joel, with a well-assumed air of

"No misfortunes of that nature could overpride.

take our family; for my father's wealth is im-

"I'm glad to hear you say so. But, if that be so, how the devil is it that he doesn't send you some money to pay all your debts at the hotel and other

places?"

"Well, you see," said Joel, with the air of a young man who had thousands at his command, "you see, my friend Tomasso, affairs of this kind are beyond your comprehension. My father may be busy, his letters may have miscarried, or even the mail robbed."

"Ah, I dare say. Very unlikely, I think; but

"Pay you? Why, what in the name of Heaven do I owe you?"

"Owe me, eh? Ha, ha! well, that is good, upon

my word."
"Yes, owe you?" said Joel, with a slight flush

across his face. "I owe you nothing."
"Don't you, though. Not so fast; just you listen to me."

"Nay, you just listen to me instead," said Joel. angrily. "I have given you hundreds upon hundreds to capture and convict that young rascal, Frank Ford, but instead of doing that you let him

"Oh, indeed; go on. I am listening. Proceed, I am all attention."

"And let me tell you," said Joel, "you have acted very shabbily towards me, for you have not only robbed me-

"Robbed? Nay, nay, stop, stop, young man; don't you use such words so freely. My honour and reputation are beyond all suspicion."

"Beyond all suspicion, eh? Fiddle-de-dee, Signor Tomasso! You are like all of your trade, and will receive money from both the innocent and the guilty at the same time.'

"I received it from the guilty when I took the money from you," said Tomasso, with an air of

triumph.

"Me guilty?" said Joel, astounded. "Guilty of what? How dare you, sir, insinuate such foul charges against a person of my standing! Go your way, sir; for two pins I'd give you in charge for swindling!"

"Would you indeed?" said Tomasso, grinning.
"How very polite you are all at once. Give me in charge for swindling, eh? Ha! ha! By Jove! that is good, and no mistake."

"It would not be very good or pleasant to you, I think, if I were to expose all your rascality to the

prefect of police."

"I dare say not, in your opinion; and in my opinion it would not be pleasant if I were to have you up before the same prefect, and tell him all about your -

" My what?"

"Why, all you've done in connection with your father in robbing old Ford, and depriving the young Fords of their fortune."

"Robbing—old Ford—the young Fords! What do you mean?" stammered Joel.
"Oh! nothing; but you see robbery was not the worst part of the business-murder was done, Mr.

Tomasso said these few words in such a low, earnest tone that made Joel's blood run cold again.

He answered not a word, but for a second looked the Italian fairly in the face, pale with [astonish-

"Murder!" Joel mechanically answered.

"Yes, murder," said Tomasso, with glittering

Joel tried to speak, but could not.

"Look you here, Mr. Joel Flint, Mr. Schmidt, or whatever your name is," said the detective. "I have had my eye on you for a very long time." " For what ?"

"Why, for taking part in the robbery and murder of old Ford. A mere trifle, ain't it?"

"But I am innocent."

"Of course you are. What scoundrel is there living who is not innocent if you believe them, ha! ha !'

"But surely you cannot for a moment think that

I'd do such a foul thing as that?"

"That depends."

" How do you mean?"

"Why, if you have plenty of money-

"But I have not a five-pound note in the world." "You didn't hear me out, don't be in such a hurry, but listen. If you have plenty of money, or can get it by any means, why, then, you are innocent; but if you are poor, and can't raise a stiver, why, then, you are guilty.'

For some time Joel nor Tomasso spoke.

Joel was deep in thought.

He felt as if he had been clutched by some des-

perate, cruel-handed demon. "Come this way," said Tomasso. "Let us go into this cafe and have a quiet chat, this one near the steam-boat pier. I have much to say to you."

Joel followed his companion, and ere long they

were seated in a small private room.

Tomasso locked the door, and finding everything safe and snug around him, helped himself to wine, threw himself into an arm chair, and pulled out of his pocket a bundle of official and private papers.

"There," said Tomasso, "if you only knew the contents of those letters, it would turn your hair

gray."

"Indeed! Why all this mystery?"

"I will soon explain. The very night of old Ford's murder you did not sleep at Bromley Hall Academy."

" How do you know that?" "By private information."

"Well, what of that? According to the news-paper accounts the murder must have taken place on the night of the very day on which occurred the riot at Bromley Hall."

"You are right; your recollection is not at

"But there were many who did not sleep in the Hall that night. The young Garibaldians had left, and many others; Caspar, for instance."

"I know it; but can you tell me where you slept on that particular night?"

"Y-e-e-s," said Joel, "of course I can." "Where, pray?"

"Why, in the village."

"But, of course, you can prove that?" "I can."

"You can not," said Tomasso, with a smile. "You did not sleep in the village at all."

"What! would you make me out a liar?" said Joel, in great anger.

"Yes; you are not only a liar, but one of the greatest that ever lived. Sit down."

Joel sat down, for escape was impossible.

He was now in the lion's den, from which there was no chance of running.

"Now, of course you don't know that Mr. Caspar was tried and acquitted of robbery?"
"I heard it by chance."

"Jonathan's wife and Shanks, the tutor, were punished for perjury.

"I also heard that."

"But you did not hear, I suppose, that Jonathan himself was hunted night and day by the police ?" "Impossible!"

"No, not at all. He also had a hand in old Ford's murder."

"The scoundrel," said Joel, with well assumed indignation.

"Yes, wasn't he? And his partner in that business is even a still greater vagabond."

"No doubt. What's his name?" "The same as yours, exactly."

"It can't be."

"It is though; your father, Joel, is as deep in the mud as old Jonathan is in the mire."

"You are joking," said Joel, "and try to act upon my fears."

I do not," said Tomasso. "Here is the best of proof."

So speaking, he read the following letter :-

"SIGNOR TOMASSO, DETECTIVE POLICE, LEGHORN.

"SIGNOR TOMASSO, DETECTIVE POLICE, LEGHORN.

"DEAR SIR,—In answer to your letter, I have to inform you that, up to the present moment, the detectives of Scotland Yard have not been able to capture the two old villains, Jonathan and old Flint, the lawyer.

"The officers have not the slightest doubt of their guilt in the matter of old Ford's murder; but the old rascals are so cunning that they have eluded the vigilance of the whole detective force for the present.

"The old lawyer has a son somewhere abroad; but where cannot be discovered.
"If we could only unearly old Flint's son, it is more than

"If we could only unearth old Flint's son, it is more than likely that we could fasten upon him also some share in the bloody tragedy.
"Before the old lawyer made his escape, it has been ascertained

"Before the old lawyer made his escape, it has been ascertained that a large iron safe was packed in a box, and sent to Southampton for transmission abroad; but whether it did or did not go on the continent is a matter of doubt.

"That the safe contained many things of value there cannot be a doubt, for it has been ascertained that a day or two previous to old Ford's murder, old Flint the lawyer had deeds and documents in trust for the two nephews, Tom and Frank Ford, besides a very large sum in ready money.

"If you can trace either his son or the large packing case, we

besides a very large sum in ready money.

"If you can trace either his son or the large packing case, we have no doubt but it would tend to clear up this mystery very speedily, for nine chances out of ten the son, knows where the treasure is, and, perhaps, may be living on part of it.

"If you discover the son, track him, and intercept his letters,

for there can be no doubt but that they (the father and son) correspond with each other. Hoping to hear from you soon, "I remain, yours, &c. "GALE, Detective."

Tomas so finished reading the letter, and Joel stared at him like one who was half demented.

"You see," said the Italian, "I have you in my clutches."

"So it seems," said Joel, and he breathed very hard, and was flushed in the face. "And what do you intend to do with me? You cannot arrest me on mere suspicion."

"But I have more than suspicion of your share in the murder," said Tomasso.

" How?"

"Why, a pocket-book was discovered in Caspar's room the night you stole his cloak and mask."

"Me steal his cloak and mask?"

"Yes, you, Joel; it could not have been any one else, or why should Gale inform me of finding your pocket-book in his room?"

Joel was nonplussed at the amount of evidence Tomasso seemed to have against him; but he made

no other remark than to say,

"Oh, all this kind of reasoning is trumpery; no doubt I did loose my pocket-book in Caspar's room during the riot, but I did not steal the cloak and mask.

"That remains to be seen; but perhaps you will explain the meaning of several mysterious notes which we found in the pocket-book, coming from your father, and all speaking of Mr. Ford's affairs, There are and what he thought of the boys. several very broad hints in them to the effect that if Frank and Tom could only be accidentally drowned while bathing, it would be a matter of thousands in his, your father's, pocket as well as your own."

"Who told you all this nonsense?" said Joel, rising from his seat. "Do you suppose for one moment that I believe anything of all this you have told me? No, not one word."

"It is a matter of very little importance to me whether you believe it or not. I have got copies of the letters to which I allude, and that is sufficient for your apprehension." "And do you mean to do that ?"

"Yes, unless you buy my silence," of has awob

"But suppose I were to do so, what then?" salil

"Why, you could pay me a handsome price, I should retire from the 'force,' and then...""

"I might go to the devil, I suppose?"

"Exactly. Come, what do you say?"

"I say this much, that I have not a five-pound note in all the world."

"But you know where the iron safe is; there is

plenty of money in it."

"I don't know where it is, or I should not allow myself to be in such poverty as I am at present,"

"Oh, that's all nonsense," Tomasso replied. "You know where it is well enough, but you can't get at it, perhaps, eh, that's more likely?"

"You seem to know more about the affairs of

my father than I do myself," said Joel. ""
"I do," said Tomasso, "and, if you will be guided by me, I will get you out of the scrape you are now in."

"In what way?"

"In what way!"

"I know where the safe is."

"You?"

" You ?"

"Yes, and more than that, it is not a mile away from here, as you know very well." It is insuis

"I tell you again and again I do not know where

it is."

"And I tell you again and again that you do. Listen to me, Joel. I have your life in my hands; but, as I perceive a good chance to make my fortune out of you, I am going to do so." Joel bit his lip.

"I know that your father sent that safe to Southampton, and there it remained until by his letters to you, he advised you to send for it. "I never received those letters," said Joel, in

surprise.

"I dare say not, but I did, and sent for the safe. It is now lying in the custom-house, and remains there for you to call for it."

"Are you serious?"

"I was never more so in my whole life."

"This is a trap you have laid for me, Tomasso," said Joel, with a quivering lip. "I knew that the safe was there, and that it was guarded both night and day by two men, who have been sent from England for that purpose. I have no right to go and demand the safe, and therefore shall let it remain where it is."

"Then I shall this instant ring the bell, call in a

couple of officers, and cast you into prison."

Acting up to his word, Tomasso rose to ring the

"Stay!" said Joel, with a flushed face. "I am in your power, although I am innocent. Do not ring that bell, Tomasso, on your life!"

"What?"

"Do not touch it, on your peril! I am desperate, and mean all I say."

So saying, Joel pulled a revolver out of his breast

"You see this," said Joel. "I have always carried it about with me since I have known you, I knew that the time would come when it would be necessary to use it."

Tomasso, for once, was foiled.

With a sudden spring, he leaped upon Joel, and

grasped the revolver.

For a moment they wrestled for the possession of the weapon, and at last Tomasso wrenched it from

With a blow of his clenched fist, he knocked Joel down, and he crouched beneath the Italian's feet

like a cur.

"Now who is master?" said Tomasso, with a fiendish grin. "Rise, dog, rise, and do my bidding, or in less than a week you shall dangle from the gallows !"

Joel rose very humbly, and looked haggard and

chapfallen.

"Go, take this order to the custom-house," said Tomasso, "and demand the safe. I will go and see that no harm befalls you."

"But those two men who are guarding it will recognise me."

"Change your attire and disguise yourself. But why need even that, when you are innocent? Come, come with me-I will see you through this adventure. In an hour I shall be rich."

So speaking, and like a lamb being led to slaughter, Joel followed the Italian detective with tremb-

ling limbs.

CHAPTER LXXXVII, Jadw al"

IN WHICH THE LOST TREASURE IS FOUND.

THE safe really was, as Tomasso described, awaiting

a claimant at the custom-house.

According to orders given them, two Englishmen were hired to watch and mind it. Not that such a heavy package could be well purloined out of the well-guarded government storehouse, but in order to see who and what the person or persons might be who called to inquire for or claim it.

Necessity is the mother of invention, it has been

said, and so it was in the case of Joel.

He swore, in his heart of hearts, to "be even"

with Tomasso.

And so he was; for it is generally found to be true that cunning men can outwit the bravest people, though timid and cowardly themselves.

Joel thought of a great many plans and expedients by which to entrap Tomasso.

He received the order from the Italian detective

to go and receive the safe.

To the custom-house therefore he went, but did not go near where he knew the safe to be safely stored.

He lounged about for some time, and then lei-surely strolled to the sea side of the custom-house, where a number of boats were plying to and fro.

He hailed one.

"Do you want a job to-night, boatman?" said Joel. "To do what ?"

"Why, to row me up and down the harbour. I am in search of a great thief to-night."

"Certainly, sir. When and where shall I meet

"At this spot, about nine o'clock. Don't fail,

and I will pay you well."

The bargain was made, and Joel retraced his steps towards the warehouses again.

Into one of these he stepped, without being perceived, and hid himself among the merchandise,

From his place of concealment he commanded a good view of where the safe was, and of the men who constantly guarded it, both day and night.

Joel had not been more than an hour concealed in his hiding-place, when Tomasso, becoming impatient at the long delay, entered the custom-house yard, and began to make enquiries concerning Joel.

Among others, he particularly questioned the two Englishmen who were minding the safe and its

treasure.

"Have you had any one here enquiring about this large package, my men?" said Tomasso.

"No," was the answer, "and I don't think there is any likelihood of it."

"My mate here begins to think that there can't be anything of value in it, or somebody would have

called long ago."

"And so I do," was the response. "Here have we been a month or more minding this big ugly package both night and day, and nobody comes for it, I suppose we shall have a twelvemonth's work yet."

"I wonder if they've got serpents inside——"
"Or mummies, or what?"

"No, my friends," said Tomasso, "but I'll tell you a great secret,"

"What is it, master?" said the men, anxiously. "Why, that big package has a large iron safe inside, and," said he, in a soft voice, that Joel could scarcely hear, "inside of that safe is a tremendous lot of gold and Bank of England notes."

"The devil there is! I never heard of that afore, master," said the two men, in great surprise.

"It is crammed with money, I tell you, so you must not let it out of your sight for a moment." "No fear of our neglecting our duty."

"I hope not; but now listen to me. You know me well enough?"
"Yes."

"Well, then, there will be a young man who will

call and claim this package."

"Yes; we have been on the watch for him a long time. His name is Flint."

"Yes, that's the name, my men; but the treasure pesn't belong to him. The real owners are named doesn't belong to him. Tom and Frank Ford."

"We have heard of both of them before, and brave lads they are, on sea and land."

"Yes; but they get into all manner of scrapes wherever they go. They are gallant, hardy young fellows, though, for all that," said Tomasso.

"I don't think it possible that either of the brothers will call at any time for it, for I have heard they left Italy several days ago."

"But since our orders are not to deliver up the case to any one but the young Fords, it is more than likely we shall have this job of watching it for some time to come."

"You are right, without you receive a govern-ment order to do otherwise."

"That's right enough, master, we'll attend to all you say. I suppose you are after this young

you say. I suppose you are after this young scoundrel Flint yourself?"

"Oh, yes; I have been hunting for him in all directions, but can't discover his hiding-place." "And do you think it likely that Government

will send down an order for it, master?"
"I don't know for certain; it was spoken of the other evening by the Prefect of Police, who begins to think that, perhaps, there is no money in the package after all, but some dead man's body." "Oh, horrible !"

"It might be so, you know, my lads."

"No telling, master-we live in awful cut-throat times; but let it contain what it may, there is no chance of young Flint coming to claim it, for each of us have got his photograph, and would know him in a minute."

"Just as I supposed," thought Tomasso to himsels. "It was a wise plan of mine to disguise Joel beforehand,"

"I suppose you know the prefect's chief messenger when you see him, don't you?"

"Well, here is his likeness," said Tomasso, giving the watchers a description. "He is about five feet six inches high, wears black whiskers and moustache, dressed in police uniform, but without side arms. If he should call and bring an order, you will not fail to obey all he tells you."

"The document will, of course, have the prefect's

seal upon it?"

"Certainly; such an amount of treasure could not be removed from the customs' yard without

" All right, sir; if he comes we will attend to all you say."

"If he comes at all, it will be by boat; he will

land at the custom-house stairs."

"Not to-night, I hope," said one, "for I want to have a good sleep while my mate is keeping watch."

Tomasso went away from the men, and, as he was known to all the officials in the custom-house yard, his prying about was not noticed,"

"Where the devil can that young wretch have got to?" he thought. "I gave him a first-rate disguise-a bran new police uniform, false hair, whiskers, and moustache. Surely he has not fallen into any mischief! Where can he be? I gave him the order—one I counterfeited—with the prefect's seal; it ought to have been arranged long ago. What if he plays me false!"

This thought made Tomasso bite his lips in anger, but he made his way to the café where he had promised to meet Joel and hear how he had

succeeded.

Joel, of course, was not there. Tomasso waited hour after hour, but Flint did not keep his appointment,

In a hurry Tomasso went back again to the gate of the custom-house.

It was locked for the night, will jail you

The Italian cursed and swore right roundly at his ill-luck, and slowly walked back to the cafe once more in hopes of meeting Joel.

But young Flint was still in his hiding-place, and intently watching the manœuvres of the two men who were guarding the safe.

Yet he was not aware that the doors had been

locked upon him.

And there he was, hidden among boxes, and bales, and sacks, peeping out of the first-floor window, and with his ear cocked for whatever he might hear

from those below.
"I say, Jimmy," said one of the men, "are you

going to have that snooze you spoke of, or what?"
"No, mate," was the reply, "sleep won't know me for the next twenty-four hours."

"Why not?" "I've got an idea." So have I,"

"I should very much like to see what there really is in this immense packing-case, for, hang me! if I don't begin to think as how there's some mystery going on here, or they wouldn't be so very particular about giving orders, and so on."
"That's just what I were a thinking on," the

other replied.

"Well, what say you? There ain't many guards about here during the night. We could easily open it and help ourselves without any one being the wiser."

"That's what I were a thinking; and, if you like to go shares and shares, why I'm your man," "Done!" said the other; "but where can we get

tools from ?" "I know," said the other, and without another

word he went his way, and got the necessary tools.

"You keep watch while I am at work, and when I'm tired, do you take a turn."of moissuared orom

"Agreed."

In a moment, one of the men sauntered away to keep a good look-out for the sentries which patrolled the custom-house yard, so as to give his companion warning.

The other with hammer, chisels, and a small crow-bar, commenced to work vigorously at the packing-case, and as it stood under a shed in the shade, he was unperceived by any one save Joel

With a few vigorous and silent efforts with the chisel and crowbar, he soon cut open the thick planking of the packing-case, and commenced to work at the door of the safe.

While so engaged, his companion whistled in a

warning manner, and the work ceased.

Presently a patrol passed the spot; but seeing nothing that attracted particular attention, the man passed on, and the robber began to work in darkness again.

"This won't do," thought Joel, from his hidingplace, "they are bent on breaking open the safe. If

they succeed all will be lost."

He, therefore, climbed out of window, and at the risk of breaking his neck, slipped down the waterpipe, and reached the ground.

He crept close to the warehouse wall out of the moonlight, and in a few minutes reached the

His step was so cat-like that the dishonest watchman "operating" on the chest did not hear him

In fact, Joel actually tapped the man upon the shoulder ere he was aware of any one being present.

He started to his feet, and would have fled, but Joel presented a revolver at his head.

"Stir," said Joel, with the air of a very brave man, "stir, and I will not only kill you but raise an alarm, and have you and your companion hung."

"You know all, then?"
"I do. I have heard every word you said, and have been watching you both for more than an hour."

"You are one of the police, from your dress."
"I am not, but your friend, if you like."
"My friend?" gasped the astonished thief, in

much surprise.

"Yes, your friend. I have had my eye upon this safe for the past month, and intended to do exactly what you have begun; what say you, shall we be friends and share the prize?"
"With all my heart."

"Then let me tell you that there is a boat waiting for me just off the custom-house stairs. I have simply to hail it, and we are safe, then, with

"Then you intended to prize it open to-night, eh?"

"I did, or else carry it away by main force, which is much better, for I have friends in the boat."

"An excellent idea," said the rough fellow in reply. "If we could only get it away in a boat, all the rest would be easy; but how is it to be done, there are too many guards about?"

"I'll tell you how," said Joel, "there are three of

bat's what I were a thinking ; and, if Hawling

"Let each go and set fire to one of the warehouses. When they blaze up all will be confusion. hurry, and bustle; during the hubbub, we will haul

off the safe to our boat."

The robber seemed appalled at the boldness of the proposition, but he knew that now was not the time to mince matters, so, therefore, after a little more persuasion, he consented to the diabolical scheme and signalled to his mate, who was still on the look-out.

When this fellow perceived Joel he recoiled, and

would have run away in fright.

When things were explained to him, however, he

stoutly refused to set fire to anything.

It was not until threats of personal violence had been used that he consented to join in the devilish business.

Each went his way, and, for some time, nothing was heard or seen of them.

In less than half an hour, however, red flames burst forth from no less than half-a-dozen warehouses.

The appalling grandeur of the conflagration came so unexpectedly upon the view, that the town and harbour were instantly and beautifully illuminated by the light.

"Fire! fire! fire!" was the dreadful cry which now resounded from the custom-house guards.

"Fire! fire! fire!" was re-echoed far and wide. The gates were thrown open, and in poured a multitude of excited people, all intent upon saving the government property or bent upon petty peculation.

"Keep back! keep back!" shouted the guards at the gates, as, with levelled bayonets, they tried to resist the maddened rush of an excited populace.

But it was all to no purpose. The guards were knocked down and trampled under foot.

On rushed the excited people, shouting and

clamouring.

In less than five minutes the engines arrived, one

after another, in rapid succession.

Through the tall iron gates they dashed at headlong speed, with foaming horses, amid the shouts of a half wild, hat-waving people.

It was too late. Everywhere the flames had got

the mastery.

The red glare was oppressive. The black clouds were lit up with a glow like that of a thousand

Timber cracked, beams fell, roofs tumbled in, and on every hand the sparks flew up to heaven in bright

red showers.

"Mind the powder! swamp the powder magazine!" shouted a thousand voices; but still the crowds got thicker and denser, and on every hand could be seen workmen and policemen and firemen saving valuable property from destruction.

Much brandy was destroyed, hundreds of wine barrels had their heads knocked in, and all who worked the engines and handed buckets about, refreshed their thirsty throats, while hundreds who did not and would not work did the same.

Boxes, barrels, cases, bales of goods, and other property, were wheeled or carried away by the deyouring elements it exist of beb 12 AU67

On every hand confusion, noise and tumult reigned.

And above the dull roar of thousands of voices could be heard the regular clank clank of the hand engines, and the shrill whistle of steam machines.

Amidst all this hubbub, however, there was one particular individual who was looking after his own

particular interests.

That individual was none other than Joel Flint. When a large number of persons had run into the great yard, Joel issued from his place of concealment, and mingled among them.

In the undress uniform of prefect's messenger, he was looked upon as an official, and every one

made way for him.

He rushed about hither and thither as if intent upon saving property instead of stealing it.

He soon encountered one of his accomplices, as he approached the much-coveted safe.

"Where is your mate?" asked Joel, in a hoarse whisper. "We have not a moment to loose; this must be conveyed away at once. Where is your mate?" he again asked.

The pale incendiary trembled, and as he looked

at Joel, gasped out,
"Oh, what have we done this wretched night?
Would that I had never seen you, or that I had died ere doing what I have done."

"Why, what is the matter? Is there not a mine of silver and gold in the safe to reward us?"

"Reward? reward?" the man gasped. "What reward can compensate for what we have done-a wife and her children have been burned to ashes?" "What of that, dolt?" said Joel. "What is that

to us? Where is your mate?"

"He went into a warehouse, and after he had set fire to the goods he tried to escape but could not.'

"Is that true?"

"As true as Heaven's above us; he too had a wife and children in England. Now he is no more -he is dead."

" Dead ?"

"Yes; the smoke and flames overpowered him. He tried to escape over the roof; I saw him with my own eyes; but, just as he was about to leap on to the top of a house near by, the roof fell in with a crash! He threw up his hands in wild despair, gave a shout of anguish, next moment he disappeared."
"Horrible?" said Joel.

"But, nevertheless, we

must get to work, or it may be too late.'

Finding that his companions in crime were too much shocked by the terrible judgment which had fallen on his mate, Joel gathered around him a dozen idlers, and in the confusion that reigned on every hand, managed to drag away the safe from under the shed towards the boat landing-stairs.

While this was going on, Joel ran towards the sea-wall, and hailed the boat which he knew would be in waiting for him.

"Boat aboy!" he shouted.
"Boat aboy!" was the response, and in a few moments a swift four-oared craft shot under the sea-wall, and was moored at the foot of the boat

"You have come at last, signor?" said the cox-

swain. "And, as your excellency wanted swift rowers, I have brought three beside myself."
"Right," said Joel. "Fasten your boat, and come on shore. I must not look after harbour thieves tonight, but try and save as much of the Government property as I can; therefore, come on shore, all four of you, and assist me to bear away a large packing-case."

THE BOY SOLDIER: OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



With the prospect and promise of extra pay, the four boatmen leaped on shore, and in a few moments were working very hard in getting the large packing case towards the boat.

og are very much mistaken. These Indians

This was soon done, however, and all were seated at their oars again, ready to pull away from the shore, when Joel was suddenly startled by hearing some one in the crowd shouting out,

"This is one of the watchmen; this is one of them, I can swear to it. Where is the safe? Tell quickly, man. Where is your mate?" a swent?" It was the voice of Tomasso.

Upon the first alarm of fire at the custom-house he had hurried thither, the " odateim on bus

Had he been here five minutes sooner, he would have seen and saved the safe; but it had been got into the boat. I flo out of var bas, boow and

The Italian detective was furious. Wall ow a

He seized Joel's sole companion in crime by the throat, and would have strangled him in passion.

"The safe, I say! the safe!" he cried. The now half-demented man struggled, but all to

no purpose.

No. 29.

He could not escape from the vice-like grip of the officer.

"Unloose your hold, and I will tell you all. The safe is there in that boat yonder!" he shouted, pointing to Joel, who was busily engaged in loosening the mooring ropes.

With the bound of a wounded tiger, Tomasso pressed through the crowd, and ran towards the boat.

"Pull away, men! pull away!" said Joel, in a terrible state of alarm. "Pull away, men, I will handsomely reward you. There is great treasure in this safe. Pull away ! pull away !'

The boat had not got more than four feet from the landing, when Tomasso dashed towards it down the stone steps.

"Stop! stop!" he said, in tones of passion, and his eyes flashed like those of a demon. "Stop! stop I on your lives you have among love stop I on your lives your

"Pull away, men! pull away!" said Joel, in great fear.

One moment more, and Tomasso would have leaped on board; but as he tried to do so his foot

slipped, he fell into deep water, and Joel struck him a heavy blow on the head with an oar.

An oath from Tomasso, as he struggled in the

water, and a laugh of triumph from Joel, was all that passed between them at that fearful moment.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

ATTACK OF THE INDIANS UPON THE ENCAMP-MENT OF THE BOY SOLDIERS.

As is always the custom among those who are travelling through the vast prairies, Frank Ford followed the count's advice, and established a strong guard which should protect the camps at night.

On one occasion when they had travelled a long distance during the day, Frank camped rather

earlier than usual.

The waggons were formed into squares, the horses and mules were allowed sufficient length of rope to graze by, and the oxen were all hobbled so that they could not stray too far away.

Fires were lighted, the sentinels were put on their various posts, and all was snug and com-

fortable.

Nearly every one who had nothing in particular to do were already stretched in their blankets and rugs before the fires or under the waggons.

Frank, however, with Caspar, the Count, Hugh Tracy, Pedro the guide, and several of the Boy Soldiers, were chatting and smoking and listening to various accounts which one and another had to relate of Mexico, and the war then raging.

While thus pleasantly engaged with pipes, cigars,

and the like, Frank said,

"Pedro, you didn't seem in good spirits to-day."

"No, captain, I did not."

"And why not?—what was the cause?"

"Why, gentlemen, if you must know the cause, I will simply say that I feared some attack from the Indians.'

"Indians !" said Frank.

"I couldn't see any," said the count.

"No, gentlemen, I dare say not, nor could I see them, but I have no doubt in the world but that they were not far off."

"Indeed, what makes you think so?"

"Well, you see, gentlemen, I have travelled these prairies many a year, and was never mistaken once yet. This morning, when we struck camps, and continued our march, I saw certain signs in the grass to convince me that some Indian or other had paid us a visit the night before, unknown to any one."
"Can it be possible? Why, we had our guards

"Yes, gentlemen, I know all about that; but an Indian will creep through the grass as quietly as a mouse, and within three feet of any one who is not well acquainted with their manners and customs."

I'W hy, he might have cut all our throats," said

Fatty, indignantly, i aren'T

"No, not that exactly Whoever it was that came, he must have been some big brave, as they call them. He came to see what we had of value among us, and I haven't the least doubt but that the villanous Blackfeet know by this time as well as we do ourselves how many men and rifles and horses and mules we have among us as we do ourselves." I heard the wolves howling and barking all

night," said Hugh. "So did I," said Caspar, "and saw them too, for

one came very close to our provision waggon, and began smelling about, but when I rose to fire my gun, he darted off into the long grass again."

"Are you sure that everything that moved about during the night was a wolf?" asked Pedro. I fancy you are very much mistaken. These Indians can and do imitate all sorts of animals when they like; but this spy, whoever he was, came on horseback."

"Then some of our party must have seen him?"
"No, they didn't," said Pedro. "The Indian must have ridden close up to us before the moon rose. He then lassoed his horse, threw it upon its side, and tied its legs with cord, thus hiding it in the long grass. After this performance, I dare say he covered his head and body with the skin of some wild animal, and then crept close up to us.
That is the way they do it. I know 'em well, the
red-skinned villains,"

"I wish I had known it," said Buttons. "I'd

have sent a bullet through his hide."

"You think so, perhaps, but these Indians have sharper eyes than you give them credit for. He would have sent a bullet through your hide more likely," said Pedro, laughing.
"Well, and what do you expect will result from

this visit?" asked Frank. "Seriously, do you suppose they will attack us?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"The devil !" said Caspar, "then we had better

prepare for them."

"Don't fear, major. I have done that already; every gun, pistol, revolver, and rifle in all our company is already cocked and ready, but they won't

come to disturb us to-night, I think,"
"I'm glad of that," said Fatty. "I want a good sleep to-night, and shouldn't like to be disturbed

by the beggarly Indians."

"Have you not noticed a slight cloud of dust to the westward, which has followed our march for the last three or four days, Capt. Frank ?" Pedro asked.

"I have."

"So have I," said Caspar.

"I didn't think you knew the meaning of it, so therefore didn't like to disturb you until there was some real occasion for it."

"What was it, then?"

"It was a party of Blackfeet who have been fol-lowing us; but were waiting for a favorable opportunity to attack us."

"You don't mean it."
"I do. They were the ones who set the prairie on fire. They thought of burning up all the grass around us, so as to starve our horses, and leave us helpless." The cunning devils | nwon, bown grinning all

"I, myself, have had very little rest for the last three or four nights, and last night I so arranged the guards that should any spy visit our camps, he would be sure to tell his companions that we were careless, and not on the look-out for them."

"I never dreamed of such trickery," said Hugh ; "but if they do come, we'll give them a rare wel-

"Yes, and no mistake," said several being bad ad "What I fear is," said Pedro, "that they will suddenly dart upon us when we are travelling through some wood, and try to cut off the waggons."hi

"But we have no forest to pass through yet," said Frank.

"Yes we have, captain," said Pedro, "To-morrow morning we shall enter one about ten miles from this spot; and, mind me, every one must be on the look-out for them." no purpose.

"Never fear," said all; "if they try to entrap us, we must do the same with them," "All right," said the count, "so the villains don't disturb us in our rest to-night, I don't mind; so, good night, Pedro."

"Good night, gentlemen," said Pedro, the guide,

and he left Frank's tent.

All was still, and every one feeling safe and

secure, went to sleep.

They had not been slumbering more than an hour, when Pedro, ever watchful, went out to see that the camp guards were all awake, and doing their duty properly.

One or two he found fast asleep in the grass, and these he kicked so vigorously that they jumped to their feet in great alarm and astonishment.

"What the devil are you all about, eh?" swore Pedro. "Do you want us all butchered in cold blood by the Blackfeet? Get up, and if you dose off again, I'll have you whipped right soundly."

He went further, and found young Buttons on

guard.

At first Pedro could not see him, for Buttons was crouched down upon the ground, intently watching something in the distance.

"What do you see?" Pedro asked.
"I can't tell what it is," was the whispered reply, "but for the last half-hour I have seen a great way off something dancing among the high grass, like a man on horseback."

"Where? In what direction?"

"Why, yonder," said Buttons, pointing in the direction meant.

"Do you see it now?" said the quick-eyed young volunteer.

The Count, sworl in band, a 1.00 and on the Caspar, Hugh Tracy, and other be it be 11.10 and other than the can be supported by the country of the country o

"" I can't tell yet; but will soon find out whether it be a man or a buffalo."

So speaking, Pedro went to one of the camp fires and seized a burning brand.

This he twirled around his head thrice, and then

threw it into the fire again.

"If you see any object approach our camp at full gallop, don't fire," said he, to Buttons; "it may be some trapper who has lost his way, or escaped from the Indians."

"And will he know what you meant by that signal?"
"Yes, if he's trapper, he will; but if it's an Indian, he'll think I was breaking up a faggot—listen!"

They did listen, and in a short time both could distinctly hear the rapid approach of some horse-

In five minutes the outlines of the stranger approaching could be plainly seen.

He came nearer and nearer.

"It is a trapper," said Pedro, "don't fire or alarm the camp."

Buttons did not fire, and shortly the trapper galloped towards them. "Halt!" said Buttons.

And on the instant the mounted man stopped.

Pedro went out to meet him, and conducted him into the camp.

He was a tall, rough, ragged-looking fellow, without arms or weapons of any kind, save a long, dirk knife.

His hair was hanging all over his face and

shoulders.

Blood was upon his hands, and his face was discoloured with gore which ran down from a bullet-

wound in his cheek, "Water, water!" he faintly asked for, and

seemed to be so weak that he could hardly speak or keep his seat in the saddle, The horse he rode was an Indian mustang, and

The horse he rode was an Indian mustang, and foam was on every part of him,

"Saved! saved!" he said, and slipped off his horse. "Are you Mexicans, or Americans!"

"Neither," said Buttons, proudly. "We are English volunteers, on our way to Mexico."

"Good!" said the trapper. "I heard as much, but could scarcely believe it. The Indians are on the war trail, and will be upon you before many hours." hours."

"How do you know that?" said Pedro.
"I have just escaped from the Blackfeet, and know all."

"Come this way," said Pedro, and he led the trapper to Frank's tent.

Frank, Hugh, Caspar, and the Count, were fast asleep at the time.

When they were awakened, Fatty looked astonished at the grisly, blood-stained appearance of the stranger. Pedro soon explained all to Frank.

Pedro soon explained all to Frank.

"Escaped from the Blackfeet?" said the Count.

"Yes, sir, and the truth of the whole matter is this Captain Tom Ford and his two ships have been playing the very devil with Maximilian's shipping down in the Gulf of Mexico, and the liberals heard that you were on your way to join Juarez in fighting against the French."

"Quite true."

"Quite true."

"Quite true."
"Juarez knew me to be a well-know trapper and gave me a dispatch for you."
"Where is it?"
"I have destroyed it, but know its contents very well, word for word.

"When the French heard of your coming they acquainted Maximilian of it, and he communi-

cated the fact to his minister.

"This minister, who is a renegade Mexican, sent word to Eagle-wing, chief of the Blackfeet, to intercept you on the plains, cut off your cattle, and then destroy you in the wilderness.

"Juarez heard of this and sent a despatch by me

to warn you in time.

"But, unfortunately, I had not been more than four days on my journey to meet you, when I was surrounded by the Blackfeet, and, after a terrible running fight which lasted half the day, my horse was shot from under me, and there I was among them wounded and helpless.
"I tore up the message Juarez had given me,

and thus, if even they knew how to read it, they were unble to get any information about

journey.
"I remained among them for more than a week,
"I remained among them for more than a week,

"They had made up their minds to kill me, but were so occupied in looking after your trail that they put off roasting me until some other day, for I could see they knew my real character.

"They could not speak any language but their own, which I understood well enough, but did not

pretend to do so.

"From their joyful jabbering I knew they had got on your trail, and last night one of their numbers even penetrated into your camps."

"I told you so," said Pedro.

"And got back safely to his comrades, and reported you to be very few and careless; but that you had lots of horses and provisions."

"They held a grand council, and resolved to attack

you and destroy your train.

"I heard all about it, and tried to plan some

"I was tied both hands and feet, however, and could not move.

"An Indian watched me both night and day, and

I could not stir but his dark eyes were upon me.
"In order to have plenty of rest before they tracked you, they all went to sleep at sunset last night.
"I pretended to slumber myself; but it was all

"My guard, however, dosed off beside me, and

lay down quite close to me.
"In turning over, his hunting knife fell from his

"With great difficulty I picked it up with my teeth, and managed to cut the tight things around my right arm.
"This done, I quickly cut the rest, and was about

to get up when my guard awoke.
"I seized him by the throat, so that he would not cause any alarm, and in an instant killed him. "In a moment I crept out among the horses.

"Vaulting on to one, I galloped away.

"But just as I did so, some villain espied me, and

"I knew that I should be pursued, and so I was for several miles; but I rode in quite a different direction to where your camp fires lit up the sky, so as to throw the Redskins off the scent; but a stray bullet, the last they fired at me, struck me on the cheek, and glanced off, otherwise I should have been a dead man long ago.

"And now that I have told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, give me a

drink of whisky, and let me have a sleep."

The trapper's account of his adventures and sufferings was so true in all particulars that no one doubted hin for a moment.

"And when do you think they intend to attack us?" Frank asked.

"To-morrow morning, I think, but they may change their mind before that," said the trapper, groaning and wiping the blood off his face.

"Then let all prepare at once for them," said

"Yes, that's right," said the trapper, "be prepared for them, but make no noise or bustle, if you do you will be seen, for I have no doubt they have a spy or two out in the high grass watching all your movements.

Frank, the Count, Pedro, Hugh, Casper, and every one began to prepare for the coming conflict; but night passed on and no Indians were visible any-

where.

When the sun rose the company started on their journey again, very carefully and close together.

Some of the party rode far out into the prairie, to the right and left of the waggon train to look out for the enemy.

But nowhere was a single Indian visible; not the slightest trace of any one or anything could be

Noon was passed, and Frank began to think that the Indians might have changed their minds and gone off without attempting to harm him or his friends.

Towards evening, according to Pedro's word, they were approaching a thick forest, and soon after

The waggons were well guarded, and in front no one ever for a moment thought of danger, and began to imagine that in less than an hour all would be snugly encamped and resting for the

They were all mistaken.

For while they were just entering and passing

through an open space in the forest, a numerous band of Indians, mounted and on foot, rushed upon the waggon train with ear-piercing yells. They were armed with pistols, knives, bows and

arrows, rifles, tomahawks, and heavy spike-headed bludgeons.

They rushed upon the volunteers with great fury, and for a few moments all was uproar and confusion. (See cut in No. 28).

Eagle-wing, the chief, was foremost in the frav.

Mounted on a strong young horse, he galloped about, dealing blows to the right and left with his ponderous war club.

The fight which now ensued between the Boy Band and the Indians was of the most fierce and sanguinary description.

Rifle shots and deadly arrows were flying about

in all directions.

Frank Ford, with the greatest coolness, commanded during the entire combat, and gave his orders in a loud, cheery voice, which could not be mistaken by any one.

For some time the shouts, yells, and screams of the Redskins was something dreadful to hear,

Fatty and Buttons, not having any horses, were compelled for some time to fight on foot.

But the danger was very great, and each moment they were well nigh trampled under foot both by friend and foe.

Fatty and Buttons therefore climbed into one of the waggons, and kept up such a lively fire with their rifles and revolvers, that in a very short time more than a dozen Indians were knocked over and bit the dust.

The Count, sword in hand, accompanied by Caspar, Hugh Tracy, and others, dashed right into the midst of the terrible Redskins, and cut down all before them like as if they were dry reeds.

Eagle-wing, the chief, seeing his men fast falling all around him, and with no hopes of final success, became desperate, and rushed hither and thither, with his immense war-club and tomahawk, and dispersed the Mexican drivers, who cared more to save their lives than to protect the waggon train.

It was in vain that Frank and others called

upon them to act like men.

They would not. They had been hired to drive the teams, they said, and not to fight; and therefore hid out of the way under the waggons, or even climbed up trees.

Frank threatened to shoot the rascals like dogs if

they did not fight.

But all these threats they did not care for, and began swearing and growling about their ill luck in pitiable tones.

Eagle-wing roused up his Indians for a last attempt.

They retreated for some little distance, and then turned back again with greater fury than ever.

Eagle-wing espied the escaped trapper among the Boy Soldiers, and made a dash at him.

The trapper was much too weak to encounter such powerful man as Eagle-wing single-handed.

He therefore dodged the terrific and deadly blow which was aimed at him, when Frank Ford galloped up to his rescue.

The meeting of Frank and Eagle-wing was one which few of the oldest Indian hunters have ever witnessed, or even heard of, for bravery and obstinacy.

With a loud laugh of scorn, Eagle-wing rode up to Frank, and made a terrific stroke at the brave youth's head.

Frank smiled, and warded off the blow.

Next instant Eagle-wing gave a sharp cry of pain. Frank had wounded him in the right arm with a sabre cut.

Again and again they met and exchanged deadly strokes.

Hugh Tracy, and others, would have Caspar, assisted Frank in the combat.

But this the brave young soldier would not

"Leave this grisly chief to me, lads," said Frank, others; disperse or kill them; the victory is almost gained."

With terrible curses on his lips, the Indian chief rode down upon Frank, and seized him by the

throat.

Next instant both combatants were on the

ground, wrestling in a death struggle.

It was now a case of life or death for one or both. Frank was becoming exhausted, and the Indian perceived it. With a cry of triumph, he was about to throw Frank to the ground and kill him, when Frank, with great cleverness, tripped up his grim antagonist.

With a heavy sound Eagle-wing fell to the earth. In an instant Frank placed one knee upon his

Eagle-wing writhed in agony and torture.

It was impossible for him to move, however, yet he managed to free one of his hands.

Frank perceived this.

Eagle-wing raised his knife, and would have stabbed Frank to the heart.

It was the last time, however, that he raised that

bloody scalping knife. In a second Frank put the revolver to his head.

A sharp report followed.

Eagle-Wing gave a last shrill cry.

He was no more.

Frank knelt upon the prostrate body of his foe. Eagle-wing's cry, however, had been heard by his followers, and filled them with consternation.

With loud shouts they fled from the scene of action on all sides, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

"Pursue! pursue!" shouted Caspar, and followed by every one who was able, the Boy Soldiers sallied forth with three hearty cheers after the galloping figures of their bloodthirsty Indian foes. W oH

"Hurray! hurray!"
"England for ever!"

Such were the shouts heard on all sides, as the gallant boys, new joined by Fatty and Buttons on horseback, dashed away through the forest after the villanous Blackfeet.

bib ed staid CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE BLACKFEET INDIANS ARE ROUTED-THE VICTORY GAINED-THE TRAPPER'S TERRIBLE

"THANK heaven, we have proved victorious!" said Frank, as he stood looking at the grim, blood-stained body of the gigantic Indian chief, Eagle-"Thank heaven we have come off conquerors, or else-

"Or else," said the trapper, who stood by his side, laughing, "or else, my friend, the Blackfeet would have made soup of all of us before the week was

out."

Frank smiled as he pointed to the dead chief near his feet," and said, many and seed the or said our

"Trapper, it was a fair fight between us, wasn't

"Oh! yes," was the careless reply, "it was all but if I had been only a little stronger on my legs, I should have had the honour of doing for Eaglewing here. Oh, yes, you English boys fight splendidly, and no mistake; but you must never stand on 'honour and fairness' when you are in a scrim-mage with the darned Redskins—the Blackfeet in particular, for they are such treacherous, cowardly flends. Why, look at Eagle-wing here, with blood streaming all down his face, why, he has killed— nay, murdered, that's the way to call it—many a white man in his time; and look you here, Captain Frank, if the old settlers on the border, were only to know this minute that you and your gallant lads had 'done for' over a dozen of these rascally Redskins, they'd dance for joy, for Eagle-wing has been the terror of the plain for over twenty years; yes, ever since I could remember. A murdering villain he was, and no mistake. You deserve a medal for doing this little job, and no gammon. Won't the newspapers give you a long puff for all this? Mark me, if your hands ain't almost wrung off with shaking pretty girls. I'd give a thousand dollars to have had Eagle-wing's scalp-lock. And so I will !" he added, with an oath.

In an instant, and before Frank could prevent it, the trapper knelt down beside the dead chief, whipped out his long knife, and cut off Eaglewing's scalp-lock.

Frank was astonished and disgusted, as the trapper, in triumph, held up the gory trophy, and turned away towards a waggon to procure some refreshment.

"You hate the Indians most intensely, trapper?"

said he.

"I do, Captain Frank, and so would you if you had suffered so much from 'em as I have done."
"Have you suffered much, then?"

"Yes, all my life." helb od restant or and "Indeed!"

"From the time I was a boy, I can remember nothing else but bad blood between us whites and the Indians."

"But I suppose the white settlers were the first

to begin the quarrels and fights?

"I don't know that. That's what all you English people say; but I remember when a boy, these same Blackfeet came down upon a small settlement, and butchered all the white people they could find-my father and mother among themburnt all the houses to the ground, ran away with the cattle, and violated and scalped all the young girls they could find," "Those were terrible times, trapper, not tesel is

"Yes they were terrible times, trapper."

"Yes they were, Captain Frank, and many a gallant man has lost his life since through the cunning and knavery of those same Indians you fought so well to day."

"Eagle-wing, yonder, dead and cold, could tell a

terrible tale if he could speak."

The trapper for a moment seemed in deep

thought; but said at last, very gravely,
"It is not so bad now as it used to be, when a fellow was obliged to sleep with only one eye open, and often woke up in the morning and felt in vain for his scalp.

"No! they are golden times now compared with formerly: no, I meant to say they were formerly golden compared with now.

"At that time a good beaver-skin was worth from seven to ten dollars, and now a fellow is glad to get rid of it for two or three, wors gurin smit

"It was certainly not altogether right among the Redskins; but, to make up for that, you had a jolly little fight now and then.

"The devil! fights still more delicious than ever

take place now.

"No; the world is much too spoiled for such

excitement.

"There is no life now, and the Indians have

become just such sleepy heads as the whites.
"You should have been here ten years ago; there were men to be found then—thunder and lightning !-men who fought when they hadn't as much skin left on their heads as would cover a

"Men who made faces at their foes long after

they were dead! did no stellles old sellles old sellle Only think, not far from here—we shall probably pass the spot to-morrow—there is a heap of

stones, and under it one of my best friends.

"He was generally known by the name of Jolly Baptiste, for never did a white hunter put a bullet fitto the eye of a stag or into the brain of an Indian with a merrier face than Jolly Baptiste did.

"He might be a year or two older than I, but you must not forget that many years have passed

since then.

"Good, then; he and I, and half a dozen hearty beaver-trappers, were going to the Guadaloupe River to hunt as free trappers with friendly Indians, and were camping in a ravine not far from the heap of stones which, as I said, we shall probably pass to-morrow.

"It was an evening just as fine as this one. The spider-webs were floating just as slowly through the air, and the prairie wolves were howl-

ing and barking just as sweetly as to-day.

"Ah, poor Baptiste! it was his last Indian summer—his last evening!

"Confound the thing, I would give my rifle and

horse for him to be still alive!
"But no matter, he died like a man—like a

"Well, we had made our camp, were smoking tobacco, and chewing dried meat.

"We had not been lucky in hunting during the

last few days, so says Jolly Baptiste,

"'Hang me, if I will blunt my teeth any longer on this stuff; I must have fresh meat."

"So he takes his rifle, and goes down into the

"We were all satisfied with this, wished him luck, and advised him not to return empty-handed. "We thought of anything less than Indians, for we had not seen the fresh print of a mocassin for at least ten days.

"A good half-hour may have passed, the sun was about as low as now, when we suddenly heard in the distance the crack of Baptiste's rifle.

"I knew its voice as certainly as my own mother's: I mean years ago, when she was still alive, and I was a boy.

"We guessed from the sharp crack that the shot had been fired on the plain and not in a gully, and

went up to learn the result.

"What do you think we saw? Oh, Jupiter! I felt the blood stand in my veins, for I was at that time quite a young fellow, to whom such a thing might happen-I saw my friend, Jolly Baptiste, fighting with no less than four accursed villains of the Blackfeet.

"One of the dogs lay already on the ground, for

Baptiste's bullet had passed through his brain.

But the three others attacked him at the same time, firing arrow after arrow at him.

"I began to think that they were too much for Baptiste, for at the moment when he became visible to us he fell down on the grass.

"But it was only his cunning."

"For when we scaled the hill again to hasten to his help—we had merely run back to fetch our rifles—he was on his legs again.
"The merry lad only wanted to get the villains

nearer to him, and lost no time.

He swung the heavy rifle round his head as if it were a twig, and the second of his foes fell to the ground with a fractured skull.

"But now the two last were upon him: we saw them struggle with him for a little while, and then

all three fell.

"We could not distinguish anything further. "We ran as quickly as we could set one foot before the other, and yolled and implored him to hold out a few minutes longer.

"But it was too late, and poor Baptiste's fighting

was over.

"We had not arrived within rifle-shot, when one of the Indians suddenly rose, uttered his fierce war-yell, and shook Jolly Baptiste's bloody scalp at us.

"Yes, I still see him before me. instant ne nl

"I would have given ten years of my life if I had been within gunshot. "But what was the use? 101 oldissogmi saw al

"The dog bounded away like an antelope, and I shed tears of fury.

"The scene we witnessed on reaching the battlefield was, although bloody, most truly consoling, "There lay our brave friend in the midst of his

defeated foes. "At about a rifle-shot off was the man he first

"Two paces from him was the one whose brains

he had dashed out with his clubbed rifle. "And close to him the third, whom he had throttled with his right hand in the fullest sense of

"He held the fellow so tight, that we were obliged to cut his neck muscles to free Baptiste's

"In spite of the four or five arrows which stuck deep in his body, Jolly Baptiste had succeeded in

settling two of the prairie villains.
"He would have given the last one his dose if the throttled man had not driven his knife up to the hilt in his chest, and the runaway split his skull with his tomahawk.

"The dog had also stripped off his scalp with such cleverness that not a single hair was left be-

"Only a thorough old hunter could have given such a circular cut.

"It is, at any rate, a consolation that he was not scalped by a boy.

"And Jolly Baptiste, what do you think he did after he was dead?

"He looked wildly after the flying Indian, and thrust out his tongue at him.

"Yes, such a man was Baptiste.

"A doctor at the military station, to whom I mentioned this fact, said that the Indian must have knelt on the dying man's throat, which produced such a strange performance.

"But that is a lie.

"I have run about the prairie long enough to be

a judge of such things. "It was pure impudence on his part to make

"He would have shook his fist, too, only he did not like to let loose his victim's throat.

called for."

"We buried my good friend, I may say my best friend, Jolly Baptiste, at the spot where he fell. min

"We buried him like a great warrior, and then piled a heap of stones over his grave, as you will see when we pass it to-morrow.

"Eagle-wing, that you just now finished,' Captain Frank, was the very rascal who scalped poor Baptiste, and I swore then to have the rascal's scalplock for a trophy, sooner or later, and so I have. Here it is; and I wouldn't take any money for it."

discordant and noisy became the sounds.

Shouts of warning were heard on every side, and men, half frantic, waved their arms and hats like Fortunately the Sex in STARAD ast at the edge

SHORTOWARNER AND THE "CRACKSMAN," odd to

THE cottage in which Warner had hidden out of the way of his pursuers did not present any strange or suspicious appearance to those who had burst in the door, so that after having satisfied their curiosity, they came to the conclusion that the occupant must have been a fool not to have unfastened the door before, and allowed them to make their visit without damage to his premises.

First in one corner and then in another, they looked; but so well were the trap-doors in the ceiling and in the floor concealed, that they soon came to the conclusion that the dogs had got

upon the wrong scent.

When they had gone, however, the rustic owner of the place knocked at the ceiling three times, and Warner appeared at the aperture.
"Come down, stranger," said he.
"Yes; but where's the ladder?"

"Yes; but where's the ladder?"

"Oh, never mind that, it won't break your neck,
I think."

1 think."

"But I am wounded in the heel,"

"Are you? Then so much the better; that will be a guarantee of your not running away in a hurry."
In a moment, however, the rustic produced the

ladder, and Warner descended.
"Well, you weren't frightened, I hope?" "No, not in the least; but it appears to me there is some mystery here," said Warner.

"Well, and suppose there is; you have been saved from the gallows, so ask no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

"I cannot thank you too much for your protection."

"No thanks; honour among thieves, you know."
"Just so."

"And now I want to speak to you on business," said the rough-looking rustic; "and listen to me attentively.'

"I am ready; speak on; but is it not possible there may be some one outside on the watch listen-

"No fear of that, I have got one or two on the look out. No one can come here or go away again without I know it." 10 more value it let sale beings

"Indeed!"

"Yes: I was told by one of my look out men that you were half drowned, so I went out to have a good look at you, to see what kind of article you

were."

"Very kind of you."

"And seeing you were a fellow craftsman out of luck, why, I took compassion on you."

"Many thanks again," said Warner; "but what is this business you spoke of?"

"Very know the cabby you billed out of his fare.

"You know the cabby you bilked out of his fare, the night of old Ford's murder ?"_yd eaolo reddonn "This is the man, sergeant,"

"Yes, you; you needn't look so surprised, I know all about it. l about it." "seeque bloods I suo on llaw" "
"Well, yes, now that I come to think of it, I

should recognise him again," men al

"I dare say you would, and so would I," said the man, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, nom

"Have you, then, had any unpleasant dealings with him "".

"Perhaps I have, and perhaps I haven't; but you have at all events."
"Well, I'm listening." and the notice and the "Do you know anything about the old lawyer."

who ran away with all old Ford's money?" of search "No; I have heard of him, and was once in his

"With Barney and Jonathan?"

"Yes." name " base " base it i seeque I"
"Well, of course, you know that old Flint the lawyer, and Jonathan are fast friends, and are now

"Now what I want you to do-in fact you must do it—is to go up to London, and look out for this Mr. Barney, and his friend the cabby; and after you have found out their abode let me know:"obl

'I am perfectly willing, but am short of money." "Oh, that's nothing ; I've got plenty of tin." "Then you are the very man I want to be friendly

with," said Warner, smiling. "Well, it matters nothing whether you do so or not. All I've got to say is this—you must swear to do my bidding on pain of death I" said the rusticlooking fellow, very solemnly; "I am not the sort of man my rough looks and shabby dress would indicate. Now, what name do you wish to go under ??' entontagem base bread gradely aid warm

grey; his whiskers, beard, and monstache; "i's abnutriumed. He is ra!" amen anoly lone name." I nomman; "i nomman; shad a theb stranger; laughing; "when you were a doctor, you had different names for different lodgings." I have all even "Well, then, call me Warner, when among

Vith these directions friends." "Very well; and when in the company of those

we don't well know, we will pronounce Warner backwards, and call you Renraw? "mirrogs barrong "That will do." wound roughly

"Give me your hand, and with it your oath!" by "I will; here it is," said Warner; and they shook hands.

"Well, that is all right; and now to business. You would like to know who and what I and my companions are, of course ? "beggod won era noY"

night. Go and hire a trap, and get [ShlowI] at station as fast as you of snexhard 'ease W'he farthest let me see you back again' os thguch I"

"None of your common fellows, but gentlemen." "I am glad to hear it." bus abund

"Break into banks, and such like, and make enough in one or two jobs to keep in fine feather all the year." at a small country station. "That's the sort for me. But why are you here?"

"We have done a little business not many miles to wait an hour and got into the mered na liew of do"And got the quad here also dis asw sids wov

"Not likely; but, as I was about to say, the 'slops' are off the scent, and several of us are supposed to be over in France at this moment horseracing and betting, 'color all the rot, sleicitle way "That's the blind, I suppose that's the blind, I suppose that's

No; my brother and I own two or three !! "The devil you do! And support it out of your along at a rapid rate towards London,

WoOf course, Who'd suspect us?" nov self

"Well, no one, I should suppose."
"That's the real trick, my lad," said the rustic; "we are gentlemen abroad, and cut as fine a dash about the Haymarket as any nob in London."

For a moment Warner seemed astonished.

The rustic laughed as he continued :

"You know enough of us, then, for the present; and now what I want you to do is to make your way by railway as fast as you can to Weedon, and at the station call for a leather trunk with "S.T.S." painted on the side. It is quite new, and has two brass locks. If they want to know your name, give any you like. There will be no difficulty about the matter, for it is directed to be left until called for."

"I suppose it is 'swag'?" said Warner, smiling.

out Ituis.

W MAnd what am I to do with it?"

"Are you well acquainted with the 'Lane '? "of

"Well, yes-a little-not much," said Warner,

with an air of dignity.

"Oh, you needn't feel too proud," said the rustic, with a smile; "there's much better men than you or I who have visited that place."

El "It may be But why do you ask ?" of Bi-Ir ob

Take the trunk with you in a cab, and be at Aldgate church to morrow night as the clock strikes nine. If you are punctual to time an old gentleman will poke his head into the cab, and say, S. T. S.; your answer will be, O. K. The person I speak of will then conduct you to a neat, genteel fence; the money he gives you, you will bring back to

- "And what kind of a person is he?"

An old Jew, We call him Moss, for short; a clever old fellow, and has been out with a ticket of leave for the last four years. His hair is long and grey; his whiskers, beard, and moustache, long and untrimmed. He is rather shabbily dressed, but wears a costly diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand. If he doesn't wear the ring, don't leave the trunk, for it is a sign how the wind

With these directions Warner prepared to go in But ere he went he was introduced to several of the gang who had been concealed in various underground apartments, and, after having had his wound roughly dressed, he left the cottage provided with money and all things necessary for his Varney : anyenroj

He was accompanied by the chief of the gang for a long distance until they came to a village several

miles nearer to London than Bromley.

"You are now togged up," said his guide; "goodnight. Go and hire a trap, and get to the nearest station as fast as you can. In four days at the farthest let me see you back again." and

"All right," said Warner, moo may to enough they shook hands and parted of or balg ma I Warner produced a trap at the village, and, after driving about ten miles at a rapid rate, he arrived at a small country station.

He wished to take a first-class ticket for the express train, but, as that did not stop there, he had to wait an hour and got into the mail for London.

Now, this was the very railroad line upon which Jonathan and Flint had met with the terrible accident recorded in another chapter.

But of this Warner knew no more than the railway officials, for all the telegraph wires had been

blown down by that storm.

Into the train Warner hobbled as best he could with his wounded leg, and ere long was whizzing along at a rapid rate towards London.

For miles they dashed along, but, ere many minutes, they reached a curve in the line just before they came to the long tunnel.

As they were rattling along, unconsious of any harm or danger, they suddenly saw in the far distance many lights and lanterns flitting to and fro.

This unusual sight in the darkness and fog alarmed the engine-driver, who instanly shut off the steam and put on the breaks.

The nearer they approached the tunnel the more

discordant and noisy became the sounds. Shouts of warning were heard on every side, and men, half frantic, waved their arms and hats like lunatics.

Fortunately the engine stopped just at the edge of the tunnel, when a number of excited persons rushed forward and told the sad tale of the

Traffic was stopped at both ends of the tunnel, but inside of it all was noise and lamentation.

Those who had not been injured were assisting those who had, and dead bodies were being brought out one after another, in dismal procession.

All along the bankside of the railway lay maimed persons groaning and moaning.

The train in which Warner had come was soon emptied of its travellers, and filled with the dead and wounded.

All this had occurred because the telegraph wires had been rendered useless by the storm.

"Hillo, what does all this mean?" said Warner,

to a bystander.

"Mean," was the reply, "why the express has run into a train in the tunnel and smashed it. 'despatch' engine coming close afterwards, ran into the express, and there are scores of passengers killed and wounded."

Warner did not at first recognise the speaker, but in a moment afterwards saw he was a policeman.

He hastily moved away, and mingled with the

crowd, for in his guilty soul he hated an officer of justice.

"Here comes another," said a bystander.
"What another bobby?" was the answer.
"Yes, that makes two dead 'uns as have been dragged out."

"How comes it so many policemen have been killed?" asked Warner of a workman.

"They say the 'despatch' engine was sent after the express to overtake it, in order to capture two noted villains, who were running away."

"Oh, I see; and did you hear their names?" "No, sir; but I heard one of the officers who escaped say that one of them was an old lawyer, and t'other a schoolmaster, or something of that

"It must be Jonathan and Flint," thought Warner, "I wonder if the two old villains have been killed."

He had not long to remain in doubt.

As he moved about in the darkness, he suddenly espied the tall, lanky form of Jonathan, who was limping away as if shunning the look of every one he met.

Behind him crawled the bent-up figure of Flint, who tottered as if shaken in every limb.

They slunk away in the darkness, and, as best they could, clambered over the railings into an adjacent field, and sat down under a hedge.

"How lucky," thought Warner; "I'll follow and listen to what they have got to say."

While intending to act thus, he was suddenly slavned on the should of the properties.

slapped on the shoulder by a constable, who said to another close by-

"This is the man, sergeant."

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE INTERVIEW WITH THE SORCERESS .- S. e No. 31.

Warner felt paralyzed.

He knew not what to do or say.

"Hold him fast," the sergeant replied.

At the same moment he turned on his bull's eye full in Warner's pale, haggard-looking face.

"What does all this mean?" stammered the affrighted man. "What have I done?"
"I think we are mistaken," said the sergeant.
"This person doesn't answer the description of either of the parties."

"No, I think not," said Warner, feeling joy at his heart and reviving hope. "What means this insult to a gentleman?"

"No offence meant, sir," said the sergeant. "What train did you come by?"

"I was going to London; here is my ticket." The officers looked at it, and felt satisfied that they had made a great mistake.

They apologized. Warner, however, began to bluster and to swear

like a man who had been grossly insulted. "He would inform their superiors," "take their

numbers," and such like.

But, they had not left him more than a minute, when he hastily hid himself in a hedge-row in an out-of-the-way corner, near the railroad line, and, to his great joy, overheard Flint and Jonathan conversing together in an under tone.

"Oh, I feel as if every bone in my body were broken," sighed Flint.
"I wish they had been."

No. 30.

"Do you? But, then, thank my stars, they are not."

"It's no use grumbling," said Jonathan. "We must be up and away from this place, and leave it far behind,"

"It's no use, Jonathan," said Flint; "I will not I cannot, I will not, stir from this until I fee better."

"But you must. I suppose you know the detectives are on our track?"

"What?" said Flint, in surprise.
"You need not gape at that news. I saw them with my own eyes; in fact, I passed two of them in the tunnel."

Flint groaned.

"Come, come along," said Jonathan. "We must reach Southampton as soon as possible, and hire a conveyance to get there by the road. Come, come along.'

"Don't stir, as you value your lives, don't move," said Warner to them through the hedge, and in an under tone.

Jonathan and Flint started.

They would have darted away as best they could, but Warner said, in a very solemn manner,

"I am a friend! If you dare move without my bidding, I will call the detectives; they are search-

ing for you, and are but ten yards away."
"Who and what are you?" said Jonathan, in a
well-assumed tone of indignation. "How dare

you intrude upon two gentlemen; be off with you, whoever you are, or else I will call the officers."

"And so will I, and give you in charge for the murder and robbery of old Ford."

These words acted like an electric shock upon the two fugitives.

"Who are you?" said Jonathan. "Where are

you?" "Here I am," said Warner, getting over the railings, and boldly confronting the two friends face

"It is -" said Jonathan, in doubt; "but, no it isn't, yet the voice makes me believe it cannot be anyone else than my old friend. Ah! what's his name?"

"Warner!"

"Why, so it is," said Jonathan, now all smiles, advancing with opened hand. "Why, my d-e-a-r friend, how do you do? I am so delighted to see

"So am I," said Warner, who also smiled very

grimly.

They shook hands with a great valour and show

of friendship.

But they heartily detested each other for all that, and if smiles could kill, surely Jonathan would have felt delighted.

As it was, he gave his "d-e-a-r friend" such a terrible grip and a shake that Warner began to imagine his arm would come out of its socket.
"And who is your friend here?" said Warner,

bending down, and looking Flint full in the face.

"Oh, a relation of mine," said Jonathan. "You do not know him, I think!"
"Perhaps not," said Warner. "And your friend's

name is-

"Schmidt," said Jonathan.
"Or Flint, which?" said Warner.

The lawyer groaned, and held down his head.

At last had Warner met him!

Flint felt as if he would rather have encountered the devil himself than his old friend "the doctor."

However, Jonathan introduced these "strangers" to each other, and, as they shook hands, their eyes

Neither spoke; but the old lawyer felt as if he were shaking the red-hot hand of an imp of darkness, and trembled in every limb.

"At last," said Warner, in a whisper of terrible meaning.

meaning.

What?" said Filet, in sprovise mult was I . CHAPTER XCI, ion been noY

IMPORTANT AND UNEXPECTED REVELATIONS-WARNER HAS JONATHAN AND FLINT FIRMLY IN HIS POWER-THE COMPACT.

THE unexpected meeting of Jonathan, old Flint, and Warner, narrated in another chapter, was a

great surprise to all concerned.

Flint found it would be all nonsense to pretend not to know Warner, but, although he smiled and shook hands with "the doctor," as he called the new comer, he had never up to the present moment, explained anything to Jonathan which might tend to clear up the apparent mystery which existed between them.

When, therefore, the old lawyer shook Warner by the hand, it was done in such a peculiar manner, and with such a grip of meaning, that Warner

thought-

"After all the old scoundrel has not disclosed

anything very important to Jonathan, so I shall act accordingly.

They moved from the scene of the dreadful railway collision, and made their way, as rapidly as possible, towards a neighbouring village on foot.

Little was said on the road, but when all three had arrived at a public-house, they met with some railway officials and doctors, who were there upon the spot ready to lend all the assistance in their power to the wounded and needy.

When old Flint limped into the public-house several doctors employed by the railway immediately offered to examine his hurts, and render

all the aid they could.

This old Flint at first declined.

He, Warner, and Jonathan, retired into a snug parlour, and by themselves began to speak of various things.

"You ain't much hurt, Flint," said Jonathan, with a dry grin; "but I know your little game very well, and a pretty one it is. I intend to play it

"And so do I," said Warner; "we might as well make something out of this collision as not."

"But you didn't come by our train."
"I know I didn't," said Warner, laughing in a quiet way; "but who is to be the wiser?"
"I see."

"Can't I swear that I did come by this injured

train? Who is to know the difference?" "True, no one can swear that you did not."

"Very well then, let us all three pretend to be very much injured internally; about the brain, ears, or eyes, but not the body mind you, for if so, they will examine us, and then find out the fraud; if we insist that our reason, hearing, or eyesight has been injured, they cannot swear to the contrary, and therefore we can sue the company for heavy damages."

"A good thought," said Jonathan, "but who is to

be our doctor?"

"Let us get to London, where there are hundreds of poor and needy doctors, who will be only too willing to attend upon us."

"Excellent idea."

"Very well, then, Jonathan; let each of us be afflicted in some way or other; we might as well get £1,000 each for damages as anybody else." "So say I."

It was agreed upon then and there between them

to enact this fraud

Ere long the landlord was called in, and, greatly to his astonishment, he found his guests to be very unwell.

One was groaning, and seemed half inclined to be a lunatic.

A second was groping his way about the room as if he could not well see what he was about.

The third could not hear but imperfectly.

This was Warner.

Jonathan seized the landlord by the throat, and throttled him, like as if reason had left him.

The landlord struggled and released himself. Next moment two doctors entered, and looked very anxiously at their invalids, and shook their heads.

"Fright has caused all this," said one.
"What must be done with them?" said the

"One has nearly lost his reason, and the other cannot see," said Warner; "and I myself have suffered a very severe shock to my hearing. Let us be posted off to London forthwith."

But the trains cannot yet run."

"Never mind, hire a coach, and let us hurry away

to our homes; these two friends of mine must be attended to immediately by some London medical men of eminence; and, as I am the least hurt of the three, why, I will escort them."

"It is a sad case," said one of the doctors.
"Yes, and heavy damages will be the consequence,

I fear," said Warner, with a sigh.

"You insist upon taking your friends to London,

then?" said one of the doctors.

"I do," Warner replied, "and more than that, the company must pay the expenses."

"Of course, they will pay anything in reason,"

was the railway official's polite reply.

"Then order some conveyance for myself- and friends; the sooner we arrive in town the better it will be for these two unfortunate acquaintances of mine, who have suffered so much, for both are gentlemen of standing."

This request was so modest that the railway doctors immediately ordered a four-horse conveyance for the use of the "injured" mea, and as the Company had to pay for it the innkeeper made no demur.

In less than ten minutes the four-horse coach was

ready at the door.

One by one Warner led out Jonathan who was acting the part of a lunatic, and Flint, who pretended he could not see, followed him.

Warner was the last to jump into the carriage. "Take care of the injured gentlemen," said the railway doctors, as they shook Warner by the hand, ere departing; "it is a very sad affair."

"Yes; and it will cause the company a vast deal

of money, I fear."

"No doubt of it. Good-day."

"Good-day."

And the carriage rolled away towards London at a very rapid rate, driven by two postillions.

"What a capital idea," said Jonathan, with a broad grin.

"Not bad," said Flint.

"How much can we get?" said Jonathan.

"At least £500 or £1 000 each." and you had

"Excellent!" said Jonathan. "But have we got

anything to drink with us?"
"Yes," said Warner, "I have amply provided for that. Look here," he said, as he pulled out of his pocket a bottle of brandy.

Jonathan seized it, extracted the cork with his

teeth, and drank a large quantity.

Warner pretended to drink also, but did not taste a drop.

"Good stuff that," said old Flint, smacking his

lips over the liquor,

For some time they conversed in very low tones, but as the brandy began to work Jonathan was uproarious in his laughter.

The postillions winked at each other.

"Do ye hear 'em ?" said one.

"That I do."

"Oh, they are mad as March hares; that railway accident has turned their brains, mate." "No doubt on it. The sooner we gets to London

and is rid o' these crazy gentlemen, the better." They cracked their whips merrily, and on sped the

coach until they came to a place where the horses had to be changed.

"Won't the gentlemen inside want something to drink, sir?" asked one of the postillions of

"Drink! drink! What do you mean?" said Warner, in pretended amazement. "Are they not injured mentally already? I And would you have them any worse by indulging in liquors? Nonsense! I am a medical man myself, and know all about it; if either of my friends were to touch brandy, or anything of that sort in their present state of high mental excitement, it would be the death of them."

"I beg pardon, sir, but a little drop o' something wouldn't turn our heads, master," said one of the postillions, touching his hat respectfully.

"Then get what you like, I will pay for it; but make haste, we must reach London as quickly as possible, for if either of my poor friends were to die upon the road, the company would have to pay an enormous-

"All right, sir," was the reply, and the carriage

rolled onwards again at an increased pace.

Jonathan was fast asleep and snoring during this conversation.

But old Flint was not, although he shut his eyes

and pretended to be very unwell.

As much as possible he endeavoured to avoid

Warner's gaze, but could not.

Warner, feeling certain that Jonathan was now fast asleep, he sidled over to Flint and whispered to him.

But the old lawyer did not wish to enter into any

conversation with his late friend,

Warner nudged him several times, and at last, after a vigorous poke in the ribs, Flint opened his

"You played me a very beautiful trick, didn't you, Flint?" said he, with a malicious smile. "You let me in for all the worst of it, but I have found you at last."

"'Pon my honour, as a gentleman," Flint began.
"There, that will do," said Warner, in disgust;
"you have'nt as much honour as would save a cat from hanging."

"Why do you look so fiercely at me?" " bonso

"Have I not cause? Did you not lead me into a great crime, and have you not reaped all the benefit of it?"

"I have not got a farthing." It have not blot fail's

"Nonsense! your lips tremble. I know you are lying; but it matters not to me. I have found you out at last, and unless you disgorge some of old Ford's wealth, you shall be my prisoner for life." "What !"

"Don't start. I mean what I say, Flint; unless you give up to me part of what you stole, I will confine you in a room, and starve you to death, just like what you and Jonathan intended to do with the two poor children-the boy and the girl at Bromley Hall."

" Is it possible that you know aught about that affair?"

"I do; you needn't turn so deadly pale. I know all about it, and more concerning other things at Bromley Hall than you imagine."

"I have had no hand in these crimes," said Flint with chattering teeth.

"Don't set there mumbling out such a string of lies," said Warner, in disgust, " have I not lived in Bromley Hall, have I not visited every room, and each secret chamber of it?"

" You?"

"Yes, me; and have confronted ghosts, Yes, ave spoken to them." ".srow your oe bnA"
"You are dreaming, Warner:"a "I mage raid" have spoken to them."

"Were you and Jonathan dreaming, then, when

the young bride and bridegroom were murdered the night previous to their marriage ?" a ned " This was said in such a low hissing tone of voice,

that it made old Flint quail again.

"Come, old man," said Warner, "you are very clever. You and Jonathan have had a long run of villany together, and now the moment of my triumph has arrived,"

Flint looked at him with a ghastly stare, and he displayed his teeth as if he could have snapped Warner's head off."

He turned towards Jonathan, who was still fast

asleep, and would have awakened him.

"If you dare wake him until I have done speaking," said Warner, with an oath, "I'll strangle you, and afterwards pitch you into the first canal we cross. Where is old Ford's treasure?"

"It is at Southampton, or was; Jonathan and I were on our way thither when the accident hap-

pened,"

"Oh, indeed," said Warner, with a fiendish grin. "So you and the late master of Bromley Hall were about to share the plunder between you, eh? not caring a tinker's curse, I suppose, for me, and for all I have done for you."

"No! oh; no! upon my honour, as a gentleman, I intended to leave you fully one-third; on my

word, I did !"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Warner, in a low tone, "what a precious old scoundrel you are to be sure. So you intended to leave me a share, then, eh? Ha! ha! that is a capital joke, and no mistake, and the best of it is you think I am such a fool as to believe you. No, no, we have met once again, Flint, and you must be as good as your bargain, or else there will be murder done !"

"Who talks of murder?" said Jonathan, suddenly waking up. "Who speaks of Bromley Hall?"

"I do !" said Warner, firmly, and in a very determined tone, "I do! I know all about it. Both of you are fugitives, and the detectives were close at our heels the very moment the accident happened in the tunnel. I know all; you need not look surprised. You had better make me your friend than your enemy!"

"Know all!" said Jonathan, in surprise. "Has

Flint told you anything?"

"No; I have found out part of it myself, the rest I heard from your own lips when mumbling in your sleep."

"Me talk in my sleep?"
"Yes, both you and Flint. I know the lawyer of old; he introduced me as medical adviser to old

"And you killed him?" said Jonathan.

"I did not; the fatal stroke was given by another hand before I entered the sick mansion. It was my intention for a certain price to have poisoned him according to old Flint's orders."

"No, not mine, upon my honour; I had no such

intention; I wouldn't hurt a mouse.

"Liar!" said Warner, in suppressed tones, "you did bargain with me to poison him, and promised me half of all the man had; but his old servant, I have since learned, suspected something was wrong between us, and destroyed the last dose I gave him. The last dose would have done its work but for him."

"Then who did murder the old man?" asked Jonathan. "Old Flint told me that his deeds, notes, and valuable papers were under his pillow."

"And so they were."
"Liar again!" said Warner, with clenched fists. " You had them in your own safe at that moment." Flint hung his head, and spoke not a word.

"When about to enter the old man's room on that night, I peeped through the keyhole, and at that same moment an unknown person, disguised and cloaked, stole in before me and killed the old man. When I got into the apartment he was dying; his death wound was not delivered by my hand."

"Then, who was it?" asked Flint and Jonathan, both at once.

"Can't you suspect?" said Warner, with a chuckle. "Can't you guess, Flint?"
"Me! No. How should I? Why ask me?
Why not put the same question to Jonathan?"

"Because he has plenty to answer for on his own

account," said Warner.

"What do you mean?" said Jonathan, rising in wrath. "What are your insulting insinuations in-

tended for ?"

"Sit down," said Warner; "don't throw yourself into any useless passion. You are talking to a desperate man. See this," he said, drawing a sevenbarrelled revolver, and cocking it. "Sit down; now cool yourself, and listen to me."

"Do you intend to say that I had any hand in

old Ford's murder?" said Jonathan.

" No."

"You do not?"

"No; you are innocent of old Ford's blood," said Warner, "for Joel Flint was the one who struck the fatal blow!"

"My son?" gasped the lawyer.
"Yes, your own son, Flint."

"Scoundrel! how dare you speak thus?" said the

lawyer, trembling with rage.

"Dare! I dare say anything which I know to be the truth. He did it, I tell you; I will swear it, and can prove it. He stole Caspar's masquerade cloak, and mask, and hat; in this disguise he did

"I know nothing of it."
"Yes, you do," said Warner. "Did you not write a letter to your son at Bromley Hall, telling him that if old Ford should happen, by some lucky chance, to die before becoming reconciled to his nephews, Frank and Tom, that the property might become your's?"
"No, I did not."

"You did. While at Bromley Hall I discovered that very letter in your son's desk. Out of deadly hate for Frank and Tom, he resolved to do what he did, for he knew that the odium of the crime would be fastened on the two youths, for the very fact of their running away to Italy would lead any one to suppose that they were guilty."

Flint groaned inwardly and hung his head.
"Like father, like son," said Warner. "You

have dyed your hands in blood; the curse follows Joel."

"Horrible!" said Jonathan, with a well-assumed air of piety. "Who would have thought it?"
"Ah, who would?" said Warner, laughing. "But

this old villain has done more."

"Indeed!" said Jonathan. "What else, pray?" "He wrote to a very dear friend of his in the country, that old Ford's doctor - myself, mark you," said Warner, with a bitter smile, " had come to an arrangement with him, and that the deed would be accomplished by drugs, and that after robbing the old man of his vast wealth, this same doctor would sleep that night in Green Court."

"Oh! it's all a trumped-up tale," said Flint,

groaning. "I wish I were dead."

"It is not a trumped-up tale," said Warner, "for I discovered your letter in Bromley Hall also."

"Impossible!" said Jonathan, pricking up his ears, and looking half wild with excitement. "Impossible! it cannot be !"

"It is perfectly true," said Warner. "I have the

letter in proof of what I say."

"Where? About you?" asked Jonathan, eagerly. "No, you may be sure I wouldn't carry such a precious document about me."

Jonathan grinned as he asked,

"Who was the letter directed to?"

"I don't know. There is no name upon it except Flint's."

"Well, and what did this particular friend in the

country do?" asked Jonathan.

"Why, when fully advised of what was going to take place, and that the doctor was to sleep in Green Court that night, with the deeds, documents, and money in his possession, he understood well enough what this cunning lawyer hinted at."

"And what was it?" asked Jonathan very

mildly.

"Why, he posted off to London as quickly as possible, entered Flint's room in Green Court. and, finding some one fast asleep in bed, he murdered him.

"Murdered him?" asked Flint, hoarsely.

"Yes, murdered him; but found neither money nor documents, for it was the wrong man !"

"The wrong man! I don't understand," said

"It was the clerk whom Flint wished to get out of the way in some manner, because he knew too much about his master's villany and roguery during a long career of crime."

Flint started as if he had been shot.

"The murderer searched but found nothing. Thus the lawyer had secured every farthing of old Ford's money in title deeds and such like, and cheated every one who had directly or indirectly assisted him in the whole affair, myself included. Now are you satisfied, Mr. Lawyer Flint?"
"I am not," said Jonathan.

"What further would you know?" said Warner, still tightly grasping his revolver, ready for action,

"You do not know to whom this letter was

addressed you found in Bromley Hall?"
"I do not. Are you satisfied?"
"No. Do you suspect the party?" asked Jonathan.

" No."

"'Tis well."

Warner laughed as he said, black tools I but he

"I do not suspect the person, for I know him." "Indeed! Who was it, then, who did this bloody

"Yourself, Jonathan," was the calm reply.

" Me ?"

"What, Jonathan?" gasped Flint. and some blood "Yes, Jonathan himself, none other."

For a moment Jonathan looked at Warner with

But he spoke not, log and we beared and synd a fierce wild gaze. Flint was astounded.

Jonathan sank back into his seat. "You see, I know all," said Warner, in triumph; your lives are in my hands. If I do but speak I can have both of you hanged, and myself pardoned for turning approver."

For a moment no one spoke.

All that Warner had said was perfectly true, and

both Flint and Jonathan knew it.

"Am I to be a friend or enemy?" said Warner, rising, revolver in hand. "Speak quickly, or I'll stop the coach and have you both arrested! Speak quickly-friend or foe ?"

"A friend," said both.
"So be it. And you will obey me in all things?"
"We will."

"To the death?" went add ni dount os bread ovad

"To death itself." .gnifing, odesoning At that moment the carriage rolled on at a quickened pace.

As Warner looked through the window he suddenly started back.

His eye caught the well-known figure of Gale the detective, who was galloping along at full speed. her.

As she was friendless, the Pug, also a coverd as he was, took advantage of her lonely position, and

CHAPTER XCII. I of Justice don

IN WHICH BARNEY GETS ENTRAPPED.

THE Pug, although he was running at large, was

very closely watched by the police.

Although he had given much information to Scotland Yard regarding the doings of Warner and of old Jonathan, still the officers watched him

like a mouse. Barney himself was employed then as a sort of amateur detective, and was greatly enjoying him-self about the dens of London without doing any sort of work whatever, a state of things which

Master Puggy greatly delighted in. "I shall never clap eyes on Warner again," he thought, "and don't care if they hang him to-

morrow so that I am all right." He had a notion all throughout his life that he

was something of a fighting man to.

But this "notion" had been knocked out of him on more than one occasion by numberless young fellows upon whom Mr. Barney thought to impose.

He wore a large hairy cap during winter and summer, with the peak drawn over his beetling brow, which, it must be confessed, did not add to

his unprepossessing appearance.

In addition to this, he continually sported a

"blue fogle" with white spots.

This was wound round and round his thick bulllike neck, and concealed his shirt-if he had any.

But shirts were not often thought necessary by the Pug.

A fustian jacket with pockets at the side, a pair of tight fitting corduroys, and a pair of "laceups" completed the personal appearance of the Pug.

He seemed to live on naught else but fish and gin, except somebody treated him to better fare; and generally patronized the gallery of the "Vic," where he amused himself by eating "trotters," whistling, and bouncing any respectable person who would not stand his nonsense and impudenec.

Although his encounters with men were not very successful or pleasant, considering that he generally came off second best, with the addition of a black eye, or damaged nose, he made up for it by thrashing every woman he came across, at least such as lived in Cauliflower Alley, the salubrious locality in which he held out.

He did not like costermongering for a living, for the work proved too hard for his liking.

He next tried the ring, but had got such a terrible knocking about that even that profession proved disagreeable to him.

He next got linked in with a gang of thieves, and was ready to do anything which did not involve danger, but which at the same time would repay him well for his trouble.

But now we find Puggy in quite a different capacity.

He is now a detective's tout, and ultimaterial doids.
But what did Barney care?

It was all fish that came to his net; and so long as he could walk about doing next to nothing for a living, and with an everlasting pipe in his jaw, he felt happy, and didn't care a button for any one.

He had no wife; but like many other blackguards who lounge about corners and support the greasy

door-posts of stinking beer-shops, the Pug had a woman.

This unfortunate creature had fallen into some trifling fault, and the suspicion of theft hung over

As she was friendless, the Pug, like a coward as he was, took advantage of her lonely position, and threatened all manner of horrible things, if she did not consent to live with him.

He beat her about, and so ill-used her, that at last she became his abject, though not willing, slave, and was forced to go forth nightly, if not daily, for the purposes of public prostitution, so that the rascal Barney might have money wherewith to spend in pot-houses and sparring-rooms.

To every one, except a man of his own size, the Pug was a perfect brute, and scarcely two words could escape his thick, swollen lips, without one of

them was a filthy oath.

The day-time seldom saw Puggy out; but when night came on, he issued from Cauliflower Alley, pipe in mouth, and would lounge about the corners, looking for his "woman," and if she, poor thing! did not have any money about her, he did not care how it came—a blow in the face was sure to be her

lot.
"Unfortunate," as she was, this poor thing was very pretty, and girl-like, and often attracted the attention of many a benevolent gentleman, who felt

compassion for her fallen state.

One night-indeed but three nights after Warner, Jonathan, and Flint had safely arrived in London, Jonathan, and Flint had safely arrived in London, and had managed to escape the vigilance of Detective Gale upon the road—Barney had gone forth to see poor "Matty," his woman, upon her "walks" in Oxford Street, and as the poor thing had no money, he lifted his huge fist, and was about to strike her, when a young, gentlemanly-looking person stepped forward, and arrested the blow.

"Coward!" said the brave youth. "Would you done strike a woman?"

dare strike a woman?"

He stepped between the Pug and Matty, ready to bear all the consequences of his interference, when Matty slunk away from the crowd now gathering

A policeman came forward and put a stop to the angry altercation between the young gentleman angry altercation between the young gentleman and Barney; but he quickly recognized the Pug to be one of his own "touts," and without more ado, he ordered off the the young gentleman, saying, "Move on, sir, move on. You have no right to

interfere between husband and wife."
"I am not his wife," said Matty, who had hidden among the crowd. "He is a cowardly villain, that's what he is, and I only wish I were a man for his sake. I'd give him such a sound thrashing as he never had in his life."

At these words, and just when the policeman had gone about a dozen yards away, the Pug rushed at Matty, and would have knocked her down,

But again the protecting arm of the young gentleman saved her.

Barney turned upon the young stranger with a bitter oath, and made a fierce lunge at him.

In return, however, he got "one for himself" with "a straight right-hander" right between the eyes, and another quickly followed upon the nose, which instantly began to swell almost to the size of an ordinary cucumber.

The crowd interfered, particularly as the young stranger was less bulky than the Pug, for they feared the "rough" would prove more than a match for the gentlemanly and youthful stranger.

The youth, however, seemed to like the sport, and squared off at the Pug in truly scientific style, when

two policemen came forward and took them both in charge.

They were on their way to the station-house, the young stranger in advance, when a loud shout from behind told him that his late opponent had slipped from his captor's clutches, and had got safely

Whether this was accidental or not remains to be

seen.

True it is, however, the policemen did not run very fast, so that Barney dived down a dark court, and was soon safe and snug in Cauliflower Alley.

The policemen, however, were determined to have "some one" that night, particularly as it was raining, on which occasions, in case of their bringing in "a charge," they have one or two hours' rest by the roaring fire in the station; so, therefore, both of them collared the young gentleman, and took him to the lock-up.

"Drunk, disorderly, and fighting," said the

policeman.

"Drunk, disorderly, and fighting," therefore, was entered upon the charge-sheet by the civil, smiling, acting inspector.

"Your name, sir?"

"I do not wish to give it," was the reply. "Can't I be bailed?"

"Yes, if you give your name and address."

"I will be his bail," said several gentlemen at once, who had seen the whole transaction.

"Are you a stranger in London?" asked the inspector.

'I am ; I arrived from Mexico to-day."

"And why not give your name?"

"I am come on a very important lawsuit, and don't want my name to be made known yet.' "Then why interfere in a street brawl?"

"No Englishman, whether he be youth or man, can allow a blackguard to strike and beat about a poor unoffending girl, if even she is an 'unfortunate,'" was the brave reply; "at least I couldn't stand by and witness it."

" I will go his bail."

"So will I."

"And I also," said several. "He's a brave youth, whoever he is, or wherever he comes from."

"I can't take bail without he gives his name and residence."

"If I must, then, I must," was the youth's reply. He unbuttoned his overcoat, and, at a glance, all could see that, as young as he was, the youth was a naval officer belong to some foreign government.

"You are a sailor, sir ?" said the inspector. Yes; but neither drunk nor disorderly, as I

have been charged by this policeman here.

Taking out of his pocket a very handsome cardcase, the noble-looking, bronze-faced youth wrote on a card his name and address, and handed it to the inspector, saying,

"You need not read it aloud, and if you like I will deposit £1,000 in notes for my appearance to-

morrow morning."

"That sum is not necessary," said the inspector, as he copied into his book the name and address given to him by the handsome and elegant young stranger, which was-

deed "CAPTAIN TOM FORD and one does out gots

"(Mexican Republican Navy), "Grosvenor Hotel."

"Are you really Captain Tom Ford, of whom we have heard so much in the newspapers?" asked the inspector, smiling.

"Allow me, then, to shake you by the hand."

Tom, for it really was no other, shook the inspector

by the hand cordially.

The policeman who had arrested him now tried to smile also, but Tom looked upon him with contempt, and passed out of the police station with a party of strange gentlemen who had interested themselves in his behalf.

Tom Ford, it should be explained, had been fully commissioned by President Juarez as captain in the Mexican Republican Navy, and had been on a long cruise after several of the Emperor Maximilian's ships, which were reported to be in the east Atlantic.

Not falling in with them, he had made sail for England for supplies, hoping at the same time to furnish his ship with a new assortment of the very best arms and guns which money could produce.

But this was not his only object now that he had

come to England.

His own and his brother's honour and fair fame were uppermost in his mind, and he determined, if possible, to solve the mystery of his uncle's cruel murder, and to ascertain, as far as he could, where the property had gone to, and how it had been disposed of.

He had not left the police office then more than half an hour when the inspector, warming himself before the fire, was accosted by Detective Gale, who

came in all wet and muddy.

"Well, Gale," said the inspector, "what news? Have you got any clue yet to those affairs you have had so long in hand?"

"No, not the least."

"Bad job."

"So it is. I have been on the track of the villains several times; but have always lost the true scent again."

"Are they in town, think you?"

"I am almost certain of it. Two of them were on their way to Southampton; but the accident happened in the tunnel; they took advantage of the confusion and uproar, and, as far as I can guess, they 'doubled' on us, and have returned to London."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I think of giving it up as a bad job, and will give it up.

Detective Gale, up to the present time, had enjoyed the reputation of being one of the sharpest

and shrewdest men in the whole force.

But now it seemed that fortune had turned from him, and he was laughed at by less competent officers, who had always looked upon him with

"Give it up? Don't say that, Gale. What would the Commissioners think after you have

been for so many years successful?"

"I can't help it; the rascals are too slippery for me, and I fear they are in some scientific gang, who have lots of money, and can travel about extensively."

"May be so; but, for all that, I wouldn't resign the job now that I had spent so much time and

labour over it."

"If I could only find one of the old man's nephews they might throw a deal of light upon the whole affair; but they are both out of the country; in Mexico, so I am informed."
"Mexico?" said the inspector, pricking up his ears. "What were their names?"

"Ford."

"Their Christian names?"

"Frank and Tom."

"Good," said the inspector, instantly producing the charge-book. Here is one of the very youths-

Tom Ford. Do you see it, captain in the Mexican Republican navy?"
"Impossible!" said Gale, in great astonishment.
"And come to England, eh?"

"Yes; that doesn't look as if he were guilty of murder, does it ?"

"No; but where is he now, think you?" a synd of "Can't tell."

"Will he appear to morrow?" at it wild wo?

"No doubt of it."

"I'm too impatient, and shan't wait till then; I'll go out and seek him at once. Does he appear to be very flush of funds and gay?"

"Very much so."

"Then, most likely, being a gay young devil, he'll go to Cremorne, Highbury Barn, or the Argyll."

"More likely than not."

"Can you give me a description of him?"
"Yes," said the inspector, "about five feet seven inches in height, sunburnt complexion, dark curly hair, and slight moustache; thick-set, and strongly built—a perfect young Hercules in muscle; gentlemanly appearance and address; wears a brown paletot, over an undress naval uniform, and altogether is just such a fellow as a young girl would take to."

"Right," said Gale, "and now I'm off." enter " Without another word, Gale started off to look after Captain Tom Ford.

Tom Ford, however, when he left the station,

strolled off to enjoy himself.

"He had not been gone more than half an hour however, when he was "spotted" by Master Barney, who had crept from his garret in Cauli-flower Alley.

"He is a youngster, and can hit hard," thought the Pug, "but what of that? He's got plenty of chink, so it seems. I wonder if he couldn't be 'sounded.'"

So thinking, he strolled along behind, and at a very respectful distance from Tom Ford, who now alone was sauntering towards the Holborn Casino.

On the way Barney encountered three or four well-known "prigs."

These gentlemen were hard up for "small change," and accosted Barney, asking him if he wouldn't "stand a pot."

Barney, however, was too busy with his own thoughts, and made up his mind not to lose sight

of Captain Tom.

"Do you see that bloke yonder?" said he to one

of the prigs. "What, that young toff?"

"Yes." Well, what of him?" and 298 of said bloods)

"Why, he's got any amount of tin." also of bannes

"How do you know?"

"He and I had a 'turn-up' in the street a little while ago, and I could hear the 'shiners' rattle in his pocket as plain as anything; and more than that, he's a foreigner."

"What's his little game, then ?"

"Why, he's looking after my woman, I expect."

"What, Matty?"

"Yes." "And ain't she 'fly' enough to 'do the trick'?"

"She 'fly'? No, not a bit." "Where is she?"

"On her walk, as usual," mol leas " bro'l blo "Then suppose you keep an eye on the 'toff,' while I go and give the tip to Matty?"

"All right; and if she don't 'cop' the lot, I'll smash her," said the Pug, with a brutal oath.

Barney saw Captain Tom stroll into the Casino, and a short time afterwards he perceived Matty, dressed up stylishly in a borrowed silk dress and

mantle, enter the same establishment.
"All right," said Barney, "she's up to snuff, and has got the 'straight tip.' I'm off to the public, to have a pipe and a pint. If Matty don't cop his coin, I'll break her head."

Now Matty, it must be confessed, had received the "straight tip," from one of the prigs, and knowing it to be Barney's desire that she should decoy and rob the young officer, she resolved to act as she liked in the matter.

When, therefore, she entered the Casino, she singled out Captain Tom, who was lounging at his

ease and smoking a fragrant havanah.

Matty touched him lightly on the shoulder, and

made herself known.

At first Tom could scarcely believe that she was the same girl, whose part he had taken but an hour or two before.

"And what brings you here?" he asked.

"I am come to warn you," annow to lead "Warn me ?" "Yes, don't look so surprised. I have something important to tell you."

What is it?"

"Barney, the wretch who has made me his slave, the same who attempted to strike you, is a thief."

"I know it by his looks."

"He has followed you here, and is bent upon getting you robbed."
"Oh, indeed," said Tom, laughing, "then he had better mind what he is about, for he will not find it child's play to interfere with me."

"I know it," said Matty, "but he is not alone."
"How many of them are there, then?"

"Two well-known thieves besides himself." "The more the merrier, then," said Tom, laughing; "where are they?"
"They are outside somewhere, and will dog your

footsteps when you leave this place."

"They will, eh? Then I am much obliged for your telling me of it, forewarned is forearmed you know."

"Be advised by me," said Matty.

"What do you propose?"

"When the ball is over, come home with me."

"Go home with you?"

"Yes, if only for five minutes."
But, why?"

"When Barney supposes you are asleep, he will enter the room and try to rob you."
"All right, my girl, I will," said Tom; "I should

like to serve the rascal out."

"And so should I," said Matty; " more than that I should like to see him transported, for I have learned to hate him like a serpent; he is not only a thief, but I have heard whispers among his pals that he is in the employment of the police, and has turned informer in a murder case."

"A murder case !" said Tom.

"Yes, in a murder case," said the poor unfortunate Matty. "Why do you change colour so?"

"Oh, nothing," said Tom. "But what murder

"Well, I don't know for certain, you see, but I have heard more than once that he knows a great deal more than he likes to say about the murder of old Ford,"

"Old Ford," said Tom, jumping from his seat as

if shot. "Old Ford, did you say?

"Yes; do you know anything about it?"
"Why, he was my uncle."

"You don't mean that !" said Matty, in surprise.

"Merciful heaven!" said Tom; "how strangely and wonderfully these things come about. Was there any robbery connected with it?'

"I heard there was," said Matty, "but of course don't know; but there must have been money in the matter, or else how could Barney have lived so long without work ?"

"And do you think that this wretch you call Barney really had anything to do with the murder?"

"No; but he had some hand in the robbery, I have heard, and was concerned in something that happened to a runaway lawyer named Flint.

Tom was astounded. He did not tell his thoughts to the poor girl beside him. For some time he remained quiet and spoke not a word.

His heart was too full for speech.

He treated Matty handsomely, however, and gave

her a sovereign.

As he did not feel inclined to dance himself, Matty picked up a partner, and was soon enjoying herself in a waltz.

It had been a long time since the poor unfortunate girl had worn such fine clothes as she then had on, and, although they were borrowed, she felt vain enough to exhibit herself on that occasion to the best advantage.

Matty was not long in finding a partner to dance with; a respectably-dressed man, with luxuriant whiskers and moustache came forward, and they

waltzed together in fine style.

"Who is that handsome youth you have been talking to over there?" he said.

"He's a foreigner. A naval officer."

"I thought so. Got plenty of money, I suppose?" "He seems to have."

"You've got a fine 'catch' in him to-night, Matty."

"Matty; do you know me then?"

"Of course I do, but you don't know me."

"Let me have a good look at you," said the girl, laughing.

"Oh you may look as much as you like, Matty, you'd never know me."

"Come, tell me your name then."

"I will, on one condition."
"Name it."

"Don't rob him."

"Me rob him, I never robbed any one in all my

"How comes it then that the last gentleman who saw you home complained of being drugged and

"Barney did it. I knew nothing about it. I wish Barney was swinging on a gallows."

"So he will one of these days; he's getting there

"Who are you, then?"

"I'll tell you. A friend, Matty." "I don't know that."

"But I'll prove it."

" How ?"

"Give me your word that you will not let that young gentleman drink too much to-night." "I will."

"Promise to treat him like a true gentleman, and

allow no one to interfere with him.' "I will."

"Will you take him home?"

"Yes, if you like; but what's your name?" "Gale, detective Gale," said her partner, in a

In a moment afterwards he left her, and disappeared among the crowd.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE ATTACK ON THE MESSENGER. (SEE No. 32.)

Matty was looking after him, but at that moment Gale tore off his whiskers and moustache, and, approaching the spot where Tom remained, he dropped a card into the young officer's hand.

Tom picked it up, and read,

"SERGEANT GALE,
"Detective Force,
"Scotland Yard."

On the back of it was written in pencil, these words :-

"You may safely trust yourself in this girl's company for an hour or two. I am on the look-out for some persons who have done you and your brother Frank great injury. By going with her you will assist the ends of justice."

No. 31.

Tom was much surprised at this card, which, following so quick upon the girl's revelations just before, puzzled him more and more.

However, when the hour of one was at hand, he left the Casino arm-in-arm with Matty, and far more "groggy" than he should have been.
"Cab, sir?" asked the driver of a four-wheeler.
"Yes, let's have a cab," said Tom.

One drove up, and the door was opened for them by no less a person than Barney himself, who was muffled up so much that Matty could scarcely recognize him.

Tom and Matty got in ; but as the latter did so,

Barney whispered,

"All right, Matty, I'll follow." Matty trembled, but spoke not a word. Main mid "All right," said Barney, directing the driver, in an undertone. "Cauliflower Alley, No. 7."

The driver grinned when ordered to drive to such a low locality, but he cracked his whip and was

soon away. In due time, Tom and Matty arrived at No. 7, Cauliflower Alley, paid the cabman his fare, and

went up stairs into the third-floor front.

Just as Tom had entered the miserable abode, and dark to such a degree that he could make out no single object, he was suddenly seized by the throat, and thrown upon the floor.

It was Barney.

"If you raise a shout or make a noise, Mat," said he, "I'll knife you. Lock the door,"

Matty, all trembling with excitement, shut the door and locked it.

A violent struggle now ensued between Captain

Tom Ford and the villain Barney.

The Pug imagined that by tripping up the young sailor, and throwing him upon the floor, he would make no resistance, and allow himself to be robbed without resistance.

But Barney wasn't alone, he was assisted by one of the two prigs he had seen and spoken to that

night.

The second "prig," however, out of hate for Barney, had "rounded" on their game, and informed Mr. Gale.

But Tom's position was perilous in the extreme. He fought desperately, and dealt the "prig" such a violent blow with the butt of his revolver that it cut open his head, and he lay groaning on the floor.

"Not so fast, my fine fellows, not so fast," said Tom, as with great strength he twisted away from Barney, and knocked him flat on the floor, and knelt on him, revolver in hand.

At that instant the door was burst open with a

Detective Gale and a party of officers, lamps in hand, rushed into the room.

CHAPTER XCIII.

TRAPS LAID FOR WARY BIRDS.

THE struggle between Barney and Captain Tom, as we have seen in another chapter, did not last many seconds; but during that time the gallant young sailor had done much mischief to his assailants.

Had not Gale and his brother officers made their appearance when they did, there cannot be a doubt but that the young captain would have killed his

base and cowardly assailants.

As it was, however, the unexpected arrival of Gale and his companions enlivened the proceedings

very much, greatly to Barney's discomfort.
"Hillo, my fine fellow," said Gale, seizing Barney by the coat collar, "you won't let 'well' alone I find. You are not content with what you have already done, but must do more, eh? So you have got on a new 'lay,' eh? You drug and entrap gentlemen, eh, my fine fellow? but you have done it once too often.

Without more ado Gale seized Barney by the coat collar, and took him into custody.

The other two thieves were also secured, and

almost dragged downstairs.

When they had got down into the alley there was a great crowd of idlers, who were gaping and looking on.

"Why, it's Barney," said one.

"What's up?" another remarked.
"Serve him right," a third remarked; "serve him right, the informing whelp."

Amid these and such like compliments Barney and the two thieves, his companions, were hustled off to the police-station.

Among the entire throng of idlers he had to pass through there was not a single voice who spoke of

him with pity.

"That's right, p'liceman," said several old crones. "that's right," said they, clapping their hands in high glee, "that's right; you've got the vagabond at last. Serve him out this time; give him seven pen'orth."

Barney and his chums heard all these compli-

ments, and gnashed their teeth in anger.

Each, with an officer beside him, marched out of Cauliflower Alley, and through the drizzling rain went to the station.

Matty, knowing that she had been the chief eause of Barney's arrest, slipped away unnoticed.
When Gale and Captain Tom found themselves

together in private after this affair, the officer

"You don't mind drinking with me, captain?"
"Not in the least," said Tom. "I shall feel only

too happy."

"I have something to say which greatly concerns you," said Gale.
"About what?"

"Oh, nothing much; but come this way. I know a snug parlour in a public-house near by. Suppose we go in."

"With all my heart."

They both entered the public-house, and finding no one in the parlour, they sat down, and called for cigars and brandy.

"You would never guess my business with you to night, captain?" Gale began, in a laughing way.
"Perhaps not; what is it?"

"I am a detective officer."

"I suspected it, and am much obliged for your timely interference."

"No thanks at all; I planned it all with young Matty, and I knew that no harm could well befall you, for I was on the landing with my brother constables when you and the girl passed up.'

"The devil you were! I never heard you or saw

you either."

"I dare say not; but now to business."

"Well, what is it? You look serious," said

"I am serious."

"What's the matter, then?"

"It concerns your uncle's murder."

"Well, what of it?"

"At first it was supposed that you or your brother Frank had committed the crime out of hatred."

"The devil! I suspected that such a report would

gain favour for a time; but it is false."

"I know it is."

"But the real culprits; have you any notion who and what they are?"

"I have; but they are at large." have a begin to

"And their names?"

"Your old schoolmaster, Jonathan, and your uncle's lawyer, Mr. Flint, have had a hand in it."
"Horrible! Who would ever have dreamed of

such rascality?"

"But such is the case."

"Any one else?"

"I suspect that a pretended doctor, called Warner, had something to do in the matter."

"And no one else?" asked Tom, seriously.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because it strikes me that another individual

I know knows more about it than any of those you have named."

"Whom ?"

"Why, Joel Flint," said Tom; he always was a great scoundrel, and no iniquity is too great for such a young villain." "But where is he?"

"In Italy; at least, he was there the last time I heard anything about him."

"I was not aware you knew so much about him,"

said Gale.

"Oh, yes," said Tom; "I have not been idle or asleep. Since I have been in London I have received a letter from Tomasso, an Italian detective at Leghorn, who says that he has managed to elude the vigilance of the police there, and has escaped with a whole chestfull of treasure."

"A safe was it?"

"Yes, now I come to think of it, he says that it was a safe; but more than that, he and two accomplices set fire to the custom-house; it is all in ruins."

"And did he manage to escape?"

"He did; but not until after a sharp chase by Tomasso, who was struck a heavy blow on the head with an oar."

"Got away with the safe, eh?" said Gale, biting

his nails, in vexation.
"So I have heard."

"Well, that safe," said Gale, "contains nought else but documents, which belonged to your unclehang the luck."

"I don't care a button about the safe," said Tom, "so that we manage to capture the young villain. I should like to see Joel hung at Newgate.

"He is very likely to do so, if we only catch him,"

said Gale.

"Then what am I to do?" asked Tom. "Am I supposed to be your prisoner?"

"No," said Gale; "you are as innocent of that murder as I am; but I want you to work with me." " How ?"

"To catch every one of the villains who have had any hand in the swim." y nand in the swim." but lead over not "In what manner?" bus this soy shild I sosily

"Why, to be my 'decoy duck."

" I don't understand."

"Well, then, I'll explain," said Gale, laughing.
"You have plenty of money, and will be sought after by all the 'sharps' in London, who will have the kindest of intentions toward you; that is to say, they will court your company, treat you to anything or everything you like, and all they want in return is to drug you on the sly, and cheat you at billiards, bagatelle, or cards, or if they cannot do this very quietly, they may knock you down and rob you."

"I'm much obliged for your information," said Tom, gaily; "but if that is the plan of operation, you have a start of the plan of operation, and they are they say 'no.' to any suph away are say 'no.'

I would rather say 'no' to any such arrangement,

"You take it too seriously," said Gale.

"No," Tom replied, laughing, "I don't fear the devil himself in fair fight; but I can't stand

drugging." "No, fear," said Gale, "if even they do attempt it, no harm can befall you while I stand your friend; but, you see, by you thus sporting about, you are more likely to fall across this Jonathan or Flint, or Warner, than I am, for if they once get to hear of your being in London, they will not rest night or day until they do something that may injure you."
"I see, I see," Tom remarked, "so while they are dodging me, you are watching them."
"Exactly," said Gale, rubbing his hands, "I

have no doubt whatever but what I shall capture all of them if you do as I bid you."

"Which I will do with all my heart," said Tom; "but how are they to get to know I am in London?" "In the easiest manner possible."

Explain !"

"This case of yours against Barney will come off to-morrow, and your name will appear in the newspapers."

"But it mustn't; I don't desire it."

"It must, I say."

"It must, I say."

"Well, what then?"

"The say of the say of the

"The case will then be adjourned for three or four days." of bine "moving area in ai doll rotted".

" Why ?"

"To give these gentlemen time to form their plans. One of them, or, at least, one of their friends, is sure to attend the police court for the purpose of having a look at you, and in order to trace you to your lodgings."
"Do you think so?"

"I am certain of it."

"But what do you intend to do with Barney?" "I mean that, on the first occasion, you should prosecute, but you must not appear on the second

day; he will then be discharged."

"And do you desire it?" "Yes; because, suppose the magistrate gave him three or six months, what then? He would be out of the way, and unable to help us. Help us, I mean, without his being aware of it; in fact, there is such a deadly hatred between this Barney and Warner, so I have good reasons to suspect, that one will do anything to have revenge on the other."

"That is to say, then, you don't wish to give this scoundrel any very light punishment while you are

" No; let them cut each other's throat for all we care," said Gale.

"Well, you know best, of course; but why take so much trouble to capture him, and then let him get off scot free ?"

"It was only a plan to get your name before the public, and to let Jonathan and the others know where you were, for thieves and rascals generally are great ones for reading the police news in papers to see if any of their chums are in trouble or not."

"I'll leave the matter in your hands, then, Mr. Gale."

"Do; I shall know where to call upon you if necessary," sond end for beildge but guinnous state "Yes; at the Grosvenor." I at coald a servent.

"Good night, 2 mow on sered; nemoline serul

"Good night. Don't fail to come to the station by ten o'clock to morrow morning?" build jad W" "I will not, Good night," "One was tall and thin, and look", the Good night," one was tall and thin, and look "the waste of the waste o

Gale and Captain Tom Ford parted for the night.

"And the others?" "And the second was a small, dried-up, weazen-faced old man, and hot VIOX STAPPOWN lawyer."

adl buacaptain tom hasha visitored adl"

"THAT'S a queer way to serve the ends of justice," thought Tom, as he wandered or rather sauntered towards his room at the "Grosvenor." "Here Frank and I have been for a long time looked upon as runaway murderers; our property has been stolen, and yet when one of the rascals gets into the clutches of the law they let him go again. Well, I suppose it's all right; but I don't understand it. These detectives are a queer lot, so I'll keep a bright look out on the doings of this Mr. Gale. Who knows, he may be playing false with me?"

While he thus ruminated a young girl bounced out of a doorway towards him.

It was poor Matty.

"Hillo!" said Tom, "here again?" "Yes; and perhaps for the last time."

"Nay, don't say that," said Tom. "Why do you look so dull? Why, as I live, there are tears in your eyes. Come, come, my lass; don't be so down on your luck."

"Never mind 'me," said Matty, "so that no harm has befallen you, I don't care. Life is a misery to me, and has been for many a long month."

"Better luck is in store for you," said Tom, kindly. "Come, cheer up; here's a sovereign for you."

"I don't want your money," said Matty, thrusting back the coin; "if I have done a good action I am satisfied, for I have committed a great deal of badness through that villain who attempted to rob

"Then what is your object in following me?" asked Tom.

"For no harm!" cried poor Matty; "but I suppose a fine gentleman like you is ashamed to be

seen talking to an unfortunate like I am?"
"No, not at all, my girl," said Tom; "but I know you have some object in meeting me thus.'

"I have." "What is it?"

"I have come to say good-bye; I have made up my mind to leave the streets and get a situation, if possible. If I had clothes I would take any sort of work rather than lead the miserable life I have done for so long."

"Clothes needn't prevent you," said Tom; "I have a great deal of money, and will buy you some if you promise me to leave off this wretched life you have been leading."

"Haven't I kept my word with you to-night?"

said Matty.

"You have. But the worst of it is I fear Barney will not be punished after all."

"Will he be discharged, think you?", bas silden

"Mr. Gale says so."

"Then he'll murder me if he meets me," said Matty, "I know he will."

"Not if I can help it," said Tom. "But have

you any notion where to get a situation?"

"Yes. I cut an advertisement out of the 'Times' this morning, and applied for the place of general servant, a place in Pimlico; the house is kept by three gentlemen; there's no woman in the house, so I didn't like to take it."

"What kind of gentlemen were they?" asked

"One was tall and thin, and looked like a clergyman, but I didn't like the looks of his eyes, they were wicked."

"And the others?"

"The second was a small, dried-up, weazen-faced old man, and looked like a broken-down lawyer."

"The devil, he did!" said Tom. "And the

"I didn't see the third one; he was out on business in the city.

"And what did these two old gentlemen seem to

say or want?"
"They said all I should have to do would be to run of errands, clean up the place, and cook a little; there's no one living in the house besides them-selves."

"Then why not take it, Matty? Did they ask for

your character?

"No; I spoke of it, but the tallest of the two

said it didn't much matter about my character, for

I looked clean and tidy."

"Then take the situation," said Tom, "and if anything happens, here's my card; call on me at the Grosvenor hotel at any time, but don't let any one see my card but yourself. I have very particular and peculiar reasons for what I do and say. Here it is.

Matty took the card, and placed it in her bosom, and, after much persuasion, Tom forced five pound

upon her wherewith to get clothes.

With a thousand thanks poor Matty went her way, begging heaven to bless the generous youth who had been such a substantial friend to her in her need.

She didn't return to Cauliflower Alley, but took lodgings for the night in a respectable coffee shop.

When morning came she started out light and early, and went forthwith to a well-known shop, where, at the cost of about three pounds, she fully furnished herself with every necessary that a servant would require.

Having fortified herself with an excellent breakfast Matty, bent upon reforming herself, went straight to Pimlico to look after her situation.

She rang the bell several times before it was

answered.

But she could not help remarking that several heads successively appeared at the windows, and much peeping was observable through the blinds ere the door was opened.

At last the latch was drawn, and the door was

opened gradually and very cautiously.

Matty found herself in the passage, and, although she did not know it, confronted no less a personage than old Jonathan.

"Oh, you are the young person who called yes-

terday about the situation?"
"Yes, sir," said Matty, curtseying humbly. "And have you been in service before?"
"I have, sir."

"Lately?" " No, sir."

"You have lost your character from the last place, I think you said, and the lady is now out of town."

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, very well; no matter. But I hope you are virtuous and honest, because I don't like to have any one about me except those who are of the strictest integrity.

"I hope you will find me all you desire, sir," said Matty; "I'll endeavour to please you."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Jonathan, stroking his chin, "but when you came in did you observe any strange or suspicious-looking person watching this house?

"No, sir."

"No policeman, or anything of that kind?" " No, sir."

"That's all right. And now, my good girl, you may consider yourself engaged, and may commence your duties at once. This house is furnished from top to bottom in first class order, and I wish that you will see that everything is kept clean and tidy, for we are three brothers who live here, and are very particular."

Matty was shown down into the kitchen, and began her work forthwith.

Meantime, Jonathan, old Flint, and Warner-for such the three brothers were-held a long consultation together.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Jonathan, "our new servant is a very respectable, genteel sort of girl, and can be of great use to us; we can't afford many luxuries, it is true, but still it is nothing but proper that she should keep up appearances.'

"But where the deuce are we to get the first month's rent?" sighed Flint. "We've been living like hermits in this place for the last four days, and

have scarcely anything to eat,"
"Send the girl out for the Evening Standard," said Jonathan. "I expect to see a private note on the front page from Shanks or my wife; they have been out of prison more than a week, and I know they'll endeavour to find me out."

Matty was sent out for the newspaper, and soon

returned.

Jonathan looked at the front page, and was greatly delighted when he beheld the following annonncement-

"Bromley Hall .- If this should meet the eye of J. G., he is requested at once to correspond with his wife or daughters."

"I thought so," said Jonathan,
"Be very careful it isn't a trap to catch you," said Warner, gruffly.

"Do you think so?" said Jonathan, in disgust, "More likely than not."

While he spoke old Jonathan's eye ran down the police news' column, and he dropped the paper as if he had been shot.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Warner. "You

look as pale as a sheet of writing paper."

"Look!" said Jonathan. "Look! read!" Warner read the paragraph alluded to, which

"A YOUNG OFFICER IN TROUBLE .- A roughlooking blackguard fellow, who is called Barney, alias the Pug, a person well-known to the police, was brought up at this court this morning, with two well-known thieves who refused their names and address, charged with assaulting and endeavouring to rob a very wealthy young naval officer, in the Mexican Republican service. The young gentleman it appears was inveigled into a low den in Cauliflower Alley, by a Cyprian, who has absconded.

"The officer behaved with the greatest gallantry, and had soundly thrashed the three villains when the room door was broken open by detective Gale

and a party of men who were on the alert.

"The young gentleman gave the name of Captain Tom Ford, Grosvenor Hotel; the case was adjourned for three days, in order to give the police time to trace the female, who it is thought had planned the robbery, and decoyed the officer."

"What, Tom Ford?" said Flint.

"Yes, no one else."
"And in England?"

"And in England?"
"At the Grosvenor Hotel."
"And Barney also." said Warner.

"And Barney also," said Warner.

"Who'd a thought it?" "The devil take the lad!" swore old Flint, andly. "I wish he were at the bottom of the ocean rather than here."

"Nonsense!" said Jonathan. "Leave the matter

to me."

"Who could this girl have been ?" asked Warner,

" No telling."

"Well, she can't escape for long."
"Can't she?" thought Matty, who had been listening to the conversation outside the door. "Can't she? Well, we will see. These gentlemen, whoever they are, appear to know Barney and the young officer. Who can they be?"

She would have listened longer, but old Jonathan

opened the door rather suddenly, darb and to broth

Matty was too clever a girl not to be able to form an excuse for being so near to the door.

Her manner was so innocent that it even took

cunning old Jonathan off his guard.

He made no remark at the moment, but he did not exactly like to find his new servant so close and within hearing.

He shut the door again, and began to walk up and down the apartment, with his hands in his pocket, ruminating as to what had best be done.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said he, at last; "if this young scamp, Tom Ford, is really the person described, and has plenty of money, I'll give him an early call, and get some of it out of him."

"What, do you mean to call on him, then ?" "Of course I do. How is he to know what has

happened during the time he has been away?"
"No, certainly not," said Warner. "But, mind you, Jonathan, there must be no humbug about it; we are all rowing in the same boat, and must go share and share alike."

"Of course," said old Flint; "it won't do for us to be living here on nothing; we must eat and

drink."

"Why the devil didn't you think of that, then, when you had plenty of money?" said Jonathan, in an angry manner. "Now that all the money is gone, you are the first to cry out about your stomach. Come what may, I'll go out to night, and see what can be done, for I don't care about being housed up here like a lot of rats."

Warner did not make any remark in reply, but he plainly saw that old Flint also felt very desirous to go out, but that was out of the question.

He could trust Jonathan, but not the lawyer, for

he was as slippery as an eel.

When night came, therefore, Jonathan dressed himself in as good a disguise as he possibly could, and went forth at the back door.

Warner also had to go out to look after the trunk which contained the plunder of his friends in the country, for it was to come up by train that same

"If they both go out," said old Flint, "I can make my escape; but I'll pretend to be very sick, so

as to throw Warner off his guard."

But he was very much mistaken in his calcula-

Warner muffled himself up in his great coat, and was about to go forth, as Flint devoutly hoped, without taking any notice of him; but it was not to be.

Warner produced several cords and straps out of

a cupboard.

"What are those for?" asked Flint. "Why to tie you up with," said Warner.
"Tie me up? What for?"

"You'll soon see; if you don't mind I'll hang you with them."

Without more ado Warner tied him both hand and foot, and made him lie down upon the floor.
"There," said he, "I don't think you can run

away now in a very great hurry."
"Oh, for mercy's sake, loose the cords a trifle,"

said Flint; "you'll strangle me." "So much the better, you old scoundrel; it will make you get used to what you may expect from Calcraft one of these days."

"Oh! I'm choking."

"I'm glad to hear it; but listen to me, Flint," said Warner, in a determined manner; "I'm going out, and may not be absent more than five minutes, and perhaps it might be five hours; but whether I am away for a long time or not, don't you make a noise of any kind; if you do I'll murder you."

Old Flint groaned and twisted himself on the floor like an eel.

Warner locked the door, and went forth towards

the railroad station.

"This is a funny sort of house," thought Matty; "these 'three brothers,' as they calls themselves, are always quarrelling and snarling; why, they came near having a fight among themselves three or four times during the past hour. I don't much like the looks of things here. They can't be gentlemen or else they'd have plenty to eat and drink, instead of which there ain't even a mouldy crust in the kitchen, and the very cat staggers about with weakness. I shan't stop here very long. If it hadn't been for that gentleman as just went out (Warner), I shouldn't have had a sixpence to buy coals with. A queer lot of people, and no mistake. They are not brothers," said Matty to herself; "they can't be a they don't look like it no way; it's all gammon, they can't fog me; but I'll stay, if only for a week, for they'll be sure to give me a good character if I don't ask for anything, Yes, that's what I'll do; I'll buy all I want for myself, and then claim my character, and go somewhere

While she thus thought, the groans of old Flint attracted her attention, and she stopped in the

passage and listened.

But let us for a moment leave old Flint and Matty, while we follow Jonathan to the Grosvenor

Hotel.

For some time old Jonathan could scarcely screw up his courage sufficiently to call; so, therefore, he walked to and fro, up one street and down another, looking in all directions for any suspicious person.

He approached the hotel, and the odours from the kitchen were so pleasant to his empty stomach that they gave him a ravenous appetite on the

instant. If rolling dool of the or of lad only make. "Ah!" thought Jonathan, "if I could only make sure that he was at dinner now, what a lucky thing it would be. I've not had what I call a good dinner for more than a week."

He went up the steps boldly, and made inquiries for Captain Tom Forday and no remaw words of an

But he was very much mistaken ersthere. He was very much mistaken are was very much mistaken.

""Yes, sir," or all him a lessaid bellium remay"
""Ah, yery good; then say, "or or or mode asw
""Would you please send up your card," or or or mode asw
""Oh, certainly, of course," said Jonathan, fumbling as if for his card-case, but not finding anything in the shape of a card save a pawn-ticket anything in the snape of a card save a pawn-three for his watch—he still wore the chain, however, for show—he stammered out, "How provoking, I left my card-case behind me at the hotel, but simply say it is an old friend, that will be quite sufficient; he will be sure to know me." "The name, sir, if you please?" mod driw nov.
"Oh yes, of course the name, well, ah h Mr.
Jones Mr. Walter Jones."

In a short time Mr. Walter Jones was shown up to Captain Ford's apartments, and was told to wait,

as the captain was dressing for dinner.

"How lucky," thought Jonathan, as he saw the plates and dishes on the table, "I'm just in time for a good feed."

No one being present Jonathan filled out for himself a glass of brandy.

As he swallowed it he felt like a new man.

"In case I am mistaken," said he, "I'll help myself to something."

self to something."
So thinking, he took up the leg of a fowl and a new French roll, wrapped them in a napkin, and thrust them hastily into his coat pocket.

Then, with a sanctimonious air, he commenced humming a hymn tune, and played with his fingers. In a moment afterwards Captain Tom Ford

entered the apartment.

He was a bold, handsome-looking youth, and did not look at all like the same young man Jonathan had caught at Bromley Hall.

The old schoolmaster, however, was so disguised

that Tom did not know him. "Mr. Jones, Captain Ford," said the footman, as he introduced Jonathan, and retired.

"Mr. Jones!" said Tom, surprised. "I don't know any one of that name."

"Perhaps not," said Jonathan, hastily advancing,

and clutching hold of Tom's hands, and shaking them violently; "perhaps not, my dear young friend; but in the Mr. Jones, Mr. Walter Jones, recognise your old master at Bromley Hall."

"What, Jonathan!" said Tom, looking astonished at the long, hungry-jawed person before him. "What, Jonathan! is it possible?"

"Yes, my dear young friend, it is possible, eh?" said he, with a hypocritical sigh. "The world is full of changes and ups and downs."

"So it is," said Tom, scarcely refraining from

laughing.
"Ab, my dear young friend, honesty and virtue have not been rewarded in me. Look at me, look at me," said Jonathan, exhibiting his attenuated figure which, under severe fasting of late, looked more like a lamp-post. "Look at me! my young friend; look at me, and ask yourself if it is the same person you once well knew."

"You see, I have not been more than three days in

England, and have not heard of any of these changes at Bromley," said Tom, biting his lip so as to disguise his true feelings. "And how has all this

come to pass?"

"My wife, sir, my wife," said Jonathan, pretending to wipe away a stray tear out of the corner of his eye with the half of a dirty pocket handkerchiefui

Tom cast a quick glance of scorn at his old master, but Jonathan did not perceive it.

"What has happened to your wife, then?"

"Run off, absconded, absquatulated with Caspar," said Jonathan, wiping his eyes, and trying to make them red with rubbing. "Ah! the wickedness of this world,"on

All this time Tom had been eating his dinner, and

did not ask Jonathan to have any.

The old schoolmaster was ravenously hungry, and as his large staring eyes wandered up and down the table, he devoured the whole table in imagina-

He would not ask for any thing, and as he sat looking on at Tom, who was thoroughly enjoying his meal, he felt as if he were sitting on thorns.

"D-n him! I wish he'd ask me to have something to eat," thought Jonathan, yawning, and showing his teeth, much like an hyena grinning at a piece of beef placed on the wrong side of the railings of his den.
"That roast beef smells excellent," said Jona-

than, with a forced smile, "It is beautifully cooked; the odour is very apetizing,"

cooked; the odour is very apetizing,

"So it is," said Tom, carelessly, helping himself
to more, "You never were any great hand at roast
beef; I think you always said it was bad for
persons of a studious turn. Now, I prefer
mutton."

"Yes, with caper sauce, and cauliflower," said

Jonathan. "I perceive you have that dish on the table. I am very, nay EXTREMELY, PASSIONATELY fond of that dish, cooked as yours is."

"Yes, so am I," said Tom. "I am monstrously fond of it; but if I recollect right, when we were at school, you always opposed us having it, because it was bilious."

"Oh, decidedly bilious-very. But I perceive you have raspberry and current pudding, which is

not bilious," said Jonathan,

"No, I believe not," said Tom, very coolly, proceeding with his dinner, and smacking his lips

"Is that old port you are drinking?" asked

Jonathan, with an apologetic cough.

"No; it is Johannisberger, one guinea per bottle."

"Indeed! what a price!" said Jonathan.

"Yes, but what a wine !-excellent. Did you ever taste it ?"

"No," said Jonathan, eagerly, "I should very much like to do so."

"Sorry that this is the last glass," said Tom,

tossing it off, calmly.

Thus the dinner passed off, Tom thoroughly enjoying himself, and Jonathan almost collapsing with hunger.

When the table was cleared, Tom said, very

"By the bye, Mr. Jonathan, you must excuse my absence of mind, I never thought of asking whether

you had dined or not."

"Well, ah, ye-s-s, thank you," Jonathan replied; "I have already dined. In fact, a party of friends honoured me with their presence, and a new servant we have hired this morning dished up for us a splendid repast of soup, fish, flesh, and fowl."
"I won't let him see that I'm famished," thought

the old master.

At the same time, however, the winds of hunger were audibly rolling in Jonathan's capacious stomach like a small hurricane howling in a cavern.

"I thought you would be glad to see me," said

Jonathan, with a grin.

"Yes; oh, of course, I am delighted; glad to see you looking so well. You are monstrously fat, to what you used to be."

"Think so?" said Jonathan, with a ghastly smile.

At the same time he felt his clothes hanging about his bony, fleshless limbs like wet sails flapping against a mast. In fact, Jonathan's coat fitted him like a coal-sack, and from constant wear, was almost as shiny and dirty.
"You have been abroad?" I hear.

"Yes," said Tom, "both to Italy and Mexico." "Of course you have heard the sad news?" said

"Of my uncle's murder you mean? Ah! yes. Ah! it was a sad affair, that."

"Yes, wasn't it?" said the old lawyer. "Thear they ran away with all the money—the villains?" Tom's simple, careless manner, fully disarmed

Jonathan's suspicions.

"I suppose the news was a great shock to your nerves?" said Jonathan

"Oh, quite so; but the deuce of it is, they cannot find out who did it."

"No, that's the worst of it; but I'll tell you what I've heard."

"What ?"

- "Why, you see, I am greatly in debt, and dare not be seen out in public much for fear of the Sheriff's officers; but if I had a little money to spare, I could soon find them out."
 - " You ?" "Yes, me."

"Why, are not the detectives after them?"

" Detectives be hanged ! Couldn't old Flint buy all the lot of them?" 1886 vm Jon fliw II"

Perhaps so."

"My dear young friend, I know so; and if I only had the paltry sum of a hundred or two pounds, I would warrant to ferrit out the whole transaction from beginning to end. As I said, for a paltry hundred or two, I could do it all."

"Yes, it is rather a paltry sum when you come to think of it," said Tom, jingling a lot of gold coins in his pockets; "but do you think two or three hundred would be enough? What do you say to

£500—would that be sufficient?"

"That's just the sum I was thinking about," said Jonathan, with an eager eye. "You have plenty of loose change, and £500 to you is—"

"Oh, nothing, a mere fly-blow. I'd give £1,000; yes, £10,000, if I could only bring the villains to

justice.'

"Ah, you speak like a true man, my young iend. You always were a noble-minded youth," friend. said Jonathan.

"And do you seriously mean to say that you could discover this old vagabond, Flint, the lawyer, if you had sufficient money?" "1'll swear it—he is in London."

"Then, Mr. Jonathan, you shall have it."

"Not for my sake, you know, Captain Thomas, but for the sake of your dear, kind, benevolent old uncle, Ford," said Jonathan. "Ah, I always loved that old man."

"He was so generous!"

" So kind and Christian-like."

"Charitable."

"Good to the poor, and all. Ah, Captain Ford, you can never know how much I respected the venerable departed." WANTE EIN GRA MALE

"I dare say not."

Jonathan's dirty rag was again and again inserted into the corner of his bleary eye, and it was as much as Tom could do to refrain from laughing.

He did so, however, and looked very grave.

Jonathan began to leap with joy at the prospect of having two or three hundred pounds in his possession, and in his imagination he was seated in a French restaurant demolishing pyramids of the choicest viands money could purchase.

Well," said Tom, " as you are an old friend, and one to be trusted..."

one to be trusted—"
"Me trusted! Why, my dear young friend, you might in such a case as this entrust me with the Bank of England."

"I know it, said Tom. " Would £500 be

enough?"

"That is just what I wished to propose,"

"Let me see, then, how much I have in small notes and gold," said Tom.

And before the astonished eyes of Jonathan he produced a roll of bank notes and a bag of sovereigns.

Jonathan was almost dancing mad.

The sight of so much money made him feel dizzy and feeble in the legs. That's plenty," said he.

"No, no, you are mistaken," said Tom; "there is but £300 here."

"Well, that will do," said Jonathan, impatiently,

and trying to seize some of it.
"No it won't," said Tom; "there's not enough," "There is I tell you."

"No there isn't; I will send a messenger with the full amount to-morrow."

"No, no; delays are dangerous," said Jonathan; "let me commence my pursuit of the villains to"To-morrow will do."

"It will not, my dear young friend; be guided

by me, you know how honest I am."

"Oh, yes, you always were the pink of honesty." "Then trust me with but £100 to-night, and I guarantee to-

"To-morrow."

"£50, then, for the honour of your noble uncle."

"To morrow."

"£10, then, just to set the ball a rolling."
"To-morrow," said Tom, putting by his money Jonathan could have rushed at him, and had a

struggle for it, but he dared not.

"Why not to-night? Lose no time."
"Well, then, to-night, as you are so impatient." "Ah, there spoke a noble youth," said Jonathan, rubbing his hands in great glee.

"I have not sufficient change."

"I daresay the proprietors would cash you a check."

"I'll try," said Tom, ringing the bell.

A servant entered, and took down a note to the

proprietors of the hotel.

In a moment afterwards he returned, and ushered in a stranger, who, gaily bowing to the old master of Bromley, said, in a cheery voice—
"Ah, Nr. Jonathan, happy to see you."

It was Detective Gale.

CHAPTER XCV.

THE PREDICTION OF THE SORCERERS-THE SEIGE -FRANK AND HIS BRAVE FOLLOWERS TAKE A PROMINENT PART IN THE WAR OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE USURPER MAXIMILIAN-STIR-

But the Indian attacks mentioned in a preceeding

chapter were not again repeated.

The bravery and dash displayed by Frank and his followers so astonished and terrified the rude denizers of the prairies, that they shunned his train, and called him the "fire devil," to signify how much loss Captain Frank had caused them.

The remainder of their journey, therefore, to the Mexican frontier, was comparatively quiet and un-

disturbed.

They sometimes had an occasional skirmish with the Indians, but they always came off victorious, and with little loss.

The news of the progress of the Mexican war of independence now reached them very frequently by travellers, and Frank was very anxious to hasten

onwards so that he might take part in it. Caspar, Hugh Tracy, and the old count were no less impatient, and they hurried on the teams so vigorously, that in a few days the waggon trains crossed over the Rio Grande river, and at last found themselves safe and sound on Mexican territory.

The French had been carrying everything before them for some time past, and the timid people began to look upon them as invincible.

Not so Frank and his followers.

"If they come to rob the Mexican people of their liberty," said Frank, "and endeavour to force upon them a king-an institution which they always hated—why then let them bide by the consequences. We are on the side of the people," said he, and whereever he went he was received with loud cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs by both young and old, men and women.

"Hurrah for the bold English Boys!" was the

cry, as Frank's gallant young fellows gaily marched through towns and villages with banners flying.

Bands came out to meet and escort them from

all directions.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed; but Frank was so much in a hurry to march to where hostilities were going on, that neither he nor his men had time nor leisure to enjoy one half of the good things which were provided for them.

At the time of which we write the French had captured Puebla, in one direction, while a mixed force of French and renegade Mexicans were besieging the pretty little town of Potosi, famous for its many valuable silver mines.

To this point, therefore, Frank and his gallant

party directed their march with all haste.

"Let not this town be sacked and pillaged," said Frank to his men; "rush like gallant lads to the rescue, and immortalise your names."

Such was the great enthusiasm which Frank's young heroes caused on their march, that several hundred young and well-armed Mexicans begged to be allowed to follow, if not join, the Boy Band.

This proposition Frank agreed to at last, provided they would allow themselves to be commanded by English officers.

This the Mexican volunteers immediately consented to do, and, long ere they reached Potosi, the whole number of men under Frank's command was over 2,000, all ready and willing to fight and die for their fatherland under the guidance of the famous young English leader.

The people of Potosi heard of Frank's approach, and sent out couriers to direct him which way to march, for the French and renegade Mexicans had made up their minds, if possible, to interrupt his

For several days Frank took but little heed of these warnings, and continued his marches as if regardless of all danger; but the couriers became more frequent, who begged and prayed him to be less courageous, and to repress the ardour of his

Yet, all went well with Frank's command until they arrived within one day's journey of Potosi.

While Frank and his men were pleasantly camped for the night in an orange grove, several of the young officers took a pleasant stroll in the moon-

light,
"Look here, look here, Captain Frank," said the count; "we have made a great discovery hereabouts,"

"What is it, count?"

"Why, a sorceress."

"Nonsense! How superstitious these simple Mexicans are."

"Simple or superstitious if you like," said the count, "but you come with me over to that cottage yonder, and peep through the window unperceived; you will then see the aged sorceress, and if she is not foretelling and fore-casting our fates, then I'm no gentleman, for I heard her at it."

Frank laughed, but took the count's arm, and

silently approached the cottage.

They peeped in at the window unperceived and unheard.

Beside the fire, and crouched on the floor, sat three gipsy-looking women smoking, with a cat beside them.

In the middle of the floor knelt a woman holding her head between her hands, as if divining things to come, through the power of the sorceress.

At a table sat the sorceress herself, magic wand in hand.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



On the table was a sand-glass and various charms, which, from time to time, she consulted with great gravity, while no one spoke a word save the diviner who knelt on the floor deep in thought. (See cut in No. 30.)

"By the charms and spells of Montezuma, speak,"

said the sorceress, lightly touching the diviner kneeling on the floor. "Who are these armed men marching this way?"

"Friends of the people," was the answer.
"And whither are they bound?"

"The Silver City."
"Speak their fate?"

"Honour and glory for some, and an early grave for others."

"Who leads them?"

"A gallant English youth, Frank Ford by name." "And of the enemy, what of them?" asked the Sorceress. "Will the French and Mexican dastards surprise them on their march?"

"They will endeavour to do so this very night."

"What else?"

"Blood will freely flow, and the leader of a small part of the band will barely escape with life."

"Come," said Frank; "come, Count, we will hear No. 32.

no more of this maudlin prophesy. I don't believe in it!"

"It may come true for all that,"

"I cannot believe it."

Thus spake the Count and Frank, as they rambled back from the cottage of the Sorceress; but ere they reached their own tent a courier, all covered with foam, rode up at a tremendous pace.

"Halt !" a sentinel cried.

The courier halted as ordered, and in a moment his despatches were in Frank's hands, who read

"Haste your men by forced marches, or the town will fall a prey to the French. Come quickly, or all is lost. A mixed command of Mexicans and French have gone forth to intercept you. If you are camping anywhere near the Great Orange Grove, strike tents and take the right hand road, leaving a sufficient force on the left hand road to prevent the enemy getting in between you and the city.

"In haste,

"GEN. CAVALHO,
"Commandant of Potosi,

"To Col, Frank Ford."



"This despatch admits of no delay, Count; we ust decide on immediate steps. What do you must decide on immediate steps.

propose?"

"Give me five hundred of your Mexicans, with two cannons, and I will guarantee to hold the enemy in check for at least half a day, quite sufficient time for you to reach and march into the city."

"Agreed!" said Frank.

"We must march at once then," said the Count. "Call a council of war."

"I will," said Frank.

In less than fifteen minutes all the officers, both English and Mexican, were assembled in Frank's tent, who explained the nature of the despatches he had received, and of the Count's noble offer. It was unanimously agreed upon that the Count should take command of five hundred men, and protect the march of the main body.

In less than an hour all the troops were on the march quietly and orderly; Frank, with the main body on the right hand road, leaving the Count in the flank and rear with his five hundred Mexicans.

During the night Frank continued his forced march with all speed, but the roads were miserably bad and the waggons could scarcely get along through the sand.

During the following morning, however, loud reports of distant fire-arms were heard, and the booming of cannon, which convinced Frank that the brave old Count was making a stout resistance, and felt determined to protect the march of the

main body. These sounds of distant warfare continued until . late in the afternoon, and then suddenly ceased.

Night came, but with it no tidings of the brave old Count, with his five hundred Mexicans and the

Capt. Frank felt uneasy, and sent out scouts who reported that the Count had behaved like a hero, but had to contend against great odds, and

was defeated with heavy loss.

True it was not one of the five hundred returned to tell the tale, and it was not until the next morning that a flag of truce messenger brought in full tidings of the whole affair, with a letter from the Count, who briefly spoke of the disastrous combat in the following terms :-

" French Camp.

DEAR FRANK,-This note will be explained by

one of my men who is paroled.

"Suffice it to say that I boldly marched out with my small force to repel the enemy, but soon found myself almost surrounded and cut to pieces. They were thousands to our hundreds, and had many pieces of cannon.

"At first I did not perceive any enemy in front of me but two battalions of hireling Mexicans, who

were fighting under the French flag.

"These my men attacked with great fury; and had they not been instantly reinforced, we should have annihilated them. As it was, we marched out of the wood boldly to meet them; but had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when we were assailed in flank and rear by the French.

"We have saved your whole command, perhaps, from destruction, though well-nigh destroyed ourselves, for I hear it said over 7,000 men were sent

out to intercept your march.
"We fought the two battalions of Mexican hirelings bravely enough, and right well did my men behave themselves; but the two battalions of the enemy that were near me had been joined by the French general himself, with about 300 horsemen, who charged me several times as I commenced

"I repulsed them, but with the loss of one gun broke down, and my own horse mortally wounded, though it still kept on.

"But the remainder of their troops now coming up, I found further progress impossible, and drew up in a fine open space to receive them.

"Here I made a short speech to the men.

"I told them we were trying to avoid a thing which none of us could escape—that was death!

"That come when it would-and as such was the case—it became us to meet it and die like soldiers.

Thus resolved, we allowed the enemy to come within fifty yards, when we gave them a volley and charged.

"Those in our front gave way, and we captured

their light guns.

"As those on the flank, however, galled us with their cannon, I threw myself into a square and sought to regain the wood, now only about a stone's throw from us.

"But fate had decided against us.

"They pressed us so close on all sides that my men began to lose their coolness.

"We were charged again and again, and lost

three of the guns we had captured.

"Still, with the one left, I kept moving on and got clear of the Mexican hirelings, who had got a little sickened, and showed less disposition to

"But the French kept charging, and my men

giving up very fast.

"I still had some three hundred good soldiers and my gun left; but a party of horse pressed us so hard that I moved on with one hundred men, and stopped them; but when I looked back I found only ten had followed me, the rest had turned back and joined the gun.

"I fell and became insensible immediately, and after my fall my brave but unfortunate fellows met

the same fate.

"I do not believe that fifty men out of the five

hundred escaped the field untouched.

"It was about three in the afternoon when I fell, and I did not regain my senses for a long time; I then remembered what had happened, for several other wounded soldiers were lying near me, and I crawled under a tree to shelter me from the sun.

"Two more of my battalion crept near me, the one with a leg shot off below the knee, the other

with a spear wound through his body.

"We were dying of thirst, and in this state we remained the whole of the day. But, alas | night came on, but neither death or assistance for which the frantic wounded sighed.

"The night was very chilly, and so dreadful did it appear to me that I almost vowed if I survived I would have nothing more to do with soldiering; the wounded on all sides crying out for water, the jackals tearing the dead, and coming nearer and nearer to see if we were ready for them.

"We only kept them off by making noises and

throwing stones at them.

"Thus passed this long and terrible night.

"Early next morning we espied a man and an old woman who came to us and gave us some water, and to every wounded man she gave a piece of bread from her basket and a drink from her waterpot.
"To us she gave the same, and I thanked heaven

"I asked the woman where she lived, and she

gave me the name of her village, which was about three miles from where we lay,

"It was the sorceress you laughed at the night before.

"About three in the morning a French general with a hundred horsemen arrived on the battle-ground, with orders to bury the dead, and to send

the wounded into their camp.

"When we were brought there we found a large two-poled tent pitched, in which all the wounded of my command were collected, and, to the best of my reccollection, they amounted to three hundred men.

"No sooner was I brought in than they called

out,
"Ah! here is the count, our dear old captain." "And offered me some bread and water, or what

they had.

"The French surgeons had wrapped me in a large blanket, when they took me up from the field, and right glad was I to find so many of my brave fellows near me.

"This, in all haste from

Yours, "THE COUNT."

CHAPTER XOVIL CHAPTER XCVII.

THE TREASURES SECURED.

THE powerful blow which Joel Flint gave to Tomasso with his heavy oar, as we have seen in a previous chapter, so stunned the Italian detective that for a long time after he was rescued from the water he remained unconscious of anything that was passing around him.

The sight of the burning custom house in full blaze, was certainly grand in the extreme, and, as seen from the harbour, was awfully sublime.

All the shipping was lighted up by the magnificent blaze, and, for a time, the glare of light was almost equal to that of noonday.

In every direction men were running about frantically to and fro.

Engines, manned by hundreds of willing work-

men, were clanking.
Streams of water were spurting upon the various warehouses, and firemen upon ladders, axe in hand, were cutting away portions of the burning mass which threatened danger to buildings as yet untouched by the devouring element.

All this sight was fully witnessed by Joel Flint, who urged on his boat's crew to further efforts.

For some time he knew not what to do with the

treasure he had so luckily secured.

To land with this precious, and, at the same time, suspicious-looking treasure, would have placed him again, perhaps, in the power of his old enemy, Tomasso the detective, if he were alive.

"Where shall we land you, master?" asked the boatmen, after they had pulled a considerable dis-

tance down the harbour.

"Anywhere," said Joel, knowing not what to

He felt certain that his boat's crew were suspicious regarding his movements, and, therefore, it was necessary that he should proceed as carelessly as possible in all he intended to do.

While pulling across the harbour, and when fully assured that he was not pursued, he came near to a rakish-looking brig, which, with sails fully set, was starting on her voyage.

As Joel and his men pulled close under her stern he perceived the name of it.

It was the "Dolphin, of London,"

"Hold, my men," said Joel, quickly; "I know the captain of this brig; he is a fellow countryman of mine."

"Ship ahoy!" shouted young Flint, at the top of his voice. "Ship ahoy!" he repeated, as he pulled up to leeward of the brig.

"Boat ahoy! What d'yer want?" was the gruff

response of the captain on the quarter-deck. dd nasm

"That's an English brig." what of that?"

"Back sails, captain," said Joel; "I'll pay you well for all you do. Have you any passengers on sparks after his daughter, Ellen. They day'' or Yes; "Yes; half-a-dozen." "Yes; half-a-dozen." "Yes; half-a-dozen." Whither bound?" Whither wh

"Old England-the port of London." di tadi

All this conversation was carried on in English so that Joel's boat's crew understood not a word of

"Lay on your oars, my lads," said Joel, to his men, in Italian. "The captain of the brig is a relation of mine."

Then addressing the captain of the "Dolphin" in English again, he said, when the brig had backed sails, and allowed the boat to come alongside.

"I wish to take passage in your vessel, captain, and have great treasures of art and other valuables in this packing-case. Can't you lower a boat, and help me to get it on board, for these Italian rascals here have threatened to sink the boat, if I don't pay them treble what they ought to have for their labour ?"

"Oh, that's it, eh?" said the captain of the "Dolphin;" "well, we'll soon settle 'em, if that's their little game. I never likes to see an Englishman imposed upon in foreign parts."

So speaking, he gave orders to his crew to lower two boats on the instant, which was done, greatly to the surprise of Joel's Italian oarsmen, who could not at all understand the reason for all this sudden display of force.

Before they could arrive at any conclusion how to act, the two boats' crews of the "Dolphin" seized the large packing-case, and firmly secured

strong tackling to it.

With a merry chorus the rest of the "Dolphin's" crew hauled up the case out of Joel's boat, and Joel himself was careful not to remain in the Italians' boat one moment longer than necessary, when all this was safely accomplished, Joel

threw the Italians his purse.

There was not much in it, truly, and the disappointed men cried and swore in a most horrible manner at the deceit which had been practised upon

Instead of being "handsomely rewarded," as Joel had promised them, they were scarcely paid

anything at all.

They rubbed their eyes, brandished their knives, and displayed their white, glistening teeth, to no effect, however, for Joel, once on board an English ship, snapped his fingers in triumph, and the brig sailed gaily out of harbour.

When they had been out at sea three or four hours, Joel begged that he might be allowed a "double cabin" instead of a single one, that is to say, twice the space generally alloted to ordinary passengers.

This the captain agreed to, and allowed several of the seamen to move the large packing-case into his own spacious cabin, for greater safety

Now, as the captain had to "keep watch" at stated times, Joel determined to examine the safe whenever the first chance offered.

"How many passengers have you got on board?" asked Joel, as he and the captain sat in the latter's cabin conversing.

"About half-a-dozen; only one female though,

but such a beauty."
"Oh indeed. What is their name?"

"Lancaster."

"The devil !" said Joel, in surprise, "You don't mean that."

"Why not? Do you know them?"

"No; but they are very rich I suppose?" "They must be to live as they have been living on shore. I hear there have been lots of gay young sparks after his daughter, Ellen. They 'turned in' just as you hailed us."

Joel Flint was much surprised and annoyed to find that the Lancasters were among the passengers.

However, there was no help for it now.

He could not disembark again if he would, and so, therefore, determined still to play the same character of profound hypocrite, which he had so long and so succesfully maintained during life.

When, therefore, the captain left the cabin to go on deck, and attend to his duties of the watch, Joel procured some tools from the ship's carpenter, and

began to open the safe.

It was a work of great labour, and occupied a considerable time, but he continued to work with great energy, and at last the door gave way.

His anxiety had been great to know what the safe really did or did not contain; but, now that it was open, and his delighted eyes beheld the treasures within, his heart leaped wildly with joy, and he could scarcely breathe from sudden astonishment.

There was an immense quantity of parchments and deeds relating not only to the estates of the murdered gentleman, Mr. Ford, but also the original will which Mr. Ford had signed in favour of his two nephews, Frank and Tom Ford, bequeathing to them all his immense estates in England and

The precious document Joel clutched with a firm hand, and placed it in his bosom with a bitter smile,

as he sighed-

"This is worth more to me than all the gold in the Bank of England, for it enables me to disinherit both of those curs, for without it they cannot lay claim to anything."

The next thing which Joel did was to count the bags which, from the feel of them, and their peculiar metallic gingle, he knew must contain gold pieces.

There were twenty of these leathern bags. Joel's eyes gloated over the sparkling coin as he opened one of the bags, and gazed at the sovereigns with a high fever-beating pulse.

He next examined a quantity of diamonds which

were loose in a drawer.

There were rings, bracelets, buckles, broaches, and earrings in great number, also of gold, some of them inlaid with precious stones and pearls.

Among other things, and closely packed together, were gold and silver cups, goblets, dishes, writing desks of pearl, and, last of all, a coronet of brilliants, such as wealthy brides are wont to wear upon their marriage day.

Rolls of bank notes, some dusty and grimy, were also packed away, and with them several ponderous ledgers and day books, such as his father had for many years used wherein to note down his daily

incomings and outgoings.

"At last," said Joel, as he closed the door of the safe, and reclined back in an arm-chair; "at last have I obtained possession of this immense treasure, and well will I use it. I will live as finely and as grandly as any lord of the land; the best of everything that money can purchase shall be mine. I will assume a foreign air and title, and, with so much money and wealth at my disposal, who shall say that I shall not wed—not such a silly thing as Nelly Lancaster," thought Joel, with a curling lip, "but a countess? Aye, that shall be it, and never will I rest until I see Frank and Tom Ford in their graves; if not by fair means, at least by foul, for money can do anything."

He packed up the safe again, and double padlocked it, and although he went to bed he could not sleep, for he feared that perhaps the very winds that blew might reveal to the captain and his crew

the secret of his great wealth.

"I will pretend to be sick all the voyage," thought Joel; "I don't want to meet these Lancasters while on board. I have entered a fictitious name in the passenger list, and am not quite as good looking a swell as I should like to be, yet I have plenty of money in my pockets, and will handsomely reward the captain for taking me on board. When I get to England I shall assume the name of Count Schmidt. Yes, that will sound well in the papers, and won't I enjoy myself?"

CHAPTER XCVII.

JOEL REACHES ENGLAND.

TRUE to his word Joel Flint pretended to be very unwell during the voyage, and no one, save those

who took his meals, ever saw him.

The safe was under his eye both night and day, for the captain, not being a very particular man as to his accommodation when money was to be gained by [any little inconvenience to himself, had, for a handsome price, given up the whole of his own cabin for the exclusive use of his young passenger, and had taken up his quarters in the double cabin originally assigned to Joel.

The passengers on board the "Dolphin," besides Mr. Lancaster and his beautiful daughter Ellen, were two English travellers, who seemed to act like brothers, and spoke much in whispers apart to

each other.

They gave the names of Squills and Blunt.

With his cabin door partly ajar, Joel could hear all the conversation of the passengers, but no one ever heard his own voice.

Notwithstanding his pretended sickness Joel smoked the best of cigars, and drank a considerable quantity of the very best wines on board.

He gave the stewards two or three guineas each, and the cook also was not forgotten.

One morning at breakfast the subject of conversation turned upon the captain's sick passenger.

"Came on board rather suddenly," said Blunt.

"Yes," the captain replied; "I dare say he is

some young political refugee who wants to get away."

"He is English."

"Yes; and seems to have unlimited means."

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Lancaster, to whom persons of unlimited means" were always a matter of much commiseration, "poor young fellow, I dare say he has been selling a ship-load of rifles; to the Austrians, perhaps, and was closely watched."
"Very likely," said Squills; "our English

gun-makers are always running the risk of getting their heads cut off, for they would sell arms to any one, so that they got a good price, if even the weapons were afterwards used against themselves."

The passengers laughed at this.

But the captain said in a jocular manner,

"I hope, Mr. Squills, that you have not been to Italy on any such errand?"

"No, not exactly. Eh, Blunt?"
"No," said Blunt, laughing; "we have been travelling for the last three months on a hunting expedition."

"Hunting expedition," said Mr. Lancaster, "and

in such troubled times as these ?"

"Oh, that is nothing," said Squills; "we are sportsmen of no ordinary character, and are nearly always fishing in troubled waters."
"I believe you," said Blunt.

"I do not understand you, gentlemen," said Mr. Lancaster.

"Shall we tell them?" said Blunt.

"Well, I suppose there's no harm," Squills plied; "at least, not now that we have left the replied; 'country."

"Well, then, captain," said Blunt, "if you must

know who and what we are, why then-

"We are two English detectives," interrupted Squills.

"Detectives!" said old Lancaster, in surprise.
"Detectives!" exclaimed Ellen Lancaster, in

"Yes, miss; nothing else, I can assure you," said

Blunt, laughing. "Why you astonish me," said the old banker. "Hang me if I didn't think you were something of that sort; I did, as true as I'm a seaman,'

"And what brought you so far away from home, then, if it is not an unfair question?" asked old Lancaster.

"We are on the look-out for two youths who were supposed to have murdered their uncle, an old gentleman of miserly habits but great wealth, of the name of Ford."

"And their names?"

"Frank and Tom Ford," Blunt replied.

At the bare mention of these names Ellen Lancaster fainted, and was borne insensible to her

"'Tis nothing; nothing, gentlemen, I can assure you," said old Lancaster, in allusion to his daughter's sudden faintness. "She is subject to slight fits of this kind occasionally."

"Does she know these youths, then?" asked

Squills, winking at Blunt.

"Know such young vagabonds as they are!" said old Lancaster, highly offended; "of course she does not. How should my daughter know such rascals ?"

In great disdain the old banker walked out upon deck.

"Well, if she doesn't know them it is singular to me," said Squills; "didn't you see how she changed colour-first red, then white?"

"Of course I did; but that's nothing," Blunt

replied.

"And didn't you catch either of them?" the

captain asked.
"No; we were very near it a time or two, but they always managed to slip through our fingers; they have a lot of harem scarem English youths under their command, and have been fighting like young devils for Garibaldi-Frank on land, and Tom Ford on sea."

A little more conversation took place (all of which Joel Flint was attentively listening to), when old Lancaster returned to the cabin again, looking

very red in the face.

"How dare you ask me such a question as you did?" said Lancaster. "I take it as an insult."

"You need not then, sir," said Blunt; although the two youths were at first suspected,

we have good reasons for believing now that they had nothing whatever to do with that foul deed."
"What!" said old Lancaster, "not guilty? they

must be; and I only hope and trust they may be

hanged at Newgate."

"Well, I don't," said Squills; "certainly appearances were very much against them at first, but this was caused by the cunning of some knaves who had a great interest in misleading the public."

"I don't believe it," said old Lancaster. "I always said, and I still say it, from all I have heard and seen of this Frank Ford, that he was a young villain.'

"Why just now you said you never heard of

him."

"My daughter has not, I tell you, but I have,"

said Lancaster warmly.

"Well, I have never seen him, to my knowledge, in all my life," said Blunt; "but from what I hear, he is a brave gallant youth, and a handsome fellow

"Brave-handsome!" repeated Lancaster, and left the cabin in great disgust.

"So they are not guilty after all, eh?" the captain

"No; at least we are ordered home to England again, and that doesn't seem as if the people at Scotland Yard considered either of them guilty, does it?'

"No; but how long were you after them?" saw "Several months. The last month, however, we have been on the look-out for a different individual."

"Oh, indeed! and who is he, pray?"

"An old lawyer's son called Flint."

"Oh, now I come to recollect," said the captain, "I have seen something about old Ford's murder in the papers."

"Of course you have, and a great deal about it,

too."

"It was a most mysterious affair," said Squills. "And the devil of it is," said Blunt, "there have been more murders than one over it."

"Aye, true," said Squills; "several of the force were very roughly handled in the old lawyer's office."

"One, I learn, has been shot in Epping Forest." "And it strikes me that Gale, who has had the job in hand, will run great risk of losing his life also before the affair is cleared up."

"They must be very artful scoundrels whoever they are," said the captain. "Yes," said Blunt, "no doubt of it. I shouldn't like to be in the shoes, though, of either the lawyer or his son, Joel, if Gale once gets on the track; there is a reward of £100 offered for the apprehension of either of them."

Joel Flint heard all this conversation as he lay in his cabin, and it must be confessed his heart beat

wildly with fear and excitement.

"What! detectives on board," he thought; "who would ever have supposed it? I must remain even more quiet than before," he mused. "They seem to know all about old Ford's murder, it would seem. But what of that? There is no suspicion against me, so that's one comfort. I wonder, though, what they'd say if they knew that I had most of old Ford's treasure on board? Ha! think of that. How lucky I have been through the entire transaction! and actually outwitted Tomasso after all. I wonder if he's dead? I hope he was drowned, for, if he lives, he'll not leave a stone un-turned to have revenge."

For many days the ship sailed well on her way

to old England, and Joel still remained in close confinement.

But, as they approached the English coast, nasty

murky weather came on.

The wind increased to a frightful gale within four and twenty hours.

The good brig "Dolphin" pitched and plunged about at a terrible rate, and shipped frequent seas.

All boats were washed away from the quarter, and a frightful wave plunged right in upon the deck, carrying away the cook-house, store-room, the black cook and all.

Such a storm the captain had never seen before although he had been ploughing the briny main for

upwards of thirty years.

The sailors were on duty both night and day. The ship still tossed and buffeted the waves right gallantly, but the sails were rent asunder, and flapped against the mast like so many rags.

The thunder pealed over head with an awful roar that made the good brig shiver and shake from

stem to stern.

Lightning, vivid and blinding, flashed out from the inky clouds, and shivered the main-mast into a thousand splinters.

New sails were hoisted, but the cruel, sayage wind rent them into shreds almost the same instant that they were hauled taut.

The captain, old seaman as he was, knew not

what to do.

The passengers were confined to their berths, and for the first time in all his life, old Lancaster was glad to make a meal off uncooked pork, and dry biscuits as hard as nails.

Messrs. Squills and Blunt put on water-proof boots, and right gallantly assisted the sailors the best way they could, and pulled away at the ropes

like true Britons.

Two men were lashed to the wheel, but even their united strength and the energy of despair could not keep the vessel on her course.

To add to the miseries of all on board the carpenter now reported the doleful tidings that the

ship was leaking fast!

"Leaking, ch?" said the captain, scarcely able to keep his legs from the constant pitching and rolling. "How many feet of water are there in the hold?

"Two feet, sir, and fast gaining."
"All hands to the pumps, then," said the captain,
"Passengers and all, sir?"

"Yes, passengers and all. Why not? Let every one turn out. This is no time for holding back, or standing on one's dignity."

"All hands to the pumps, eh?" said old Lancaster, in dismay. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"Can't help it, sir," said the second mate, "the ship is leaking fast, and I fear, from the looks of the weather that the storm will not abate for a day

or two."
"But suppose I refuse to do such menial labour,"
"But suppose I refuse to do such menial labour," said old Lancaster, "what then? Haven't I almost starved for this last day or two? What next, I wonder?"

"If you refuse, sir, you must be forced, that's

all."

"Forced! forced!" gasped the reluctant and purse-proud man. "Why, do you know who I am, sir? I am worth tens of thousands, and could buy twenty ships such as this."

"I dare say you could, sir; but I don't suppose the sharks would think your body sweeter than that

of the poorest sailor, if it comes to that."

"Sharks, eh? Oh, lors!" said old Lancaster,

shuddering, as he buttoned up his coat, and mixed with the sailors at the pumps.

It almost broke his back, and he staggered and groaned most pitifully.

But it was all to no purpose.

He was obliged, like the rest, to work his alloted time, and when he had a rest he almost fell to the deck with weakness.

"The fishes are no respectors of men," said the

captain; "so work away, my hearties."
"We are in a sad plight, captain," said the first

"True, mate; while there is life there is hope;

but if the rudder gets washed away I fear our hours are numbered." But what of Joel Flint during all this storm?

For the first day the captain refrained from calling upon him for his assistance because "he was sick.'

But on the second day of the storm he muffled himself up as best he could, and was so disguised in many ways that neither Blunt nor Squills recognised him.

But he suffered more frightful tortures of mind

than any one on board.

So changed was his countenance that the captain himself could scarce recognise him.

He felt as if his last hour had come.

All the wickedness and villany of his whole life ran before his affrighted mind, He could have shouted out aloud from mental

agony, but dared not.

This horrible state of feeling was increased by a remark which fell from one of the sailors, as, with downcast head and heavy heart, Joel worked at the pumps.

"I never saw such weather in all my life," said the mate; "it is as if all the devils and furies were

fighting against us."

"True, sir," said a weather-beaten old sailor; "I have had a good many years afloat, but I never saw such weather anywhere, not even round Cape Horn."

"Here we are almost in sight of land," said the mate, "and yet can't make the least headway.

"As I said when the storm commenced, sir, there must be some bad cargo on board.'
"What do you mean?"

"Why, I begins to think, Mr. Mate, that there must be a murderer or some such wicked wretch on board, or else the heavens wouldn't be fighting against us in this way."

"I wish we could find him out, then, my hearty;

we'd soon pitch him overboard."

"I'm sure there must be a murderer on board," continued the old sailor, "and I've always felt certain of it."

These remarks fell like a thunderbolt on Joel's

What would he not have given to be once more safe on shore again?

His heart sank within him.

He was actually in sight of England's rugged shores; it looked no farther than a mile from where he then was, and yet he felt almost certain that no one, at least himself, would ever live to tread it.

He would have parted with all he had on earth

to be safe once more.

All that the safe contained he counted as nought compared to life.

He wished to pray, but could not. He dared not look at the black threatening clouds above.

When it thundered, he expected that a lightning stroke would strike him dead.

For the first time in his life. Joel Flint felt keen remorse, and, instead of dangers trying and proving him to be a man, they only tended to show and prove to all what an arrant cur he was.

For four long days and nights the storm abated

not.

They were tossed about like a cork upon the waters, when, to add to the sorrow and misery of all on board, some of the seamen raised the dismal shout-

"The rudder is washed away! Two men over-

board !"

This was the most appalling news that could have reached the ears of any one.

While the rudder was safe some little hope re-

But, now that the gallant steersman and the helm had been carried overboard, every face was white, blank and hopeless.

Of all on board, there was only one in whose

heart reigned peace and holy calm.

This was Nelly Lancaster.

On her knees she remained hours together in silent prayer.

And her prayer was heard.

After one night more of terrible suffering the terrific storm greatly abated.

The wind veered right round to an opposite point of the compass, and gradually drove the dis-masted vessel towards a sandy shore.

The night, however, was so thick and dark that the look-out men did not perceive whither they

were going.

"Breakers ahead!" shouted several voices at once, and without possessing any power to avert the calamity, the "Dolphin" rapidly drifted in shore, and grounded firmly on a sandy beach.

For some time all on board felt paralyzed, and

looked forward to instant destruction.

Their astonishment and joy may be better imagined than described when the captain lowered himself from the bows of the ship, and, battling bravely with the surf, was carried by the waves right upon a firm and dry sandy beach.

He signalled to those on board in a cheery voice. He hailed one of the mates to fling a line on

shore.

This they did in the following manner.

The mate got a reel of very stout twine, and to the end of the string tied a piece of lead.

The other end was then fastened to a half-inch

The mate, with all his strength, threw the piece of lead, and soon afterwards was happy to know that it had reached the shore, for the captain was pulling the twine, and the half-inch cord soon disappeared over the side.

The mate now tied one end of the half-inch cord to the bowsprit of the wreck, and the captain hauled it tight, and fastened the other end to some old trees and stumps.

The mate now formed a temporary but stout "cradle" with the seat of a chair, which was firmly suspended to the half-inch rope with straps.

To this "cradle" he next tied a strong cord, so that it might be pulled on board again when on shore.

For some time none of the passengers would dare try this "cradle," but at last one of the seamen did so to set an example to the rest.

He sat on the chair seat, which was supported on the main line of half-inch cord by a small block, and away he went along the slanting rope at a great pace.

A cheery shout soon announced that he had safely reached the shore.

The "cradle" was drawn back again quickly to the deck, and the next person to try the experiment

was Mr. Squills. He fearlessly seated himself in the "cradle," and with a merry laugh held on firmly, while down it went towards the shore more easily and pleasantly

than before.

Thus the experiment proved a great success, and one after another, both seamen and all the passengers, with one exception, were carried safely to the shore.

This one exception was Joel Flint.

He, for particular reasons, chose to be the last; but when it came to his turn he resolved not to go.

He could not, now that he was comparatively safe, and near the shore, bring his mind to leave his treasure.

"No," said Joel, now that he was left alone, "I won't go; who knows what might become of all I have so long guarded and preserved; it might be gone when I return again, for there are plenty of wreckers prowling about the coast. No, I will remain; some one is sure to come off to me quickly when the shipping agents know of the disaster."

And so, of all who were in that ill-fated vessel, Joel Flint, eaten up as he was by avarice and lust of money, was the only one who remained on

What befell him, and his much-coveted treasure, some other place will show.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

WARNER AND BARNEY MEET.

TRUE to the arrangement which had been mutually arrived at between Gale, the detective, and Captain Tom Ford, the latter refused to prosecute Barney and his companions when next day they appeared before the magistrate.

The gentleman who sat to hear the night charges had had an experience of many years; so that when Barney and the other thieves, hungry, dirty, and much punished about the face, appeared in the dock, the magistrate instantly recognized them as

very old offenders.

Barney was delighted that no one appeared against him, and all he received was a stinging reprimand; for the policeman who had the charge in hand told his honour that the young naval officer could not be found.

The magistrate expressed his sincere sorrow that no prosecutor came forward, and told Barney in very strong terms that if such a disreputable, worthless character as he was should ever come before him again, he might expect to be treated with the utmost rigour of the law.

"I told you you would get off," said one of the policemen to Barney, as he walked out of court; "but it was all my doings, otherwise you would have had two years at least."

"How was that?" asked Barney.

"I got somebody to 'square it' for you."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do, though," said the policeman; "so when you're well up, Barney, don't forget your true

"I won't," said Puggy, grinning.

He was very hungry and thirsty after his incarceration; so off he went to Cauliflower Alley, expecting to find Matty there.

"If she hasn't got any tin for me," thought

Puggy, "I'll punch her head off. I'll serve her out for getting me into quad. I've had it in for her for a long time."

When the Pug arrived at his lodgings in Cauliflower Alley, he did not find Matty as he expected,

and was in an awful rage.

But he found a person he did not expect, namely, the landlord, who, with a rent-book in his hand, was very clamorous for his rent.

More than anything else which added to the rage of Barney was, that upon opening the room door, he found nearly all his furniture had disappeared.

Matty had sold what she could to a broker, who had gone that very morning early, and took off all

that was of any value.

"I have bought and paid for everything," thought Matty, "and before I go to service I'll sell all I can, and pocket the money."

And so she did.

Except an old chair with two legs, a rusty poker, a broken wash-bowl, and a straw mattress, everything had disappeared, and no one knew whither.

The landlord was as much surprised as the Pug; but the latter gave vent to his feelings in a volley of oaths, and swore he would kill Matty directly he laid eyes on her.

Hungry and thirsty as he was, and with not a penny in his pocket, he knew not what to do or

where to go.

He had neither money, nor work, nor home.

Something must be done he thought, so loitered round the public-house down the alley, and lived as best he could until nightfall upon occasional drops of beer and pipes of tobacco with which several old acquaintances presented him.

When night came on Barney took a long walk to a dismal, unlighted neighbourhood, where stood a

row of unfinished houses.

Into one of these huge monuments of a bank-rupt's building mania the Pug directed his footsteps

cautiously and slow.

Some months before the time of which we speak Barney had assisted in the robbing of a house, and, in the kitchen of this untenanted, half-finished dwelling, he had concealed several articles of silver until such time the affair had blown over.

"I can sell 'em now," thought Barney, "without being dodged by the 'slops.' Old Daddy Moss down the lane will give me half a 'quid' for it. They sin't got any creat stamped on 'em, so old

Daddy will give more."

In a short time Barney soon returned from the kitchen and secured his plunder under his waist-

coat and in his hairy cap.

With hasty strides he made his way towards old Daddy Moss's "fence," but, to the Pug's great dis-appointment, the old Jew was not at home and would not return until midnight.

"Where's he gone to?" asked Barney. "He's always out."

"You'd better leave whatever you've got," said the old woman, Moss's wife, in a weezing, coughing

"Leave 'em, eh? No, not me; I'm too 'downy' for all that. When I come back half on 'em would

have vanished,"

"No, they wouldn't," snarled old Mother Moss, sharply; "there's better men than you leave things and call again.'

"Do they? Ah, I dare say you and old Moss are all on the square, but you don't 'fiddle' me."

"If you don't leave 'em the slops may collar you as you return. Little Isaacs just ran in and told me two plain clothes policemen had spotted you as you came along."

"You don't mean that?" said the Pug, pricking

up his ears in alarm.
"I do, though; ask young Isaacs here. Wasn't it, Isaacs?" said Mother Moss, with a sly wink. "'Pon my shoul!" a little cunning Jew urchin

replied, on the instant.

"There," said old Mother Moss, in triumph; "I

told you so." Quicker than might be expected the Pug pro-

duced the silver ware.

"Here, stow it away somewhere," said he, with a sigh; "be quick about it. Give us half a dollar on account. I shall give old Moss a call to-night or to-morrow, I dare say; but I know he'll swear they ain't true metal, and, perhaps, hand me over a dollar for the lot. No matter; I'd better fall into old Moss's hands than the 'slops.'"

With a sigh Barney received the half-dollar which the old Jewess reluctantly handed over to him, and he went away moralizing, as the greatest rogues will'sometimes do, on the trials, vicissitudes, and troubles of a thief's life.

And well might Barney moralize. For if a thief purloins a guinea's worth and sells it to a receiver and gets but one-sixth of its value, he is lucky, indeed; but nine chances to one if he refuses the receiver's offer, however miserable the trifle may be, the police are quietly put upon the rogue's track, and he is sure to fall a victim sooner or later to the receiver's hate.

Barney, it must be confessed, felt very low and

He had never been so hard-up before, yet the half dollar which old Mother Moss had given him on account, seemed like a little fortune to him at that moment

He went down the Lane, but could see nothing of the "slops" which Isaacs, the cunning little Jew

boy, had spoken of.

Yet, as he turned the corner, he perceived a man in plain clothes, who grinned as Barney passed, as much as to say,

"You've commenced again already, I see; well, go on a little longer, you'll weigh your weight soon, my lad."

Barney did not heed this person whoever he was, but passed on rapidly, until he came to a cheap cook-shop.

He squatted down at one of the tables, and, in his own style of expression, had a "rousing feed."

The "feed" consisted of several plates of meat and potatoes, peas pudding, and such like delicacies, and having satisfied the long cravings of his appetite, he sallied forth to the "Pig and Whistle," near by, and called for "a pot of four half and half," which, with a short pipe and half an ounce of "threepenny shag," made a large hole in the half dollar the old Jewess had given him.

While Barney was waiting for Moss in the "Pig and Whistle," the old Jew was out on important business with "a friend from the country."

This friend was Warner.

He had got the trunk safely from the railroad station, and, according to appointment by letter, had ridden over to Aldgate church in a Hansom cab.

Moss had been on the look-out for Warner, or some such passenger, from "his friend in the country," for at least a week, but was surprised no

one came.

When, therefore, he received Warner's letter, explaining what his message was about, the old Jew rubbed his hands with joy, and danced about his rag and bone and bottle warehouse like some escaped lunatic.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE OATH-(See No. 34).

He was impatient for night to approach, that he might gloat over and delight his bleary eyes with contemplating the rich store of stolen plate which Warner was to bring to him.

For Moss, as it will be perceived, kept a well guarded "fence," and was known to the best of thieves and housebreakers throughout the United

Kingdom.

It was by buying stolen property that he had accumulated riches so very fast, and at the time of which we now speak, he was worth tens of thousands, although but a few years before that he was not worth a shilling.

Besides his rag and bone and bottle shop, old Moss had large warehouses, in which all sorts of

goods were stowed away.

It was locked and boited and barred more like a prison than a goods warehouse, and at night time, the old Jew was wont to unchain a fierce bulldog, which ran at large in the warehouse, and was a good guarantee for the safety of his master's property.

By certain signs and pass-words old Moss well knew his friends and customers; hence, when he went to Aldgate church, and found the Hansom cab in waiting, he spoke but a word or two as he passed, and was instantly recognised by Warner.

Moss jumped into the cab, and both were driven to a very respectable coffee-shop, where Warner proposed to hire a room for the night, or, at least, for as long as it would require to settle the business with the Jew.

When they retired to the comfortable room, Warner ordered supper for two, for which he made old Moss pay, and in less than fifteen minutes they were "as thick as two thieves."

But the Jew would not eat, he was too anxious

about Warner's errand.

Warner warmed himself with several glasses of brandy; but the Jew, with a keen eye to business, refused to take anything of the sort, until he had come to some settlement about the price to be paid for the stolen property.

"Well," said Warner, "and now to business." He opened the trunk, and old Moss was de-

lighted.

It contained various things of great value, such as gold watches, diamond rings, brooches, neck-laces, bracelets, gold and silver ware, coffee and tea pots of silver, which had been smashed up or broken, and other things of great value.

Old Moss was pleased beyond measure, He sucked his lips and rolled his eyes, But he spoke not a word for all that.

"There," said Warner, "what do you think of your Bromley friends now, eh, Moss, old fellow?"

"Is dish all?" answered the Jew, with a curling lip.

No. 33.

"A-1-1!" Warner replied, in disgust. "How much did you expect they'd send at once, eh? Perhaps you'd like a cart-load?"
"It ish not much," old Moss replied, stroking his

chin, and trying to appear very much disappointed.

"It ain't vort much, my fren."
"Oh, isn't it though."

"No, not mush, I say; dem diamonds are paste, dat plate is not goot, it ish only vashed mit

shilver."

"The devil it is!" said Warner. "Do you think I can't tell what is good metal as well as you? No matter, if you don't want to buy it why there's no harm done; I'll go to old Isaacs, your neighbour, he'll buy it, I know."

"Shtop! shtop!" said old Moss, "don't pe in such

a hurry; I did not shay I vill not puy."

"Then be quick about it," said Warner; "let's have no higgling over such things as these."

"How mush you vant for dem?" "How much will you give?"

"Dat is not what I ask." "What are they worth, then?"

"Ah! dat ish ferry different," said the old Jew; "to me dey ain't vort notting."

"Ain't they, though?" said Warner, with a mali-cious grin. "How very clever you are, Moss."

"Vell, not vort mush, I mean. How mush you vant for dem?"

"Well, your friends at Bromley told me to receive

nothing less than £300,"

"Vhat!" exclaimed the Jew, in heror, "tree huntred pounce? Vhat you mean? Are you mat? You must pe shoking; I vill go, they ain't vort it."
"£300 is the price," said Warner.

"Ha! ha! ha! my goot frendt, you mak von pig mishtake; I go hom."
"Good night," said Warner.
"Goot night," said old Moss, going to the door.
He had his hand upon the door handle, when he suddenly turned round, and said,

"I'll tell you vat I vill do." "Well, name it."

"I gif you £200 for de lot." dossw la abib lasil

"Not a penny less than £300." "Vhy, my tear frendt, £300 is von fortune !"

"I can't help that, Will you give it or not?"
"No; I haf not as mush."

"Then the affair is settled. I'll call on old Isaacs

and sell the lot to him."

The old Jew's eyes glistened with anger when he heard Isaac's name mentioned, for they were deadly rivals in business, and kept opposition "fences" in the Lane.

"Vell, vell, den, ve vill shay no more; you shall haf tree huntred, put I haf not got it vit me."
"I can stay here until you return."

"Well, I shuphose I can take de goots vit me?" said old Moss, with a twinkling eye.

"No, not one," said Warner, grinning; "I'm not so soft as that."

"I meant no wrong, my frendt."
"I dare say not; all right, Moss; go and get the chink, and all the lot is yours."

Moss went down the stairs, and the cab was still

standing at the door.

He got into it, and was rapidly driven down to the Lane.

He was in a very great hurry, and bustled into his shop puffing and blowing.

He told his wife the full particulars of what had occurred, and she in turn was jubilant.

"Put you tink, vife, de prish, de prish. Tree huntred pounce—it ish von fortune."

For a few moments the husband and wife were

engaged in a deep conversation carried on in whispers.

"Yah, yah, if ve couldt do dat, vife, it vould pe fine-perry fine; put who would do it for me?"

"That rough fellow who, as I told you, called to-night."

"Vhat Parney?"

"Yes; he is a fighting man," replied the wife, "and exactly the kind of person who would do it."

"If I couldt ony findt him," sighed old Moss. He had not to sigh long, for Barney had been watching for the Jew's return home, and entered the shop.

The tinkling bell gave old Moss warning of somebody's entrance, and Pug was astonished to find how glad the old Israelite was at the meeting.

He did not explain his business to Barney then, but asked him if he would meet him outside the Great Eastern Coffee House, Whitechapel Road, in half-an-hour.

Barney said he would be only too happy, for upon meeting the Jew there depended the arrears

then due to him for the stolen articles.

After much trouble old Moss and his wife managed to rake and scrape together £300 in gold and notes.

He placed the money in a leather bag, and car-

ried it under his coat.

The cab was still in waiting, and he was soon driven back again to where Warner was in waiting.

As Moss got out of the cab, he was much surprised to find that Barney was already waiting outside the Great Eastern Coffee House.

He slipped a crown into the Pug's hand as he passed in at the door, saying, "Stay here for half-

an-hour ;" and thinking-

"He will go and get something to drink, and by the time I want him, he will be right and ripe for anything."

Barney did not belie the old Jew's supposition. The first thing he did was to have some rum and hot water, and the taste so much agreed with him, that he frequently called for more, and in less than fifteen minutes his round pox-marked face was all aglow, and his eyes unnaturally bright.

At the appointed time old Moss re-appeared at the door, and two waiters were lugging out the trunk

towards the cab.

It was placed inside the vehicle, and off the cab went to old Moss's "fence," Barney and all.

The cab had scarcely stopped, and that very suddenly, before old Moss's shop, when three long-nosed Jewish-looking fellows appeared, and the trunk disappeared into the shop in the twinkling of

All this seemed a mystery to Barney; but still he kept his seat inside the cab, and he and old Moss returned to the coffee-house, conversing together all the way in a very animated manner.

"Vhat do you shay, frendt Parney, vill you do

"Yes," said Barney, "I will, if you stand my friend in case of any difficulty."

"'Pon my shoul I vill, Parney; dere ish mine handt on it."

"Agreed," said the Pug.

"I tell you what you do, Parney," said the cunning Jew, "if you get in and get de pag of money, you gif it to me on de sly, and I vill make it all right vith you, my tear poy."
"Very well, we shall see," the Pug replied, "but mind and leave the door on ajar."

"I vill not forget, trust me," said the Jew, entering the coffee-house once more.

Old Moss went up to the room in which Warner

was, and found him, with cigars and a bottle of brandy, enjoying himself.

He had counted the money during the old Jew's absence, and, as he expected, found it to be a pound

or two short of the amount agreed upon.

He did not say anything about it, however, for he knew full well that if a Jew were dealing with the devil himself he would endeavour to cheat his Satanic majesty.

Old Moss pretended to be very happy, and poured out for himself a glass of brandy, and was soon

occupied with a huge cigar.

He left the room door ajar, in order to let out the

tobacco smoke, he said.

And he so arranged his own seat, that he could very well see all that took place in the room.

But Warner could not, for he sat with his back

to the door.

The bag of money was still on the table, and placed a little behind Warner's right elbow, in a very careless manner.

But this pleased Moss all the more.

"For," thought the cunning Jew, "Parney can creep in on his hands and knees, and steal the coin unobserved."

But the wily Israelite had miscalculated his

On the mantelpiece there was a small mirror, and by turning his eyes to it Warner could perceive any one approaching from behind.

This old Moss never thought of until it was too

Both these worthies drank often, but the Jew, as he thought, unobserved by Warner, took but a small portion at a time, and spat it out again.

This, however, did not occur without Warner

perceiving it, but he smiled as he thought,

"The brandy costs him nothing, and yet he spits it out again. He must have some object in view, and I will keep my weather eye open.'

In less than an hour Warner appeared to get very groggy, but he could drink much more without becoming affected than Moss ever dreamed of.

Hence, when they had been sitting together for about two hours or more, Warner proposed a song, and began to sing.

The Jew joined in with a very loud, discordant voice, and occasionally looked very anxiously to-

wards the door.

Warner lay back in his arm-chair, winking and blinking as if in more than a half state of intoxication, when Moss, unobserved, coughed three times in a very peculiar manner, and lowered the lamp until the light became very dim.

Still he sang and smoked, and thumped the table in applause of Warner's songs, and appeared to be

enjoying himself immensely.

While all this was taking place, Barney had crept upstairs unobserved and unheard.

On his hands and knees he crawled into the

room, and hid behind the bedstead.

Still Warner and Moss sang on, and the former

drank more deeply than ever.

Perceiving this, and having received a signal from old Moss, Barney crawled behind Warner's chair.

The old Jew now became intensely excited.

He could perceive Barney's eyes glistening in the deep shade.

Still Warner sang on loudly, and drank his brandy

as carelessly as ever.

Old Moss was almost choking with expectation. He endeavoured to accompany Warner in his song, but could not, for he perceived Barney's hand upraised, and approaching the table.

Next moment he could see the big, fat, puffy hand of the Pug upon the table.

It was ready to grasp the bag of gold.

His hand was on it.
"Careful, Barney, be careful, now; make no noise, or all is lost," thought the Jew, as he trembled with doubt and fear.

In a moment, however-for Warner had perceived all through the mirror on the mantel-and, with the quickness of thought, Warner plucked the dagger from his belt.

The next instant it was plunged right through Barney's hand.

The Pug was pinned to the table !

With a shout of horror and pain Barney rose to his feet.

But Warner pulled the weapon from the wound,

and brandished it before him.

"Make any more noise, traitor, or attempt to stir, and I will plunge this through your vile, black heart," he said, savagely.

Old Moss rose suddenly, and would have rushed

to the door.

But, with a powerful blow in the face, Warner knocked the cunning Jew all of a heap on the floor, where he lay, sprawling and bleeding. Warner looked with triumph first at one and then

at the other of his unfortunate victims.

He locked the door, and put the key into his pocket, as, with a laugh of contempt and scorn, he said.

"This was a prettily-arranged plan of your's to

rob me, wasn't it, Moss?"
"Oh, 'pon my shoul, I hat not de shlightest intention to rop you," the Jew groaned; "let me go, let me go!"

"So you bargained with that traitor, then, Barney, eh, to do this while I was drunk as you supposed? But I saw through your plans, my cunning Jew, and you shall have to pay dearly for it,"
"I don't know him; on my vort as a shentleman
I do not," old Moss replied. "You just ask him?"

"Liar!" said Warner, kicking the Jew in the ribs; "liar! didn't I watch all your movements? I see you talk to the Pug there, and arrange about the time? Liar as you are, you shall pay dearly for

this !"

"How do you mean?" the Jew whined.

"What do I mean, old fool! I mean that this night's work shall cost you all you possess in the world, if, indeed, you do not suffer all your whole life for it. Think you I can ever forget or forgive such treachery as you would have played upon me?"

Turning to Barney, who was suffering great agony with his wounded hand, and bleeding profusely, "And you, villain!" hissed Warner, as their eyes

met; "so you have turned informer, eh?" Barney averted his eyes, and made no reply.
"We have met sooner than I expected, cur!" said Warner, his eyes flashing deadly hate, "but not too soon for my keen revenge. If it were not to gratify my passion still more than I have done—were it not that I wish you to suffer additional torture, I would despatch you on the spot!"

At that instant, and unobserved, old Moss pulled out a revolver, and, taking deliberate aim at Warner, he fired thrice in quick succession!

CHAPTER XCIX.

JONATHAN AND GALE HAVE A VERY CONFIDENTIAL CHAT.

HAD a thunderbolt fallen into the room, old Jonathan could not have felt more stunned and

surprised than he did when the detective entered in such a good-tempered off-handed manner.

Tom Ford, for a moment or two, could scarcely refrain from downright merriment, for the old master at Bromley turned so pale and red, and red and pale by turns, that at last he fairly looked blue.

He turned first towards one and then towards the other, knowing not what to think or how to act.

Gale looked the old man firmly in the face, and the officer's gaze was so firm that old Jonathan quailed before him.

"Don't you know me?" said Gale.

"Know you, sir? How should I know who or what you are?" said Jonathan, with a well-assumed

air of offended dignity.

"Oh, you don't, eh?-then I must explain myself," said Gale, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I dare say we shall be on more intimate terms ere long."

"How do you mean, sir? I cannot understand your inuendos."

Turning to Captain Tom Ford, who was smoking

very complacently, old Jonathan said, "Do you know this person, or is he an intruder?"

"Know him, of course I do; and so will you shortly."

"Oh, he knows me well enough," said Gale; "but he doesn't want to do so, that's all. It's always the way, you know."

Although Jonathan was endeavouring to keep up his courage, he felt as if he could sink to the floor

with weakness.

"Do you read the newspapers, sir?" asked the detective.

"Yes; that is, sometimes I do."

"Did you ever hear of the name of Gale?"

"Gale, Gale," mused Jonathan; "no, I think not."

"Not Gale, the detective?" said the officer.

"No. Why or how should I know any person of that profession? What have I done to require the assistance or services of such a person?"

"Well, 'pon my soul, he keeps it up well," said Gale, to Tom; "don't he?"

"Sir, I demand an explanation!" said Jonathan,

stammering.

"Then you shall have it; but first answer me a few questions. If you do so honestly, it may be of great service to me and to yourself. Mind, I don't say and promise that it will, but that it may."

Jonathan felt like a man whose time has come

at last.

He sank into a chair and breathed very hard. Yet, up to the very last, he played his part to perfection, and acted "injured innocence" to a

He did not speak for a moment or two, but watched the officer who, with pencil and pocket-book, was making ready to jot down the old man's

answers.

"As I have said before," Gale began, "if you answer my questions in a straightforward manner, it may be of great use both to you and to me. To begin, then, do you know where your wife is?"

I do not."

" Nor Shanks, your former tutor?"

"No, hang him! Why do you bother me with such questions?"

"Because I wish to show you that I mean to act squarely."

"Well, then, what of my wife and Shanks?" "They have been in prison for perjury; but are now out, and are living together as man and wife.'

"No, you don't mean that!" said Jonathan, jumping from his seat in a towering passion. "No, you don't mean that; she could not be so wicked and brazen !"

"I am telling you the plain truth, Jonathan."

"Oh, that I had both of them within my power this instant," said Jonathan, grinding his teeth in a great rage, and stamping his heel heavily on the ground. "I would murder them," said he with a savage oath.

"Your two daughters

"Yes! what of them," said the old man, trem-

"They are still at Bromley Hall. We will not disturb them yet awhile, for we intend to explore the old mansion from top to bottom, shortly.

"Indeed," said Jonathan, with a glistening eye, "and why, pray?"

"It is filled with mystery," said the detective, with a knowing wink, "and Giles says ——"

"What has that old villain to say about me?" Jonathan snarled.

"He is not an old villain," Gale replied, "but, on

the contrary, a most respectable old man.

"He is not; he is an old good-for-nothing liar."
"He is not, Jonathan, but you are, if you persist
in saying so. He has rendered me great assistance already, and I should never have found out as much about the ins and outs of Bromley Hall if it had not been for him."

"I dare say not, the old scoundrel," said Jonaan, with an oath. "I wish I was only down there than, with an oath. "I wish I was only down there again for twenty four hours, I'd soon teach old

Giles a different tale."

"I dare say you would," said Gale, and in the dark, no doubt."

"In the 'dark,' what mean you?"

"Oh, nothing at present. But to come to real business, Jonathan, tell me truly, do you know a person of the name of Flint."
"Flint! Flint! Flint!" mused the cunning old

rogue, as if he had never heard the name before in all his life.

"Yes, Flint, an old lawyer, who once had apartments in Green Court?

"Oh, an old lawyer," said Jonathan, looking up with a smile, "yes, oh, yes, now I come to think of it, I do; that is to say, I did know such a person."

"Indeed," said Gale, with a quiet smile. "You don't know where he is now, of course you don't?"

"No, why should I?"
"Oh, nothing, but I thought perhaps that you might know, you see."

Me, lor bless you, I know nothing of him." "No, I suppose not, for you see this old Flint, wherever he may be hiding, is accused of being an accomplice in the robbery and murder of his friend

and client, old Ford, Captain Tom Ford's uncle."

"Monstrous!" said the old hypocrite, holding up
his hands in mock horror, "Monstrous!"

"You don't know anything of that foul affair, I

suppose?" said Tom, for the first time speaking.

"Me, lor bless the handsome youth ! I know no more about it than the child unborn," said Jonathan.
"People may differ about that," said Gale; "now

I, for one, think you know a great deal regarding old Ford's murder, and not only that, but the murder in Green Court, also, and many other villanies

which have not yet seen the light in Bromley Hall."
Jonathan shivered, but still he maintained a bold

front as Gale went on.

"It is nonsense of you to say that you do not know anything of this Flint, for you do; from information received I am certain that you do know; and, more than that, 'Doctor' Warner is mixed up

with both of you deeper than you think or would like to confess. But listen to me, Jonathan," said Gale, in a very earnest manner, "if you cannot do any further harm, at least do some good."

"I am always willing to do that," said the old

schoolmaster, in a very meek and humble manner.

"In what manner can I serve you?"

"In this way," said Gale. "Old Flint suddenly left his apartments after the mysterious murder, and carried with him the numerous deeds and documents which of right belong to this young gentleman, Captain Tom Ford, and his brother Frank."

"Indeed!" said Jonathan, elevating his eyebrows; "it is the first time I have heard of it."

"And the property stolen amounts to many, many thousands; nay, hundreds of thousands of pounds !"

"You astonish me," said the old schoolmaster.

"Hundreds of thousands, eh?"

And as he spoke he rubbed his hands in a frenzied

manner, as much as to say—
"Oh, would that I had been behind old Flint when he left town the first time, wouldn't I have settled with the old rascal once and for ever."

He could not but inwardly groan as he reflected how clumsily old Flint had managed matters generally, and how they might have lived in wealth and secresy only for the bungling of the lawyer.

"If you do know anything of old Flint or this missing treasure you would confer a great favour on me, and I have no doubt it would redound to your credit before a jury of your own country-

"A jury of my own country-men?" gasped Jonathan, in horror, for in imagination he already saw himself standing in a felon's dock and receiving

sentence.

"Before a jury of my country-men?" he repeated, mechanically, and as he did so he loosened his cravat, for a certain unpleasant choking sensation came over him as if his toilet at that moment had been superintended by that world-famed valet for great criminals-Mr. Calcraft.

"Before a jury of my countrymen!" he repeated for the third time. "Why, what have I done?" "Oh, nothing, of course," said Gale; "I never

knew a rogue yet but was always 'innocent' if asked why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. Oh! nothing, of course," said Gale, laughing.

But he sidled up to Jonathan, and whispered so that Captain Tom couldn't hear him.

"Where you ever at Epping Forest?"
"Epping Forest!" said Jonathan, with bloodshot

"Do you know anything of the bank robbery?"

Jonathan hung his head.

"You had better make me a friend than a foe," said Gale, very solemnly.

"What will you promise?" asked Jonathan, in a

hoarse whisper.

"I can't promise anything," was the reply; "but I will do the best I can for you."

"On your honour?"

"On my honour as an officer." "We need not stay here, then ?"

"No, we can go now, if you like; a cab is standing at the door.

You will not degrade me by putting handcuffs on me ?" said Jonathan.

"No, if you promise to go quietly." "That I will do, of course, for what could an old man like me do against such a powerful individual as you are? But, don't let this Captain Ford know anything of what we are about to do."

"No, I will not."

With a low bow, Jonathan advanced to Captain Tom Ford, and extended his hand.

But Captain Tom refused to shake hands with him, and turned away from the old hypocrite with looks of contempt and scorn.

"You would not refuse to shake hands with me if you only knew how much you may be indebted to me," said old Jonathan. "But I am not disappointed; the world is full of ingratitude."

He and Detective Gale left the captain's apartments arm in arm, as if nothing had happened.

But, as the detective sallied forth, he cast one quick glance at the young captain, as much as to

say,
"All right. I shall soon return. I have got one of the rascals at last, and terror will make him reveal all he knows about the others, as you will

quickly find."

"What a perfect old villain Jonathan is," thought Captain Tom, when his visitors had left the room. "I always thought he was a close-fisted hypocrite when he was master at Bromley Hall, but I never dreamed he could play the part of an oily vagabond

As he thought thus, he took up the latest edition of an evening newspaper, and, with a sailor's turn for all things nautical, his eye was soon riveted by a small paragraph, which read as follows :-

"SHIPWRECK ON THE CORNISH COAST.

"Another disaster has occurred on our coast, The brig 'Dolphin,' from Leghorn, which had been signalled for several days beating about in very rough weather, without sails, masts, or rudder, drifted ashore on the sands of Redruth early this morning. We are happy to state that all who survived the terrific storm were safely landed through the heavy surf by means of a rope, which, through the gallantry of the captain, was made fast to the wreck and rocks. All, save one, were rescued in this manner, and he, it appears, from some insane idea, remained on board; his name is unknown. The tide floated the wreck into a small creek, and there she lies high and dry upon the sands, but is rapidly falling to pieces, for all her timbers can scarcely hold together any longer. The wreckers are hard at work, endeavouring to save as much of the cargo as possible."

"Poor devils!" thought Captain Tom, as, in a line or two below, he read on-

"Among the passengers were Mr. Lancaster, the well-known banker, and Miss Ellen Lancaster, his

daughter." "What !" said Tom, in surprise. "It surely cannot be Nelly Lancaster and her father-yet, it is very likely; indeed it must be, for they were at Leghorn when Frank and I left there. Here's a bit of news to send off to Mexico, and no mistake. Poor brother Frank! He dearly loves Nelly Lancaster, and she him, but I fear it will never come

to anything between them. "But who could this poor fellow have been who refused to leave the ship, I wonder? I daresay his sufferings made him half crazy."

Little did kind-hearted Captain Tom Ford imagine that the "poor fellow" was none other than his worst enemy, Joel Flint.

CHAPTER C.

JOEL FLINT IS MASTER OF THE WRECK. "THERE." said Joel Flint, when the last man had left the "Dolphin," "there! they have all got safely to land; but I'll stay here. No, no, I shan't be such a fool as to leave my treasure behind. No, no, one might as well be dead as without riches."

So thinking, he loosened the end of the rope

which was on board.

"Poor devil!" said the captain on shore. rope is loose, he must have fallen into the sea and perished."

With a sigh, the captain, and those who had been saved, left the painful scene, and clambered up the

rocks.

They made the best of their way, towards the nearest town, which was Redruth, fifteen miles away, intending to procure assistance, and return to the wreck as soon as the weather had moderated a little.

But what did Joel Flint do?

With a cunning, for which few would give him credit under such trying circumstances, he rushed about hither and thither, gathering together everything of value which he could lay his hands upon.

"The vessel is firmly imbedded in the sand," he thought, "and if it moves at all the tide will carry it still further in shore into that snug creek yonder. If I could only get my treasure on shore, I would snap my finger at all the world."

With these thoughts he went into the cabin and forecastle, and rummaged about in all directions.

He broke open the captain's private desk and drawers, ransacked the luggage of Mr. and Miss Lancaster, and found many things of value, such as watches, rings, purses, bank-notes, and the like.

"This was well worth staying for," thought he, in great glee. "The storm is fast abating, and in a few hours the water around will be smooth and unruffled."

Whatever he could lay hands upon of value, did

Joel Flint purloin.

He emptied a trunk, and put all his plunder into

This he well corded, and placed on the deck ready to drop into any boat or fishing vessel that might come to his assistance.

All day long he worked very hard in tugging at the safe, and, after great labour, managed to tie stout cords around it.

As night advanced again, Joel began to feel very uneasy, for the storm threatened to commence again.

"And if it does so," he thought, "I shall be lost."

To cheer up his courage, Joel broke open the spirit-room and helped himself to a plentiful supply of bread and meat and wine.

He also found a box of cigars, and began to

The next thing to be done was to raise some sort of signal; but he was too timid to mount up the masts and hang out a white sheet.

For some time he knew not what to do.

At last a happy thought occurred to him.
"It is getting devilish cold," said Joel. "I dare
not go to sleep, and yet I am so tired, I could fall to sleep standing; but that I must not think of doing, in case the wreck shifts from its position.

He next gathered a few broken boxes, and made a small fire on the forecastle of the brig, and sat

down to warm himself.

The winds increased from seaward, and soon the small fire gave forth a strong blaze, so much so that in a short time it caught the deck of the forecastle, and would have destroyed the brig if it had once fairly caught.

Joel did not at first notice this, but laid him

down before the cheerful blaze, and intended to keep wide awake.

Nature, however, was thoroughly exhausted, and Joel dropped off to sleep near the fire.

How long he slept he knew not; but was suddenly aroused from his uneasy slumber by his clothes catching fire.

He jumped to his feet instantly, for the blaze was

threatening more and more each instant.

To save himself and his treasure from certain destruction, he seized a bucket, and drew up water from the sea, with which he ultimately managed to extinguish the flames.

On this occasion, Joel was obliged to work with all his might, for had the forecastle once got into full blaze, the ship must have burned to the water's

While he was dancing about, throwing buckets of water upon the fire, he suddenly perceived a fishing boat looming up in the misty distance, which had been drawn to the spot by the glare of the flame.

"Ship ahoy!" came the fisherman's welcome sound; "ship ahoy!"

"Ship ahoy !" answered Joel, with all his strength, and, in less than five minutes, the fishing smack changed her tack, and, rounding under the brig's stern, lowered her mainsail and made fast.

Joel ran to the stern like a wild man.

"What ship is that?" asked the fishermen, from

"The 'Dolphin' of London, from Leghorn, grounded in a gate."

"That's very plain," answered the rough voice of the fishing master. "How many have you got on board?"

"I'm the only one."

"The devil you are!"

"'Tis true. Come on board, some of you. Be quick, my men, I will pay you well."

"Thank you for nothing, my man," said the rough skipper, "we'll pay ourselves, without asking

any questions. It's a wreck, and our lawful prize."
"Not quite so fast, my friends; I'm the supercargo, and must look after the interests of my employers."

"Do you want us to work for nothing, then, mate?"

"No," said Joel, "I do not; all I want you to do for me is to help me land the ship's books and papers, and then you may do what you like with the sinking craft."

"Well, that's talking in reason," said the fisher-

men, cheering up.

"How far is the nearest town from this point?" "Fifteen mile, or more."

"And what's the name of the place?"

"Redruth."

"Is there no town nearer to a railway station than that?"

"No; but the nearest station is only ten miles

"Then land me and the ship's books and papers as soon as you like, my brave men; meanwhile I'll telegraph to the owners, and leave you in full

charge of the wreck." "What's her cargo?"

This question, for a moment, puzzled the selfstyled supercargo, who, as such, should have known to a hundredweight what the cargo was.

However, Joel stammered out,

"Cargo, eh? Oh! ah! cargo, and very valuable." Yes; it's a general

"To stave off any further questions which might have proved very annoying and embarrassing to him, Joel introduced the fishermen to the spiritroom, and helped the rough-looking fellows very liberally to whatever they wished.

But all this time Joel seemed to be sitting on thorns in case the strangers might prove to be too inquisitive about the iron safe.

However, after much drinking, and swearing and smoking, the men hauled out the safe and several trunks, and lowered them with stout ropes into the

fishing smack.

He himself got on board, and, leaving several of the men in charge of the wreck, he and two others hoisted sails and rounded a small headland, and soon lost sight of the unfortunate "Dolphin,"

CHAPTER CI. 1408 943 Annie 1141

MOSS HAS TO PAY THE FIDDLER.

ALTHOUGH the cunning old Jew, Moss, had not shown his weapon before, he fired, and it must be acknowledged that he took good aim, for one of the shots took effect in Warner's hip.

But it was "a glance shot."

Had it not in the first instance struck against some hard substance in his pocket (money), it would have smashed his hip. As it was it so stunned Warner, that when he awoke to consciousness he was surrounded by the master and mistress of the coffee-house, and several alarmed servants.

He looked around him wildly, in hopes of seeing Moss or Barney, but neither of those treacherous rascals were in the room.

Both had vanished the instant they heard the approach of the servants, thinking, or at least hoping, that Warner had been killed.

So great had been their hurry, that they forgot the bag of gold which was on the table, and left it

"This way, Barney, this way," said the old Jew, as he lightly tripped downstairs, followed by the

Pug, "this way, follow me."

Into the yard went the Jew, followed by his companion, and as it was intensely dark, they

escaped the servants, who were hurrying upstairs. Old Moss, with more activity than any one would have given him credit for, climbed on to the roof of a large dust-hole.

From this he was within easy reach of a wall, on

which he clambered, followed by the Pug.

The descent into the next yard was easy, and as the back premises belonged to a public-house, they soon made their way into the bar, and thus escaped to the next street unseen or unheard.

"It was lucky I had a revolver with me," said Moss; "I very seldom carry one; but something told me that this stranger would prove too cunning

for us, and so I brought it,"
"D—n him!" growled Barney, who was suffering intense agony from the wound in his hand, "d-n him! I only hope you have killed him, that's all."

"I did it in self-defence, you know," said the Jew; "there's no knowing what he might have done to us."

"He's done more than enough for me," said the Pug, with an oath; "and if ever I meet him again, one or both of us shall die."

"You know him, then?"

"Yes, too well. And," thought Barney, "if the old Jew had only told me the stranger's name, he would not have caught me in such a trap; but I'll be even with old Moss yet, as sure as I live."

Thus speaking, the worthy pair made their way

to the Lane in a stealthy manner.

But the Jew's thoughts were ever on the money which Warner had.

"And we didn't get the bag after all," sighed old Moss! "oh! what a misfortune. I'd have given you half if you had collared it," said the old Jew, sighing.

"I dare say you would," thought the Pug; "but I was too intent upon escaping to think of money, for I saw 'murder' plainly written in Warner's eye. He meant it, but was thwarted."

As old Moss had now no more occasion for Barney's services, he bid him good night, and didn't

so much as give him a crown-piece.

"Well," said Barney, as he walked off towards a surgery near by to have his hand dressed, "well, of all the hard-fisted old vagabonds I ever came across, Moss is the greatest. Just to think on it; here he gets me face to face with my greatest enemy, who stabs me, and yet, for all, he never says, 'here, Barney, here's a quid for you.' Never mind, I'll serve him out, see if I don't."

He went to a surgeon, who dressed his hand very skilfully and carefully, but he expressed his decided opinion that it would be almost a miracle if

he didn't lose the use of the limb for ever.

It had been bleeding fearfully for some time, and the Pug felt very weak; in fact, he staggered from loss of blood, and at last fell right down in "Send for old Moss," said Barney, feeling very

faint. "Send for old Moss, doctor; you know him very well, or, at all events, he knows you, it's all the same. He will pay you for your trouble."

"Never mind paying me for my trouble," said the kind-hearted surgeon; "but you want taking care of. I will send round for old Moss at once."

A messenger went for the Hebrew, who, however, denied all knowledge of Barney, and cursed and swore roundly at being disturbed in his supper, and wouldn't send the man a single shilling.

"Never mind, my poor fellow," said the good surgeon, "you are not fit to move about with such a hand as that, you must go to the hospital at once."
With more than ordinary kindness to his fellow

man the surgeon called for a cab, and took the Pug to the hospital, where he was admitted immediately, and the desperate wound in his hand was again seen to, and ere long the unlucky Pug found himself nice and snug and warm in one of the hospital beds with kind nurses around him.

"This is the style for me," said Barney, when he had somewhat recovered from the weakness and faintness. "This is the style for me; nice beds, clean clothes, the best of everything, and all for nothing. Good luck to the man who first invented hospitals, say I."

The Pug, with all his cowardice, cunning, and revengeful feelings, could not help feeling grateful for the stroke of good fortune which had thrown

him into such good quarters.

"For," thought he, "I hadn't a 'brown' in my pocket, and where I should have slept to-night is a mystery to me. But won't I serve Warner and Moss and Matty out when I get well, though?" he mused. "Never mind, every dog has his day they say, and I suppose I shall have mine. I should like to have 'copped' that bag of shiners, though, and no mistake; it would have set me up for a twelvemonth to come; but Warner was too sharp for me. Lor! what a look he gave me, eh? I made sure he would have murdered me."

Thus ran the current of Barney's thoughts, as beneath the clean sheets of his hospital bed, and his hand bound up in a sling, he lay wide awake,

and thinking of the present and the past.

"So the 'doctor' has turned 'cracksman,' eh? Well, who'd a thought it? and a nice haul he and his pals must have made, and no mistake, else old Moss wouldn't have forked over so many 'yellow boys' for the swag. I wonder what gang he belongs to, some of the 'swell mob," of course. Well, Warner was always very clever, but not quite clever enough for old Flint, though; the old lawyer hooked it with all the lot when Warner did that trick for old Ford in the Red House. He's got his knife deep into me, though, and I must take

Whatever Barney thought of things in general, one thing is very certain, he felt very happy and very glad that he was in the hospital, for, said he,

"I shall stay here for a month or two, so that if Gale or any on 'em want me they will have to hunt a long time before they find out my hiding-place.'

But to return to Warner.

The kindness of the coffee-house-keeper, and the prompt surgical aid that was brought to him, soon made things very comfortable for Warner.

The wound was found not to be a very desperate one, and the ball was extracted without much

pain.

To all questions he replied that he had called there to have dealings with an old friend of his in the city, and that some villains or other must have found out he had a large sum of money to lay out; and he, Warner, added that while dozing in his chair, with his money on the table, two ruffians must have entered unobserved; but he caught them in the act of stealing, and before he could offer any resistance, or call for aid, one of the miscreants fired at him.

The landlord, as might be supposed, was indignant at the outrage perpetrated on his lodger, and advised him to consult the police immediately.

But this was the very thing Warner wanted to avoid.

He said, however, that he would do so in the morning when he was more collected and calm.

What surprised the worthy landlord more than all, however, was that after the surgeon had left him, he resolved to leave the coffee-house that same

They endeavoured to dissuade him, but it was all to no purpose; he would go, "for," as he rightly imagined, "if the police get wind of this affair, they will, whether I like it or not, come and institute inquiries, and ten chances to one I shall be recognised, and arrested for that little affair at the Red House."

Therefore, notwithstanding his painful hurt, Warner ordered a cab, and, with the assistance of

two stout waiters, he was put into it.

But he did not tell the driver the right direction until they had been some time on the road, when he suddenly thrust his head out of window, and ordered cabby to drive in quite a contrary way.

"As I am flush of money now, I might as well do the grand," thought Warner, and, therefore, he was driven to a private hotel, not beyond a hundred yards from where he, Flint and Jonathan lived.

He gave such a plausible account of how his wound was received to the proprietor of the hotel that that gentleman looked upon the new arrival as some military officer, perhaps, who had had "an affair of honour," and wished to live "in strict seclusion" for a week or two, and then resume his duties without the outside world being any the wiser.

The first thing that Warner did, however, when he had retired for the night, was to sit up in bed, and write a long account of the whole matter to his friends near Bromley Hall, in which he detailed all the particulars of his transaction with Moss, and the unexpected meeting with Barney.

This letter was posted, and in less than twenty hours was not only read by the Bromley gang, but four of them started off for London at once.

One of them dressed himself up like a doctor, that is to say, in black from top to toe, gold spectacles, and gold-headed walking-cane. His "makeup" was perfect; for if he had to enact the part on any stage, the picture could not have been carried out more life-like.

He sent up his "card" to Warner, who was astonished when the would-be medical man was

ushered into his sick chamber.

In truth, for a few moments Warner himself did not know who the stranger was, until at last the doctor changed his tone of voice, and made himself known as the leader of the Bromley gang.
"Hush!" said he, as Warner was about to ex-

press surprise, "hush! speak in whispers, for walls

have ears."

"You surely couldn't have got my letter in such

quick time?'

"I did. I have had a man hanging about the village post-office for several days. Some of the gang thought you would prove false, and stick to the lot; but I didn't. Where's the money?"
"All but a few pounds are in my trunk there in

the corner."

The pretended doctor went to the trunk and took

the bag of gold.

He did not take it all, but left one-third for

Warner's use, that is to say, nearly £100.

"You'll want some to carry you along; but you needn't fear, old boy; this old Moss has been having a merry dance with us all for some time past; but 'he'll have to pay the fiddler' you'll find, and very heavily, too, for this bit of treachery. And so you met Barney, eh? Why didn't you kill him? he don't deserve any better fate at our hands, and sooner or later will get all he deserves.

"But what brought you up from Bromley?" "We held a meeting directly your letter was re-

ceived, and resolved to fleece old Moss of what you sold him, besides all else we can lay our hands on,"
"But how? he doesn't keep his 'metal' in the house."

"I know that, my lad; but I know where he does keep it—stowed away among old rags and bottles, and bones and rubbish in his warehouse."

"And you know where it is?" "Better than I know you."

"But he has a terrific bull-dog chained up there all night."

"What of that?"

"And do you intend to break into his warehouse, then ?"

"I don't intend to do so; some pals of mine have already done so."

"How do you mean? I don't understand." "One of our London chaps has been looking after your goings and comings ever since you have been in town.

"Dogging me?" said Warner, in surprise.

"Yes, you; and why not? we were not sure you would act on the square, so determined to keep watch on all your movements. He also wrote to us, and gave information by telegraph, that you had got the money. In turn we telegraphed back that he should hit upon some plan for serving out old Moss, and he has done so."

"But how?"

"The warehouse and stable up the mews, next to that of old Moss, is unoccupied."

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



A SUDDEN ATTACK-(See No. 35).

"I never knew that before."

"I dare say not, but we did; so he and two of his pals hid themselves in this empty stable, and removed part of the brick partition wall between the two places."

"Now I see it all," said Warner.

"Besides all that, we have made arrangements to carry off a great deal of the old rascal's property to-night, and thus punish him for his treachery and cunning."

"But do you think you can accomplish all this

successfully?"

"I haven't any doubt of it. As to the dog, we will poison him during the night with a bit of beef, and when old Moss goes to his warehouse to-morrow morning, he will discover all, and moan, and groan, and tear his hair in despair."

"But are you certain that he has got much of a

'swag' there ?"

"One of my men has been on the watch for a long time, and reports that last night he saw the old Jew take a large trunkful of things. Therefore keep yourself quiet, my lad, and ere the morning dawns you will have had ample revenge on the old rascal, for if he is robbed it will break his heart."

"But what of the villain Barney?"

"I will keep a sharp look out for that oily rascal, No. 34. and once he gets into my clutches you may be sure

he wont have much mercy shown to him,"
"When will you call again, then?"

"To-morrow morning, and then I will tell you all, for I know that my men are very busy about this time, and are determined to make a good haul. Take care of yourself, my lad; you have proved faithful to us, and you may rely upon it that we will prove true to you."

So saying, the pretended "Doctor" left Warner, and went his way towards the East end of the

own.

"So, Mr. Moss," thought Warner, "if I am not very much mistaken, you have got the wrong pig by the tail this time, and will have to pay dearly for it; by to morrow you are a ruined man."

off div be CHAPTER CIL.

MR, MOSS IS IN GREAT AFFLICTION.

THE next morning after this conversation between the chief of the "Bromley gang" and Warner, old Moss sat at his breakfast table congratulating himself upon all the great bargains he had of late made with notorious thieves and rogues both in town and country, when his wife stopped his meditation by

saying sharply,
"Moss, you have often talked of retiring from business like an honest man, and living in peace and comfort in your old days."

"Old days, eh!" said Moss, "what do you mean by old, eh? Do you call a person of fifty years an

old man, eh?"

"Well, you have made quite enough money to retire on, at all events," said the wife, "and you know the game we have been playing for the last few years is a very dangerous one." he have been playing for the last

"Nonsense! wife, nonsense! what do you know about it? There's no more danger in keeping a 'dropping shop' (fence) than any other sort of business, if you know how to conduct it, as I do."

"Ah, well, do as you please," said the wife. have had terrible dreams lately, and I'm sure they

mean no good."

"Dreams! Nonsense, wife, what do I care for dreams? See how much I made last night. Why, what Barney brought was worth two 'quid,' and you gave him half a dollar for it! Think of that."

"But you laid out £300 lastinight.

"I think I did, and should like to lay out as much more every night. See my profit Blanm tos

" How much, Moss?"

"Why, that lot from the country will clear me £500 when it's put into the pot. Think of that, wife; and you croak about retiring from business!"
"But I fear the 'beaks' have their eyes on us,

Moss."

"Let 'em go to the devil, for all I care," said the old Jew, with an oath, "they ain't half clever enough for me."

"I don't know, Moss," said the wife, brooding over her dreams, "it's a very long lane that has no

turning,"
"Ah! very well, woman. You mind your own business, and I will mind mine. I'm not going to retire yet awhile to please you or any one, when I can make five or six hundred pounds in the week."

"Oh, Mister Moss!" said the little urchin, Isaacs, running in, "didn't you go to your warehouse last night?"

"Yes; why?" said the old Jew, cocking his

"Did you leave the door unlocked?"

"Unlocked, no. What do you mean?" said Moss, in great alarm. "Is it unlocked?"

"Yes. Some other little boys and me were playing in the yard this morning, and the dog didn't growl as usual."

"So I goes and peeps in through the door which was ajar, and what d'yer think I see?"

"What ?"

"The bull-dog was dead and cold."

"No, no, Isaacs, you don't mean that?" said old Moss, jumping up from his chair in dread alarm. "You cannot mean that ?"

"I do, though," said the little urchin, with bright

cunning eyes.

"Oh, then I am robbed! I am ruined! I am lost !" said the old Jew.

In a moment he seized his hat, and rushed off

towards his warehouse, in great haste.

Little Isaacs was so much pleased with the discovery, that he went at once to inform his own father, whom he knew would be overjoyed to hear of any calamity that might befall his rival, old Moss.

Moss ran breathlessly towards his warehouse, and as young Isaacs had said, he found the place unlocked, the door ajar, and the watch-dog dead.

He swore and raved, and tore his hair like a madman, for he quickly discovered that the trunk, containing all he had bought from Warner, was missing.

The place had been tumbled about, and was in

the greatest disorder.

He soon found out how the thieves had entered from the next stables, and cried like a child when he perceived the broken brick-work, and a large hole in the wall.

He knew not what to do or what to say.

He was more insane than otherwise, and cursed and swore, and he moaned his losses like an idiot.

The neighbours, among others, old Issaes, hearing of the robbery, gathered around old Moss, and condoled with him.

But it must be confessed that old Isaacs was delighted at what had befallen his rival; but concealed histrue feelings with a great deal of cunning

and hypocrisy.
"What shall I do? what shall I do?" said Moss, in great grief. "I am ruined, and must go to the workhouse. I am not worth a penny—I, who am so honest, just and good to all my neighbours, eh,

Mr. Isaacs?"
"Yes," said Isaacs, "it is very sorrowful just to think that any one should rob a poor old honest man like you."

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" said Moss, wringing his hands, and sitting down on a bag of

The Jew had not long to think what he should do, for two policemen in plain clothes mixed among his neighbours, and attentively listened to all that

"You had better go and report the affair at once

to the police," said they.

"So I will—so I will," Moss replied, jumping up.
"I would give a hundred pounds if I knew who robbed me."

Off he went to the police-station, and, in a long,

rambling account, stated his losses.

The inspector detailed two officers to go and inquire into the whole matter, and take such steps as might lead to the apprehension and punishment of the thieves.

"Leave the matter in our hands, Mr. Moss," said the polite inspector. "If there is any chance of tracing the burglars, you may be sure we won't

leave a stone unturned."

"Just to think," said Moss, "that I have been an honest tradesman down the Lane for the last ten years, and now to be robbed in this way. Why, it will break my heart."

Away went Moss and the two detectives to his

warehouse, and at once they began to examine the

premises very minutely and carefully.

To all appearance, the place contained nothing but bales and bags of rags, piles of old cording, rusty iron, and such like; but the two officers winked knowingly at each other as they entered the warehouse.

Old Moss accompanied the officers to and fro

very anxiously.

"This is the way they got in," said one, creeping through the hole in the wall; "but they took the goods out through the front door after the dog was

"Hullo," said one of them, as he picked up a valuable brooch from a pile of brickdust, "hullo,

what is this, eh, Moss?"

"Oh, nothing," said old Moss, trying to get possession of it. "That is only a brooch my wife lost here the other day when she was sorting rags, that's all,"

"Oh, indeed," said the officer, putting the

valuable into his pocket.

"You need not search any further," said old Moss, very nervously. "They have left nothing behind; there is nothing here but rags and old iron."

"Do you call this old iron?" said the second officer, holding up a coffee pot he had discovered under some dirty sacking. "Why, this is solid silver."

"Any name on it," asked his companion. "Yes, Ford, the Red House."

"Ford, the Red House," said the other, thinking for a moment. "Surely it cannot be any of the plate which was stolen from that murdered gentleman's premises a little while ago?"

"Have you got a description of the missing property?"

"Yes, somewhere in my note book. Gale got the description from the murdered man's old servant. Here it is," said the officer, reading over a long

"Why, it corresponds exactly," said the first

"So it does. Where did you get this, Moss?"

"Don't know anything about it."
This was a lie, for it was one of the articles which he had bought from Barney.

"But you must know something about it, or how

did it get here?"

"Somebody must have planted it, so as to ruin me," said old Moss, trembling.

"Oh, that is a very unlikely tale," said the officers, laughing. "We must search the whole place now,"

"No, don't; there's no occasion. I'm sure you'll

find nothing."

"We don't know that. We must take you into custody for having stolen property in your possession, Moss."

"Me?" gasped the Jew.
"Yes; you."

The Jew sank upon a bag of rags, Joseph 190 I as

He felt that his course was run, and that he was in the hands of the law, from which there was now no possible hope of escape,

He offered bribes to the two officers.

But those worthy men, indignantly refused his tempting offers.

One of them stood by guarding Moss.

The other prosecuted his search thoroughly, and, in less than half-an-hour, found a number of valuable articles in precious metals.

Before they took the old Jew down to the station one of them called two constables, and took possession of his shop in the Lane.

Amid a gaping crowd two other officers conducted old Moss to prison, and, so weak was he, that he

almost fell upon the way.

He was not searched, but charged with having stolen goods upon his premises, and all bail refused.

He was cast into a cell, and there left to his dismal meditations, and, ere long, the old rogue wept like a child; not out of sorrow for years of crime, but because he felt that he was now utterly powerless to have any revenge on his enemies, whoever they were.

"Who could have done all this?" he mused, as, with his head between his hands, he thought for

hours on the events of that unlucky day.

He took out of his pocket an old red tattered rag of a handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and a letter fell upon the floor.

"This came this morning, but I was so lowspirited I could not open it.'

However, to divert his thoughts, old Moss tore the envelope and read as follows :-

"Moss.—You have played, the old villain long enough; you are not content to buy swag and make hundreds out of it, but you must needs try and get your money back again by robbing. "Now I and my pals have had our eyes on you for a long time, and played the same trick that you would have played on us; that is to say, we have stolen our 'metal' again, besides other valuables, and have kindly informed the police of the event by letter. When you are lagged, and enjoying your lifer, think of this, and your old pal,

"The devil seize and choke him !" gasped Moss, and he raved and swore in such a terrible rage for more than half an hour, that he foamed at the mouth like a madman, and tried to destroy himself in his cell,

But the gaolers soon put a stop to his wild pranks, for they handcuffed him and tied him down.

"Wish I was dead ! I wish I was dead !" groaned the Jew, in great agony.

The tight grip of the law was on him.

He wriggled and writhed like a wounded worm as he was.

Hundreds had suffered for his sake, and now he had to suffer for theirs.

He had been making money and dancing to pleasant music all his life.

The moment was fast approaching when he had to pay the fiddler. 1000 of

"A nerely trajector to disc pot l'idras obbies, wile; in the own confection to tring from business l' time Hall dest trachlostes' have their gyes ourus

edd bias gener L CHAPTER CIII; b ogome oaddun

starlings coming

EXTRACT FROM FRANK FORD'S JOURNAL IN MEXICO ABOUT BIRDS, WILD FOWL, AND THE LIKE, WHICH HE AND HIS BOY SOLDIERS OFTEN MET WITH, AND SHOT AND STUFFED FOR THE PURPOSE OF FORMING A MUSEUM FOR THE BOXS IN ENGLAND and how son I'm

"DEAR BROTHER TOM, - soil of alid

"I received a letter from you before you sailed towards England, and I hasten to answer it.

"I shall, according to your directions, send this to the Grosvenor Hotel, London, where you intend

to stay should you land in England.

"I have much to tell you about our military affairs here in Mexico; but before I speak of those things, I shall continue my journal, and, as you and the boys wish it, will describe what else I saw upon the broad prairies, and then continue my narrative of our Mexican campaign.

" In the first place, then, cranes and herons of all kinds-black, white, and gray, crested and without crest—are common here. Pelicans but rarely are seen in the laguns. One immense bird, called a Borignon, is common enough: it has a body bigger than a swan, and moderately long legs, but with almost no neck, and an immense beak projecting from a small head, set deep between his shoulders.

"This bird is white, and has his wings edged with black, his legs, head, and beak being also black.

"Bitterns are very common, and beautiful birds they are. "Curlews and snipes, great, small, and jack,

"These last are absurdly tame. They never fly over twenty yards; and, dropping in the open plain, even after being fired at and missed, feed without any fear of being again molested,

"Divers and water-rails frequent all the lakes and streams in myriads: some of the former are very

graceful and elegant birds.

"Flamingoes, spoonbills, and birds of that kind

I met with occasionally, but seldom shot at any save

ducks and snipes.

"I think the most curious of the aquatic birds I saw was a large diver, with a neck almost as long as a swan, and short legs, which sat in grass, by the waterside, and when frightened took to the water in

"This bird-which I think, is called the blackbellied Darter-always chose a high and quite naked tree, and, before starting, moved his neck back-wards and forwards in a very curious style, around

"I often tried to procure a specimen, but ineffectually, as they were very wary, and their feathers too close set to admit of a long shot taking effect.

"A very pretty little bird, called Madrugador, or early riser, of a brilliant yellow, was very common, as were also kingfishers of all sizes and colours and

"The land birds are as various as the water, and I was puzzled to find names for most of them. The commonest and most domestic is a handsome black fellow, with a magnificent tail, and consider ably blarger steam tanin English mblack bird, icalled Sanati. He frequents all houses, and is even more impudent and self-sufficient than our common sparrow.

"Starlings exist in implease fifbes, some entirely nozmiro bing wolley thai miw arento chald water and left the isbaed

"I used to observe that these birds always roosted in the same spot and retired to rest at the same time, till at list when out within y gin," I saw till starlings coming, I never required to look at my watch to know that it was also time for me to be jogging homewarm was also time for me to be

These flocks containing immense numbers, had been all day scattered over the plains, picking up the vermin which fell from the cattle and mules, each of these animals being always aurounded by some hundreds of these little birds.

n They were now returning to their homes, the main body always preceded and danked by de-

tached parties.

"This army extended often a quarter of a mile, and occupied two or three minutes in passing me, casting a distant shadow on the ground as they

"Occasionally the whole body made a sharp curve in their flight, always an indication that a hawk was looking out for stragglers out or

The most beautiful of all the birds is I think or the Cardinal, which is met with everywhere; it is a for a bright crimson, and beautifully created. saw bus

"Wild turkeys are also seen among the mountains, but I had meyer the good luck to fall in with

any, besogo sew ed. held she at beit ed tremon "Hayks of all kinds are very common, and in have seen eagles, but rarely Caspar one day killed

one when out with memi violes "There are some peguliar birds of the hawk species, called "Bone-crushers," large and power-

fully made, with beautiful red crests and eyes. II "These sit motionless upon stones and trees, never touching the carcase of any animal till the zopilotes have done with it, when they proceed to remove whatever flesh still adheres to the bones, and get the marrow out of the bones themselves. "I have also seen them attack small birds, I

"Many of the hawk tribe are most useful, from their destruction of snakes and other reptiles.

"I have often seen one soaring away with a srake a yard long wriggling in his claws.

"One of these birds once dropped his prey at sight of me.

"I found, on inspection, that the snake was not

dead, but nearly so, his skull being laid entirely open with a severe peck.

"The Count told me one day that, the day before that, he had seen a hawk attack a snake too large for him, and, that whilst he was carrying him off in mid air, the snake wreathed himself round the wings of the hawk or eagle (as my friend called him), and both came to the ground together.

balthough this is both an old and poetical story, I will answer for it that my friend, the Count, was never in the way of hearing it, and have no doubt whatever that he saw what he described.

"There are plenty of owls, but one does not often meet with them in daylight, even in Mexico.

9 Pigeons and doves of all kinds abound, and when my ducks and snipes failed me, I had capital sport among the former in a thicket by the side of the laguna bus s

off There is a small sort of dove very beautiful and very tame, no bigger than a thrush, of which numbers used to shulld in the orange trees in the pleasure and pastimensbrag

off They appeared to live mostly on the ground and ran very nimbly; half a dozen of these little birds made as much noise in rising as a large covey of partrides, to dank est

Mow bletime turn to soldiering and tell you all that has happened since last I saw you, for believe me, Caspar, Hugh Tracy, Buttons, Fatty, and all the rest have had plenty of stirring adventures in this strange, but delightful and far-off country,

lads heard of the capture of the brave old count, and of the severe wounds he received in the encounter between the renegade Mexicans and French, we all felt deeply sorry at the mishap, and immediately arranged an expedition in order to rescue him from his state of captivity."

"Among all my teamsters and guides, I had not half as much affection for any one as the American

trapper, and Pedro, the half-bred.

"Without consulting any of the Boy Soldiers, I called the trapper to my tent, and had a long chat with him, for I made up my mind, cost what it would, to leave no stone unturned until I had secured the release of the brave old count.

seenred the release of the plate that the count is, do you think? Tasked Pedro.

"'Yes, captain. I could do so without any difficulty in the world, but I am a half-bred, and would be suspected immediately if they saw me prowling about their "lines."

"'Then, what had best be done?" I asked

"'I should say that no one was more fitted to undertake such a duty as the tall American trapper

here, said Pedro,
"'Oh, as to me, said the American, with a broad
grin, 'I don't mind what I do so as I can be of

grin, 'I don't mind what I do so as I can be any sarvice to yon, and the brave English Boys.'
"' 'You are not afraid?' I asked,
"' 'Afraid.' said the American, with a look of disgust, 'I am't afeard of the devil himself, if I only has a good horse and plenty of money."
"After much chat with the trapper, I at last arread that he should be the one to send."

agreed that he should be the one to send.

"I was particularly auxious to get the good old count out of the hands of the enemy, for, from in-formation that I could get, it was very likely we should have to fight a hard battle in less than a week, and the old count's advice and assistance was of great help to us on all occasions.

"I therefore mounted the tall trapper on one of the fleetest horses I ever rode, gave him a purse of gold pieces, and made him change his dress for something better than the skin jacket and trousers he always wore.

" He started off that same night, and for three or

four days I heard nothing of him.

"I told Caspar and Hugh Tracy of all I had done, and they heartily approved of all I thought proper to do; but each of them gave it as their opinion that the tall brave fellow must have met with some fatal accident, or he would have returned

"I could not help thinking as much myself, but said nothing to my fellow officers and friends, in case it might dishearten them; for theold count was a great favorite with all of us ab ni med diw

"At the end of the fifth day, and when all hope was given up of the brave trapper's return, I was surprised to see the tall American rider into jours camp, looking care-worn, dirty, pale and bloody.ed.

"He had found out the biding place in which the Mexicans and French had placed the old soldier.

"He represented to all that he was an American citizen, travelling for pleasure and pastimepeand thus threw dust into the eyes of all with whom he half a dozen.tact.nexob a flad

me lin contact. next a dozen the result of the transfer of the contact of the transfer of the contact of the co camps, and as the trapper was flush of funds and treated everybody to whatever they liked to leat and drink, they all unanimously pronounced him to Fracy, Buttons, wolland, and la ad

"They even took him to see the hospitals, and in one of these he discovered the old count, who, though pale and weak from loss of blood from his wounds, was fast recovering from his injuries.

"The old count, he says, instantly recognized

and French off their guard.

"The old count smiled and swore back again, "This pleased the bold trapper, who saw at a moment that the old count saw his little game,"

and fully understood it.

" Now, as the ex-trapper was dressed much like a middle aged gentleman of property (thanks to the wig, false whiskers, and clothes which I had given him) neither the Mexican nor French had the least suspicion that he was a spy, and treated him with every respect.

"The trapper thought that no one would discover

him, but he was greatly mistaken,
"He went to a first-class hope! in a small neighbouring town, and lived like a lord of the land for two or three days.

"He had dressed himself up much like a wellto do banker or private gentleman of means, and carried his imposition so far that he actually invited several French and Mexican officers to dine with him.

"The time fixed for dinner was about six.
"The trapper entered the dining room to see that everything was in perfect order for his friends and found several ladies of the hotel (whom he had also invited to dine with him) already seated at the table, but the officers had not yet arrived.

"The trapper could not understand their want of punctuality, and sat down to dine with his lady friends without a thought why or wherefore the

officers were absent.

"But a servant explained that both the French and Mexican officers had at the latest moment been forced to decline the trapper's kind invitation as the French general in command had heard that I and a strong reinforcement of English volunteers had entered the service of the Republican army,

and were all likely to attack their position before the besieged town, and in consequence they must be on the alert night and day.

"The trapper did not relish this information : but he put a good face upon matters, and sat down to dine with all that careless stoicism peculiar to

our American cousins.

40 While he was at dinner, however, and solely in company of the ladies, and an American gentleman he had invited to meet the French and Mexican officers, a beautiful but half-wild looking dashed into the room, pushed by the waiters, and confronted the disguised trapper face to face.

"With extended arm, and amshrill voice, she pointed to the American, and said aboud you A

"Traitor, I have been on the watch for you! Seize him, seize him the is a spyland an informer from the camp of the Boy Soldiers; he is not a gentleman; he is a trapper an informer, and is in the pay of Frank Ford, the captain of the English fellow, with a magnificent tail arestruloyi woll

"This announcement, as might me texpected, as I tonished every one present. I (See cut in No. 32)

"The brave American trapper rosento his feet astounded.

"For a moment he knew not what to do it all "
"As guick as, lightning, however, he rushed to wards the girl, pushed her aside, and left the room

I used to observe that these birds a laster the gril followed, min serve ming at the they only her voice, and in a moment, the hotel was all agog with excitement.

with excitement, becomes and never in the stables and meant, his gallant, horse was the work of but a few moments of pulling the stable of the

nath coron over standow were seen all day scatt lette, and add in the seat letter of the veh Ha maar

The townspeople also (at least such of them as were tayourable to the French and the usurper, Maximilian) raised a great outcy. 10 abordand amo

lightning, but he was hotly pursued.
Shots were freely exchanged on both sides; but luckily for the trapper, he was not seriously hurt, although wounded in several places.

"As might be expected, he did not fail to fire back, and one of his shots (by mere accident be it. observed) not only passed through one of his pursuers, but also wounded the girl who had informed upon him.

"This the trapper did not know at the time, for he was galloping through the town at the top of his speed; but I afterwards ascertained all the facts,

and was very sorry lulitured bus

"But in the hurry, uproar, and confusion this accident could not be well avoided, for at the moment he fired the fatal shot, he was opposed to, and almost surrounded by, a hundred or more of excited citizens, who were thirsting for his blood.

"The trapper came safely into our camp, but, as might have been expected, he did not get off scot

free 9 woq

"He was wounded in several places, and much fatigued; but the information he brought to us was worth more than gold, for from subsequent information we ascertained that the old count, and a few of the better sort of his comrades, were instantly taken from the hospital, and sent far to the rear, among the mountains, for protection, a over the rear,

"Now, instead of the French authorities sending the dear old count to a place of greater safety, they placed him in a locality which was of easy access

to us, as will be hereafter seen.

"Suffice it, therefore, in this letter, to say that we made instant preparations for his rescue, and that, had it not been for the bold trapper, the old count might have been forced to linger and die in a state of captivity, instead of being, as he is now, well and hearty among us.

"But this I will explain presently.

"To return to the trapper's unexpected and hasty

"The shot which he fired ultimately killed the girl, who, at first, had been only slightly wounded. "But her death arose more from the surgeon's want of skill than otherwise, for, from all I can learn, the danger was not at first very great; so little indeed did any one apprehend death would ensue, that even her friends and father made light

"This girl, strange to say, was the youngest daughter of a rich gentleman of the town, who, seized with a wild mania to serve the French, had gone forth and amused herself with acting the part of a female spy upon the Republicans.

"She was young, beautiful, and accomplished, and when her death became known, the whole town, or most part of it, at least, went into mourning for

"A coroner's inquest was held over her, and the jury was made up of the most wealthy and influential of the townspeople, who, after brief consultation (but opposed to the evidence) returned a verdict

of wilful murder against the trapper.
"The poor girl was laid out before the jury in a

very becoming manner, and attired in white.
"But the most impressive part of the whole proceedings was when her only sister threw herself upon the dead body, and wept bitterly; while the aged father advanced towards his young daughter, and, laying his hand upon her cold forehead, swore that 'he would never rest until he had slain with his own hand the American spy who had shot his daughter.' (See cut in Number 33.)

"All these particulars of our doings, dear Tom, I know will interest you, and all our boy friends in England; but, for the present, I must postpone writing to you of our several hard-fought battles here, and of the extraordinary doings of our gallant young English Volunteers under my command.

"In my next letter, or through the newspaper, you will learn all particulars of our exploits.

"Caspar, Tracy, Buttons, Fatty, and the count,

have covered themselves with glory.

"I hear the drums now beating. We expect another attack from the French every moment; so I must hastily conclude this letter, and remain, "Your loving Brother,

"P. S .- If you are in England, I hope you will lose no time in unravelling the mystery of our Uncle Ford's murder.

"I have faint hopes that you will ever meet with old Jonathan Flint, or that young scoundrel Joel; but if you do, let us hear all particulars from you at the earliest moment.

"The drums are still beating. Our Boy Soldiers are now falling in to repel a second assault of the French and renegade Mexicans.

"In haste, Thinker stay sometimes and the "Frank," have seen as the same seen as the

CHAPTER CIV.

LIFEBOATMEN SEARCH THE WRECK FOR JOEL FLINT.

THE very first thing which the two English detectives did, when they reached the shore from the shipwrecked "Dolphin," was to see if Master Joel

would come on shore, for all along they had shrewd suspicions that he was the very youth they were in search of, although they had not, for a moment,

given him any ground for supposing so.

But finding that he did not come ashore as he might have done, they felt doubly certain that he was the person they wanted.

They, therefore, at the earliest possible moment aroused the coastguard and lifeboatmen on the shore, and told the chiefs what their suspicions

Hearing that there was, and had been, a very large reward offered for the capture of the young culprit who was still on board, two picked crews volunteered to man their boats and go out to the wreck; but this could not be done till long after nightfall.

With this object they got two boats and launched them in the little harbour, and they could plainly see in the distance the smoke on the wreck, which arose from the half-extinguished and now smouldering fire which Joel had made to warm himself, and serve as a signal of distress.

Within the harbour all was comparatively smooth, but the gale outside was so strong that the boats made headway with great difficulty, the wind sometimes driving the oars out of the rowlocks up over the men's heads in spite of their utmost efforts to keep them down.

Slow progress was thus made outside.

Here the sea was running mountains high, and it became evident that no boat of any description could live long under it.

One of the detectives, however, being still determined to try the boats even under these circum-stances, made his final arrangement for a bold experiment.

He directed the boat which accompanied him to lie in comparative shelter under a small grassy island 78 feet high, over which the sea was making a full breach, so that she might watch the fate of

her consort, and render assistance if possible.

Then, with his own coastguard crew, he dashed out into the bay, watching each tremendous roller, and rounding her to meet it.

About a quarter of an hour passed in this struggle, when a great tidal wave was observed by the spectators on shore gathering itself about a mile to sea-

Distinguishable by lookers-on far inland, like a mighty Andes towering above the lesser mountains, this Atlantic giant swept in, extending right across the bay, and leaping far up the cliffs on either side.

In the opinion of experienced seamen who observed it, this sea would have swept the decks of the stoutest vessel.

As it neared the devoted boat, its appearance became more terrific.

The water shoaled there from ten to seven fathoms, and, changing its shape with the conformation of the ground below, that which had been a rolling mountain rose into a rushing cliff of

Never were six men in more desperate circumstances.

Yet what men could do was done boldly and steadily.

The rule laid down for meeting a desperate sea is to pull against it with the utmost speed.

But for meeting such a sea as this no rule was ever made.

Cheering his men forward, the steersman put his boat right at it, calculating nicely to meet the sea at a right angle.

Steadily, as if spurting in a race, the men strained

at their oars, and gliding, on even keel, like an arrow, the boat entered the roaring avalanche, its crest towering twenty-five feet above her, and overhanging.

The officer, who was steering, and the chief boatman, who was pulling stroke oar, were hurled headlong over the boat's stern by the falling sea.

Had she not been of extraordinary strength, owing to her peculiar double-sided construction, she must have been shivered like a bandbox.

Crushing her bodily fathoms down, the sea bore her astern at lightning speed, tearing away her rudder-irons and steering-crutch by the pressure.

The steersman was caught head downwards as she passed, by some projecting hook or spur rowlock, and dragged thus for a few seconds, then found himself suddenly freed and rising rapidly.

On reaching the surface he met his chief boatman already afloat, but looking very much confused.

The latter afterwards described himself as having been conscious of receiving some tremendous impetus, which caused him, as he imagined, to turn a series of somersaults under water.

Though eased in heavy water-proof boots, thick pea-jackets, and oil-cloth overcoats, the life-belts supported them with perfect ease.

The sea which had hurled them out of the boat had beaten the rest of the crew down as they bent over their oars in a stooping posture, each man on the thwart before him.

The bowman alone was stunned.

The remaining three retained perfect conscious-

They had their eyes open, but all around was total darkness.

They described their sensation as like that of being whirled in an express train through a railway

But whether they were in the boat or in the sea they could not distinguish at the time.

At length a faint dawn of light reached their eyes, increasing rapidly, and they were conscious of rising through the green water, and at last they emerged through the broken foam, sitting each man

The first object that met their eyes as the boat rose to the surface was the buoy of the little harbour

close alongside of them.

This place is by measurement over 400 yards from the place where the sea had struck their boat.

She had been shot about a quarter of a mile under water, and had risen in the exact position in which she had entered the sea, at right angles to it A spare rowlock and a pair of boots were lying

loose in the bottom of the boat, giving clear evidence that she had not once turned over during her extraordinary submarine passage.

The oars had all been lost but one, and with this the men managed to keep her head to the seas, though she was drifting fast upon the rocks astern.

In the meantime, the crew of the other boat had

watched the whole occurrence.

But so appalled were these hardy fishermen by the appearance of the sea, and by the sight which they had witnessed, that they refused at first to pull out to the rescue in the face of what appeared to be certain death.

The brave man who commanded her, however, the second detective, was determined to save his comrades or share their fate.

By dint of entreaty and command he got them to pull out into the bay.

Skilfully watching his time, sometimes putting his boat away before the breakers, sometimes driving her over them, shipping seas forward and on both sides, he succeeded in picking up the officer and chief boatman, after they had been near half an hour in the water.

They then pulled away for the other bost, and reached her as she was fast drifting on the rocky shore, over which the sea was breaking furiously.

A very few minutes later and boat and men would have been pounded to fragments on the sharp ledges that were rising black at intervals through the foaming waters.

They supplied the drifting boat with the oars which they had picked up from the water, and both crews worked their way back into harbour without loss of life or even the slightest injury.

The time during which the boat remained submerged is difficult to arrive at.

Under such circumstances seconds seem like minutes both to actors and spectators; but, as far as can be judged from pretty fair data, she must have been about two minutes under water.

The brave efforts of these two boats' crews to reach the "Dolphin" were unavailing.

Time and time again the two detectives, one in each boat, encouraged their men to attempt to reach the wreck; but the brave coasters were appalled at the danger they had already undergone, and thought that it would be useless and madness.

In truth, the storm, instead of abating, increased furiously, and the rough mountainous seas washed over the decks of the doomed "Dolphin," each

moment threatening to break it into pieces.

"Oh, the young rascal is sure to be lost!" said
the detective. "In less than an hour one plank will not remain of the gallant brig."

They gave up all hope as lost.

But while they stood on shore with telescopes in hand, little did they imagine that Joel Flint had escaped in the fishing-smack, and that the only persons on board were innocent men.

At the moment when this exciting and gallant effort had been made to seize the young scoundrel, Mr. Joel Flint was safely landed on shore several miles from where they stood.

Joel was safe, and his treasure on shore also. More than this, he was rattling away in a train towards London, whither we must follow him. rack Lower loving Bradiers long, they

osened the in my avalling the mystery of our Tacle CHAPTER CV.

distribute agod dor bash and an Fanday Hamilandi.

JONATHAN MISSES HIS OLD FRIEND FLINT.

THE arrest of Jonathan in the rooms of the Grosvenor Hotel was a matter of great rejoicing among the detectives, and particularly so to Sergeant Gale, who had long been on the look-out for him and the

On the way to the police station Gale was very chatty to old Jonathan, who protested his innocence all the way in the most vehement manner.

"Well," said Gale, "if you hadn't anything to do with old Ford's murder, you know more about it than any one else; and it might serve you a great deal before a jury of your countrymen if you were to divulge whatever might assist us officers in tracking and apprehending the right parties."
"Oh! no doubt of that," said Jonathan, thought-

fully; "but you know I am as innocent as a child,"

"I dare say you are; but appearances are very much against you for all that."

"How can that be ?"

"Well, at all events, you know who killed the officer in Epping Forest."

"I could make a shrewd guess."

"Was it yourself?"

"Me! lor bless you, no." "Who was it, then ?"

"I think, from all I've heard him say, that it was Warner."

"But, I dare say, if Warner were in your situation he would say quite to the contrary."

"But that cannot be, for old Flint would bear witness."

"So Flint knows all about it, eh?"

"Why of course he does."

"But who did the deed in Green Court ?"

"Why, Warner, of course."

"How was that?"

- "Why, it appears that after the murder of old Ford, Flint ran away with the old gentleman's title-deeds and money. Warner thought he might be in Green Court, and so pounced down upon him, or somebody else; but it was a mistake."
 - "A great mistake, I think, for the poor clerk."

"Yes, wasn't it?"

"So you say that Warner did all this?"

"Yes, I am sure of it." "And where is he?"

"He was living with me and Flint-no, I mean that he found out where old Flint and I lived together, and used to call sometimes."

"Oh, indeed!" said Gale, with a dry laugh;

"you were intimate, then?"

"Oh dear, no; that is to say, he and Flint had dealings with each other, more or less, but not with me. I wouldn't be seen in such company.'

"No, I suppose not; you are too good and clever a man to have any such associates."

This was said with such a dry laugh that

Jonathan quaked again with fear.

"And where was this house where you and old Flint used to live?"

"I will show you."

"Very well, I have no objection; tell the cabby to drive to this direction," said Jonathan, handing

The cabby cracked his whip, and, ere long, they both arrived at old Flint's residence.

Jonathan knocked at the door, which was quickly opened by Matty, who was blubbering.

"Oh, master, master," she began, wiping her eyes, and talking to Jonathan in the passage; "oh, master, master, there has been such a row and such a shine in the house."

"How? who? what?" said Jonathan.

"Oh, such a row, master!"

"Has Mr. Warner returned?" asked Jonathan, in

"Mr. Warner, sir? No, sir; nor do I think he ever will return.

"But Mr. Flint," said Jonathan, in great haste; "he is here?"

"No, sir; nor him either. I found him lying on the floor, bound hand and foot with cords, and he was struggling hard to get out of them. I thought he was mad; but, at last, after much begging and praying, I cut the cords and let him loose."

"And what did Flint do then?"

"He took out of the room some of the most valuable articles, such as the marble time-piece and other things, and pawned them. I asked for some dinner, and he slapped me in the face and knocked me down. I screamed, and in came the landlord and landlady in great haste, and demanded their rent; Mr. Flint said he had let the house to you, and must look forward to you for the rent."

"Very kind, indeed," groaned Jonathan. "And

where is he now?"

"I haven't the slightest idea; but, before he went, several tradespeople came for their money, and wouldn't go without it, and there was such a row-a regular fight, it was. Such cursing and swearing, and stamping of feet you never heard before in your whole lives."

"And did he get away?"

"Yes, sir; he promised to pay them all to-night, and they went away; but about half-an-hour ago they all returned, such a troop of them."

"And where are they?"

"In the front parlor, sir; and a pretty noise they have been making to be sure."

"Oh, it's no use of me staying here," said Jonathan, "if that is the case; they will tear me in pieces."

"But, sir, the landlord is going to send me to prison for stealing the clock, and ornaments, and all sorts of things. What shall I do? Oh, Mr. Gale, what shall I do? I didn't steal the things."

"Never mind, Matty," said the detective, "they can't touch you, my girl; I know you well enough. It is old Flint who is to blame; he is the thief, not you.'

"And he was the one who rented the lodgings also," said Jonathan; "I hadn't anything to do with it."

"Oh, here he is."

"That's him."

"This is the old scoundrel," said one and another of the creditors, coming out of the parlour, and surrounding Jonathan like a pack of hungry wolves.

"Where's my money?"

"Yes, and where's mine?"

"Give him in charge !" "Have him up for obtaining goods under false pretences."

"Transport the old rascal!"

Thus, on all sides, clammered the infuriated creditors, cursing and swearing.

"Black his eyes!"

"Punch his head !"

"Tear the coat off his back !" "Break his long, ugly nose!"

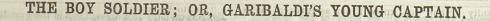
These were the discordant cries heard on every hand, and highest and loudest among them all were the landlord and landlady, the latter with a big broom in her hand, each moment threatening to break Jonathan's head.

"Preserve me ! save me !" gasped Jonathan, who was fairly out of breath with excitement and the many kicks and blows he had received in the stomach, face and back.

"Preserve me! save me!" he roared."
"Preserve me! save me!" he roared."
"He is my prisoner."

"No, he isn't. Tear the old scoundrel from him! He's a sham policeman."

And then began a fierce fight in the passage to see who should secure the unlucky Jonathan.





"Never mind; better luck next time, comrade; but it was rather hard, as you say, to miss the young devil after we had been on the look out for him so long."

"Well, he's dead, that's one comfort."

Yes; and his treasure is at the bottom of the

than ever." lords, then, will be ho better off "Just so; it's rather annoying, though, that

things should have taken such an unfavourable turn, at the moment, too, when we expected all things to work cleverly into our own hands."

"Well, we've had a long trip through Italy, if

that's any comfort; so we had better hasten up to

ocean."

was fairly out of greath with saw thing saw But these men were doomed. bas short years

The storm set in again. Nos Thus sost

Their cries and signals were neither heard nor

crew of the fishing-smack which had taken Joel off

These brave men fully expected that the weather would hold good, and that in a few hours their smack would return again to release them, and take off much of the valuables they had gathered to-

tuner, and he slapped me in the tage amily and

The fishing-smack did not return.

Heavy foaming seas towered over the stranded brig, and in less than three hours, on that frightful night, the "Dolphin" went to pieces, and the dead bodies of several unknown fishermen were washed ashore

safe to shore.

London and report all we know of the drowned man."

The two detectives took conveyance to the nearest railway station, and early next day found themselves at Scotland Yard.

They detailed all that had happened, and Detec-

tive Gale bit his lips with passion.

"Dead !" said he.

"Yes, dead as a door-nail; he was drowned in

the wreck."

"How unfortunate; for I have got one of the old scoundrels in custody already, and have good hopes of securing the others in a few days. It was rather clever of you, though, not to pretend to know the young rascal on the voyage."

"Yes; but you see we have not been successful

after all, though we deserved to be so.'

"I received information from Leghorn of all that has happened," said Gale; "it was sent to me by Tomasso, signed by the prefect of police, and came by the mail steamer a week in advance of you, and I had good hopes of seeing the young rascal safe in your hands; for I have no doubt he had much to do with setting fire to the Custom House and storehouses in the harbour. He almost killed Tomasso with a blow from his oar. Tomasso is getting better, however, but vows vengeance against young Flint, and swears he'll come to London, and never rest until he captures him."

"He'll be very smart, then, I think," said one of the detectives, laughing, "considering that this

young Flint is down among the fishes.'

But, luckily for himself, Joel was not "down among the fishes," but was up to his eyes in plea-

sure and debauchery.

For when he arrived in London, Joel lost no time in decorating himself with all that money could buy, and hired lodgings in several directions, so that, in case of suspicion or flight, he could find a place of temporary refuge.

It will not be wondered at, therefore, that he purchased and wore all manner of disguises, which so well suited him, that his most intimate friends

would have been deceived.

So well did he manage matters, that he frequently saw in the streets the two detectives who had been on board the "Dolphin," but they did not recognise him,

This gave Joel fresh courage, and he resolved to find out the whereabouts of his father, if possible.

But this seemed to be a work of impossibility, for he had long left his old haunts, neither could any one give the least information, except the police; and those gentlemen, as may be supposed, were the very last Joel wished to make acquaintance with.

He was dressed splendidly on all occasions, and

took frequent exercise on horseback.

He cantered and galloped about Rotten Row like some grandee or prince, and went by the name of "Count,"

While out one day galloping about, he espied the carriage of Mr. Lancaster, and in it sat Nelly, looking more beautiful than ever, but still sad, melan-

choly, and deadly pale.

Her father, the old banker, was with her, and, as the vehicle passed along, Joel bit his lip in anger.

"I've got a grudge against old Lancaster," he thought, "and now that no one knows me, I will have revenge on the old man for the very scurvy manner in which he served me in Italy. If I could manner in which he served me in Italy. only frame a good excuse to speak to speak to him, the thing would be easy enough; for once I am introduced to Nelly again, it will not take me long to elope with her, for I know she is beginning to hate her cross-grained, tuft-hunting father."

For several days Joel dressed out in the grandest style of fashion, sought those promenades and drives where the rich are wont to go, and saw Nelly and her father as usual.

He followed the old banker home, and noting the house and number, resolved to call there when the

evening had fairly set in.

"For," thought Joel, "although my disguise is faultless, I don't want to throw any chance away, for the old miser's eyes are wonderfully sharp and piercing."

When night came, therefore, Joel boldly walked up to the banker's house, and rang the visitor's bell

loudly.

A tall footman opened the door.

Joel handed his card, which was placed on a silver salver, and taken up to old Lancaster.

"Count Schmidt," mused the old banker, looking at the card, "Count Schmidt! I don't know any such person."

"Perhaps you may have forgotten, papa, this particular person, for when abroad you were introduced to so many persons of title," said Nelly.

"Just so, daughter, just so. You see, in Italy and Germany, one meets with so many titled personages, that really I have forgotten the names of two thirds or more. Show the gentleman up," said old Lancaster.

In a few moments, Joel Flint, as bold as brass, ascended the marble staircase, and entered the

drawing-room.

Nelly Lancaster rose from the piano, and her father bowed to the stranger.

"Count Schmidt, I believe," said the old banker.

"Your humble servant." Joel replied, with a well-feigned foreign accent, bowing profoundly. "You come from Leghorn, I believe?"

"I do; although that is not my residence, or place of birth."

"And might I ask the reasons or motives for this visit, sir?" "With pleasure, sir," said Joel, smiling, and

taking a seat. "You did not know me, I believe, in Leghorn?"

said the old banker.

"No, sir, I had not that honour, for I was not then in Leghorn; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that the hospitality and urbanity of Mr. Lancaster, together with the beauty and accom-plishments of Miss Nelly, your daughter, caused the most favourable, nay, profound impressions among a large circle of my noble relations and friends in Italy."

This compliment seemed to please the vain old

man, who smiled graciously, and bowed.

"You have relations there, then, Count ?" "Oh, yes, many, very many, indeed; some of them near of kin to royalty."

This information pleased old Lancaster still more,

who felt very grand indeed.
"But, sir, I do not come to compliment you only," said Joel, still imitating a foreigner speaking broken English; "but am desirous of asking your advice, for I have £10,000, if, indeed, not more, to which I desire to lay out to the best advantage, and my noble friends in Leghorn have spoken in such glowing terms of your ability and wisdom that

"I feel flattered," said old Lancaster, " and shall be delighted, of course, to have the disposition of so

large a sum."
"I dare say you would," thought Joel; "but I am not going to let you have it for all that, you old rogue. But I also came on another errand." said Joel, "and one that concerns you deeply,"

"Indeed !"

"Yes; but I hope you will not be surprised or annoyed?"

"Oh, certainly not."

"Did you ever know in Leghorn an English youth named Joel Flint ?"

"Yes, certainly I did."

"What was his general character?"

"An impostor, sir | a rascal! if not more; one who for a time played on my good nature, and actually had the audacity to make half proposals to my only daughter."

"Indeed !"

"Yes, and more than that; I am sorry to say that he took passage, under an assumed name, in the same vessel I did."

"What was the name of the vessel?"

"The barque 'Dolphin;' it was wrecked on the Cornish coast, and we were saved by a miracle, and lost all our valuables and baggage."

"You say you were sorry he sailed in the same

vessel with you? Was he saved likewise?"

"No; thank goodness, the young rascal was drowned. Unknown to me we had two detectives on board, who discovered what he was, and would have had him hung at Newgate only that he perished with the wreck in the storm."

"A most happy deliverance for society," said Joel, "for I have information from Tomasso, an officer at Leghorn, that the same Joel Flint was

suspected of murder."

"Horrible! horrible!" said the old man.

"But my business on the present occasion, Mr. Lancaster, is not so much to speak of this young rascal Flint as to restore what he has from time to time stolen from you."

"Indeed, sir !"

"Yes, truly. Did you not miss articles of value, such as diamonds and the like, during his visits to you at Leghorn?"

"We did, papa," said Nelly; "but I never sus-

pected that he could have stolen them."

"He did so, and some of my noble friends traced them to several old Jews, who purchased them for a small amount."

"You astonish me!"

"I have brought one or two of the articles with me," said the would-be count, presenting a likeness of Nelly Lancaster to her father, the borders of which were set with diamonds.
"I never saw this before, Nelly," said old Lan-

caster, looking in astonishment at his daughter.

"Who gave you this?"

"By touching that small spring you will see, sir,"

said the count, with a fiendish grin.

Old Lancaster touched the spring, and beheld the likenesses of Captain Frank Ford and Nelly Lancaster sitting lovingly side by side with their hands

Under the portraits were the words-

"Wear this for me, Nelly, and let not our hearts

be ever sundered."

Old Lancaster turned all manner of colours, and would have broken out into a terrible rage, except for the presence of the Count, whom he wished to

Two diamond rings and a bracelet were also handed over to old Lancaster by the Count, all of which the enraged father knew, from certain marks and mottoes on them, came from the generous hand of the Boy Captain he hated so much.

Nelly was astounded at the recovery of her lost presents, and would have claimed them on the spot but an angry look from old Lancaster caused deep blushes to suffuse her cheeks, and she left the drawing-room endeavouring to conceal the tear drops which trickled down her cheeks.

"I have the game in my own hands now," thought Joel, "and will persecute them both by every means that cunning and money can devise."

For some time the pretended "Count" continued to converse with the banker, and so far won upon the old man's good opinion, that he was invited to call again, and it was hoped that he would make himself at home on all occasions, and consider himself a frequent and welcome guest; for, from his mode of speaking, the Count left the impression that he was not only immensely rich, but one of the leaders of fashion, and a person who might prove of great weight in political and banking circles.

When he left the house, Joel could not but chuckle at the success of his deceit, and as he went

home, thought again and again,

" I will work upon both father and daughter, and if I am not much mistaken, I shall be able to make Nelly my wife."

He had not gone far down the street, however, before he perceived two suspicious-looking persons

approaching him.

They were well dressed, but evidently not gentlemen; and when they came within a few feet, one of them inquired the number of Mr. Lancaster's

Joel told them, and they went hurriedly towards the banker's residence, and knocked loudly.

"Who can they be, and what business can take them to the old banker's at this unseasonable hour? He thought thus, and when turning the corner of the street, he heard one policeman say to

"What's up now, I wonder?"
"Why, sergeant?"

another-

"I saw Gale and another plain clothes man go into old Lancaster's house."

A cold thrill passed through Joel.

He shuddered, and hurried away through the dark and silent streets.

CHAPTER CVII.

CAPTAIN FRANK WRITES TO HIS BROTHER TOM AND HIS BOY FRIENDS SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH INVASION OF MEXICO AND OF THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA -- AWFUL AND STIRRING SCENES.

"DEAR BROTHER, - In my last letter I promised to give some account of our doings with the Mexican army, which promise I now proceed to

comply with.

"You know that, in the first place, the French had really no just cause for making war upon the Mexicans, but because the republic owed them some large sums of money, and, as a great war was raging in the United States, they thought it was a favourable time to carry out their long-designed project for conquest.

"The poor Mexicans were very badly prepared for the visit of their plundering visitors, but, nevertheless, they were fully aroused to the danger which threatened them, and resolved to leave no stone unturned to prevent the French marshal and his army from marching on to the capital city of Mexico.

"The chief town which lay in the proposed

French route to Mexico city was Puebla.

"The Mexican forces, poorly clad, badly armed, and, for the most part, raw conscripts, made very little show against the well-drilled forces which the

French could oppose to them.

"Therefore, having felt the want of it in several encounters in the open plains, the Mexicans held a council of war, and resolved to retreat back to Puebla, and there resist the enemy's progress as long as they could, in order to gain time to raise both men and money in the interim.

"The disasters to the Mexican army, however, so far from shaking the resolution of Juarez, the President of the Republic, or his brave Mexican followers, appeared only to stimulate them all to still greater exertions in the service of their

country.

"Although proclamations were issued commanding all old men, women and children to quit Puebla, none of them did so; they preferred to remain and participate in the dangers and glory of a stout

resistance to taking flight.

"Every able-bodied inhabitant was called upon to contribute all he could in money and labour to the common cause, and nearly all the population turned out to assist in strengthening the defences of the

"The rapid approach of the French, however, did not give the inhabitants time to complete their fortifications as well as they wished to do, although they had been labouring at them both night and

day for weeks, make a made by one and all to strengthen their feeble fortifications, and young and old laboured at them without distinction of rank or station.

"A continued line of outer defensive earth-works had been erected as far as time and circumstances

allowed

"The old walls, which had not been built to resist anything stronger or fiercer than the inroads of

Indians, were now bristling with cannon.

"Large stores of provisions had been formed; arms and ammunition were in abundance, and the town contained something near twenty thousand Mexican troops, regular and irregular, besides a numerous body of armed rustics and townspeople.

"But not only did the Mexicans doubly strengthen their walls to keep the enemy out, but they also made provision for a stout defence if the French should succeed in getting into the town, for every house of any importance or strength was barricaded and stored with arms and provisions, ready for a siege, so that if the French really got into the town, they would have been obliged to fight from street

to street.
"For a week the grand citizens of Puebla were

"All strangers were told to leave the city within twenty-four hours under pain of punishment and

enrolment among their troops.

"At last, however, the French came, and swarmod on two sides of the town like bees. They consisted of about forty thousand men of all arms, with an immense park of artillery, and everything necessary to destroy whatever opposed them.

"During the first night, the French engineers erected a number of heavy batteries opposite the eastern gate, and in the morning gave warning that if the city did not surrender in twenty-four hours the bombardment would commence. An indignant refusal was sent to this unjust demand by Juarez; and, true to his word, at the expiration of the time, General Bazaine opened his guns upon the devoted city. A large shell, one of the first that had been fired, accidentally exploded in a half-finished Mexican battery near the east gate, and unfortunately a large amount of ammunition was blown up,

which, for a short time, caused much confusion among the gallant garrison.

"The French took advantage of the temporary

"A column crossed the canal by an old aqueduct which the French had possessed themselves of the night previous, and entering the east gate battery. managed to sustain themselves against the efforts of the garrison.

"This advantage, however, was only for a time, for the Mexicans, led on by skilful leaders, dashed headlong at the French, and drove them out of the

battery with great loss.

"When they were in possession of the east gate battery, the French were so confident that the game was all over with the Mexicans, that they sent a flag of truce to President Juarez again demanding the surrender of the city.

"'Talk of surrender when I am dead,' was the

bold answer.

"Soldiers and citizens were alike worthy of so

bold a leader.

"A distinguished countess had formed a sisterhood among the ladies of the town, which numbered over three hundred members, whose business it was to carry provisions, ammunitions, and other things to the brave men who manned the batteries, and to succour the wounded.

"Nuns, wives, widows, all alike were engaged in this noble work, and all throughout the terrible bombardment never flinched from their duty day

or night.

"Even boys were inspired with the feelings of heroes.

"One lad, twelve years of age, offered himself as a volunteer; but was not allowed to enroll himself,

on account of his age.

"Nevertheless, he mixed with the soldiery, and performed prodigies of valour, for when the French had entered into the east gate battery, he himself led on a valiant company against them, and, with his own hand, bore off in triumph a stand of French colours, amidst the almost frantic enthusiasm of his countrymen.

"This gallant youth, throughout all the siege, was the most fearless of any one engaged in either

"He exposed himself continually to danger, but escaped death in an almost miraculous manner a dozen times.

"The name of this young hero is Don Fernandez Rivero, and I know you will feel delighted to learn that he is now one of the officers in our Boy Band of English Volunteers, and much beloved by all.

"On the other side of the river, seven regiments of French infantry, with a large body of horse, attempted, in the night, to win the suburb of the

"The command on this side had been entrusted to General Mendez, who, after an action of five

hours, repulsed the French.

"They renewed the attack with their reserve, and their fire was so hot, and the attack so fierce, that the patriots were somewhat disordered.

"Mendez, followed by Juarez, hastened to the spot, put himself, sword in hand, at the head of his countrymen, rallied them, encouraged them by his voice and example, and the French were at length defeated and driven back, leaving thousands of killed and wounded upon the field.

"On the next day Marshal Bazaine advanced against the suburbs on the left of the river.

"He was encountered by about four thousand of the garrison posted in the woods and gardens, from

which, after a warm contest, he succeeded in dislodging them.

"He then attempted to carry the suburb by a

coup-de-main.

In this he failed.

"Repulsed in all his efforts, after a long and fruitless contention, he at length, withdrew his troops, pursued by the garrison, with the loss of nearly one thousand men.

"The French now regularly invested the place, and the besieged on their part endeavoured to com-

plete the work of defence,

" A few days afterwards, Marshal Bazaine, who had now fixed his head quarters at a village two miles from Puebla, addressed a letter to Mendez, assuring him that Mexico city had capitulated, and that any further resistance on the part of the Pueblans could only produce the total and inevitable destruction of the town.
"He also spoke of his earnest wish to spare the

effusion of blood, and to preserve so fine a city.

"The Emperor, he said, had given him power to put a stop to all further evil; and his heart as well as his duty, made him urge the city to accept the

peace which was proposed.

"Juarez replied, 'that if the capital had indeed capitulated, it must have been betrayed. The second of May,' said he, 'is a day which has no parallel in history, for either that city defends itself, or it has been sold. But what if it has been sold! The capital is but a single town. What avails it to talk of danger to men who know how to die? We, in Peubla, are not to be intimidated by horrors of a siege—that has been tried and failed. the effusion of blood which the French marshal is so desirous of sparing, it is as honorable for the Mexicans to shed blood in such a cause as it is ignominious for the French to be instruments in shedding it.'

" President Juarez also addressed a proclamation

to the people of the capital.

"'The dogs by whom they were beset,' he said, 'scarcely gave them time to clean the blood from their swords. But they still found their graves at Peubla. The defenders of that city may be destroyed, but compelled to surrender they could not be. We know, he added, 'that we were born for posterity not for ourselves.

And he promised as soon as he was at liberty,

to hasten to the deliverance of the capital.

"On the last day of the month a sally was made,

which brought on a sharp action.

"The French suffered considerable loss, and Juarez ordered every man who had signalized himself in this affair to wear a red ribbon of distinction on his bresst.

"The ladies and nuns admirably seconded Mendez, the general, and were animated by every

feeling of honour, enthusiasm and duty.

"If the most heroic and devoted courage could have ensured success, the confidence which Juarez had expressed would not have been frustrated; that is to say, had there been only the enemy to contend with-but an infectious disease broke out in the city, and pestilence accomplished for the besiegers what they might else, with all their mighty means of destruction, have been unable to effect.

"At the beginning of the investment of Puebla, the French appeared to think that a few hours of sharp cannonading would have been sufficient to frighten the brave Mexicans out of the city; but they were much mistaken if they thought so seriously. On the 12th, the terrible bombardment

began in earnest.

"The main fire was directed towards the head-

quarters of Juarez and Mendez, adjoining which was the cathedral; and this precious monument of antiquity was consumed, with everything it contained. The bombardment was so violent that the clergy suspended the administration of the sacraments.

"The magnificent convent of St. Joseph and the bridge of Don Pedro were won by the superior

numbers of the enemy.

"Don Miguel, the brother of General Mendez, and a member of the National Assembly, left the city in hopes of effecting a diversion in its favour.

"He embarked at night in a little boat, and descending the river, established himself at a village, called Castello, and instantly organized the peasantry, and, by his active measures in concert with others, barrassed the communications of the besieging army, so that they began to be distressed for provisions.

"The movements of bodies of armed peasantry in the surrounding country occasioned considerable

annovance to the besiegers.

"Bands were formed on all hands, which, though unable to resist the attack of disciplined troops, yet were sufficiently formidable to require perpetual vigilance, and numerous enough to narrow the supplies of the besieging army in a very important

"The emperor became impatient at the slow progress of the siege, and sent a special messenger to Marshal Bazaine, ordering him to assume the command himself in all departments, and accelerate

the operations.

"This annoyed the French marshal, who directed General Noel to leave Puebla, and to act on the river and other parts.

"This general attacked the force of Don Miguel, and succeeded in dispersing it with considerable

"Marshal Bazaine, in order to depress the hopes of the garrison of all external assistance, addressed a letter to Juarez communicating the circumstance, and detailing all the other disasters which had befallen the Mexican detachments.

"But the mortifying intelligence did not shake

the firmness of the undaunted leader.

"He rejected all compromise, and continued, with undiminished vigour, to oppose every possible obstacle to the progress of the enemy.

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and, then, as in former sieges, the fight was carried on in the streets and houses.

"The only means of conquering Puebla was to destroy it house by house and street by street, and upon this sytem of destruction the French proceeded.

"Three companies of miners and eight companies of sappers were incessantly at work, and the Mexicans, being quite unused to this species of warfare, vainly endeavoured to oppose them by counter-

"Meantime the bombardment was unnecessarily

kept up.
"'Within this last forty-eight hours,' said Juarez,
in a letter addressed to a friend, 'six thousand
shells have been thrown in, two-thirds of the twins are in ruins; but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.'

"In the course of the siege about seventeen thou-

sand bombs were thrown at the town.

"The stock of powder with which Puebla had been stored was exhausted.

"They had none at last but what they manufactured day by day, and no other cannon balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy.

"It was on the 20th that the besiegers effected

their first lodgment within the walls.

"Every house was defended most heroically, and

every day houses were blown up.
"On the 21st, sixty were thus destroyed.

"This mode of war occasioned the loss of a great number of lives to the French, for every inch of ground was purchased dearly.

"Noel, their commander, was killed.
"The bombardment continued two and forty days, but still within the walls the contest was

carried on as unshrinkingly as at first.
"The inhabitants of the part of the city most injured by the bombardment were driven into the other quarters, where many of them took up their abode in cellars, which afforded comparative seclusion from the shells.

"The consequence was that these dark and miserable receptacles became the focus of infec-

tious fevers.

"The Plazza was crowded with soldiers from all parts of the town, and one night, when the besiegers received a severe defeat, part of the troops were under arms in the Plazza for two or three hours while heavy showers were falling, which was succeeded by intensely hot weather on the morrow.

"This produced an infectious catarrh, which was soon followed by all the alarming and dreadful

"To these causes may be added scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body and anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines.
"It was impossible to check the ravages of the

pestilence, or confine it to one quarter of the city.

"Above thirty hospitals were immediately established, and as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another. "And thus the infection was carried to every

part of Puebla.

"Famine aggravated the evil.

"The city had, probably, not been provided at the commencement of the siege, and, of the pro-visions which it contained, much was destroyed in

the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected.
"The misfortunes of the Mexicans were hourly

accumulating.

"The number of dead per day amounted to hun-

dreds from the fever alone.

"The hospitals were too small to contain the vast number of patients, and the necessary medicines were exhausted.

"The burying grounds were choked with corpses, and large pits were dug in the streets, into which the dead were tossed indiscriminately.

"Heaps of bodies were piled before the churches, where they were often struck by the shells, and the maimed and ghastly carcases lay dispersed along the streets, a frightful spectacle of horror.

"Even under such evils the courage of the

Mexicans did not fail.

"The city was soon open to the invaders, but not one inch of the ground was yielded without a

"Juarez, however, did not limit his efforts to ob-

structing the progress of the enemy.

"He made vigorous efforts to recover the ground already lost, and drive the assailants from their stations.

"The nuns and ladies bore part in these opera-

"The former carried munitions, and gave succour to the dying, animating the soldiers at once by

their words and their example.

"The latter carried refreshments to their sons or husbands, or fathers, and, sometimes, when one dear relative fell by their side, they seized his arms, determined to revenge his death or perish by his side in the same glorious cause.

"Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the gar-

rison, the French gained ground on the left.

"They obtained possession of two monasteries, which adjoined each other; two of the strongest, and most defensible places left.

"Having been repelled in assaulting the breaches, the assailants sprung a mine, and by that means

effected an entrance.

"A desperate and determined struggle was long maintained in the church.

"Every column, every chapel, every altar became

a point of defence.

"The pavements were stained with blood, and the aisles and body of the church strewn with the dead or dying.

"In the midst of this scene of horror, the roof of the edifice, shattered by balls and bombs, suddenly fell in with a terrible crash upon friend and foe alike.

"The boldest held their breath for a time; but

those who escaped renewed the fight.

"Fresh parties of the French poured in; men, women and children rushed to the defence, and the contest was continued amid the ruins, and above the mangled, writhing bodies of the dead or

dying.
"As day after day passed on, the situation of things for the brave Mexicans looked so desperate that persons of rank and unquestionable patriotism begged Juarez Mendez, Don Miguel, and other brave leaders to resist no longer, but surrender.

"But, with proud, undaunted hearts, these brave leaders of the people refused to listen to any such advice; but, instead, they addressed the citizens in stirring speeches, and roused up all to fresh exertions and deeds of daring.
"For several days longer they continued the

defence.

"At last the French made a fierce attack on the suburb nearest the cathedral, and, after two unsuccessful trials, carried it by assault.

"A tremendous fire from fifty guns soon cleared this suburb of all obstructions, and made a clear

road for the assaulting columns.

"By mid-day a breach was effected in the stout walls of the convent of San Jerome, which commanded a bridge over the river, and, after fiercely fighting, the Mexicans were driven from the old building.

"All communication between the suburb and the city proper was now cut off, and the French, intercepting Mexican reinforcements, captured 200 prisoners, who were too feeble from disease and suffering to make any stout resistance to the numbers who opposed them on all sides.

"The capture of the convent of San Jerome involved that of the suburb round it, which was without ammunition or provisions, yet many of the people continued to wage a fierce but hopeless war

in the streets.

"Some scores crossed the broken bridge under a shower of bullets, and effected their escape to the

city.
"Others crossed the river by swimming or in

"In the meantime, Mendez, who had been the life and soul of the defence, was attacked by fever, and, as he lay writhing on a bed of suffering in an old vault, was compelled to give up his command.

"A council of war was immediately assembled to deliberate on the condition of the city, and the

measures most proper to be adopted.

"At this meeting it was stated by a cavalry officer that only 100 horses were now alive, the rest having died from want, or been slaughtered for the use of the famished troops.

" Of the infantry, not one-third were fit for duty, nearly all the ammunition was exhausted, and if a stray shell now struck the only magazine, their last

cartridge would be destroyed.

"The engineers stated that the walls and fortifi-

cations were almost demolished.

"There were neither men nor materials for repairing them, and bags of earth could no longer be made for want of material.

"In order to ascertain the chances of external succour, Mendez, the commander, was sent for but the fever had seized upon his brain, and he could communicate nothing.

"His papers were examined; but these only tended to increase the conviction that no relief could reasonably be expected from without.

"With regard to the measures to be adopted, the

council were divided in opinion.

"Twenty-six voted for capitulation, and eight (amongst whom was the president) against it.

"The latter urged that there was a possibility of

being succoured.

"With a lofty gallantry of spirit which has not its parallel in modern history, the opinion of the minority was adopted.

" For they who had voted for surrendering had

done so for the sake of others.

- "For themselves, there was not one among them who would not rather have died than have capitu-
- "A flag of truce was sent to the enemy, proposing a suspension of hostilities for three days, with the view of ascertaining the situation of the capital : it being understood that should no immediate succour be at hand, the council should then treat for a surrender.

"This proposal was declined by the French commander, and the bombardment recommenced.

"On the next day the garrison made a last and unsuccessful attempt to recover two guns which the enemy had captured on the preceding day.

"Affairs were now desperate.

"The fifty guns which had been employed in the attack of the suburbs, opened fire on the city, and the streets in the neighbourhood of the old cathedral were completely destroyed.

"The council now deemed it necessary to order that measures should be taken to ascertain the sentiments of the people with regard to the state

of the city.

"Two-thirds of it were in ruins.

"Thousands of the inhabitants had perished, and from three to four score persons were dying daily from the pestilence.

"Under such circumstances the council declared they had fulfilled their oath of fidelity, and that

Puebla was destroyed.

"A flag of truce was despatched to the French head-quarters, followed by a deputation from the council to arrange the terms of capitulation.

"The French were at first disposed to listen to

nought but unconditional surrrender.

"The proposal was indignantly refused by the deputies, and Don Miguel declared that rather than submit to it the garrison should die beneath the ruins of their city.

"'I and my companion,' said the noble patriot, will return there and defend what remains to us as best we may.

"'We have yet arms and ammunition, and if these

fail we have daggers.

"'War is never without its chances, and should the Pueblans be driven to despair, it yet remains to be proved who are to be victorious.'

"This answer convinced the French commander that the sooner the siege was concluded the better for the honour of their arms.

"It was accordingly conceded that the troops should march out with the honours of war, that the herioc Mendez should be suffered to retire to any place where he might think proper to fix for his residence, and that all persons not included in the garrison should be suffered to quit the city in order to avoid contagion.

"Next day the posts of the city were delivered up to the French, who began immediately, as was their custom, to pillage.

"And thus ended one of the most strenuous and extraordinary struggles of which history bears record.

"By their own account the French threw above

17,000 bombs into the city, and expended above 160,000 lbs. of powder.
"More than 3,000 men and 500 officers lay buried beneath the ruins of Puebla, exclusive of a vast number of women and children who perished, the victims of fire, pestilence, and famine.

"The loss of the French must have been very

great, but it was studiously concealed.
"The contemplated operations of the besieging army on other points were in consequence pre-

"When the French took possession of the city, only 2,400 men were capable of bearing arms. "The rest were in the hospitals."

"On the March to Vera Cruz, 270 of these men, weakened by famine and disease, were unable to proceed with the rapidity with which their conductors considered necessary.

"They were left on the road to perish, and to serve as a spectacle and a warning to the succeeding

divisions.

"Among the prisoners was Ponquita Isabella, who had distinguished herself in the former encounters with the French.

"At the commencement of the siege she took her station, at the East Gate, by a gun, which she served

constantly through the siege.

"See, general, said she, with a cheerful countenance, pointing to the gun, 'I am again with my old friend.'

"Once, when her wounded husband lay bleeding at her feet, she discharged the cannon at the enemy in order to avenge his fall.

"Though exposed during the whole siege to the

most imminent danger, Isabella always escaped without a wound.

"On the surrender of the city she was too well known to escape notice, and was made prisoner.

"But she had already caught the contagious fever, and being taken to the hospital she subsequently made her escape.

"Another heroine, named Juanita, was shot through

"Her sister, who headed one of the female corps which had been formed to carry provisions, bear away the wounded, and fight in the streets, escaped the hourly dangers to which she exposed herself, only to die of grief upon hearing that her only child, an infant, had been killed.

"During the siege not less than 600 women and children perished by the bayonets or bullets of the

enemy, and sickness or fever.

"Now that I have given you some brief account of the doings of the French in this far-off land, and of the Spartan heroism displayed by a people who despise and hate Maximilian and his kingly rule more than anything else on earth, it is time that I now turn to say something about my own particular doings with the Boy Soldiers, and of the many individual adventures and scrapes which have befallen Fatty, young Buttons, and others of those whom I know you feel interest in.

"I find, however, that the length of this letter has far exceeded my original intention, and therefore, until next week, will reserve what I have to say about myself, Caspar, Hugh Tracy, and many of our young Mexican recruits, who have greatly

distinguished themselves of late.

"I and all the lads are impatiently waiting to hear news from you about what has become of old Flint, Jonathan, Shanks, and, last of all, regarding

the doings of Joel.

"From English newspapers which have reached us, I learn that Sergeant Gale expresses his firm conviction that ere long he will be able to arrest and perhaps convict all the scoundrels who had

anything to do with uncle's cruel murder.
"I hope this may prove true, and in hopes of hearing from you quickly, give my love to all the

boys, and believe me to remain,

FRANK FORD." "Your brother,

CHAPTER CVIII.

JOEL FLINT MEETS SOME ONE HE DOES NOT WISH TO KNOW, BUT CANNOT SHUN.

For any one who has a large income, and nothing to do, London presents numberless attractions, and there are a thousand and one opportunities hourly and daily offered for killing time.

Thus thought Joel Flint as he strutted about in the finest broad cloth, bedizened with rings and

jewellery of all sorts and sizes.

From morning until night he had now nothing to think of but the best means of enjoying himself, and this he endeavoured to do on all occasions.

If the best living, almost unlimited cash and impudence, could make any one happy, Joel should have been so. But he was not.

Whichever way he went, he felt as if some demon stalked behind him.

He could obtain no real or substantial pleasure

in anything. He appeared almost afraid of his own shadow.

A dark, lonely, and unfrequented street struck terror into his soul.

He once had courage enough to pass the "Red House" in a cab, but as it rolled by, he dared not look at it, for in imagination, he perceived a ghastly

head at each window, which shricked out loudly in his ears, "Murder! Murder!" Such is the lot of the wicked, and those who live

by the proceeds of crime.

The thief, wherever he is, is in momentary dread being "collared" or "wanted" by some of being

Every man's eye seems to be upon him, and in nine cases out of ten, he cannot look fixedly at any one without betraying a certain restlessness which

says more loudly than words.
"I am not a man, but a paltry thief, too lazy to work, and a burden alike to myself and society.

But what must be the feelings of a murderer! The rustling of a single leaf startles him, his

knees tremble at the sound of thunder, and each moment he expects to be struck blind by avenging lightning.

Both day and night, in society or out of it, waking or in dreams, a red hand points to him with a ges-

ture of everlasting vengeance.

He cannot look at the bright blue heavens without being abashed-the fields and flowers and warbling birds have nought of beauty or music to his soul-for human blood has extinguished in his soul every, yea the most latent spark of sensibility, and he stalks through society, with the outward show of manhood, but with heart and soul petrified and inhuman.

Thus it was with Joel.

Whatever money could obtain, he had, and every

sensual desire was gratified.

But though he drank deeply, and could dress elegantly, though the ribald joke could cause a laugh, and the flattery of worthless ones cause a smile of gratified vanity, his heart was bursting and the cancer of despair was eating away his very life inch by inch and hour by hour.

Such is the curse of ill-gotten wealth.

When morning broke upon his troubled slumber, he wished it were night, for the light of day was too pure and blinding.

When dark night came on, the air seemed peopled with haunting spirits, and the distant sigh of each

passing wind thrilled every sense.

Though young, he was very, very old; and though rich, he would, perhaps, have exchanged his lot with any one for the peace of mind enjoyed by the poorest of the poor.

Three or four nights after his visit to Mr. Lancaster he was reeling along the streets intoxicated, and, imitating others, he too would appear to be gay, and hummed a popular tune of the times, but each word seemed to stick in his throat, and his own shadow in the moonlight appeared hideous and

revolting. It had an hour or two before been raining hard, but the clouds no longer obscured the silvery moon, and homeward staggered the dandily-dressed Joel Flint.

He had not gone far, however, when a poorlydressed old man, wet to the skin, with tattered hat and shoes down at heel, accosted him, and begged for the price of a bit of bread.

Joel, who had never known what want or the keen pangs of hunger were, insulted the houseless

wanderer.

Again did the man in rags beg, for the love of

Heaven, to be relieved.
"Out upon you, rascal!" was the brutal answer, "out upon you, rascal! Don't speak of heaven to

me; but get out of my path !"

With a fiendish laugh he raised his walkingstick and struck the beggar man full in the face and severly cut it.

The blow knocked the old man's hat off, and he fell on his knees from faintness and hunger.

"Oh, God, have mercy on me!" he whined, and looked up into Joel's face like a poor half-famished

The moonlight fell upon his face.

Joel started back in mute surprise, and gazed on the ragged stranger like one demented.

"What!" he exclaimed, suddenly sobered and filled with astonishment, "what! it cannot be!"

The old man hung his head, and wiped his bleed-

It was the meeting of father and son! It was Lawyer Flint and his son Joel!

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE ESCAPE.

CHAPTER CIX.

THE MEETING BETWEEN JOEL FLINT AND HIS FATHER.

THE accidental meeting of Joel with his father for a moment stunned him.

He knew very well who it was; but the old man was so shabbily dressed, and presented such a picture of misery, that the young gentleman did not deem it proper or wise to stop for any explanations, well knowing that, under the peculiar circumstances under which each of them were placed in the eyes of the law, his father would not dare to make any disclosures in the public streets.

Joel, therefore, made the best of his way from the spot.

He crossed the road, and observed all that took place afterwards.

In a short time, old Flint, staggering from weakness and from want, rose to his feet, and hobbled away as best he could; and to shun the chance of being interrogated by the police, he preferred to go by the back streets, for they were more lonely, dark and least frequented.

He had not gone far, however, when Joel followed him.

The rain now began to fall again; and, to secure himself from the storm, old Flint crouched in a spacious doorway in one of the squares.

Joel, as we have said, followed, and also stood under the same doorway.

"Filthy night, old man," said Joel. Som sais

"Yes sir, a very nasty night; but more than nasty for those who have got no home to go to."
"Is that, the case with you, then?" asked Joel,

with an assumed foreign accent.

"I am sorry to say it is," the old man replied. "But your address is not that of such a very poor

"That may be, sir," was old Flint's reply, with a sigh. "I know that appearances are against me, or, otherwise, I should succeed much better as a beggar than I do."

"Why, from the tone of your conversation, I

should judge you were once a gentleman."
"So I have been, and a rich one also."

"And what reduced you so low?" "The knavery of friends."

"Indeed! How?" "My only son proved a villain."

No. 36.

"How?" ATTAN AVITO

"I entrusted a large amount to his keeping, and since then I have not seen him."

" Monstrous ingratitude! And so you are reduced

"Quite so; and if I could only find out the whereabouts of that young rascal, my son, I would have him transported."
"Say if you could," Joel observed, dryly.

"Could ? Why, what is there to prevent me?" "A great deal, perhaps, old man. What might your name be, pray ?"

"I decline to answer your questions, or to have anything more to say to you. I have not put myself under any obligations to you, and, therefore, I decline to have any more conversation with you,'

"Ha! ha!" laughed Joel. "You are proud as well as poor, I perceive."

"And intend to remain so, sir. Take your hands off my shoulder! Let me go! I fear you! You make my limbs tremble !"

"Your name, old man?" said Joel, still keeping

up his disguise.

"I refuse to answer your question."

"It matters not, however, for I already know and take up my quarters here for a mois it."

"You need not be surprised. I am better acquainted with you than you imagine."

The night, as we have said, had turned dark

and stormy.

Old Flint turned his face to look at the speaker, but could not detect who he was.

At first, old Flint thought it impossible that any one could or did know him, and, therefore, he answered boldly,

"It matters not to me, sir, whether you know me or not. All that I can say is that I am only a poor gentleman."

"A poor thief," answered Joel, with a dry laugh.

"A what?"

"A poor thief. Didn't you hear what I said?" "You are an insulting fellow!" said the old lawyer.
"If I am, why not give me in charge of the police then?"

"I would, only " and bigs " tedt bad to

"Only you are afraid." "Afraid of what?" said old Flint, with chattering teeth.
"Why, afraid of becoming known to the authori-

ties, that's all," said Joel, laughing.
"You are a strange person, sir, whoever you are." "But you are much stranger. Do you know

"No, I do not. Who are you that thus dares interrogate me?"

"A detective officer," said Joel, calmly.
"A what?" said old Flint, in surprise.
"A detective officer."

"And what can you want with me?"
"More than you suppose. I have been following you about all night. Your name is Flint,"

"No, it is not.

"Then Schmidt, if you like,"

"No, nor that either."

"What have you done with all the money and valuables you stole from old Ford?"

This last question almost knocked the breath out of old Flint, who fairly winced again.

"Old Ford? I never knew any one of that

"Oh, yes you did: and old Jonathan, how is he? And Warner, and the Pug? How are all you friends?"

This last question was a poser for the old lawyer, who knew not how to answer.

He trembled violently, as well he might at the thought of falling into the hands of the law.
"If I run away," thought he, "this fellow will give the alarm, and I shall be hunted through the streets like a mad dog. But what must I do? What can I do under the circumstances? I have no money, nor a place wherein to lay my head tonight. What had I better say to this fellow? He is muffled up to the eyes, and I cannot get a full look at him. If I had a good knife, now," thought look at him. If I had a good knife, now," thought the lawyer, "I should feel much more comfort-able than I do, for then I could defend myself if he attempted to seize me."

"You tremble, old man," said Joel.

"Do I? I think you must be mistaken."

"No, I am not."

"Why should I tremble? I have never done any

harm in all my life."

"A jury would not say so, though," laughed Joel. "Here, old man," said he, "I don't want to frighten you, for I am not a detective after all.'

"I thought you were not. You have the manners of a gentleman too much for that."

"Thanks," said Joel, bowing.

"You are a foreigner, are you not?" said old Flint. "I should judge so, from your voice and manner."

"I am," said Joel; "and it may surprise you to hear that I very well know your son." "My son, Joel!" said the lawyer, in surprise.

This seemed to startle the old man very much, who said-

"Do you know where my son Joel is?"

"Yes, without doubt," was the reply.

surely you would not like to see him?"
"I should, indeed. If I could but have half an hour's conversation with him I would give the world !"

"Well, then, you will not have to give anything if you'll take my advice.'

"And what is that?"

"You are ragged and poor."
"But what of that?"

"He is quite a dandy and rich."

"Ah!" said the old man, with a deep-drawn gh, "Iknow where his riches come from."

"That doesn't matter now," said the stranger; "if you'll promise to follow my advice you will do well."

"And what is it, young man?"

"Take this purse; it doesn't contain much, but there is sufficient for your purpose. Buy a new suit of clothes, and call at the residence printed on this card," said Joel, presenting a card to his father.

In a moment afterwards Joel left the old man, and, calling a cab, was soon out of sight.

Old Flint went and stood under a lamp-post and

looked at the card which had been given to him.
"Count Schmidt!" said he, in a rage. "Why,
the fellow is living on the proceeds of what I
stole," and as thus he thought, he trudged along

through the rain and entered a public-house.

Before he did so, however, he looked into the purse which had been given to him, and perceived

"Eight sovereigns," he said, half wild with joy.
"Why, this is a little fortune to me, and no mistake. Who'd a thought of ever meeting with such a kind young gentleman? Ah, he knows Joel, that's it,"

Old Flint went into the public-house, changed one of the coins, had six pennyworth of brandy and

283

water, and then directed his footsteps to a ham and beef shop, where he remained for a good hour gorging himself, and devouring many plates full of all manner of delicacies.

After this he strolled about, and went to a coffee shop and got a shilling lodging, and popped his money under the mattress for fear of being robbed

during the night.

In the morning he went to Moses and Son's large tailoring warehouse in the City, and bought a suit of clothes, and sold his old ones to a rag merchant

for half-a-crown.

He patronised a barber, and told him that he was an actor at one of the theatres, and required several false wigs, whiskers, and moustaches-second-hand would do. These he also purchased, and when he got on one of the wigs and a pair of whiskers, he looked so strange that no one would have known

When night came on he went to the residence of

Count Schmidt, and knocked at the door.

CHAPTER CX.

Anthor in deposite or the college

BARNEY LEAVES THE HOSPITAL.

For some time Gale and other officers were very desirous of finding out the whereabouts of Barney, but they could not.

The wound which he had received in his hand proved a very serious one, and he lingered in the

Owing to great skill and care, the hand was almost cured and restored to its former usefulness, but still he felt great pain occasionally, and would

groan aloud.

He was a very cunning fellow, for Barney thought to himself, "It don't matter how soon they cure me, I ain't going to leave such snug quarters as these yet a while, trust me if I am. No, no; I must keep out of the way until these affairs blow over, and then all will be serene and jolly.

"But I wonder what's become of old Moss and Warner and the rest of them. I suppose half of them have got lagged before this for something or

Now, the surgeon and nurses, after tending on Barney for several weeks, thought he might be well enough to leave the hospital, and attend as an out-

But this didn't suit the views of Barney.

"No, no," thought he, "you don't catch me leaving if I can help it, leastways not yet awhile."

So whenever they came round to his bedside and asked him how he was, Barney always pulled a long face and swore that he suffered awful agonies at times.

"How's your appetite?"

"Werry bad," said Barney ; "werry bad indeed."

"What's his diet?"

"Beef-steaks, porter, vegetables, and so forth," said the nurse.

"Oh, just so; and does he eat regularly?"
"No, sir, not werry regular," said Barney; "I tries to, but I has to force the grub down. If it weren't for that ere small drop of porter which you allows me, I don't know what I should do, that I

don't; I should fairly choke, that I would,"
"True, true," said the doctor, feeling his pulse;
"now that you are getting better we must give you a full diet, such as you usually had before you came

"Thank'ee, sir."

"You have been a pugilist, I think?" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"And fought often."

"Oh, yes, werry often, and licked I don't know how many," said Barney, grinning.

"Ah, so you've said before. You pugilists live uncommonly well when you are training, I have

"Yes, sir, unkimmon well; chops, steaks, port wine, dry toast, and sich like," said Barney. "I was in training when I came here, and for a day or two I thought the grub would have choked me,

"Well, we must prescribe a more generous diet," said the surgeon; and he wrote on the board over Barney's head, "port wine, beef-tea, stout and

cocoa."

"That's the ticket," said Barney, when the nurse told him what had been ordered. "That's the ticket," said he, in high glee, and he rolled himself up in the blankets, making up his mind not to leave the hospital for a month to come.

"Who's to know the difference," said Barney, "if I can kid 'em into thinking as how my nerves are shook, why I can come in and go out just as I pleases, and take up my quarters here for a month

Thus Barney thought, and was indulging himself with the hope that, by the time he got out, Warner and all the rest would have left London, when some strangers entered the ward in which Barney lay, and went from bed to bed consoling the patients.

One of them was dressed up like a parson, and as Barney saw him approaching, he pretended to be

"That's the worst of it," thought Barney; "it would be all very well if they'd let a cove alone, but they sends around them track distributers, and bible-readers, and they do give a cove so much jaw, I hate 'em."

Now the clerical person who entered on this occasion was a jolly-looking individual, with red cheeks, coal-black whiskers, and curly hair.

He approached Barney's bed, and looked at the board on which his daily diet was prescribed.
"Not bad, that," said the cleric to Barney, with

a wink. "A good many lads in London would not mind having a cut hand if they could get port wine, beef-tea, and chops every day, would they?" Barney "wouldn't tumble," as he called it, to the

stranger.

He wanted to make believe that the diet didn't agree with him by any means.
"How long have you been here, my good man?"

said the parson.

"Oh, about three weeks, I think,"

"And have you ever thought about leaving?"

"Leaving, no, not me!" said Barney, in anger.

"Why do you ask? Is it likely I should leave, with such a hand as this?"

Perhaps not; but have you ever thought of spiritual affairs since you have been confined?"
"Oh, yes, werry often," said Barney, thinking of

the gin-shops and favourite taps he was wont to patronise. "Because you, as a fighting man, my friend, have

been leading a very bad life."

"I know it," said the hypocrite.

"And are very sorry, of course?"

"In course I am," whined Barney,

"You have mixed with many bad characters in your time," said the clergyman.

Barney turned up his eyes as much as to say "to my sorrow."

"Ah !" continued the reverend gentleman, "they

may have a long turn; but their end is sure to

come some day."
" Quite true," ejaculated Barney,

"Now, only yesterday," the clergyman went on, there was one tried at the Old Bailey, a Jew, named Moss, who was one of the most notorious neceivers of stolen goods in London; though suspected by the police he has always managed to escape detection, but now proofs are clear against him, and he is sentenced to twenty years' trans-

"Je-ru-sa-lem!" said Barney, "ain't that 'ere a jolly lark? Old Moss got 20 penn'orth! They've cooked his goose pretty nicely, I think."
"You seem to rejoice over the news."

"And so I do, and so would you, if you knew as

much about him as I do."
"Oh, indeed! Ah, then, that accounts for it," said the clergyman, with a bland smile. "But you

should not rejoice over another's misfortune."

"Shouldn't I, and why not? Harn't old Moss rejoiced hisself many a good year over the misfortin of others, eh?"

"I'm sure I don't know anything about it," said

the cleric.

"Well, but then, you see, I do," Barney replied. "You know this old Moss?"

"Yes-that is-

"You have had dealings with him?"

"Yes—no—I mean that I know parties as have had dealin's with him, that's all."

"Oh, indeed; not thieves, I hope?"
"Is it likely?" said Barney. "Oh, not quite so bad as that."
"But still you know him by reputation?"

take. He made all his money by dealin' in stolen goods."

"Horrible !"

"No mistake about it. They say he was worth £20,000."

"And through robbery?"

"Yes, every penny. He had quite a school round him, but I suppose some of his clever lads must have rounded on him. Well, now he's transported, I feels comfortable," said Barney.

The clergyman smiled as Barney went on dilating on the awful enormities and sin of the Jews gene-

rally, but for some time he said nothing.

At last Barney said,
"And how did it all happen?"

"They broke into his warehouse," "'Fence' is the right name for it,"

"Well, 'fence,' then; and he called in the police to see if they could detect who the thieves were."

"The worst thing he could a'done," said Barney; "the very worst. He might a'known as how the 'beaks' would discover more than he wanted 'em. Well, whoever heard o' sich a lunatic-go and call in two 'bobbies' to search a reg'lar 'fence.' Well, such a cove as him deserves to get lagged."

"But I understand that none of his friends have

been arrested as yet."

"As yet," said Barney. "Why, what do you mean?—are they after any of them?"

"Why, yes; the police are after several fellows who have deposited stolen property with him."

"Did you hear any of their names?"

"Well, the newspapers say that the police have discovered so many valuable articles relating to certain celebrated robberies and murders of late, that they have no doubt but that the persons whom old Moss named to the police must have had some hand in all these affairs,"

"Hang old Moss for a thief," said Barney, red in

the face. "You seem displeased."

"No, I ain't; but I should like to hear that he

got scragged, for all that." "You are very un-Christian in your feelings."
"Christianity don't extend to Jews," said the Pug, red with rage; "and what were the names of the parties he informed on?"
"Why, one goes by the name of Warner."

"Warner, eh?"

"Do you know him?"

"Me! no; how should I know him? That's the same chap as they say is mixed up in old Ford's murder at the Red House."

"I believe it is. You seem to know all about it." "No; only what I've heern," said Barney.

"So they is arter Warner, eh," he thought, "and I hopes they may catch him, that's all. They will be sure to drop on him one o' these fine mornings. Any more?"
"Yes," said the clergyman; "there is another

rascal they are looking after.'

"And what's his name?"

"'Barney, the Pug,' they call him."
"You don't mean that," said the Pug, rising in bed; "you don't mean that?"

"Well, that is what the newspapers say of it.

Do you know him?"

"No; but I've seen him."
"You have met him out in sporting circles, I

suppose?"
Ye*, just so."

"Let me see; they have admitted you here under the name of James Tompson, stone-mason?"

" Yes." "But that isn't your sporting name; the name under which you have appeared in the prize ring?'

"Oh, no; when I appear in the 'magic circle," said Barney, "I goes under the name of 'Young Ruffian, or the Terror of the Dials."

"A very pretty name, indeed," said the clergy-

man, smiling.

"Yes, ain't it?" "Quite classic."

"No mistake about it."

"But you are quite sure that that is your name?"

"Why, in course it is. Why?"

"Because there is an advertisement which appeared in this morning's papers, advertising for a Mr. Barney, who was supposed to be ill in some hospital."

"Gammon," said the Pug, incredulously.

"No; quite true, my friend. A reward of £50 is offered to any one who can give his direction or

any information concerning him."
"What a rare chance for somebody. I wish I knowed where he was, I'd earn the £50 like a shot. But what do they want him for l"

"He has been left a large sum of money."

"What !"

"That is what the advertisement says, at all

"All gammon, sir; all gammon," said Barney; "it's only a catch—a bit o' cheese in the trap, that's all. I suppose Mr. Barney has been up to some game or other, and the bobbies want him. That's it, you may be sure. I'm up to their little games, long ago."

"Oh, I suppose he is hiding somewhere," said the

clergyman.

'And I don't blame him, either. Wouldn't you?" "I don't think he'll be able to hide long, considering that Gale, the detective, is after him."

"You don't mean that."

"Certain of it; he's got Jonathan in custody already.'

"The devil !"

"He is securing them one by one-slowly, but

"Well, but what has this all to do with me?" said Barney, at length, after a few moments of thought; "what has all this to do with me?"

"A very great deal I should judge," said the

clergyman.

"How? in what way?"

"Well, to put you out of your misery, I might as well tell you all."

"All what ?"

"Why this: we have been on the look out for you for a week or two, but should never have discovered you, perhaps, had not Moss told us about the wound in your hand.'

"You ain't a parson, then?" said Barney, in sur-

prise and turning pale.

"No! I am not."

"Then who or what the devil are you then?"
"An officer from Bow Street."

"What!" said Barney, in surprise jumping up in

"I dare say you know me now," said the officer, pulling off the white neckerchief and his wig.

"I dare say I does," answered Barney. It was Mr. Gale!

"What does yer want o'me now, this time, Mr. Gale ?" said Barney, chapfallen.

"Well, not much, perhaps, Barney."

"You are always getting me into hot water," said

"Then you should behave yourself. Why don't you go to work, instead of skulking about the streets doing nothing but thieving?"
"I don't thieve now, Mr. Gale," said Barney.

"Where did you get that silver coffee-pot from?"

"Which one?"

"Which one; have you stolen so many then that you cannot recollect? Why, that one you sold to old Moss the night you met with that accident to your hand."

"I didn't sell him anything o' the sort," said Barney, in a terrible passion; "the old scoundrel

lies if he says I did."

"No, he doesn't, Barney, for you were watched, and every action that you or old Moss did on that night was noted down."

"I didn't sell him that one," said Barney.

"Oh yes you did, and you know where it came from."

"Not me."

"Yes you do! It belonged to old Ford, and was one article among many which you stole on the night of the murder, Barney."

"You are pinching a fellow very t ght, Mr.

Gale."

"Calcraft will pinch you tighter, I'm fancying."

Barney winced at this thought.

"I am werry ill, Mr. Gale, and feel awful queer,"

he said, very meekly.

"No doubt; but the law don't consider that. Come, get up, and dress yourself at once; I've been looking after you too long already.

"Get up ! no I'll be hung if I do."

"If you don't I must be obliged to use force, that's all, and take you dressed or undressed."

"Ah! I little thought as how it were you," said Barney, "when you come to the bedside talking o' religion, and all that kid."

"Well, never mind, you must make up your mind for the worst, for we've been long enough over this murder job, I think, and all we want is to get Warner to complete the evidence,'

Barney was forced to get up, and in less than half an hour he bade adieu to his snug quarters in the hospital, and was walked off to Bow Street, and placed in the same cell with Jonathan.

CHAPTER CXI.

WARNER IN SEARCH OF JOEL FLINT,

Now there was a reason and a very good one why Gale thought proper to direct that Barney and Jonathan should be placed in one cell.

Gale made certain that when these two rascals got together, they would commence conversing

about their past doings.

"Holloa! here, who are you?" said Barney, with an oath, as he looked at the haggard and careworn face of the late master of Bromley. "Holloa! here, who are you?" he repeated; "get up, don't lay sprawling on that bench-somebody wants to sit down as well as you."

Jonathan was unwilling to get up from his sleeping posture, but Barney soon made him, for he administered such a punch to Jonathan's ribs that he

rose instantly, and in great surprise.

"Don't do that again," said Jonathan, "or

else——"
"Or else what?" said Barney. "Are you inclined for anything?" and as he spoke, he "put up

"Holloa, there, holloa!" said (fale, peeping through the iron bars. "Holloa, there, holloa!" said (fale, peeping through the iron bars. "Holloa, there, holloa!" be repeated. "What are you up to now, eh, Barney?—fighting already? Why I thought you had a bad hand."

"So I have," Barney replied, sulkily; "but I

can lick this cove with one hand any time.

"You'd better keep quiet, though, if you'll take my advice, for the other party is an old pal of yours.

"Pal o' mine !" said Barney, "nonsense." "Yes, he is-that's old Jonathan, of Bromley

"What, Jonathan !- never!" exclaimed Barney, recovering his good temper on the instant. "Why, how are you, old pal? Give us your flipper."
"Don't talk to me," said Jonathan, in disgust;

"I don't know you, nor do I want to know you."

"Oh, that's it, eh, old chum! You're getting more stuck up the lower you are coming down. There's nothing like it, old man—keep your pecker up, and die game."
"Die," said Jonathan, "who talks of dying?" he

said, shivering.

"Why, I dc, in course; it's a plain case against you, and no mistake-you're a great hand at killing,

"What do you mean, you babbling fool?" said Jonathan, in a hoarse whisper; "don't you know we are overheard? If you do know me, there's no occasion to let every one know it."

"Ah, now, I tumble to you," said Barney; "it's a sad case for both on us, I'm thinking; but you're

worse off than me."

" Why?"

"There's old Ford's affair."

"I hadn't anything to do with it."

"You can say so, of course; but that don't make any one believe it for all that; and then there's that ere affair in Green Court-that's No. 2." ·

"I know nothing of it."

"Then, there's the job with them bobbies in old

Flint's office; you remember all about that, of course—that's No. 3."

Jonathan was bursting with passion, and could

have knocked Barney senseless.

"And then," continued the Pug, "there's that little job with the detective in Epping Forest, which makes No. 4. And — "
"If you don't hold your tongue," said Jonathan, with a bitter oath, "I'll strangle you."

"Which would make job No. 5," said the Pug,

laughing.

For some time Barney and Jonathan communed together in whispers; and though Gale with another officer listened with the greatest attention, they could not catch a single word that passed between

"When did they catch you?"
"In the hospital," said Barney, cursing his own ill luck.

He explained all the circumstances of his meeting with Warner, and of the wounds he received.

Jonathan was greatly surprised when he heard all this, and bit his lips in anger,

"I wouldn't care what I suffered," said he, "if those old devils, Flint and Warner, were also here."

"Nor I," said Barney; "it ain't fair nohow that two should suffer and not all; but did you hear the news?"

"What news?"

"About Bromley Hall." "No; what was it?"

"Why, they are going to search the place from top to bottom—for old Giles, the gardener, swears the place is haunted."

"Old Giles ought to be put into a lunatic asylum," said Jonathan, "he has been at Bromley Hall many, many years, and should have died long ago, for all the good he has been to any one."

"He claims to be master of Bromley Hall," said Barney.

"He cannot be, for I bought it."

"Let that be as it may, he says he can prove that you are a murderer, and if you escape the charges that are now preferred against you, there are many others that he can well prove."

"Speak lower," said Jonathan; "It is bad enough for us to be here on one charge, without letting

every one know all our secrets.

"But what had we better do?"
"Escape is impossible," Barney whispered.

"Nothing is impossible to determined men," said Jonathan in Barney's ear.

"How do you mean?"

"Won't money do any good?"

"I haven't any."

"Nor I."

"But we might bribe the gaolers in some other way; by promises, or the like."

"I fear there is no chance; but at all events I'll try."
"How?"

"Oh, leave that to me, and if I get off you may be sure I'll endeavour to set you free also, if you promise to do the right thing with me afterwards,"
"How do you mean?"

"Why, old Flint must have plenty of coin hid

away somewhere."

"No, he has not, the treasure is lost."

"No matter; they can but hang us once," said Barney in a whisper. "If I get ten yards start of any of them, the devil himself will not catch me."

Barney did not say anything more to his friend at that moment, but next morning, when he was about to be removed to the van which was to take him to the House of Detention, he walked along the

stone corridors meekly and humbly.

But directly he got into the street, he tripped up the officer who held him, gave a sudden and vicious kick at another which almost lamed the man, and made his escape before any one had the slightest notion whither he had fled or how.

Jonathan was not so fortunate, for two officers conducted him to the van, and they held him so tight by the coat collar that he was almost suffo-

cated.

When Barney made his escape he ran like a deer.

He did not go into the public streets, but ran through numberless lanes and alley ways round about Drury Lane, until at last he was completely exhausted.

He had not a farthing of money wherewith to buy a loaf, and he sat crouching on the step of a

coffee-house door.

While thus he sat meditating what to do, who

should come out but old Flint.

"The very man I wanted," said Barney. "But lor, ain't the old 'un togged out to the nines and no mistake."

"Hullo, old man," said he, touching Flint upon the shoulder. "Hullo, old man; haven't yer got an odd copper to give a poor cove!"
Flint perceived who it was that addressed him,

but did not wish to be recognised.

In his hurry then he turned away his head, and put a hand into his pocket, and felt for a farthing.

He gave it to Barney, and passed out.
"Oh, crikey," said the Pug; "here's a jolly go; the old man has gone and give me a 'quid' by mistake.

It was certainly a great mistake on Flint's part. He did not at first wish to give Barney anything but fearful of being recognised, and in order to get rid of his ugly acquaintance, he had given a sovereign away in mistake for a farthing.

The old man did not realize his mistake and loss,

but hurried away.

"I'll follow the old bloke ; he's well up, now, and

can stand a 'tenner' without much grumbling."

Now old Flint was afraid that Barney would follow him, and, therefore, the first thing he did when he got out of the street was to call a cab.

But Barney, to use his own words, "was all there," and was not going to be "humbugged" any longer.

"If there is any money floating I must have part," thought he, " or I'll know the reason why." He, therefore, followed the four wheeler, and got

When it arrived at the residence of Count Schmidt he got down and went on the other side of the

"Oh, that's the house, eh, is it?" thought the Pug; "and a nobby place it looks, too. I wonder who the devil this Count Schmidt is?" he thought; old Flint ain't related to the aristocracy, as I ever There must be some little game on hand heerd on. here. I'll stop and watch."

He went and bought himself a pipe and some tobacco, and, after having several "goes" of gin near by, he stood looking through the tap-room window watching the cab, which still remained in the street waiting for old Flint.

But while the Pug is waiting and drinking a large amount of gin and water in the tap-room, let us follow old Flint into the presence of "Count Schmidt."

A servant introduced the old lawyer into the drawing-room.

But no one was there,

He looked about at the elegant apartment for some time, and was wondering who or what Count Schmidt might really be, when he turned sharply around and confronted his own son.

"What! Joel!" shouted the old man, in tones of

triumph.

"Silence!" said Joel. "I am your son no longer. Mind, while here, I am the Countar "I see! I see it!"

"See what?"

"You have robbed me, Joel! You have secured all the treasure !"

"And why not? Who has a better or a greater right?"

"But you have not killed those boys, Joel." "No, nor is there any chance of doing so. I have gone through a world of adventures since I saw you last; but both Tom and Frank escaped They are in Mexico."

"May the sea swallow them !" said the old man, fiercely. "If you had only managed to poison

them !"

"I tried, but without success," from view of The

"Why not insult and quarrel with them, fight a

duel and kill them that way ?"

"It is all very well for you to talk in that manner. Frank Ford is not such a fool as you imagine him to be. He has killed one man in a duel to my knowledge-the most famous duellist in all Italy; how many more beside I cannot say. He and his brother are perfect fire-eaters! No, no, you don't catch me picking quarrels with such fellows as those."

"But could you not have procured their death in

some way ?"

"I endeavoured to do so a dozen times. He was in the hands of the brigands once or twice, but instead of them doing what I bargained for the captain's daughter fell in love with him, and he played the devil with the band."

"You got the treasure safely?"
"I did."

"And have not expended much, I hope?"

"If I have, what's that to do with you? I can do what I like with my own."

"Your own? Why, you young villain, it's all

"Possession is nine points of the law, As a lawyer, you should know that well enough."
"Where is it, I say? Where is it? Have you safely secreted it, or is it all squandered?"
"The time I have you have the company of the company of

"That is my business. I did not ask you to come to me that you might quarrel. I might never have made myself known to you as your son had I been so minded, for Count Schmidt I might have remained to the day of my death, and you would not have been any the wiser; but it was to lift you up out of your misery that I spoke to you. And now that you discover who and what I really am, you are not content to take a share of the spoil; but must fain want all. Oh, no, old man, I am no longer your dutiful son in such respects. I shall look after myself first, and you afterwards."

"True, Joel, true. I might never have discovered

you had you not made yourself known."

"Be content, then, with receiving a part," said Joel, "and let us leave England at once. At least you must do so, for from all I can hear, the hounds of the law are after you, and never will they rest until they have shed your blood."

"Ah! me!" said the old lawyer, "it was a cursed

hour in which I fell across old Jonathan.

"'Tis no use repining about the past, the present is what we have to look to. Time flies-each moment is precious. Will you start for Holland at once-to-night ?"

"But why this hurry, my son?"

"Because I know more of this world than you do, old as you are. And am convinced that if you remain forty-eight hours more in England, you will be arrested and continue to the price of the price.

be arrested and east into prison.

"And you? What are you going to do?"

"Stay here until I have tidings of Tom or Frank
Ford. I shall never rest until I have had revenge!"

"Well said, Joel; well said. That Frank was always a tyrant, I hear."

"Yes he was but I will said, be the coal beat."

"Yes, he was; but I will punish him, and hurt him in the tenderest spot of all,"
"How do you mean?"

"How do you mean?"
"Why, marry Nelly Lancaster."
"Impossible!" said the old man, in high glee.
"What! my Joel to marry the rich banker's
daughter?"

"There are more unlikely things than that," said Joel, with the air of a man who thinks very highly

"Why, my son, you astonish me!" said the old

He sat down in deep thought for a few moments, and trembled violently-so much so, that Joel was alarmed.

"What is the matter?" said he. "The Hoose on "Nothing, nothing, Joel, nothing." "Why turn so pale?"

"For your sake." "Isli volmord thou."
"My sake?" "Isli asw tahw on

and Aye ; for yours, my son thing eth year on the Explain yourself," sells blo toll motion of get

"You have heard me speak of Warner?" on a said

"Yes I have, but I do not wish to make his acquaintance for all that."

"Never fear," said the old man, still trembling; "I should never introduce you to such a villain as Warner; he is a murderer, at least, in heart he is so,"

At the word murderer, Joel also turned pale, and bit his lip.

At that moment, it seemed as if both father and son could have torn out each other's heart, so inflamed were both with hellish passion.

"What makes you look so pale, Joel?" asked the

trembling, old man.

"Nothing, it was merely a passing qualm." "You would not feel offended if I ask you a question, would you?"

"Ask as many as you like, only be quick; I can't

be dawdling away my time here with you." "Do you know what this same Warner says of

vou."

"Of me? What can such a fellow know of me?" "He pretends to know much more than I ever

"Yes, and when speaking of old Ford's murder, he accuses--"

"Whom?" said Joel, suddenly.

"You."

" Me ?"

"Aye, you." "He lies in his heart, the base scoundrel. Where are his proofs?" adhanseminov obawloli ban

"He will swear to it."

"What, old man, are you, too, turned idiot?"

"No, Joel, I am not turned idiot. Warner says, and swears most solemnly that he would recognise you again, and the clothes you then wore, even the disguise of Caspar's cloak and mask."
"Caspar's cloak and mask," said Joel, turning pale. "Were they found?"
"They were."

"They were."

"By whom ?"

"By Warner, I believe, in the first instance, for he says he found a letter in a side-pocket of the cloak."

-n!" said Joel, in a hot rage. "You " D-

must be raving, old man."

"No, Joel, I am not; I fear me that the officers

are more after you than me."

"You are an old dolt," said Joel; "and, if it is only to whine and snivel that you come here, why, you had better depart at once."

"Pity a father's feelings, my son."
"Better attend to your own, I think," said the young man, with a coarse laugh; "it would do you much more good. Will you leave England if I give you sufficient money to do so?" said Joel. "I ask you for the last time; if you do not accept my offer I must leave you to your fate."

"You would banish and transport me then?"

"Would it not be better than to be dogged night and day by the police?"

"I confess it would." "Then, you agree?"

"I do.

"Then, sit down, and let us talk over matters calmly and quietly," said Joel.

"A gentleman below wishes to speak to you, Count Schmidt," said the servant, entering.

"What sort of a gentleman?" "An oldish-lookish person, sir,"

"Show him into the small drawing room."

The servant did so, and went below to the regions of the kitchen again.

While he was gone this gentleman boldly walked upstairs, and listened at the door to what was going

Joe! and his father were quarrelling and using

very high words.
"They are talking about money matters, I hear, so it is about time I think to have something to say in the same matter."

Without knocking, he entered Joel's apartment, to the great astonishment both of father and

"Who and what are you, sir?" asked Joel, in an

angry tone.
"Your friend or enemy, as the case may be."

Old Flint trembled in every limb, for he had a suspicion that the intruder was disguised, and not in his natural appearance.

"How dare you, sir, make use of such language

in my place," said Joel.

"Dare, eh?" grinned the stranger.
"Yes, dare! Speak, quickly, or I will have you arrested; the police shall be made acquainted with you."

"And you also," said the stranger, "if you don't

keep a civil tongue in your cheek."

"Me, sir? What does the impudent fellow mean? Have me airested? Why, know you who and what I am ?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about you," said the stranger, "and perhaps better than yourself."

Joel Flint, in a passion, would have attempted to use violence on his strange visitor.

But the old man begged of him to be calm.

"You came lately from Italy, I believe?" said the

"I did. And what of that?"

"Your present name is that of the Count Schmidt?"

"My name, sir, has always been the same. have never had cause to disown or change it."

"Perhaps not," said the stranger, chuckling.

"Who is that old man there, who looks so pale and trembles so much?"

"A visitor on business, if you will pry into my

affairs."

"Why don't you say your father, at once," the stranger laughed; "the resemblance in ugliness is so great that no one would be mistaken in taking you for what you are."

"It is not my father, sir!"

"You are labouring under a mistake; it is your father, but you are ashamed to own him, and he is or was a lawyer, and his name is Flint."

Father and son looked at each other in astonishment; but at last Joel, mustering up all his courage,

said.

"And pray what is your errand here?"

"To get some money."

"From whom?"

"Why, both of you." "And why? For what, pray?"

"Because I have earned it, long ago."

"This man must be an escaped lunatic," said Joel; "I will soon rid the room of his disagreeable

presence."

He walked up to the mantel-piece, and took down a revolver, and was about to turn round, when the stranger pulled out two pistols, and levelled them at the heads of both father and son. "Stir," said he, "and I will blow your brains out,

both of you."

Joel put down the revolver, and turned pale, for

he was a braggart, and not a brave man.
"Do you know me now?" said the stranger, throwing off his wig and false whiskers.

It was Warner!

CHAPTER CXII.

A SANGUINARY BATTLE IN MEXICO-THE FRENCH SLAUGHTER THE MEXICAN IRREGULAR SOL-DIERY - FRANK FORD'S ACCOUNT TO BROTHER TOM.

"DEAR TOM, - Since my last letter I am sorry to say that squabbles have entered into the council of the Mexican leaders, and, as might be expected,

disasters have befallen them.

"I gave my counsel honestly to them, and advised them not to force or accept a pitched battle with the French, for it cannot be expected that raw levies like those we have here can cope with the disciplined forces under Marshal Bazaine.

"All my good advice, however, has been thrown

"Fight the French they would in the open plain, and dearly they have paid for their temerity. "The Mexican forces, under the leadership of

Juarez, moved out of Monterey to encounter the French force, and were thoroughly beaten.

" I was not there myself, but have learned all the particulars from a French officer, who was taken prisoner by a scouting party of our Boy Soldiers some six days after the battle.

"I cannot do better, then, than to give you in substance the Frenchman's account of it, leaving you to deduct a little on account of his lively imagination.

"During the night of the 27th the whole army was in motion to march against the Mexicans.

"For several days General Juarez had waited for us in the plains before Medellin, having previously surveyed, with the help of engineers, the advantageous position where his army way stationed.
"The Mexicans, to whom pitched battles had

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE ACCUSASION-See next Number

proved so frequently unfavourable, sought by every method to gain that confidence which they so much needed.

"They regarded a former skirmish at Miajadas

as a presage of success.

"They relied also on some ancient superstitution associated with the remembrance of the conquests their ancestors had obtained over the Indians in the very plains which are watered by the Guadiana.

"The French disregarded their confidence, and trusted from habit in the certainty of victory.

"After crossing the Guadiana, by a very long and narrow bridge, one enters the city of Medellin.

"Beyond it lies an extensive plain without plantations, which stretches up the Guadiana between that river, the city of Don Benito, and the village of Mingabril.

"The Mexicans at first occupied the heights between these towns, and afterwards extending their line farther, they formed a sort of crescent, with the left at Mingabril, their centre before Don Benito, and their right wing near the Guadiana.

"At eleven in the morning we debouched from Medellin to draw up in order of battle. "A short way from the town we formed into the arc of a very compact circle, between the Guadiana and a ravine planted with trees and vineyards, which stretches from Medellin to Mingabril.

"General Noel's division of light cavalry was stationed on the left, our Mexican legion of infantry in the centre, and the dragoons of General Latour Maubourg on the right.

"The divisions of Vilatte and Ruffin formed the

reserve.

"Numerous detachments from the three divisions, which composed the first line, had been left in the rear of the army to preserve our communications, and their strength did not exceed 7,000 soldiers. The enemy before us presented an immense line of more than 34,000 men.

"Our Mexican legion began the attack.

"The second and fourth regiments of dragoons having next made a charge against the Mexican infantry, were repulsed with loss, and the legion remained alone in the middle of the fight.

"They formed into a square, and courageously withstood the redoubled fury of the enemy, as long

as the action continued.

"With much difficulty, Marshal Bazaine renewed

the combat, by causing two regiments of Vilatte's division to advance.

"The enemy's cavalry at first endeavoured to

carry our right wing, but without success.

" Part of them then rushed en masse on our left, which, afraid of being surrounded, was forced to fall back on the Guardiana, where it makes an angle, and contracts the plain towards Medellin.

"For two hours we retired slowly and quietly, facing about every fifty paces to present our front to the enemy, and to dispute our ground with them before yielding it, when they attempted to seize it

by force.
"Amidst the endless whizzing of bullets flying roar of bombover our heads, and the deafening roar of bombshells rending the air, and tearing up the earth around us, we heeded only the voice of our commanders.

"They gave their orders with the greatest coolness and deliberation, the fiercer grew the enemy's

attack.

"The farther we retired, the louder shouted our

foes.

"Their sharp-shooters were so numerous and daring, that they sometimes compelled ours to fall into the ranks.

"They called to us at a distance, in their own language, that no quarter would be given, and that the plains of Medellin would be the tomb of the

French. "If our squadron had given way and fled, the cavalry of the Mexican right would have assaulted the rear of our army through the breach, and surrounded it completely.

"Then the field of Medellin would, indeed, have

been our grave, as our enemies declared.

"General Lasalle rode backward and forward in front of his division, in a lofty and fearless manner. "When the enemy's cavalry came within gun-shot, the sharp-shooters of both sides retired.

"In the space which separated us, there might then be seen the horses of dead friends and foes, running on every side, most of them wounded, some of them dragging their masters under their feet, and struggling to free themselves of the unmanageable load.

"The Mexicans had sent against our single squadron, six of their best, who advanced in close column with the Xeres lancers at their head.

"This solid mass all at once began to trot, with the intention of charging us while we made our retrograde movement.

"The captain of our squadron commanded his four platoons, which did not in all exceed one hundred and twenty men, to wheel half round, at a walking pace, to the right.

"This being done, he straightened his line with as much self-possession as if no enemy had been

"The Mexican horse, struck with astonishment at his coolness, insensibly slackened their pace.

"The leader of the squadron took advantage of their surprise, and immediately gave the signal to

charge.

"Our hussars, who had hitherto preserved, amidst the incessant threats and abuses of the enemy, a deep unbroken silence, now drouned the shrill clangour of the trumpet, as they dashed forward, with one tremendous shout of joy and rage.

"The Mexican lancers, horror-struck, stopped short, and, turning round at half-pistol shot, over-

turned their own cavalry behind them.

"Terror so impaired their judgment, that they could not look at each other, but believed every one to be their enemy.

"Our hussars rushed impetuously among them, and hewed them down without opposition.

"We chased them to the rear of their army, when the trumpets sounded a recall,, and we returned, to form our squadron once more in order of battle.

"A little while after our charge, all the enemy's cavalry of the right and left had completely aban-

doned the field.

"Our dragoons now drew up around their chosen companions, and, perceiving an irresolution in the enemy's infantry, on seeing the flight of their cavalry, we improved our advantage, and made a most brilliant and fortunate charge against the centre of their army.

"At the same time, two regiments of Vilatte's division attacked with success the right of the enemy's infantry, near the heights of Mingabril.

"In an instant, the army opposed to us disappeared like chaff before the wind. The Mexicans threw away their arms and fled.

"The cannonade closed, and every corps of our

cavalry joined in the pursuit.

"Our soldiers, who had lately been threatened with certain death, if they had been overpowered, and were enraged by five hours' resistance, at first gave no quarter.

"The infantry followed the cavalry at a distance, and despatched the wounded with their bayonets.

"The vengeance of our soldiers fell chiefly on such of the Mexicans as were without a military uniform.

"The hussars and dragoons who had gone abroad to forage, soon returned, guarding whole columns of Mexicans, whom they entrusted to the foot soldiers to take to Medellin.

"Those very men who had denounced us for slaughter with such confidence before the battle, now marched with humble aspect, crouching for

"At every threatening sign made by our soldiers they ran together like sheep chased by dogs, squeezing to get to the middle of the crowd.

"Every time they met a body of French troops, they exclaimed with vehemence, 'Vive Napoleon et sa troupe invincible!'-'Long life to Napoleon and his brave army !'

"Now and then a passing horseman would take a pleasure in exacting these acclamations for himself, which were due alone to the victors as a

"A certain colonel, who was a courtier and an aide-de-camp of Maximilian, looking at the prisoners as they filed past the regiments, called to them in Spanish to shout a ' Vive!' for King Maximilian.

"They seemed not to comprehend his meaning; but after a moment's silence they raised their old cry, 'Long live Napoleon and his invincible troops!'

"The colonel then turned to a particular prisoner,

and enforced his order with threats,

The Spaniard having exclaimed 'Viva Maximilian' an officer, who, as usual, had not been disarmed, approached his country's soldier, and ran his sword through his body.

"Our enemies were willing enough to do homage to our bravery; but they would not, even in their humiliation, recognise the power of a master not of

their own choice.

" A little before night I returned to Medellin.

"Silence and peace had succeeded the turmoil of battle and the peals of victory.

"In the plain alone there might be heard the wailings of the wounded, and the low murmurings

of the dying, who raised their heads, before they

breathed their last, to pray.

"Death had impressed on the countenances of the slain the expression of the passions which animated them at the moment they expired.

"Those who had been struck down when flying were lying on their breast or side, with drooping

heads, and fear-contracted muscles.

"Those again who had died while fighting bravely, retained, even when fallen, the aspect of defiance.

"Two regiments of Swiss and Walloon guards were stretched on the ground in the very ranks in which they had fought.

" Broken ammunition waggons, and cannon abandoned by their teams of mules, still marked the

position of the Mexicans.

"Here and there lay wounded horses, whose limbs being shattered by bullets, they could not rise from the spot where they were doomed to

"Ignorant of death, and unconscious of futurity, they browsed on the grass around them as far as

they could reach.

"The loss of the French did not exceed 400.

"The Mexicans left 1,200 dead on the field of battle, and nineteen pieces of artillery.

"We made 5,000 or 6,000 prisoners, but scarcely

2,000 of these arrived at Vera Cruz.

"The inhabitants of the towns and villages assembled in great numbers in the way of the French escorts, and withdrew their attention from their charge.

"They took care to leave their doors open, and the prisoners mixing with the crowd in passing, darted into the houses, whose doors were instantly

"Our soldiers, whose humanity returned when the combat was over, winked at their flight, not-withstanding the strictness of the orders they had

received.

"The Mexican prisoners would address some grenadier of the guard, and, pointing to some distant village, with a heavy sigh, would say in their own language, 'Senior Soldado,' &c. 'Mr. Soldier, that is our home; there are our wives and children; must we pass so near, and never see them more? Must we leave them all to go to far-off France?' The grenadier, affecting to speak sternly, would reply, 'I am commanded to shoot you if I perceive you attempt to run away, but I don't see behind

"He would then step a little forward, and the prisoners, taking to the fields, would soon rejoin their

armies.

"We were at last obliged to escort our prisoners with soldiers from the Legion, their national character, and a stricter discipline, rendering them more vigilant and inflexible.

"Part of our regiment was quartered at Mingabril, on the very field where the battle had been

fought, and where it raged the hottest.

"We lived among carcases, and often saw proceeding from them thick black vapours, which the winds bore away to spread contagion and disease through the surrounding country.

"The oxen of La Mesta, that usually winter on the banks of the Guadiana, fled affrighted from their

wonted pastures.

"Their mournful bellowings, and the endless howling of the dogs that watched them, declared that undefined feeling of terror with which they were impressed

"Thousands of huge vultures collected from all parts of Mexico in that vast lonely valley of death.

"Perched on the heights, and, seen far off, between us and the horizon, they seemed as large as

"Our videttes more than once marched towards them to reconnoitre, mistaking them for an enemy.

"These birds would not leave their human repast on our approach, until we came up within a few yards of them; then the beating of their vast pinions above our heads resounded far and near, like the funeral echoes of the tomb."

CHAPTER CIII.

THE DETECTIVE NARRATES SOME PROFESSIONAL ADVENTURES.

As might be supposed, the intercourse between Tom Ford and Detective Gale gradually grew more in-

timate day by day.

For, on the one hand, Tom was anxious to see the end of the matter in regard to the murder of his uncle, and the officer was equally as desirous of using all the information which Tom could give

They promenaded the town together; went to all manner of amusements; and enjoyed themselves

immensely.

For Tom was not only rich, but very free-handed, and he scattered his money about in true sailor fashion, as if the Bank of England belonged to

Cremorne was visited, and many a bottle of

champagne was cracked between them.

The Argyle Room was often patronised, as likewise the Holborn Casino.

But in no in tance did they meet with any one whose features resembled those of Warner, old Flint, or Joel, the three persons they most desired to encounter.

"I fear that Joel is dead," said Tom.

"I fear so also," said Gale; "for, from what I have heard, he must have been lost in the 'Dolphin.' "It is a great pity he didn't land with the rest."

"Yes, so it is; but such is fate."

"There is nothing in life I could have wished for more ardently," said Tom, with an oath, "than to have encountered that young villain."

"Your temper is so hot though," said Gale, laughing, "that I fear you wouldn't have waited for any trial, but would have taken vengeance on him there and then."

"Very likely," said Tom; "but did not those two detectives who came over with him, ascertain some-

thing about the wreck afterwards?"

"To be sure they did." "How long did they stay?"

"For more than a week." "And visited the wreck say you?"

"Most undoubtedly, but for three or four days the storm raged so frightfully, that it was impossible to get to the wreck at all."

And were no bodies found washed ashore?"

"Yes, several; but they were those of poor fisher-

"Joel's carcase I suppose was not discovered?"

"Not a fragment or bone of it."

"The sharks, then, must have devoured it."
"Without a doubt."

"But, was there no trace of the treasure he had with him?"

"Not a single thing."

"That is singular, for the fishes couldn't have devoured that, at all events."

"Not easily; gold and silver are not very digestible, I think, even to the fishes."

"It is very pleasant to us mortals, though," said

Tom, laughing.

"Yes, without a doubt; it would take a deal of silver and gold to satisfy my stomach."

"And mine also."

After a short silence, Tom added,

"Well, such is fate; if my uncle's wealth has been buried in the sea, we must rest content."

"I think so also, for when the storm abated several persons, the two officers among them, went down to the wreck, and made a close examination of all that remained. Much of the cargo was found; indeed, all that was worth recovering.

"But the baggage of the passengers?"

"Even much of that was also discovered and reclaimed; but, strange to say, the trunks were all broken open, and much money was stolen therefrom; in fact, Mr. Lancaster, the old banker, says that he lost several hundred sovereigns, some banknotes, jewellery, and diamonds. Each of the passengers lost something valuable, more or less. But, as I said before, although nearly all the passengers' baggage was discovered washed upon the beach, not a single thing that belonged to Joel Flint was found."

"Singular, indeed."

"It is, indeed."

"But could not the coastguard or wreckers have

run away with it?"

"I don't think it very probable, because the two detectives placed a watch over the wreck both night and day, and not a single plank could be stolen from under their vigilant eyes."

"There seems to be some mystery here," said "Something strikes me the young villain was not drowned at all, and that before he left the vessel he rifled the passengers' luggage of all it contained of value."

"I disagree with you, then," said Gale, "because, if he was still living, we should hit upon him in

some hole or corner.

"But he is more crafty than you suppose," said Tom. "I know him of old; he can change his voice and manner in a hundred different ways. The devil himself couldn't fathom the craftiness of that young villain."

"Perhaps not; but I shall try—that is, if I have the least suspicion that he is really alive."

"I doubt whether you will ever succeed," said

The detective laughed, as he said,

"Ah, you don't know what we detectives can do; we have had much more difficult cases in hand than this before now; but we generally succeed in the long run. Did you ever hear of that celebrated case of the sham Count de Homburg?"
"No, I never have," said Tom, lighting a fresh

cigar.
"Then, as we have nothing much 'to do to-night, I will tell you the whole story," said Gale, tossing off a bumper of wine to clear his throat.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

One of our best detectives, whom I shall here call Morris, had been travelling about for a long time after a celebrated scoundrel, who generally called himself the Count de Homburg. been simply Humbug, it would have been nearer the truth.

At other times, however, when very hard up for money, this Count called himself Jack Dingles, and would not scruple to knock a man down on the highway and rob him.

Morris, the detective, was a well-educated man, and looked and acted the gentlemen to perfection; and, moreover, was always liberally supplied with money to carry on his work.

He was very often employed to 'do' Continental jobs among Frenchmen, Germans, and the like, and

thus knew several languages very well.

As he was travelling in the north country among the hills, he arrived at a pretty little village, and in the inn found everything and everybody in confusion.

The magistrate of the place was there with several rural constables, and surrounded by a crowd

of idle listeners.

It appeared that some one had picked up a child's cap and pair of shoes on the banks of the river, and child murder was suspected against a young girl who had stayed at the inn the night

"Yes," said the magistrate, an old man, very fussy and talkative. "Yes," said he, exhibiting the child's cap and shoes, 'there cannot be any doubt but that this young woman did the deed, because, why should these articles be found in such a suspicious place else?"

"The rustic audience applauded the magistrate's wisdom, and swore that wilful murder must have been done, and that no one else could have done it but the young woman who was lodging in the

"What did this young woman say to you, host, when she called at the inn yesterday?"

"Well, sir, she complained of being very hungry and fatigued."

"Very well, let that be remembered by all what she observed about being hungry and fatigued; it

has a very ugly look."
"Oh! very!" said many, shaking their heads,

solemnly.

"What else, landlord?"

"She asked what I could provide for her dinner,

"More suspicious still. Let these words be noted," said the magistrate. "It may turn out a case of madness also. Well?"

"And I told her I had nothing but some rabbit pie, which she had, and then retired to bed."
"Did she pay you beforehand?"

" No, sir.'

" Another bad sign."

"But she appeared to be a perfect lady, sir." "A worse sign still; very bad, very bad, indeed. Let every one withdraw," said the magistrate, in a very pompous manner; "let every one withdraw from my presence, except the landlord and the constables; I wish to speak to them in private."

The villagers withdrew accordingly, and the magistrate was about to make some observation about the case, when Mr. Morris suddenly appeared.

"Hillo, landlord," said he; "I intend to stay here to-night. I have lost my way to Windermere, and, therefore, prepare me a good dinner of stewed

"Who is this insolent fellow who dares intrude on our privacy?" said the old magistrate, red with

"I haven't any accommodation," said the landlord.

"Oh, yes you have," said the stranger; "the room you painted a green colour the day before yesterday will do for me. This is it. I'll go in and change my dress. Make haste with the dinner, landlord.

Without more ado, Morris made himself at home, and, to the surprise of all, marched about the place as if he had known all its ins and outs for years. He went into the green room, and shortly returned

again.

The magistrate was talking very learnedly about the laws and penalties for infanticide, under various degrees, about which the innkeeper knew no more than a poker.

"If it was a male child it was, of course, a clear case of manslaughter," said the fussy, pompous old village magistrate.

"And if it were a female child, sir," said the inn-keeper, "it would have been——"

"Womanslaughter," said the constables, at once. "Silence," said the magistrate, in an awful tone. How dare you interrupt me in my remarks. I tell you again that it must have been-

"Nothing of the sort either one way or the other," said Morris, approaching the group, with a broad

"Sir!" the red-faced magistrate observed, in

anger.

"I say it was not manslaughter," said Morris, coolly taking a seat, and sitting right before the astonished magistrate.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Mean? Why, I mean that I know more about these things than you do."

"More than I do?"

"Yes."

"Why, for two pins, I'd have you arrested and punished for contempt of court."

"You? You couldn't; you dare not."

- "Dare not, sir? I'd have you know that I dare do anything."
- "Then go hang yourself, if you like," said Morris, laughing. "But you must remember you are not now in court, and, therefore, there cannot be any contempt shown to it."

"Humph!" said the magistrate, "you seem to

be a sharp fellow if you are impudent."

- "I tell you that no manslaughter has been done, and there's an end of it. Do men, or women either ever wear shoes or caps of that diminutive size? You must be dreaming all of you."
- "This fellow seems to know much," said the innkeeper, to the constables, when the magistrate had gone into the next room.

"No I do not," said Morris, who had overheard

- "Then how did you know I had rabbits killed in the house, and ready dressed? No one saw me kill them."
 - "Nor I either; but I know you had them."

"The devil ! how ?"

"Didn't you hang the skins in the yard, stupid? That was quite enough to tell me all."

"But who told you I had painted one of my bed-rooms green? The devil himself couldn't have found that out without I told him."

"But you see I am cleverer than the devil!"

"I think you are."

"Why, thickhead, didn't you leave the window open to dry the paint, and couldn't I then tell it had been recently done?"
"The deuce!"

"Yes, it is the deuce, I think," said the magistrate, returning into the room. "Here, come this way, criminal," said he to a pretty pale female; "come this way, and let us have a good look at

The poor girl was weeping, and bent her head very

"There, now, hold up your head, young woman, and let's have no whimpering. We have discovered some of the child's things, and are going to drag

the river for the body. You are taken into custody on suspicion of murder!"

"Hello! hello! hello!" said Morris, loudly.

"Well, what's the matter? What have you got to say in this case?"

"Me !"

"Yes you, Mr. Brazen-face, or whatever your name is."

" I have nothing to say in the matter."

- "Then why did you startle folks by holloaing for them ?"
- "Why, because I just then saw a lot of pigs eating up the landlord's radishes in the garden.

The landlord rushed out of the room in great haste to disperse the pigs.

"Well, young woman, and what have you got to say to this serious charge preferred against you, eh?"

"By jove, if there ain't two thieves robbing a

man in the public road," said Morris.

"Where?

"Which way?" said the constables, in great

"Why, just turned the corner. you'll surely overtake them." Make haste,

Off the constables went, and ran down the village in great haste in search of the imaginary thieves that Morris had seen.

"Very well done," thought Morris. "I have got rid of the landlord and the constables for some short time, and let's see what I can do with the pompous old magistrate.

"What a beautiful lady I see yonder,"

Morris, "quite young, and dressed in blue silk."
"Blue silk," said the magistrate, pricking up his ear; "why, that is the colour of my wife's last new dress."

"I don't know anything about that," said Morris, coolly; "but I perceive her standing under a tree and kissing a young officer."

"W-h-a-t!" gasped the old magistrate, jumping from his chair. "Where did you see them?"

"They have just turned down yonder lane," said Morris.

"You are sure it was blue silk you saw?"

"Yes, positive."

"And a young soldier with her?"

"Yes, and a handsome fellow he is, too," said Morris, grinning, and enjoying the old man's mortification.

"D-n that soldier!" said the magistrate. "It must be the very same; he is always hanging about

my house."

With great haste the old magistrate rushed out of the house, walking-stick in hand, vowing to slay the gentleman who was supposed to be walking out with his wife.

"Excellent," said Morris. "I have got rid of those foolish people very cleverly, I imagine; and,

now for the young lady."

He approached the girl, and said, in winning tones,

"Fear not, pretty one; I will befriend you. I know you are not guilty."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, kind sir, for such words

of kindness," said the trembling maid.
"You are highly born, lady," said Morris.

"Nay, sir; if I were, my humble dress would be of richer material."

"That does not deceive me; your hands are too soft and white to be of plebian birth."

"What would you have me do, sir?" "Explain to me what you have done."

"I will. My sister was unfortunate, and had a

child by a foreign nobleman, who had promised her marriage."

"His name?"

"His name ?"
"That I know not." "Hem," said Morris.

"This child was born in secret, and, to conceal my sister's shame, I had it privately nursed and cared for. It was placed in the charge of the innkeeper here after my sister's death, and, although the tavern-keeper did not know whence the money came, I paid for it liberally every month."

"And unknown to him you stole it away?"

"I did, sir, yesterday."
"And why?"

"I am going to be married to-morrow, and I have made arrangements with other parties who will bring up and educate the infant. I wrote to the innkeeper asking him to give up the child to a person I would send, but he refused."

"And why?"

"He said he expected the child was of noble parents, and he would not give it up without the payment of a very large sum."

"The avaricious old rat!"

"So, in this disguise, I came, and, when I saw a fitting opportunity, I stole the child and had it conveyed away elsewhere."

"And because they found the child's hat and shoes the idiots suppose you murdered it? What nonsense!"

"How can I thank you for your kindness, sir?"

"By leaving this place instantly. Fly!"

"But will you not tell me your name, kind sir?"
"You shall know it to-morrow."

"But that, sir, is to be my wedding-day."
"And may all happiness attend you! Adieu." The girl left the place as directed and escaped.

When the old magistrate, innkeeper, and con-stable returned, they all began to abuse Morris for the tricks he had played upon them, and they threatened to punish him upon the spot for his audacity.

When they discovered that the fair prisoner was not where they left her, their consternation was great. Yes hoself conet.

"Where is she?" "Search the rooms!"

"Hasten in pursuit!" "She's a murderess !"

"Search every part of the house !"

These were the confused shouts of the magistrate, constables, and host, as they bustled about.

"What have you done with her, eh?" asked the magistrate, fiercely. "Yes, you."

Me ?'

"What have I got to do with her?" said Morris. "Why don't you mind your own prisoners?"

"I expect you have had a great deal to do with her," said the red-nosed functionary.

"Now I come to look at him, how much he resembles the description given of Jack Dingles, the famous thief," said the innkeeper, to the magis-

"Why, so he does," the magistrate replied, in a

whisper.

At the same time he retreated two or three paces, as if in dread of the stranger, and eyed him as if he had been a mad dog and was about to snap at his

He hastily pulled a small document out of his pocket, and began to look first at it and then at Morris, until at last he said, in a loud voice-

"It is the very man we want. Constables, seize

that man! He is the identical Jack Dingles himself; seize him, bandcuff him.'

Morris laughed right out, and in the face of the indignant magistrate, as he said, "Oh, as to that, do as you like, and say what you like, but no handcuffs for me."

"You shall go to the town of Windermere at

once."

"The very place I want to go to," said Morris, laughing.

"And in my company."
"You shall be escorted by half-a-dozen constables."

"I feel greatly honoured."

"Thanks for your kind attention; it will be quite a guard of honour."

"You shall be introduced to Lord Rattletrap, the

chief magistrate of the county."

"How very much obliged I am," said Morris, "why that is the very gentleman I desire to see."

"The devil."

"Upon my word it is."

"You may see more of him than you like."

"No, that cannot be, my friend, for my lord and I are old acquaintances."

"Oh, the impudent fellow is mad," said the magistrate, in a great heat, "mad, mad as a March hare !"

In a short time several conveyances were procured, and Morris, under the guard of several constables, was conveyed to Windermere, followed by the magistrate, and a large body of rustics who were desirous of beholding for once the features of Jack Dingles, the celebrated rogue.

The procession was most imposing, and the worthy red nosed old magistrate did not fail to assume all the airs he could for the occasion, and looked so solemn and mock-heroic, that the villagers thought he must have recently swallowed something that had disagreed with him,

For his mouth was compressed into a bitter smile, his eyes, naturally large, were now thrust almost out of his head, and his bloated person seemed

twice its ordinary size.

The distance from the village to the town of Windermere was about ten miles, and the procession was obliged to pass through several hamlets on the

The news of Jack Dingles' arrest, however, had preceded the worthy and pompous old magistrate.

Some had it that the notorious Jack had set upon the old man and had got vanquished in the combat.

Thus, when they arrived at Windermere, crowds turned out to welcome the valiant little man and to have a look at the famous rascal whom he had captured.

Jack Dingles had been long known in the lake country, but a Dutch nobleman had been recently robbed and murdered among the hills, and suspicion fell upon Dingles immediately.

The capture of such a person then, as might have been expected, was a matter of great congratulation among the peace-loving people of the hills, and great were the rejoicings thereat.

Morris could not but laugh as he heard on every side oaths and curses showered upon him.

At last they arrived at Lord Rattletrap's mansion, and the little magistrate was annoyed to find that the owner was not at home.

The daughter, Emma, saw the magistrate, and asked him to wait, and in the meantime he was introduced to a distinguished stranger, who was no less than Emma's intended husband, Baron Duncoff, or Duncow, as it is pronounced.

This baron's gorgeous atture, and imperious manner, greatly impressed the little magistrate, who

thought he must surely be some foreign king in disguise

"And have you safely secured this great villain, Mr. Magistrate?" asked the baron, very loftily. "Oh, yes, sir; he is well guarded in an ante-

chamber below."

"Would you bring him up? I should like to see

"Perhaps my lord would be displeased, most

mighty baron ?

"No, no," Duncoff replied, twisting his moustaches. "Whatever I do meets with my father-inlaw's approbation. Bring up the criminal-what's his name!"

"Well, most mighty baron, he has several

names."

"Yes, yes, I know. That is, I have heard so; but his real name-

"Jack Dingles, baron."

"Oh, indeed," said the baron, laughing. "Why, I am told he is very aristocratic in his style and manner.'

"So I have heard, baron. When he can get sufficient money to keep it up; but it is for no small crime that he is now arrested."

"Indeed! For what, then?"

"For murder, Sir Baron, murder!"
"Oh, indeed," said the baron. "Then the rascal

must die, that's all."

"Yes, baron, we magistrates have every reason for believing that the poor old gentleman who was robbed and murdered last week, owes his death to this villain."

" Bring the rascal forward, I wish to see him."

"With pleasure, my lord."

"Had you much trouble in capturing him?"

"Oh, yes, a very great deal, I can assure you, for he is a bold bad man."

"True, true. Did you fight at all?"

"Well, yes; but not much to speak of."

"You will be promoted for this, Mr. Magistrate," said the baron, in a condescending tone of voice.

The little functionary bowed, and in a few moments Morris was brought into the room between two policemen.

He stood erect, and smiled.

"Why, the rascal is laughing," said the baron, "Yes, my lord, these great rascals are always hardened. Look at his eyes, now; how bright and

villanous they are?" "Yes; and his nose, see how crooke and hooked

it is," the baron remarked.

"His mouth, sir, look at his large mouth; the sure sign of a rascal."

"Without a doubt," said the baron. "What is

your name, prisoner?

"I will write all the particulars down, Mr. Magistrate, so that when my intended father-in-law, Lord Rattletrap, comes, the case will be plain and simple for him.

"Your name, sir?"

"I refuse to give my name at the asking of such a person as you are," said Morris, with a flush of indignation in his looks.

"You hear that, Brown?" the magistrate interrupted. "The rascal refuses to give his name."

"If he were in my country instead of England we would soon force him."

"How, baron?"

"Why, whip his bare back until he did so."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the little magistrate, "quite a novel idea."

"And if you were justly dealt with," said Morris, "Calcraft would have a job very shortly, baron, I think," the detective remarked, laughing.

"The impudence of the fellow," said the little magistrate, in surprise. "Whoever heard of such audacity?"

"Never mind, we have his name already. Dingles, isn't it?'

"Yes, baron; Jack or John, if you please?" "Have the officers any positive charge against

"Oh! yes, my lord; dozens.

"His name has been in the 'Hue and Cry' for the past twelve months."

"Very good. What for ?"

"In the first place for housebreaking,"

"Very well; what else?" "For highway robbery."

"Go on.

"Thirdly, for horse stealing."

"What a rascal he must be. Well, what next?" "He broke into a church, and stole all the communion plate."

"Next?"

"Got into the parson's house and took his money."

" Yes."

"Tied the reverend gentleman to the bedpost, blindfolded him, and tarred him from head to foot.

"What else?"

"Passed counterfeit money."

"In notes?"

"Yes; in notes as well as base metal,"
"Anything else?"

"Yes; a hundred other things can be brought against him."

"And has he managed to escape justice so

long?"

"Yes, my lord; we have been on the look out for him for over a year or two, and so have all the police between here and London."

"What an accomplished rascal he must be,

"Oh! the very devil, sir, at all manner of knavery."

Morris listened to all this dialogue between the count and the little busybody of a magistrate very quietly.

Yet he spoke not.

There was a good-humoured glitter in his bright

His mouth twitched frequently, as if he were on the point of speaking, but he restrained himself.

Much conversatiou ensued, and during Lord Rattletrap's absence, the count brought in his intended

bride to gaze at the celebrated criminal.

She entered the room, smiling and laughing at her intended husband. But directly she caught the eye of Morris she stopped suddenly, as if rooted to the ground.

She turned deadly pale, and would have fainted, but the count held her up, and asked the cause of

her sudden indisposition.

It was only a sudden faintness, she said. But she remembered the stranger at the inn, and his kindness to her, and could not conceive it possible that this person could really be one and the same man.

What appeared to her so very strange was, that she was not also recognized by the innkeeper and others in whose custody she was but yesterday.

True, her attire on this occasion was far different to what it had been on that, and instead of appearing now in the garb of a simple peasant, she came out before them radiant in all the gorgeousness of fashionable silks and satins.

The stranger, though criminal he might be, she

thought had recognized her, and she could notshe dared not face his earnest gaze.

What if he disclosed all she had told him about her sister's child, and then made her father aware of all that which had been a secret for years,

These were the thoughts which flashed across her mind, and she hurried from the room in fear

and trembling.

In less than half-an-hour Lord Rattletrap arrived, and, in private conversation, was informed by the count of all which had taken place.

"A great criminal in charge of the police in

another room—Jack Dingles, say you, count?"
"Yes, my lord, and a most villanous-looking rascal he is; he was born for the gallows, if ever man was, and no mistake."

"Let me see this fellow, then, at once; he must

be committed to prison without delay."

The servants threw open the folding doors, and my lord and the count were ushered into the other room, wherein were the little magistrate, frisking and bowing as if he were dancing some jig, the criminal and the officers.

"Is this your culprit, Mr. Magistrate?" asked my

lord, with a good-natured smile.
"Yes, my lord; a most atrocious rascal, believe

"Oh, you are mistaken, my good little man," said

Lord Rattletrap, laughing right out.

"Oh, no, my lord; beg pardon, my lord; couldn't be mistaken, my lord, I took him with my own hands."

"But I tell you that you are mistaken," said my

lord, laughing heartily.

"Why, this is my friend, Mr. Morris," said my lord, shaking the prisoner by the hand cordially.
"Your what, sir?" asked the little magistrate,

turning pale, and very nervous in the knee joints. "Your what, my lord?"

"My particular friend, Mr. Morris, of London, I

The magistrate felt as if he could have sunk into his boots, and quietly retreated into a distant

He would have left the room altogether, but my

lord called him back, saying,

"Stay, stay, Mr. Magistrate; if you have made a mistake, it is a very laughable one, that's all; and I have no doubt is enjoyed also by my friend Morris, as much as any one."

"Certainly, my lord, certainly. And why not? The best of people are liable to mistakes, you

know!"

The count was now introduced to Morris by my

lord.

But, as Morris took his hand coldly, he revolted

at the touch, as he said to himself,

"This person surely can't be the intended husband of my lord's only daughter? Besides, now I come to look at him closely, several of his features are much like those of the rascal, Jack Dingles. will keep my eye upon him, Baron Duncoff, as he

styles himself.
"Well, Morris," said my lord, "I am glad to see you; for, though not expected, you have arrived just in time to be present at my daughter's wed-

ding."
"I have heard of it."

"Oh, you have, eh? And what do you think of the match, Morris?"

"Well, my lord, I have not any opinion on the matter, because, if you are pleased——"

"Oh, certainly I am."

"And the young lady is satisfied, why, of course, every one else ought to be."

"Just so, Morris; you were always a very sensible fellow."

"Thank you for the compliment, my lord."

"Although you are but a detective, Morris, you are a man of very great penetration, and should be lifted into some position in life more suitable and worthy of your talents."

Morris laughed.

"Now, you see, Morris, the case stands thus, The Raron Duncoff, or Duncow, as it is pronounced, is very rich."

"Indeed!"

"And very talented."

"He looks very talented," said Morris, with a quiet smile.

"Comes from a very ancient family."

"We all come from Adam," thought Morris. "And is desperately in love with my daughter." "Have they known each other long, my lord?"

"No, not very long, Morris. You see, last year we were travelling in Holland, and the baron fell in love with her one night at the opera; his passion was so great, he says, that it laid him on a sick bed for six months, which prevented him coming over to see her."

"Poor fellow !" sighed Morris. "So he introduced himself, eh?"

"Yes; he's quite a bold fellow."

"So it appears, my lord."

"What makes you smile so, Morris?"

"Only a passing thought, my lord—a strange, fanciful idea which floated to my mind." "Don't you think that the match is well made,

then? "No, my lord, I do not; but that is a matter which rests with you and the lady only, not a third

My lord left the apartment,

Morris was now alone. Now, it might, at first sight, appear very strange that my Lord Rattletrap should make such a confidant of a common detective; but the matter is

easily explained.

A few years before the event now narrated, some clever villain had forged my lord's name to several very heavy bills; but, through the activity and cleverness of Morris, the real culprit was discovered, and thus the fame and fortune of my lord were preserved.

It cannot be very surprising, then, to anyone that my lord should entertain great respect for Morris. and that on every occasion that he visited the Hall he should be treated more like one of the family than

a stranger.

While Morris sat on the sofa alone, Lady Emma came in unobserved, and placed a hand lightly upon his shoulder,
"You have been speaking to my father and have

told him all, Mr. Morris?"

"No, Emma, you are mistaken; I have not."

"On your word?" "And honour."

"Then I believe you. If he were told the whole secret after my marriage it would not matter; but if whispered now, the baron, being a proud, jealousminded man, might hear of it and believe that what Inad done was to screen my own guilt instead of my departed sister's."

"Is this proud jealous baron very, very fond of you, Lady Emma?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Morris; he is one of the most devoted beings in existence, and I believe that my refresh at this moment would break his tondow.

refusal at this moment would break his tender heart.'

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



A LITTLE BIT OF FRIENDLY ADVICE.

"P-o-o-r fellow!" sighed Morris, shaking his head. "And so you are to be married to-morrow?" "Yes."

'And your father is to give you a very large dowry, I hear?"

"Quite true."

"But, Lady Emma, for the sake of that friendship which my lord, your father, entertains for me, let me ask, do you know quite enough of this man you are going to marry?"

"Mr. Morris, I do not understand you."

"I mean, have you known him quite long

enough?"

"I have been acquainted with him for three months; but he has known me for over a year, he says, and followed me about like a shadow.

"So he says, I suppose."

"Yes; but, then, you know the family of Duncoff is very ancient and noble, and is of great renown in Russia."

"So he says. But what does my lord say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, Lady Emma, let me ask one ques

tion. Have I not, in a thousand ways, served your father?"

"You have."

"And do you suppose that I could for a moment entertain any wish or desire that would willingly

give him pain or displeasure?"

"No, Mr. Morris, I do not ; except for your great sagacity and intelligence my father would have been a ruined man long ago. But why look so serious, Mr. Morris?"

"Because, my lady, I have serious matters to talk about."

"Indeed! Any which personally concern me?" "Exactly so."

"And what, pray?"

"You must not marry this Russo-Dutch baron." "Must not?"

"No, you must not; he would cause your ruin and unhappiness."

There was something in the manner of Morris which the lady did not admire.

And, feeling offended at what seemed to her to be his over officiousness, she abruptly left the room.
"Well," said Morris, "and now the game begins in earnest. Who is this Baron Duncoff? know him or not?"

"He is here, if you wish to ascertain that fact for yourself," said the baron, proudly, as he entered the room in a lofty manner.

Morris, for a moment, was very much confused,

and scarcely knew what to say.

But, recollecting himself again, he rose and bow-

ed politely.
"You seem to be a very great friend of the family," said the baron, "and assume the airs of one who pretends to have authority in the house-

"No more authority, believe me, than what my

lord freely accords me.

"Oh, indeed! And does he consult you, then, on his most important affairs?"

"That is my business, and not yours."
"I don't know that," was the baron's proud answer. "Do you know that I am about to marry Lady Emma?"

" I do."

"And you have been speaking to her about the eligibility of the match l"

"I know not what authority you have for saying so, sir," Morris replied, getting red in the face.
"I heard as much."

"Perhaps over heard as much," said Morris.

"Sir, I am no eavesdropper.'

"How otherwise could you have heard what I did or did not say concerning you, then?"
"From the lady herself."

"Indeed," said Morris, annoyed.

"Yes, from the lady's own lips. And now let me tell you, sir, that, had you not been a particular friend of the family, I should have kicked you out of doors."

"You are very obliging, truly."

"You laugh, sir."

"I do, Baron Duncoff."

"And why, pray? Do you know who and what I am ?"

"Yes, certainly I do; you are a man, that's all, and so am I. But before you begin to kick anybody out of the house, you should remember that Englishmen can play at that game as well as for-tune-hunting Dutchmen and Germans."

"Why, the fellow is absolutely insulting me!" "I always answer people according to their true

merits, baron."

"And my merits, sir, you appear to think lightly Have I not

"You speak the truth; I do."

"Know you not that my family is noble, rich

and ancient?"

"That may all be; but a family crest, baron, does not make a man noble. It is his actions; and from what I should judge of your actions, I doubt very much if you ever did a really good one in all your life," said Morris, laughing. To made "Come, come, you must be joking," said the

baron, attempting to laugh. what you "No, I am not.

"And why should you judge so ?"

"From your face."

"My face? Why, I am reputed to be a very handsome man !"

"'Fine feathers make fine birds."

"And what is it you see in my face you do not like? Come, now, I am disposed to be amused."

"And perhaps annoyed, baron."

" How so ?"

"If I told you what I really think, you would be very much annoyed."

"I cannot see the force of your remark,"

"Well, then," said Morris, "I will explain.
"Your eyes are deep and cunning"
"So, so. Go on; I am all attention."

"Your mouth is thin-lipped and revengeful."

"What next?"

"Your forehead is low and receding."

"Which indicates what?"

"That you have not much brain." "But what little I have got is of a good sort, I

suppose?" "Yes, baron, good—nay, very good of its kind."
"And what kind, pray!"
"A very bad kind."

"Come, come, you are provokingly absurd, but yet very amusing. And so you think these points are not in my favour?"

"I do not."

"And where did you study physiology, my friend? You seem to depend much upon it.'

"I do, and always have done so; and never was mistaken in the looks of an honest man yet.'

"This time excepted."

"No, baron, not even on this occasion. You ask for my opinion, and I freely give it."

"And what is it, in one word?"

"That you are a very bad man-nay, even a rogue!"

The baron began to laugh quite heartily at Morris's opinions, and, while doing so, my Lord Rattletrap came in.

"You are merry, baron," said he.
"Yes, and who could be otherwise, my lord, with such an amusing person as this Mr. Morris, your old friend?"

"Why, what is the subject of conversation,

"Why, the fellow has been reading my character, and pronounces me—what do you think?"
"I know not; something very distinguished, no

doubt."

"A rogue, sir-a vagabond, sir. And not a whit less."

And the baron laughed very heartily at what had been said.

Yet Morris looked stern and serious.

"Come, come, friend Morris," said my lord, when the baron had retired, "you have been making rather too free observations on my intended son-inlaw."
"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it. I saw his flushed cheek when he left the room."

"He would not be flushed at all, then, my lord, if I had not spoken something near the truth,'

"You ought to apologise."

"I never will, and, more than that, I would advise you to break off the match."

"Why, the wedding takes place this very day by license !"

"Then I, for one, don't like it. "by ob

"What objections can you have? Is he not rich and handsome? Is not his family very great? And does not Emma love him dearly?"

"That may be all true, and it may not. Had Lady Emma loved Harry Steinbeck, her old and

faithful lover, instead of this baron, her happiness would have been certain."

"Oh! Harry Steinbeck! don't mention his name, my friend. He is not only very poor, but a great radical, I hear; besides, I want to add lustre to my house in this marriage."

"If Harry is poor he jeopardised his life more than once to save Emma; and if he is now a bit of a radical, as you call him, whose fault is it? Who was more exemplary than he before you denied him the house, my lord? If Harry had not riches, he had talents; if he had not an ancient family crest, he is of good blood, and noble natured."

"That may all be, Morris; but speak no more of such a matter, he is forgotten."

"Not by Lady Emma, I think, my lord."

"Yes, I think so; and even if the recollection is not quite gone, why the giddy whirl of high life will drive it from her head."
"Naver" said Morris "Never," said Morris, " leab paul a vd Joh!"

"Never?"

"No, never, my lord. She may say she forgets him; but she cannot. No woman could ever forget such a gallant fellow as Harry Steinbeck.'

At this moment a servant entered, and announced that the little magistrate was desirous of speaking a word or two on very important business."
"Admit him," said my lord.
He was glad that the conversation about Harry

Steinbeck was interrupted.

Emma and Harry at one time had loved each other very greatly.

But my lord broke off the acquaintance, simply because Harry was not of a titled family.

He had had his own suspicions that his daughter even now had a liking for the handsome youth, but her marriage, he thought, would put an end to that romantic idea.

In a moment the little magistrate entered the apartment in great haste and flurry.

"What is the matter?"

"Matter! my lord, matter! no end of matter."

"Then explain yourself."

"I have this moment received a despatch, post haste from London, informing me that there is every reason to believe that the notorious Jack Dingles is at this moment in Windermere."

"Impossible!" said my lord.

"Nay, very, very possible indeed," said Morris, "Where is the despatch?"
"Here, my lord, read it."
"Who brought it?" smiling.

- "A young gentleman of handsome exterior."
- "And his name?" "Harry Steinbeck."
 "I am surprised."

"I am surprised."
"And so am I, my lord."
"And have you conferred with the local consta-"It is no use I fear, my lord."

"They are too stupid to be of any use in this case," said Morris, with a dry laugh. "It would take the rural police a whole year to get on the scent of such a rascal as Jack."

"This is very unfortunate," said my lord. "The marriage ceremony must not be postponed en account of this news, however."

Some directions were given in writing, by my lord, to the little magistrate, and he left the apartment to superintend all that was necessary about the marriage ceremony.

"Let me look at that," said Morris, snatching the instructions out of the magistrate's hand. "Let me look at it," he added, in a laughing manner.

- "Well I never! Who ever heard of such impudence in all their lives? Why, this fellow must be mad."
- "No I am not mad," said Morris, laughing; "and to show you that I have got my wits about me, look

At the same time he tore up my lord's written

instructions into a hundred fragments.

"The devil!" said the little magistrate, turning pale in astonishment; "the devil!"

"Come my friend," said Morris; "leave this matter in my hands."

"Your hands !" bemess smill diemon a roll

"Yes, mine."
"It strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, that you know the strikes me, my fine fellow, the strikes me, my fine fellow the strikes me, my more about this famous rascal than you'd like to be sign his name, when Morris said, in a ".ob I oZ"

"So I do.
"I thought so; and, perhaps, then, you are the very identical person?"
"Silence," said Morris, in such a sudden manner that it startled the little man considerably.
"Silence! and be guided by me."

"And who the devil are you, I want to know?"

said the little man, in great surprise.
"In less than an hour you shall know. Come this way; let us be present at the marriage cere-

Morris and the little man sauntered into the

drawing room.

When they arrived they found the attorneys busy with their papers, and arranging them on the table.

A minister was there also, ready robed, to perform the ceremony of marriage.

The baron and Lady Emma stood side by side. "Now, my dear baron," my lord began, "we will first sign the marriage settlements, and immediately afterwards his reverence here will perform the religious ceremony."

"I am quite ready and willing, my noble father," said the baron, "for this is the happiest moment of my whole life."

"I am very glad to hear it," growled Morris.
"What did you say, Morris?"
"Nothing, my lord."

"Wby, yes you did; I heard you myself," said the little magistrate, "I never saw such a man in all my life; he's always saying or doing something he ought not."

"You look frowning, my friend," said the baron, and am perfectly satisfied of its authentiff Tod "

to Morris.

"Yes, And why, pray?"
"Because, to tell you the truth, baron, I am right sorry to see such a lamb united to such a wolf as you are."

"The man is mad, baron, quite mad, I assure you,

baron," said the little man, in confidence.

Duncoff had no time to make a reply, for at that

moment my lord said,

"Now, baron, we will begin business. Here are notes to the value of £50,000, which I give you as my daughter's dowry, and I hope that, by your prudence and sagacity, they may get in time treble their value."

"Thanks, my lord, thanks," said the baron, as he pocketed the bundle of notes in a very careful

manner.

"See how the devil grins at the money," said Morris, half aloud; "I thought his eyes would start out of his head."

"Now, my dear daughter," said my lord, here is

the pen; sign the marriage contract."

For a moment or two Lady Emma seemed very much confused, and hesitated.

She seemed to be very faint.

While my lord and the baron were talking apart, Morris approached Lady Emma, and whispered-"If you don't love him, do not sign the contract."

"I must."

"You can refuse; it is not too late even now."
"I dare not; it would be worse than death to

my father," back him father, and a state of the my father,"

"Never mind that; consult your own happiness. Think of Harry Steinbeck."

For a moment Emma seemed irresolute.

But at last she rose, and, approaching the table, signed the contract and then sank into a chair.

The baron's turn now came, and he was about to sign his name, when Morris said, in a loud tone,

'I forbid this marriage !"

"You, sir?" said my lord, in a great passion.
"Yes, I do, my lord; this is not the Baron Dun-

coff-I do not believe it is he."

"Can you prove what you say, insolent fool?" said the baron. "Beware how you speak in your madness."

"I don't believe you are the baron at all," re-

peated Morris, in an indignant manner.

"Were you not in the presence of ladies, sir," the baron replied, "I would strike you to the earth."
"These interruptions, Mr. Morris, are unaccountable," said my lord.

"Quite so, sir, most rascally and impudent," said the little magistrate; "that's what I have told the fellow a dozen times to-day."

"I care not what you say, my lord, and I care not what people may think, I still assert that this person cannot be the true baron."

"Cannot, stupid fool?" said the 'baron, red with

rage, "cannot? Would you have proof?"
"I would."

"Can you read?"
"Yes."

"Then read that," said he, placing a document in Morris's hands. "That, you impudent, vulgar fellow, is my name, title, and pedigree, written and signed by myself, and, as you see, if you are not blind, is counter-signed and sealed in half-a-dozen different places by the various foreign consuls in Holland, who have known me and my family for

"Quite true," said my lord, "quite true, baron. "I have read the document through and through, and am perfectly satisfied of its authenticity."

The baron bowed.

"And my daughter also. Is it not so, Emma?"
"It is, my noble father," Lady Emma replied;
"I have read the document, and am perfectly satisfied with its authenticity."

Morris hung his head like a man who had com-

mitted some grave fault.

"Are you satisfied, my inquisitive friend?" said the baron, advancing towards Morris, with a supercilious smile upon his countenance; "are you satis-

fied, my friend?"
"No, nor shall I ever be," said Morris, proudly.
"I know that both my lord and his daughter are infatuated with you, but I am not. I know in my heart that you are an impostor, and nothing in the world shall make me think otherwise."

These words were spoken in a low tone of voice. No one heard them save the baron himself

From that moment there was a deadly hatred between Morris and Duncoff.

Any judge of human nature would have seen in the eyes of each a revengeful fiery glow.

"Come, baron, sign the marriage settlements," said my lord.

Duncoff went to the table and signed the con-

tract.

As he did so Morris glanced over the baron's shoulder, and then burst out into an uproarious fit

of laughter which astonished every one.

"He has signed the document truly," said Morris,
"but not in the same handwriting as his family
deeds! He is an impostor; it is not Baron Duncoff, he is Jack Dingles! I know his handwriting. To become possessed of this family deed he must have been the man who murdered the true baron on the road to Windermere!"

"What!" exclaimed my lord; "not the same

writing?"

And he looked first at the signature in the marriage settlement, and compared it with the record of the Duncoff family.

"It is not the same writing," said my lord.
"Not by a long deal," said the little magistrate,
great excitement. "There is some mystery in great excitement. here."

The would-be baron turned all manner of colours and would have dashed out of the room, carrying with him Lady Emma's dowry, which he had in notes in his pocket.

But on the instant he was seized by the little magistrate, Harry Steinbeck, and Morris, and firmly

"You have got the odd trick, Morris," said Jack; "it is no use of denying it. I am not the Baron Duncoff."

"I knew it," said Morris. "No one else but Jack Dingles?"
"The same."

"Then I arrest you on the charge of murdering

the real Baron Duncoff," said Morris.

"As you like," said Jack, crestfallen and annoyed. "I have all along been playing for a very heavy stake, but lost. I came very near doing the trick; but you out-played me. I am tired of life; do with me whatever you please."

Jack Dingles was led forth, handcuffed, cast into gaol, tried, sentenced, and soon after hung at York

Castle.

" But "But what became Emma?" said Tom Ford. became of the daughter, Lady

"She ultimately married Harry Steinbeck," said Gale, "and my lord, through his influence at court, managed to have the title and estates revert to Harry Steinbeck upon his own demise."

"And it was proved, then, that this desperate fellow actually did murder the true Baron Dun-

"Yes; Jack Dingles stopped at the same road-side inn one night whereat the baron was putting up. He learned everything he could about him, and waylaid him, stopped the carriage, drove off the coachman and footman, killed the owner, and ap-

propriated all his goods and valuables."
"What an audacious scoundrel!" said Tom. "But what did my lord do for Mr. Morris?"

"He gave him a very handsome pension for life, and so did the government, and, as you will say, he richly deserved it."

CHAPTER CIV.

GALE RELATES ANOTHER OF THE DETECTIVE'S STORIES.

"Bravo!" said Tom, when Sergeant Gale had finished his narration, "bravo, for the clever fellow Morris. Let us drink his health in a bumper, Mr. Gale."

"With all my heart, Captain Tom," the officer replied.

"And is he living now, Gale?"

"Yes, and doing well."

"Not in the 'force,' I suppose?" said Tom.
"No, he has retired many years ago."
"Well, good luck to him, say I, wherever he is."

"And so say I also. Most people, perhaps, might look upon what I have now told you as a bit of fiction; but it is not, for truth is stranger than fiction."

"And so I believe," said Tom, "for I have had experience of many things of a like nature, which, if told to the many, would not be believed; but I know of facts which have come under my own knowledge equally as new and strange as the story you have now told."

un have now told."
"I have no doubt of it," Gale replied. "But, I
the best story yet. There is have not told you the best story yet. There is another one which Morris related far superior to

that."

"Indeed!" "Yes."

"And what is that about?"

"Why, he saved a young nobleman from ruin, and even from death."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do, though."

"How?"

"I'll tell you if you'll only listen patiently; and, after this story, we'll both go out together, and see if we can fall across this Warner or old Flint." "Agreed."

THE YOUNG NOBLEMAN AND THE DETECTIVE.

Well, then, one night Morris and I were sitting in Bow Street, warming our toes before a roaring

The night outside in the streets was filthy dirty,

and the rain fell in torrents.

I didn't have much to do with detective cases then, for I was much too young, and hadn't been

in the force very long.

But, I liked Morris, for he was a quiet, shrewd, brave fellow, very gentlemanly in his manner, and few would have taken him to be a detective, and one of the best in all the world.

He was, in truth, a gentleman, who had become suddenly reduced in circumstances, and all through the knavery of a gang of sharps; who had ruined

He could speak and write French and Italian

almost as well as he could English.

Well, while he was sitting before the fire on the night in question, the inspector called him into his private office, and—
"Morris," said he, "I have got a very particular job for you."

"What is it?" said Morris.
"Well," said the inspector, "I can't explain it very well, but here is a card; you see the direction upon it; go to the address, and you will there learn all particulars."

Morris took the card.

It was a beautifully enamelled bit of pasteboard, and on it was engraved a coat of arms.

The name on it was the "Countess Frimley,
No. 190, Grosvenor Square."

"A countess," thought Morris: "what the deuce do they want a detective in Grosvenor Square for ?"

A moment's reflection might have convinced Morris that rich people are sometimes as great rogues as poor ones, and require the services of the "force" occasionally on matters of great import-

But, then, in the case of the rich, these affairs are so "hushed up," that the common people and the newspapers seldom or ever hear of their evil doings.

Morris went home and dressed himself in his

It was past nine o'clock when he got to Grosvenor Square, and he rang the servants' bell, rather too loudly, for "Jeames," the footman, looked amazingly angry, and puffed out his cheeks and breast with any amount of pride as he opened the door, and said-

"Well, and what do you want? who are you?"
"What is that to do with you?" said Morris,
"and how dare you ask me?"

"Jeames" was slightly taken aback by Morris's cool manner, and eyed the detective very carefully from head to foot.

"Well, sir, and what is your name?" said Jeames,

bursting with curiosity.
"Find out," said Morris. "Take this note up to her ladyship instantly; I will wait here for an

"I have no doubt you will," said Jeames. "Did you expect to be asked into the drawing-room, then, eh? ha, ha!"

The footman went upstairs with the note.

Presently he came down, all smiles, and began to bow to the detective as if he had been the Sultan

of Egypt.
"Will you please to walk upstairs, sir ?" said the flunkey, blandly; "her ladyship will see you in the

small drawing-room."
"Will she?" said Morris, with a comical grin
that almost abashed the footman. "Then show the way, fellow; I will follow."

"Fellow, sir, fellow," the footman began.

"There, don't stand there chattering and bobbing

like a parrot; show the way, I say."

Jeames showed the way. His pride was hurt.

Directly the drawing-room door had closed on Morris, "Jeames" shook his fist, as much as to say, "I only wish you'd call me a 'fellow' out of doors, that's all," And he struck an attitude outside on the leading with he made to the leading of the struck and the leading with the made to the leading with the leading with the made to the leading with the leading with the leading with the made to the leading with the leading with the made to the leading with the with the leading with the the landing, as if he were about the pleasant operation of punching the stranger's head.

"The Countess Frimley, I believe," said Morris,

bowing.

"The same, sir; and your name is --"

" Morris."

"The same person who is mentioned in this note?"

"Yes, madam."

"There is no mistake, I hope?"

"Not the least, madam, I assure you."

For a moment the countess looked sideways at the visitor, as if she could not believe that such a well-spoken, well-dressed person really could be a detective officer.

For a few moments she seemed to hesitate and knew not what to say.

She endeavoured once or twice to begin the con-

versation, but did not exactly know how. "I suppose that the inspector, sir, has told you

everything ?" "No, my lady, not a word."

"Well, then, as you are an officer, I might as well say that I have sent for you to speak regarding my only son, Charles."

Morris bowed. "He is not quite twenty years of age yet, and I fear he has fallen into the hands of - the snares

"Very wicked people, I have no doubt," said Morris, quickly, "and, as a mother, you would like to see him rescued."
"That is just what I was about to remark," the

countess observed.

"Oh, that is nothing new; I can assure your ladyship such cases come under our notice continually; therefore, my dear lady, you need not have any fear or reservation in speaking to me fully on

the subject, for such communications are always inviolable secrets.
"So I have heard," the countess remarked,

coldly.

But she did not at that moment imagine it possible that "inviolable secresy" was one of the virtues possessed by the detective force as a body.

"He is an only son, sir," the countess went on, "and during the last twelve months has squandered a great deal of property—property which really is not his own as yet, and will not be until he arrives at the age of twenty-one."

"I understand, my lady; he may have got into the hands of the Jews, and you, perhaps, desire to recover some of the money which they have in polite terms fleeced him of?"

"No, sir, I do not think he has been borrowing much. I fear my son's case is worse than that."
"Indeed, my lady!" said the 'detective, in surprise, but with a smile, added, "I think, my lady, there are few things which could befal a young gentleman of fashion much worse than falling into the hands of grasping money-lenders."
"I fear, sir, that Charles has been seduced into

the company of gamblers."
"Oh, indeed!"

"It is not so much to recover what he has lost, sir, that I care, but I am naturally desirous to see my only son rid of such company.

"Very natural, my lady; very natural indeed."
"I am certain that within the past year he must have lost £10,000 in gambling."

Morris shook his head.

"He has spent this amount, as he thinks, unknown to me, and were it not for a mere accident, I might never have come to the knowledge of it.

"I am very sorry to hear this, my lady, for I fear we shall never be able to recover a tenth part of this loss."

"I do not care for the money," the countess re-peated; "if he had spent twice that sum I should not have minded his ways, if such an amount had only been spent in some legitimate way. It is for his honour and standing as a gentleman that I am concerned, Mr. Morris, for I have reason to believe that he has, at times, when in want of money, actually taken certain family jewels of great value, and made away with them."

For a moment the countess did not speak, and

could scarcely refrain from tears.

She handed a photographic likeness of the young man to Morris.

"And you have not, of course, the slightest idea of where your son goes to ?"

"He is out very late, you say?"
"Yes, he comes in at all hours of the morning." "Does he often go to the opera, my lady?"

"Yes, he is very partial to music, and always was."

"That is all I want to ask, my lady, for since you have given me his portrait, I could find him out among a thousand."

"And do you think you have any hopes of reclaiming him, sir?"

"Yes, my lady; at least, let me hope so."

"I would go to any expense, you know, in order that he might be rescued from these wicked men." "It will not cost much, my lady."

"But your expenses will amount to something, and of course, as this case is strictly of a private and confidential nature, I will provide for every

necessary outlay." Morris bowed. The lady went to a writing-desk, and gave him some thirty sovereigns in gold, and some half-dozen five-pound notes.
"This, perhaps, may be sufficient for the present,"

said the countess.

"Thanks, my lady," said Morris, bowing; "and now that you have told me all, there is one thing I would particularly impress upon your ladyship.'

"Name it, sir."

"Do not, by any means—no, not to your most intimate friends—ever whisper a word about this transaction; it must remain a dead secret between

"Very well, sir."

"And no matter what I do-when I come to this house, with your son, my lady, which I perhaps may sometimes do, as his friend—do not, I say, even by look, intimate that you have ever seen me be-

"I will not; good night."

Morris bowed and retired, saying,

"I will communicate by letter, my lady."
Directly he reached the hall door, he said, in a loud tone, to "Jeames,"
"When do you expect Charles to return, fellow?"
"Charles?" said "Jeames," in astonishment at the stranger's freedom of manner, "Charles, sir?

The Hon. Charles, I suppose you mean?"
"I mean what I say, fellow. Charles, I repeat;
my friend Charles, when do you expect him to re-

"Very early, sir; very early."

"Tell no lies! You do not expect him very early, and you know it."

" Sir."

"Don't stand there sir-ing me," said the officer; "you know he seldom ever returns before day-

"Upon my honour, sir-"

"There, that will do, don't tell any more lies. Of course you always tell my lady that he returns early -it is your policy to do so, but you know he does not for all that."

Morris looked] "Jeames" strait in the eyes, and

the footman was abashed.

"Does it rain?" asked Morris.

"It pours,"

"Then go and call a cab."

" Me, sir?"

"Yes, you, do you hear? Go and call a cab instantly.

"Me, sir, in all this rain? Why, it would spoil

all my livery."

"Better so that than lose your situation, I think," said Morris. "Go this instant, I repeat, or I will return to the drawing-room and inform the countess. of your insolence."

The flunkey was amazed. He knew not what to do for a moment.

But he looked at the determined face of the officer, and did as he was told.

Through the pouring rain he went, and soon returned with a Hansom cab.

Morris jumped into it.

Morris jumped into it.

"Jeames" tried to listen to the directions given
to the driver, but could not hear a word.

""No doubt the young radical has gone to the
opera," thought Morris. "I'll go and change my
dress and drop in for half an hour at Her
Majesty's Opera House."

Morris was driven home, and in less than half an hour he came forth from his own house dressed in the approved manner, and alighted from his cab as gaily as any nobleman in the land.

He did not appear to take much interest in the

performance, but gazed round the house.

He could not see any one in any way like the

Hon. Charles Frimley.

He was thinking what might be the best thing to do next when laughter from one of the boxes attracted his attention.

He turned round, and, at a single glance, perceived there were two persons in the box.

One was none other than the young gentleman

he was in search of.
"But who's the other, I wonder?" thought

He levelled his opera-glass at the other person,

and in a moment felt satisfied.

It was "Con" Williams, or, as he was generally called, "Captain" Williams, one of the most unscrupulous gamblers and cheats in all the world

"So, that's it, eh, Con?" thought Morris. "You are plucking the 'pigeon' very nicely, I perceive, and the Honourable Charles has no notion of your real character.

"I must be very careful how I proceed in this matter," thought Morris. "This Con belongs to a desperate band of scoundrels, and might murder

me if they knew who and really what I was.
"But, then, they don't," thought he, "It is
many a good year since he and his friends "plucked' me out of a hundred or two, and they'll never expect I am other than a gentleman of means from my dress and conversation."

For a moment a red flush came over the face of Morris as he remembered how, long ago, this same Con Williams cheated him out of his money at cards, and afterwards turned round and laughed at

"Never mind," thought Morris, "I always imagined that I should have revenge out of him in the long run, and now I am in a fair way of getting it; but if they only suspect, if they have the very shadow of a doubt about me, I am a gone man, therefore, I had better arm myself with a revolver against all emergencies, for I have no desire to be stabbed in the dark by any of his French or German

So thinking, Morris left the opera-house, and went to his lodgings for a revolver, and soon re-

turned again.

But, this time, he did not go into the pit, but walked boldly round to the box wherein he had seen the Honourable Charles Frimley in company. with this so-called "Captain Con Williams."

As luck would have it, the door of the box was on ajar, and he could hear the "Captain" and

Charles Frimley conversing.

"You were very successful last night," said

"Well, yes, perhaps so; but to no great extent. See how you have won occasionally; why, you are the very devil at cards; but you can't expect to win always, though."

"No, certainly not; but, I have had a fearful

run of bad luck lately."

"Oh, never mind, better fortune next time. I'll give you revenge to-night, if you like.

"No, I don't think I shall play at all to-night."
"Why not? Why, come, man, you are not going to desert us in that way, I hope? Who knows I may be the loser to-night?"

"Well, I don't mind having a game or two; but for a small stake, mind. I can't afford to lose any more thousands, you know."

"Certainly not; but it was all perfectly fair and honourable, you will admit ?!'
"Yes, oh, yes."

"It was luck, my boy, mere luck."

"Was it?" thought Morris, as he listened, and a

fiendish grin flitted across his face. If Was it all luck though?" thought the officer, "I don't know so much about that; we shall see."

He entered the box, to the no small surprise of the " captain," who, after a quick look, recognised the

new comer.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Morris, bowing to the Honourable Charles, "I beg pardon for intruding; but I recognised in your companion an old friend I have not seen for years."

"Why, Morris, my dear fellow, how are you?" said the "captain" shaking the new comer by the hand. "I heard you were dead."
"Dead no; I'm better than ten thousand dead

men."

"Glad to see you, my friend, very glad," said the captain," introducing Morris to the Honourable Charles Frimley. "I had not the least idea of ever seeing you again. When did you come up from the country?

"To-day."

"Oh ! indeed !" a set of theil a for saw eredT

"The old gentleman died lately." and swobniw

"What! your rich uncle you used to speak of?"
"Yes; and left me £30,000."

"Well done; come, that isn't very bad news, is it, Charley?" said the captain, thus familiarly addressing the young nobleman.
"No, by Jove! quite the contrary. I wish some

one would leave me half that amount, I shouldn't

grumble."

"Nor me neither," said the captain, laughing. "You are married, I suppose, Morris?"

"Oh, yes, and steady, very steady; no more larks

bout town for me, you know."

"Oh! of course not!" said the captain, laughing heartily. "A man with £30,000 can't afford a night or two in frolic; but you shall, my boy, shan't he. Charley?'

"I should not object to your friend's company, by any means," said the Honourable Charles, yawning.

"Anything you like; I'll make one."

"Well said." Williams replied. "Let's leave this "Well said," Williams replied. Let's leave this dull affair, and go over to some snug coffee-room I know of. We'll have a jolly good feed, and afterwards—why, anything, or anywhere you like."

Captain Williams left the house, followed by

Morris and Charles Frimley.

They went to the supper-room, and the "captain" ordered a very fine and savoury supper, which Morris partook of with great relish.

He had not enjoyed such a repast for many a long

day, and, therefore, did ample justice to it.

The only excess he guarded against was that of

"And so fortune has turned up 'trumps' once again, eh, Morris?" said the "captain," picking his teeth. "Well, I'm deuced glad to hear it, my boy."

"I dare say you are," thought Morris, who, from the captain's sparkling eye, imagined, and truly, that the sharper was planning some game to ruin him, as he had done years before.

"It is a very long time since I have seen my old friend, Morris," said the captain to the Hon. Charles, "but I can assure you there wasn't a gayer fellow about town at one time than he was. He threw his money about like sand," said Williams; " and as to fast horses, and the like, there wasn't one to compare to him.'

"So much the worse for me," thought Morris; "but I hadn't the sense I have now, as the captain will soon find. I was totally ruined through this same cool-handed villain, and myself and poor wife reduced to the utmost and most abject poverty;

and all through card-playing and drugged wine. But my hour of revenge is drawing nigh.

After supper, the captain proposed a "cosy little game" of cards.

"Only one game you know," said he.
"Well, just as you like," said young Frimley;
but only one game, mind."

"Oh, of course, only one."

"Well, I shall go home," said Morris.

"Oh, don't say that, my friend," Charles remarked. "If you don't have a game I won't."
"I never play now."

"Oh yes, you do," said the captain, with a sly wink at Morris, as much as to say, "Come, have a game or two, I'll take care you don't lose anything."

After much persuasion, Morris went with them to a noted gambling-hell, in one of the by-streets near the Strand.

The captain stopped before a dark-looking house,

and gently knocked twice.

There was not a light to be seen in any of the windows, but Morris carefully noted the number of the house.

After a moment the door was opened. All three gentlemen entered the passage.

The captain and Hon. Charles Frimley were

quickly recognised by the servant,
"But who is this gentleman?" said he, approaching Morris. "What does he do here?"
"He," said the captain, "is an old friend of

mine."

"Indeed; oh, then, I beg pardon. I thought he was an intruder, you know. I know the gentleman's face well, somewhere, but cannot call to mind how, or when, or where."

"The devil you can," said the captain, laughing. "You are much cleverer than most people, then, for he has only just arrived from the country, and hasn't been in London for several years before."

The servant then shut to and bolted the front

door.

He next touched a bell that communicated with

some room upstairs.

On the instant Morris heard the heavy bolt drawn of a second door in the passage, and the way upstairs was clear.

Morris laughed at the precautions resorted to by the gamblers, but the captain laughed as he said-

"We are more particular now than we used to be, you know, Morris; the police can't get in upon us before we are prepared for them,"
"So I perceive."

"The front door is opened, and unless the visitors ars are well known, or introduced by some one who frequents the place, the second floor is not opened at all. That little bell you heard communicates with the principal card-room upstairs; one ring signifies that all is right, three rings alarm every one; the card, dice, dominoes, and the like are destroyed, so that if the police do come upon us they cannot discover aught on which to convict us."

These particulars were given to Morris by the captain in a whisper, and the officer smiled.

They all went upstairs.

In the front room on the first floor were some half-dozen card-tables lit by gas lights.

Frimley and the captain were quickly recognised and welcomed.

But several black-whiskered, fierce-looking foreigners rose from their seats, and narrowly scanned the features of Morris, and were not fully satisfied as to him until the captain whispered to one of them in French.

"All right, an old 'pigeon' of mine; he's immensely rich, come in for a terrific fortune. Use him gently for a night or two so as to drown his suspicions."

A significant nod was the answer.

After much coaxing Morris consented to sit down and have a game or two with the foreign-looking rascal that the captain had whispered to.

The captain himself was deeply engaged with young Frimley at a side table.

Morris had perfectly understood what Williams had whispered to the Frenchman.

As a matter of course, then, Morris was allowed to win several games, and ere an hour had elapsed he had put twenty or thirty pounds into his

pocket.

"This will do very nicely," thought Morris; "they will let me win like this for a night or two in hopes that during the week they may completely fleece me at one sitting; but I'll take care they don't, though. It is a game of diamond cut diamond now, and I am the sharpest of the lot."

The Hon. Charles Frimley, however, was not so

He lost heavily, and began to get very angry,

and drank a deal of wine

Morris was so close to him that he heard all that was said, and, more than that, he could plainly see that the "Right Hon. Captain" was cheating him. This was more than he dared to insinuate, how-

ever.

It would have been more than his life was worth to have hinted such a thing in the company of such a room full of black-legs, sharpers and desperadoes.

It was past two o'clock in the morning ere the Hon. Charles Frimley rose from the card-table. He was very much the worse for drink, and stag-

gered about.

Morris had taken a little, and pretended to be intoxicated also, but, as we know, he was not so.

A cab was called, but ere it came the Hon. Charles sank into a chair, and looked the very picture of a desperate youth who has lost his all. Morris pretended to be sleepy, and sat in a chair

"How did you and that countryman, Morris, get along together?" asked the "captain" of the French-looking gentleman.

"Oh! very well. I did as you told me."

"How much did you let him win ?'tylaisers ? the on have treated me like a gen 082 at nod Alube

Rather heavy; but we shall be sure to get it all back in a night or two. ome of orus ad HIL sey

"How do you know that ? arutar I refore benda

As I have said before he has been left £30,000, and has come up to town to draw it. He can't do so, however, until a day or two luc aid not adgreed "I see; I see." him almost immediate

We will let him win once or twice more, and, when we know for certain that he has drawn his of frink much, and yet I no ment and to whom which

We'll fleece him of every penny.

"Just the plan I wish you to act upon, but you must draw it mild with him just at first, for I have plucked him once several years since, and he might tumble to our game if we are in too great a hurry.'

At that moment the cab was announced.

Morris volunteered to see the Hon. Charles to his residence in Grosvenor Square, day doumi

They both got into the vehicle as best they could, and it drove off.

"You'll come to-morrow night, Morris?" said the captain, as they parted.

12 AU 6

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



A FRIENDLY VISITOR-See next Number.

"Certainly, my boy; I'll call often," said Morris. "You have treated me like a gentleman, and the least I can do is to return your politeness. Oh, yes, I'll be sure to come, and we'll all have a jolly spree before I return into the country."

On the way to Grosvenor Square, Morris called at a druggist's shop and asked for a particular draught for his intoxicated friend, which sobered

him almost immediately.
"You are very kind," said the Hon. Charles,
"very kind, indeed. I don't know how it is, I do not drink much, and yet I not only get very stupidly drunk with Captain Williams, but also lose my money."

"As luck would have it, I won to-night," said

Morris.

"How much."

"About £30."

"Oh, that is a mere nothing to what I have lost."

"Have you lost much, then?"

"Very much; about £300." " How unfortunate !"

"True it is; but the worst of it is, I must play."
"You must?"

"Yes; I must play till I win all back again or lose all."

"You speak, my young friend, as if you were in serious difficulties."

"And so I am. I feel now at this moment so maddened by my losses, that I would willingly blow out my brains."

And as he spoke Charles Frimley heaved a deep

"The worst of it, my friend, Morris, is this, I have not only been squandering all my own money, but I am ashamed to say I have been drawing on my mother's resources unknown to her; and, worse than all -

"Speak out Charley, my boy," said Morris, in a friendly manner; "speak out, you needn't fear

"Well, then, Morris, to tell you the truth, I have stolen some of my mother's and sister's diamonds, and pawned them for money to gamble with."

"With whom have you pawned them?" "With Captain Williams, he is a most honourable

fellow." "Oh, very," said Morris, with a bitter smile, and clenching his fist, "oh, a very honourable fellow, I hear; in fact, the very pink of honour."
"He would not sell these jewels, would he, think

you?"

"Perhaps not; but if you had no compunction of conscience in pawning them to him, it is possible he may have none either in selling them if he "He dare not," we started to vinsquot wanted money."

"Have you any written agreement?", 9918 ngid ni

" No."

"Then he dare do anything." The beart of T

"If he sells them without my authority, I

"Take care, Mr. Frimley, this Captain Williams is a bit of a duelist, mind; every gambler is a bit of a desperado."

"Oh, he would not so much disgrace me as all

that."

"I don't know that; when are you to redeem

these jewels?"

"On Thursday night. I have made arrangements to win back all I have lost, or to lose everything, and then blow out my brains." "It has come to that, eh?" Stap Jog Swilling

"It has, Mr. Morris; for two months past I have been leading a very bad life; living is a misery to me. I have jeopardized my honor, in fact more than pawned it. I must come out of this trial spotless, or else dead." assissmA add bas steddas

"So you are going to play very heavily next.
Thursday night?" and a second of state of the control of the contr

"But you have not told Williams you intend to bring with you a sum sufficient to win back all you have lost previously?" I at a radius beginns you

"No; but I intend to bring the sum nevertheless."

"Very well. But where are you to get such a

large sum ?"

"I must visit the jewel cases of my mother and sister, I suppose. If I win they will never be the wiser, but if I lose my death will compensate for all, for I have fully made up my mind to do one thing or the other." many wild and

Charles Frimley and Morris parted.

The one stopped at Grosvenor Square, and W

The other walked off to his lodgings. and was some

Next morning he went to Lady Frimley, and explained all that happened.

"He repents, say you, sir ?" the anxious mother

"He does, my lady, and very bitterly."

"Oh! thank heaven for that," said the lady; "if he will but leave his wicked companions I care not how much he has spent, or how much he desires to

"But, my lady, we must punish these rascals in

some way.'

"Oh, never mind them; I care not how much Charles has lost with them provided he has resolved to reform."

But Mr. Morris thought otherwise.

He was desirous not only of reclaiming the young man, but was also determined to get back from the

gamblers all they had fleeced him of,
When the Thursday night came, Morris and the
the Hon. Charles found themselves in the gambling

hell once more.

Morris, in answer to the captain's inquiries, said that he had not yet drawn his money, but would do

so on the following day.

This news seemed to please the gamblers very much, and they produced wine and cigars in abundance.

Williams whispered to a companion.

"Get Morris to play a few games with you, let him win, he will come here to-morrow night brimfull of money, and then you can have ample revenge."

"How much shall he win?"

"About twenty or thirty pounds. I have got the safe side of this young fool Frimley; he wants me to stake the jewels I won of him against an equivalent in money, and play for the lot."

"Which you will, of course, win ?"

"Yes."

"Then do so." the far of land.

"Then do so." the semiliary affairs do not occurred a semiliary affairs do not occurred a semiliary affairs do not occurred a semiliary and a semiliary affairs do not occurred a semiliary and a semiliary an

Morris heard this conversation, whispered as it was, and determined to keep his eyes open.

Morris and another began to play, and the officer

Hour after hour had passed, and the interest of the whole room was centred in the game between the captain and young Frimley.

"I will not play any more until you produce the jewels you had of me," said Frimley, in great

passion.

How much will you stake against them?"out in "Their full value, in gold and notes," said Charles, emptying his pockets upon the card-table.

The sight of so much gold and so many notes

filled the gambler's heart with joy.

After some hesitation Captain Williams went upstairs, and produced several very costly jewel cases.

There," said he, "there are the jewels I won from you, and there is the gold and notes you intend to bet against them." ientes, and defend it with all my stagir HAOnl

"Then let the play commence at once," said

Williams, "it is getting late, and near midnight." An awful silence now reigned in the room.

The heat was almost stifling, and the gamblers pressed round the table whereon was placed the treasure.

The dice-box rattled it a ried diw Jeem

Williams played first, and made an excellent

Charles Frimley sighed deeply as he tried to turn the run of luck against him.

He also threw, but a much lower number than the captain.

At this moment the signal bell from below was The gamblers started to their feet, or would no to

They listened for a moment.

The porter below now touched the alarm bell

again. "All right," said the gamblers; "all right, only a false alarm."

a raise alarm."

The dice rattled again.

It was the last throw which Charles Frimley

had.
"You have lost the game," said William, coolly.
"It was done by roguery, then," Morris replied; "I saw you."
"Roguery!" murmured every one present, with

flashing eyes.
"Yes, downright villainy," said Morris.

As he spoke Williams rushed at him, and a deadly struggle would have ensued, but Morris retreated towards the door, and touched the handle of it. In an instant the door was opened.

In rushed twenty policemen.
The fight did not last five minutes.

The gamblers were all arrested, their flash notes and coin secured. Young Frimley got back all his money and jewels.

"And Captain Williams, what did he get?" asked Tom.

"Transportation for life," said Gale. money and then you can have

CHAPTER CV de doum

LION HUNTING - STIRRING SCENES - FATTY IN DANGER-THE TROPHIES-SECRET INFORMATION FORWARDED TO CAPTAIN TOM FORD.

"DEAR TOM,-In my last letter I told you of various events which have happened to the Boy

Soldier in this far off land.

"But as military affairs do not occupy us always, as indeed we have been employed on all sorts of service, I intend in this, my present letter, to give you an adventure which befell our company lately with wild animals in the dense forests around us.

"We were informed after our last fight with the French, that they were about to throw a large force up the river and get in rear of the Mexican army, and thus cut us off, if possible, from the

"Now this was to be prevented, and at once; for if the French marshal managed to get in our rear and cut us off from the chief city, further resistance on the part of our gallant little army might be said

to be at an end.

"Now, as the Boy Soldiers had on all occasions distinguished themselves, and could be relied on for bravery and constancy in any emergency, I received a note from the Mexican Commander-in-Chief asking me if I would take my company and march through the wild western country, until I came to a certain ford of the river, called Aguas Callientes, and defend it with all my might, should the French attempt to cross.

"As you may imagine, this task was one of very

great difficulty and danger.

"I consented, of course; but chose to consult the wishes of the Boy Soldiers under my command, for I did not choose to undertake any duty which did not meet with their entire approval.

"Directly I told them of my project, the brave lads shouted with joy, and wished to march

"Now Aguas Callientes was more than one hundred miles up the river, and as it was the only ford by which the French could possibly cross, I thought it proper to state my true opinion to the Commander-in-Chief that we required several pieces of artillery to help us.

"This he acknowledged, and let me have two light guns and a company of cavalry besides.

"At the thoughts of a series of wild adventures in the deep, dense forests, of probable encounters with the Indians, and adventures with wild beasts, the Boys were in raptures, and wished to begone at

"Having made every preparation for the journey, we started off on our destination, in high glee, and with loud cheers from those of the Mexican army who were informed of the dangerous expedition on which we were sent.

"'You will be all cut to pieces by the French,'

said one.

". The Indians will attack you, steal all your horses, burn the grass for miles around, and you'll all die of starvation.

"'Oh, and won't they meet with panthers, and

other fierce varmint !

"'That's just the sort of thing I should like to fall in with,' said our tall American trapper.

"'And I also,' said Hugh Tracy,

"'Can't we run off with a dozen pretty Indian women?' said Fatty, 'what a jolly spree it would

"'You had better try it on,' said the Trapper, shrugging his shoulders-'you won't make the

attempt a second time, I'm thinking.'

"However, with our waggons, two cannons, the company of Mexican cavalry (lancers), and our company of Boy Soldiers, we started off up the country in high glee, and well provided with most necessaries that we needed.

"The first day we did not journey very far, for the deep sandy soil was difficult to march on, so made very short stages, and in the evening camped in a dense, black, gloomy forest, about half a mile from

the river.

"We had seen in the distance large herds of game, chiefly of the antelope kind, wild hogs, buffaloes, and such like, but as yet none of the beasts of prey, which dozens of people told us swarmed in the forests near the river.

"We had seen plenty of jackals, and at night prairie wolves in thousands serenaded us delightfully, with a chorus of excruciating howls and barks,

until we got quite used to them.

disturbed by wild animals of the most ferocious

"We had heard much regarding the gigantic panthers and the American lions, and were longing

to see them.

"In our little band were a number of hangers-on, or 'camp followers,' who had taken such a liking to our English Boy Soldiers that we could not get rid of them.

"They camped separate from our soldiers, but, as they lived for the most part on our food, I determined to make the best use I could of them, and make them earn their bread.

"I therefore sent them out to scour the woods in

all directions in search of game.

"They brought in no game, however, but instead they rushed back to camp with staring eyes, telling most wonderful and alarming stories of the many wild and ferocious animals they had encoun-

"Whether their stories were true or false I could not say, but was strongly of the opinion that they were telling me deliberate lies; for, with all due deference to them, I must certainly say that the lower order of the Mexicans are the greatest liars under the sun.

"However, our sportsmen were not long doomed

to disappointment.

"The lion introduced himself in a very unceremonious manner, yet still in a mode quite becoming his rank and character, and at a moment when least expected, a few nights after we had arrived at our destination and were guarding the ford of Aguas Callientes.

"The beautiful weather with which we had been favoured during our journey up the country, was succeeded, the same evening of our arrival at the

ford, by cold and wet.

"Instead of that splendid blue sky, starlight and moonlight, which we had hitherto enjoyed, the clouds were thick over head, the rain poured in torrents, the thunder rolled, and although we tried our very best to make ourselves comfortable, we were unable to keep more than one fire alight.

"We were all crouched and huddled together in several small tents, trying to keep each other warm

and snatch a few hours' sleep.

"Our camp guards were appointed for the night,

and they walked their rounds, rifle on shoulder,

fearing no danger from any quarter.

"The two guards on this occasion were none other than the heroes Master Tony and young Buttons."

- "About midnight, when all the lads were sound asleep, and the single camp fire burned low, two terrible growls were heard near our tents.
- "So long and resounding were they, that at first I imagined it must be the echoes of distant thunder.
- "But the peculiar expression—the sound of power as well as of anger—which was commingled in those dismal growls, aroused me.

"I jumped to my feet, and seized a rifle. on

"I hurried out, firmly convinced that it was an enemy far more formidable than the French I had to encounter.

"I stepped out towards the fire. noo naoixeM

"Fatty and Buttons were already there, and with very long faces swore they had heard a young

earthquake.

"All were sure of the sounds, but none could tell in what direction they had proceeded, for it was impossible to distinguish any object more than two yards distant, for outside the circle of the firelight all was inky darkness."

"This uncertainty as to whence the sounds proceeded, may be accounted for by the fact that the lion always places his mouth mear the ground when about to roar, and thus produces a rolling sound, which rolling sound was loudly echoed and re-echoed by the rocks and gullies near the river.

"I ordered the men to form a circle, and fire several volleys in all directions round the camp.

"In addition to this, each man piled a large number of sticks and branches on the fire.

"When they were all ablaze, each one seized a flaming brand, and, waving it to and fro, threw them on all sides.

"This display had the desired effect; the animals must have been terrified by the fire, for they gave us no further trouble that or the next night.

"Three days afterwards, however, a terrible row was heard a little way from our camp, and some of the Mexicans came running towards us like madmen.

"They had seen the four-footed enemy."

"His majesty the lion had condescended to have

a daylight interview with them.

"They had gone up the river about a mile or two to cut reeds with which to cover some log huts we had made, and were busy with their knives and sickles in the river cutting down the reeds, when, to their horror, a huge lion rose up among the tall grass almost close beside them!

"He leaped upon the bank, and then turned leisurely round and had a long look at the trembling

camp followers.

"One or two men who had guns seized them immediately and began to load with ball.

"The rest, unavmed, stood almost petrified of the

"Had the lion thought fit, he could have caused great destruction among them.

"He was very civil, however; or, to speak more correctly, the lion was as much surprised as the Mexicans:

"After gazing at them for a moment he turned leisurely round, and then disappeared through the tall grass at a good round trot.

"The poor frightened Mexicans, as I have said, did not stop to cut any more canes, but ran back to camp as fast as their legs would let them, their hair standing on end with fright.

"We were not troubled for some time, but we knew that our encampment was approached more than once by both! American lions, panthers and jaguars as well.

of On one occasion a lion and lioness almost succeeded in carrying off some of our horses, but they were discovered and frightened away by firebrands.

he can get it the lion always prefers a horse to an ox, and this conclusion was forced on my mind, for on all occasions these hugo beasts seemed to pass cows and oxen, and always bent their steps towards our horses.

"But we soon had stirring adventures. and beared

"The first actual encounter that occurred with a lion, took place in my absence from camp, but the details were told me by Hugh Tracy as follows:

"While I was out several miles up the river, looking after the French, who were camped on the opposite side, a horse was missed which belonged to one of the lancers.

After some search it was discovered by the footprints to have been killed by some lion.

The boldest among the Mexicans volunteered to go out and do battle with the monster.

All our lads would have gladly gone also, but their officers would not permit more than half-adozen, for Hugh Tracy and Caspar said they didn't care to have the lads exposed to danger without a proper cause, and therefore detained most of them in camp, allowing the Mexicans to do the best they could for themselves.

Caspar, Hugh, the Count, and Buttons went,

but no others.

were traced to a seeluded spot about a mile from where he had seized his prey.

"He had carried it with him to devour at his leisure, as is the practice of this powerful animal.

some little demur, retreated to a small thicket in a shallow ravine at no great distance.

The Mexicans followed closely, and, having taken up a position on a height adjoining the ravine, poured volley after volley into the thicket.

""This bombardment produced no effect."
"The lion kept under cover, and refused to give

"The lion kept under cover, and refused to give battle! heart saylow his emes and any and the life when the Mariana and the life when the life

hit When the Mexicans sent their bloodhounds into the rayine in search of him, he quickly drove them back with a savage growl, and laid several of them dead at his feet with a single blow of his ponderous paw, indoor and grown and denoral

gii But the count, feeling annoyed at the timorousness of the Mexicans, who did little else but shout and yell, descended into the rayine alone.

" The lads begged of him not to do so.

"'But the count was stubborn, and would have his own way, regardless of all consequences.

par, Hugh and Buttons followed close behind, leaving the Mexicans still high upon the rocks above, yelling like furies.

a favourite little dog, and the faithful animal fol-

lowed closely at his heels, barking.

"'The count threw several stones at the cavern wherein he supposed the lion to lie hidden, and one of them striking the enraged animal, he bounded forth with a terrible growl, and approached the count before he was aware of his vicinity.

The moment was a critical one for the old

"'He was taken so much by surprise, that the huge beast was upon him before he was aware of it. "Another instant, and he would have been in

the lion's power.

"But, strange to say, his little dog saved his life; for when he perceived the lion, with elevated tail and shaking mane, approaching, he dashed forward, and began to bark so furiously, that the lion stopped a moment, as if astonished at the superlative impudence of his courageous little opponent.

This moment saved the count's life,

"For an instant afterwards the lion crushed his dog with a single blow of his paw, and was about to seize the count, when a volley from our boys pierced the animal to the heart, bec

"It was skinned upon the spot, and the bide was, by unanimous consent, bestowed on Buttons, whose bullet, it was proved, had done the most mischief,

"And right proud was young Buttons of his trophy, for he made a bed and several jackets out

"The next encounter we had with any wild ani-

mal occurred three days after my return to camp. Myself, Fatty, Buttons, Caspar, and Hugh had ridden four or five miles up the river, to see whether we could not secretly build a small fort at a particular spot, which commanded fully both banks of the river, square

"We had taken plenty of food with us, and many Mexican servants, whom I thought would be very well employed there in throwing up breast-

works and the like.

"Towards night we mounted our horses, and trotted along through the moonlight, gaily chatting, and never dreaming that any danger was lurking in the jungle and high grass through which we had to pass.

"We did not know at that moment, but which afterwards proved to be the case, that we had been followed, all the way home by one, if not several

"About midnight, however, I was awakened by a terrible noise, which arose from the cattle fold.

"Getting up, and looking out, I could plainly see a wild commotion among the cattle, who were scampering about, bellowing, and leaping over the rail fence we had placed around them.

"Fancying that some old wolves, which I had heard howling just before I had gone to bed, had got in among and were disturbing the cattle, I seized my rifle, and, with nothing on but my shirt, went out to have a shot at them.

"Though the moon shone so brightly, that one could read the smallest print-quite a usual thing in Mexico-I could not discover the slightest traces

of either wolves or anything else. "Next morning, however, some of our Mexicans

missed a bullock, and another one a mule. " But this was not alls

They tracked the lion, and discovered, what I have before said that we had been followed over three miles the previous day by one or more lions

"Such a state of things around us, it must be confessed, was anything but pleasant, and we determined to organize a lion hunt, and go forth on the work of destroying all the varmint we came

"This resolution of ours was further confirmed by what we heard a few days afterwards from some of the Mexicans we had left up the river.

"Two of them returning from hunting antelopes," which they much needed for food, roused a leopard in a mountain ravine, and because it fled at their approach, the two silly fellows were emboldened to follow and attempt to slay it.

"The leopard, at first, attempted to escape by clambering up a precipice, but being hotly pursued and wounded by a stray shot, he turned upon his pursuers with that frantic ferocity peculiar to this animal in such emergencies, and springing on the man who had fired at him, he tore him from his horse to the ground, biting him at the same time on the shoulder, and tearing one of his cheeks severely and horribly with his claws.

"The other Mexican, seeing the danger of his comrade, sprang from his horse, and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head. But, whether through fear of injuring his friend or not, he missed

"The leopard, abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted with redoubled fury upon his second anta-

gonist.

"So fierce and sudden was the onset, that before the Mexican could stab the brute with his long hunting knife, the savage beast struck him on the head with his claws, and actually tore the scalp over his eyes.

".In this frightful position the injured hunter grappled with his deadly foe, and they both rolled

down a steep declivity.

"Before the Mexican who had been first attacked could start to his feet and seize his gun, they were rolling, one over the other, down the steep bank.

"In a moment or two afterwards, however, this man reloaded his rifle and rushed forward to save the life of his friend, and buts

"But it was too later band

"The leopard had seized the unfortunate Mexican by the throat, and in an instant mangled him so dreadfully that death was inevitable.

"His comrade also, though wounded, had the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, which, already much exhausted from loss of blood pouring from divers knife wounds, uttered a terrible growl, and was

ultimately slaughtered by a bullet from the surviving friend.

"This leopard's skin Fatty bought from the Mexican, in order to appear on equal terms with Buttons; and at the moment of writing this to you, he is strutting about with his hat cocked on three hairs, a cigar in his mouth, and his leopard's skin clock trailing through the camp.

cloak trailing through the camp.
"Not caring to have all our horses and cattle carried off, I gave orders that every available man should arm himself—that is if he considered himself brave enough and man enough—to go forth in quest of these troublesome visitors.

Nearly all the Mexicans pleaded some excuse or other so as to avoid going into danger.

"Under these circumstances, and in disgust at such cowardice, I called my own Boy Soldiers together, and told them what I wanted to do, and called for volunteers.

"Now the great difficulty was to prevent all our lads from going, and in consequence, they had to cast lots to see who should and who should not be one of the 'lucky twenty,' that being the number I had resolved upon.

"Towards early morning, myself, Caspar, the Count, Hugh, Buttons, Fatty, and some fifteen others, started out for a whole week's hunting, but still not far away from the river, should the French endeavour to crossWe were not long upon the road when some Mexicans met us, who directed the way to a large ravine where a lion was said to be concealed.

"I determined forthwith to arouse the lord of the forest, and accordingly walked boldly into the ravin and began to throw showers of stones at his

supposed den.

This harmless sport continued for some time, when Fatty, contrary to my orders, and stupid as ever, went several yards in advance, and began to throw stones on his own account.

"I and others shouted out, and warned the young

donkey of his danger.

But he did not seem to care, and began to jeer

the rest who would not follow his lead.

"But just as Buttons was about to follow Fatty, the lion sprang out of his lair in great fury to give battle to us all.

"In an instant he struck down poor Fatty as if Tony had been a feather in weight, and the huge monster placed a heavy paw on Tony's back.

"The beast then looked round at us majestically for a few seconds, as if considering whether he

should tear a few of us in pieces or not.

"Perceiving our number, and thinking, perhaps, that we were too many for him, he suddenly lifted his paw from Tony's back, leaving a deep indentation of his firm claws therein, and bounded up the sides of the ravine, and retreated to the mountains.

"We pursued him hotly up the glen, and our bounds held him at bay till we intercepted his path, seized the high grounds and shot him dead, without permitting any one to approach so near as before.

"He was a fine, full-grown animal, of a dark brown, with an immense mane and tail; and in memorial of his narrow escape from death, and in order that he should be on equal terms with Buttons, the hunting party voted that the skin should be given to Tony, and the ravine named Waddleduck's

"This was the first exploit of the day; but we had many exciting hunts during the week, which I will tell you of, with all particulars, in my next.

"The chief reason why I have written to you now, however, is this :

"One of our scouts has just returned from

across the river.

"He has been among the French, and learns that Maximilian's troops are much discontented because their money is not paid regularly.

"He also learns that the Emperor expects a very rich ship to call at Acapulco in less than two

months, laden with treasure.

"Could you not cruise after her, and make the

vessel a prize?

"I don't know the ship's name, but I hear it is now lying in one of the South American ports for repairs, and if so, you have a brilliant opportunity of distinguishing yourself and enriching all of us,

"I am told that this galleon with the treasure on board is not very dangerously armed, but if even she was, I doubt not but that you and your brave

tars would like it all the better.

"Let us hear all details of your capturing the prize as soon as 'possible, and don't waste much more of your time in London, for I fear we shall never recover our lost fortune or punish those rascals who have defrauded us out of our rights.

"All the lads are well and hearty, and as jolly as sandboys out here, living in the dense and lonely forest, guarding the ford of Aguas Callientes.

"They all send kind love, and hopes of success,

"Your brother,

"FRANK."

That Captain Tom Ford acted on the advice of his brother Frank directly his letter was received will be seen in the next chapter.

10 CHAPTER CVI.

CAPTAIN TOM FORD SAILS IN SEARCH OF MAXI-MILIAN'S TREASURE SHIP-A FIERCE ENGAGE-MENT-BRITISH PLUCK TRIUMPHANT.

A VESSEL of about 2,000 tons burthen is annually despatched with merchandise from Manilla to Mexico, as an ancient tribute.

We find that, according to law, this ship ought not to carry more than 4,000 bales of goods.

Yet she is generally laden with at least double that quantity,

The expenses of building, of fitting out, and of the voyage, are supported by the government, which receives for indemnification 405,000 livres, or £16,875 sterling, per vessel.

This ship has been intercepted three times by the

English. It was taken in 1587 by Cavendish, in 1709 by Rogers, and, lastly, by Captain Tom Ford, of which last capture we give the following interesting account.

As soon as he could after receiving Captain Frank's letter his brother Tom, with a small squadron, set sail from England, and continued cruising on the coast of Mexico, in hourly expecta-tion of falling in with the rich ship, in her annual passage from Manilla to Acapulco.

In this the captain was disappointed, for he was informed by three negroes, whom he surprised in a canoe off the harbour of Acapulco, that the ship arrived about twenty days before the squadron fell

in with the coast.

However, he had the satisfaction to learn that

her return was fixed for the next week.

This was very agreeable information, as the specie for which she had sold her cargo would render her a much more valuable prize than she would have been before her arrival at Acapulco.

All hands were now employed in preparing for the reception of the vessel, not doubting she would

soon be in their possession.

For though the crews of Captain Tom's little squadron amounted in all to no more than three hundred and thirty, boys included, and the hands on board the galleon were generally double that number, yet there was not a person on board Captain Tom's ships who had any other fear than that of her not sailing at the time appointed.

Tom's vessels consisted of three small craft and

two cutters.

With the ships he formed a chain, commanding an extent of about twenty leagues, at such a distance from the harbour of Acapulco as not to be seen from the shore.

He sent the two cutters every night nearer the shore, with orders to stand off again at the ap-

proach of day.

The wished-for day dawned at last, and every eye in the small vessels gazed anxiously towards the land.

The sun sank beneath the horizon, and no ship appeared.

Another day passed, and then a third, in fruitless expectation.

In short, after waiting, to no purpose, till the 23rd of the month, Captain Tom concluded that the ship was detained till the following year, which might have really been the case, in consequence of Tom's barge having been seen by the enemy when she was sent to discover the harbour of Acapulco.

After remaining on this station as long as his supplies of wood and water would allow, Captain Tom determined on a voyage to the southward; and having arranged to recruit his stores at a place about thirty leagues west of Acapulco, he steered directly for that harbour, where he safely

arrived.

His first business here, after a vain attempt to open intercourse with the natives, was to destroy three of his ships, in order to strengthen the crews of the men-of-war, so as to enable them to undertake with more safety the passage across the Pacific

Having watered and provisioned his two ships that were remaining, he weighed anchor, and pro-

ceeded on his voyage.

After experiencing much bad weather one of Captain Tom's small vessels, having lost most of her spars, became so leaky that it was found impossible to keep her any longer above water.

Accordingly the crew was removed to Tom's own vessel, and the other was set on fire.

On the 26th Captain Tom arrived at Carthagena.

By this time Tom's crew had suffered so much from sickness and death that scarcely a hundred

men remained fit for duty.

They were immediately landed for the recovery of their health, and after remaining on the island some days Captain Tom again stood out to sea and came to an anchor near the city of Pernambuco.

After many provoking delays and difficulties Captain Tom obtained permission from the authorities to repair his ship and replenish his stock of provisions.

This being at length satisfactorily accomplished he put to sea again, and resolved once more to try and intercept the treasure ship in her passage back

to Manilla.

He continued cruising for several weeks, when at an early hour in the morning, to the inexpressible joy of the whole crew, they discovered a sail from the mast-head.

There was no doubt but that this was the

long expected treasure ship.

The gallant young captain immediately stood towards her, and at half-past seven she was visible

from the quarter deck.

At this time the Manilla craft fired a gun and took in her top-gallant sails, which was supposed to be a signal for assistance, and the gallant Tom, by way of amusing her, fired a gun to leeward.

In the meantime the stranger did not change her course, but to Captain Tom's surprise bore down

upon him.

For he could hardly believe what afterwards appeared to be the case, that she knew his ship, and

had resolved to fight him.

About noon the stranger hauled up her foresail, and brought to, on her top-sails hoisting Mexican colours, and having Maximilian's colours flying at the top-gallant-mast-head.

Meanwhile Captain Tom picked out about thirty of his best marksmen, whom he distributed into

his tops.

As he had not hands enough left to quarter a sufficient number in the customary manner to each gun, he, on her lower tier, fixed only two men to each gun, who were to be solely employed in loading it.

The rest of his people were divided into different gangs of ten or twelve men each, who were to be continually moving about the decks, to run out and

fire such guns as were loaded.

By this management he was enabled to make use

of all his guns.

And instead of whole broadsides, with intervals between them, to keep up a constant fire without intermission.

From which he hoped to procure great advan-

The "Spitfire" now approached the stranger very fast.

But several squalls of wind and rain often obscured her from their sight.

However, when it cleared up, they found her

About one o'clock, the "Spitfire," being within gunshot of the enemy, hoisted her broad pendant and colours, and the gallant Tom perceiving that the stranger had till then neglected clearing their ship, and were throwing their cattle and lumber overboard, he gave orders to fire upon them with their chase guns, to disturb them in their work, and prevent them completing it.

The stranger instantly returned the fire with two of her stern-chasers, and the "Spitfire" getting her sprit sail-yard fore and aft, that if necessary she

might be ready for boarding.

The stranger, in a bravado, also rigged their sprit sail fore and aft.

The "Spitfire" soon after came abreast of the

enemy, within pistol shot. The engagement now began in earnest, and for the first half-hour Captain Tom over-reached the stranger, and lay on her bows, where, from the wideness of the ports, he could traverse almost all his guns upon the enemy.

The stranger could bring only a part of her's to

At the beginning of the action the mats with which the stranger had stuffed her nettings took fire, and, burning violently, blazed up nearly half

as high as the mizen top.

This accident, which was supposed to be caused by the "Spitfire's" wads, filled the enemy with the utmost terror, and also alarmed Captain Tom, who was in pain from the apprehension of the stranger being burned, and from the possibility of her driving on board him.

The strangers, however, at last freed themselves from the fire by cutting away the netting, and tumbling the whole heap, which was in flames, into

the sea.

Meanwhile, the "Spitfire" kept her first advantageous position, firing her guns with great briskness and regularity, while the stranger's decks lay open to her top-men, who, having at their first volley driven the enemy from their tops, made prodigious havoc with their small arms, killing or wounding every officer but one that appeared on the quarter-deck, and in particular wounding the commander of the stranger vessel himself.

But when the "Spitfire" had continued in this advantageous situation about half-an-hour, she lost the superiority she had gained by it, and was close alongside the enemy, who continued firing most

briskly for nearly an hour longer.

Yet, in this position Captain Tom Ford's grapeshot so effectually swept their decks, and the number of their slain and wounded became so considerable, that they began to fall into great disorder, and the ships were so near that some of Maxmilian's officers were seen running about with much assiduity to prevent the men from deserting their quarters.

But these endeavours were vain.

For after they had as a last effort fired five or six guns with more judgment than usual they submitted.

And as the stranger's colours here in the beginning of the action singed off the ensign-staff, she struck the standard at her maintop-gallant masthead.

This valuable prize, which amounted to nearly a million and a half of dollars, was called the "Maximilian," and was commanded by Don Blasos, a seaman who was an officer distinguished by his

skill and courage.

The stranger was considerably larger than the "Spitfire," and had 550 men and 36 guns mounted for action, besides 28 pedreroes in her gunwale quarters and tops, each of which carried a fourpound ball.

She had 67 men killed in action and 84 wounded. The "Spitfire" had only 2 killed, and a lieutenant and 16 wounded, all of whom recovered except

one.

It is impossible to describe the transport on board gallant Tom's ship, when, after their numerous disappointments, they at last saw their wishes accom-

But this sudden joy was on the point of being

suddenly damped by a most dreadful accident.

For the "Maximilian" had no sooner struck than one of Tom's lieutenants, coming to congratulate the brave young captain on his prize, whispered to him that the "Spitfire" was dangerously on fire near the powder room !

Tom received this awful intelligence without any

apparent emotion.

Taking care not to alarm his people he gave the necessary orders for extinguishing the fire, which was happily done in a short time, though its appear-

ance at first was extremely terrible.

Some cartridges had been blown up by accident between decks, and the blast had communicated its flame to a quantity of oakum in the after hatchway near the powder room, where the smoke of the oakum occasioned the apprehension of a more extended conflagration, and even the hope of avoiding its fury by escaping on board the prize had vanished, for at the same instant she fell on the starboard quarter of the "Spitfire," though she was happily cleared without doing or receiving any considerable damage.

But, before Tom Ford left England in search of the treasure ship mentioned in the last chapter, he did not forget to do justice to one who had very much befriended him.

This person was poor Matty. at toyle to tee A

Now that she was thrown out of place, she knew not what to do.

She was in deadly fear of meeting Barney again, Death to her would have been preferable now to the miserable life she had formerly been compelled to live with him.

When, therefore, the landlord of the house found that Jonathan Flint and Warner were none other than arrant swindlers, he abused poor Matty in the

most vulgar and outrageous manner.

He swore that she was one of the gang of rogues who had imposed upon him, and threatened her with all manner of punishments.

Gale, however, came to the rescue, and delivered her out of the hands of the violent landlord.

Moreover, greatly to Matty's surprise, he gave her a note which contained four five pound notes.

It came from Captain Tom, who thanked her heartily for the interest she had shown in his cause.

This present was quite a little fortune to the poor girl, who wept and thanked Mr. Gale over and over again for his great kindness.

"Don't thank me," said Gale, "but thank Captain Tom Ford; he is the party who has proved your

"Heaven bless him !" said the poor girl, unable in any other way to express her heartfelt gratitude. "But don't you go and squander the money, Matty," said Gale, "nor go go to live in the same den where you used to do."

"No fear of that, Mr. Gale," said the thankful girl, "no fear of that, sir; I didn't live there with my own wishes you may depend upon it, Mr. Gale ; I was forced to do so."

"By Barney?" "Yes, sir."

"Ab, well, never mind that, Matty; I don't think he'll trouble you again in a very great hurry."

"How do you mean, sir? Have you 'got him'

for anything?"

"Well, no," said Gale, "not exactly, Matty; Barney has been too cunning for us as yet,

"I hope you may hang him, Mr. Gale," said Matty, bitterly, "for he has been my ruin, and no mistake."

"And the ruin of a great many more, I fancy,"

said Gale; "but he won't always escape us."
"So he has been a great villain, Mr. Gale," continued Matty, "and I know it well; but I daren't speak to any one about his doings."
"Why not?"

"Because he more than once threatened to murder me if I did."

"Ah, Barney is always very brave with a woman, but when he is tackled by a man-

"Like he was by Joe the Coster," said Matty, "then he could be very humble."

"Did Joe the Coster, then, give Barney 'a doing?"

"Yes, and a rare one too," said Matty, in great delight. "He went out bouncing about what he could do to this one and that one; but he came home with both eyes blackened, his cheek was cut, two teeth were almost knocked out."

"And what did he think of that?" asked Gale,

laughing.
"Why, he turned on me instantly, and swore I had put Joe on to him, and he beat me till I was black and blue. He was the terror of my life, yes, both night and day."

"Well, said Gale, "now I want to speak to you

about a matter of great importance."

"What is it?"

"Captain Tom Ford has been very kind to you."

"I know he has."

"And I dare say you would like to have it in your power to return that kindness in some way?"

"Of course I should, Mr. Gale. Nothing in the world would please me better, but I have nt got it in my power, that's the worst of it."

"Yes, you have, Matty." "How, Mr. Gale?"

"By giving me some information," and set of "
"What information?" dotted the boy but A
"About Barner."

"About Barney."

"You don't want to put me in the witness-box, do you, Mr. Gale? His pals would murder me, Mr. Gale. I should never get home alive."

"No, I don't want to put you in the witness-box,

Matty. Nothing of the kind."

"Then what is it you do want, Mr. Gale?" "I want to know if you ever saw Barney talking to an oldish-looking cabman?"

"What an old-looking fellow, with a brown greatcoat, and grey whiskers ?"

"He is what they call a long nightman?" "Yes."

"Well, have you often seen them together?" "I have; but what of that? I saw the old cabman round this neighbourhood last night.

"Did you though, really," said Gale, smiling.

THE BOY SOLDIER: OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



"Oh yes," said Matty, "I have often seen him and Barney together."

"Yes, mai o'll like to her, say you would like to her, say You would like to her, say Yes, was a say you would like to her, say you "And did they send you out of the room for anything?" gaids

"Yes, for beer, and pipes and gin." bluow blow

"The cabby can drink a great deal of gin, I hear?"

"So he can, Mr. Gale, more than any half dozen old washerwomen I have seen in my whole life." "And you didn't catch what they were after?"

"No, sir; but I always thought it very funny that he should have taken such a liking to Barney all at once." Tum l

"Did you ever listen outside the door, Matty?" "Listen, Mr. Gale?" said Matty, grinning.

- "Why, yes; all women are fond of listening at
- "Well, I did listen once, Mr. Gale. They say eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves."

 "Nor did you, I suppose?"
- "No, I didn't; for I heard the old cabman say he didn't like the cut of my jib, and advised Barney to get me 'lagged' out of the way."

"Did you hear nothing else?" "Oh, yes; I heard the cabby talking of the night of old Mr. Ford's murder, and about some things which Barney gave him to pawn or sell."
"What things were they?"

"A set of silver knives, forks, and spoons."
"That belonged to Old Ford?"

"Yes, I always supposed they came from the Red House."

"And did he pawn them or sell them?"

"Yes, he pawned them, or at least the cabman did."

en Therefore, the landforf douge works of ma

"For several pounds." but tail agained "Where?"

"At a Jew's in Shoreditch."

"The name?"

e lost she was one o "Emanuel, I think."

Gale put the name down in his note-book, and appeared much pleased with the information.

"Well, what else ?" and to ab

"Why they quarrelled over the money. The cabman swore he had lost the ticket, and therefore Barney couldn't find out how much they had been pawned for."

10 6 Very clever of cabby, very," said Gale.
"Oh, he's an artful dodger," said Matty, "but he wasn't quite quick enough for me."
"How's that?"

"Why he used to pump Barney about me, and then on the quiet would turn round and try to pump me about Barney."

"I know the gentleman very well," said Gale; the has been a long time running about loose, but he'll fall into my hands ripe enough one of these

fine mornings.'

"Well, if he does I should feel very happy, for he's been the cause of many a girl getting trans-

"Indeed."

"No doubt about it, Mr. Gale; for when he sees a drunken gentleman in company with some fast woman, he winks to the girl, gets them to ride in his cab, and when the girl leaves it for a moment to get soda and brandy for her companion, Mr. Cabby perhaps drives off, robs the gentleman, puts him down anywhere, and then if there is any bother made about it he blames the girl, gives her discription, swears against her, and all that, and then the poor wretch gets transported."

Matty's face was all a-glow as she spoke these

But Gale only bit his lip, as he said-

"What's become of all Barney's pals, Matty?" "Most of them have turned him up, Mr. Gale," said Matty.

"But do you mean to say he has been working

without them for the last few months?"

"Oh, no; he's got quite a school of young 'uns, who met at the 'Cock and Bottle' every night."

"I know that; he's the teacher."

- "And gets the most of any one."
 "Trust him for that," said Gale, "it is the way with them all. But what I meant to say, Matty, is this; have all his cracksmen pals thrown him
 - "No, there's two who used to work with Barney."

"What's their names?"

"Bandy Bob and Alf Green."

Gale put these names down in his note-book, as well as the address which was

"No. 29, Ash Alley, Whitechapel."

"Have you seen either of them lately?" "No; they never came to my place." "But Barney used to meet them though?"

"Oh, yes; and the cabman also. I saw them all one night in the tap-room of the 'Cock and Bottle. They were alone; and Barney was chalking out something like a house on the table. When I went in, there was none there but themselves, and Barney made a blow at me with a quart pot for daring to interrupt him. They were making out a plan of some house in the country."

"How do you know it was in the country?" "Because I heard Barney say one night that he and Bandy Bob were going away bird catching for

a few days."

"How long were they away?" do not do and the

"Four days that time."

"They brought a lot of birds home with them, I suppose?" said Gale, grinning.

"No they didn't though; not one."
"Did they go again?"

"Yes; the next time they were away three days; and the next time only two days; but then the last time they rode home in the cab.

"You are sure of this, Matty?"

"I am."

"How do you know that the cabman was with them the last time?"

"Because his wife came to my place bullying, and swore that he and Barney were up to no good together, and that if she liked to open her mouth she could transport both of them."

"But have you no other proof?"

"Yes; the cabby and Barney got dead drunk the night they came home, and boasted of what a jovial time they had down in Kent."

"Very jovial, I dare say; had they much money?"

"Yes; they both appeared to have plenty of coin."

"Did Bandy or Alf come with them to your

place?"

"No; they sent a boy to say they would wait in the tap of the 'Cock and Bottle' until Barney and the cabby went to them. The cabby began to swear, and said if he was Barney he wouldn't give them a penny, for they hadn't done the job as they ought to have done-they hadn't made a clean sweep of the lot he said."

"A clean sweep were his words, eh?"

"Yes."

" But he went to them, did he not?"

"Yes, and a rare old quarrel they had over the

"What did you suppose the money came from,

"I didn't know for certain, Mr. Gale; but I thought, nay, made sure they had been up to some robbery or other."

"I know they had been," said Gale, laughing.

" I know all about it.'

"Then why ask me, Mr. Gale?"

"Because I am not quite ready with the case, Matty, that is all."

"You won't bring me into it?"

"No, Matty. You are safe enough; but let me ask, did you ever find out who they sold their plunder to? It wasn't to old Moss, was it?"

"No, I think not." "Then, to whom?"

"I don't know as how they sold anything, but I only guess so."

"You guess right, then. They sold a very valuable lot of goods, but to whom is a dead mystery as yet."

" I heard Barney say as how old Moss had always swindled him, and he wouldn't go there any more, and the cabby said in a whisper,- 'Why not try old Hautwig the smasher?" "

When Gale heard this name, he seemed greatly

astonished.

"Old Hautwig," said Gale, several times. "Are you certain of that?"

"Yes, positive."

"I never thought that," "It is true, though."

"And are you sure old Hautwig is a smasher?" said Gale.

"Why, of course he is."

"I never heard that before."

"No, but I did."

"And was Barney mixed up with him in the smashing line?"

"Yes, and Bandy Bob, and Alf Green also."
But they never did anything of that sort in

London, I think, Matty, or else the officers of the Mint would have been on their track long ago."

"No, Mr. Gale, I don't think as how they passed off bad money in London much, but——"

"Oh, I see, they 'worked' the country."

"Yes, at fairs, and all such places."
"Very good; go on."

"Old Haulwig is one of the leaders. When there are no fairs in winter, he stays at home, at his rag and bottle warehouse, doing the thing very nicely as a good 'fence,' but in the summer he is always off with his friends to the country fairs."

"A very clever dodge," said Gale, smiling.
"They can pass off their base metal better on the

yokels than on cockneys."

"So they say, and in the hurry and confusion of the fair, no one stops much to examine his change." "Is old Haulwig rich, then?"

"He is, or ought to be," said Matty; "for I've heard Barney say he's been up to his capers for the last ten years."

"The devil !"

"I'm certain he is rich," said Matty, "for I heard Alf Green say as how the old man thought of re-

tiring from business."

"From business, eh?" said Gale, smiling. "A pretty business it is, surely; perhaps he'll have to 'retire' somewhere else if he's not very clever," said Gale.

After a pause, Gale asked, "And Barney used to travel with him, eh?" "Yes; Hautwig, and some one else had shares in

a sparring booth."

"And Barney, of course, was one of the principal

boxers ?"

"Oh, yes, he thought himself very clever with the gloves.'

" And what part did Bandy Bob take ?"

"He was in the 'swim' with old Haulwig in the thimble-rigging dodge."

"And of Green?"

" He did anything that was wanted."

"A very pretty rogue, indeed," said Gale, laughing; "but it strikes me very forcibly that I must put a stop to this nice little game of theirs; they little think that at this moment they are ' wanted ' at Bow Street."

"But you won't split on me will you, Mr. Gale?"

asked Matty.

" No, my girl, I have no such intentions I can assure you. On the contrary, you will receive £100 reward if I am only successful in capturing these vagabonds."

"I didn't tell you all this for money, sir."

"No, I know you did not, my good girl; but these rascals are all more or less concerned in the affair of old Ford, and a large reward is offered for each and every one."

"I should like to see Barney transported," said Matty, "for he has been a great villain towards

me."

"And to many others besides you, Matty."

"I will go in search of this old Hautwig," said

"I don't think you'll find him at home, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because it is summer time now, and there are lots of fairs on."

"So there are, Matty."

"Greenwich Fair used to be a rare place for old

"Perhaps he and his pals are there, then ?"

" More than likely."

"Then, keep your own council, Matty, until my

"Where are you going, sir? When shall I see you again ?"

"Perhaps to-morrow or the next day. I am now

Danied Ligaro at gov load Modula

going off to Greenwich Fair."

So saying, Gale placed a sovereign in Matty's hands, and left her.

CHAPTER CVII.

DETECTIVE GALE GOES TO GREENWICH FAIR, AND KEEPS A SHARP LOOK OUT FOR OLD HAUTWIG AND OTHERS.

On passing down Cannon Street, dressed in an excellent disguise, the first person that met Gale was an athletic, surly, hodman-looking fellow, walking up and down with a large placard on his back, on which was displayed in large letters, the words "Greenwich Fair."

"Greenwich Fair, ma'am; Greenwich Fair, sir," growl the placard bearer, as he stared in the face of every one passing by.

"Has the steam-boat started yet?" asked Gale, in the tone and with the manner of a countryman,

"Not yet, sir, not yet; but it's just on the point of starting; you'd better make haste and get your ticket. Down that narrow lane, sir; you'll find the boat at the bottom,"

"That ain't the right boat, sir," said an opposi-

tion agent; "this is the right way."

"No, it ain't," said the first. "You do as I tells you, sir, and you'll be all right."

"Don't go on their boat, sir," repeated the opposition agent, "they are overcrowded, and will

"Don't mind him, sir; he's telling you all lies; our boats are the best and safest on the river."

Gale seemed to enjoy the joke.
He was shoved and hustled about first by one and then by another of the opposition agents, and laughed right heartily as they swore all manner of things at one another.

"This way, sir !" "No, that way, sir !"

"We only charge sixpence !"

"Ours is a gentleman's boat, and we charge ninepence !" said the other.

After a great scramble between two agents, who, at last, from very high words got to downright fighting, Gale went down the narrow lane towards the sixpenny boat, thinking, as it was cheaper, he would have more fun than on the other.

Rare fellows are these clever detectives for fun

or frolic, and well they may be.

All the money they spend is paid back to them, and with interest; therefore, when they are out on "business," which also means "pleasure" as well, they are very free-handed, and delight in nothing better than to have a jollification on the quiet, and mix with noisy holiday-making crowds.

The sixpenny boat had its steam up, and was

ready to start that moment.

It was crowded with persons.

There was scarcely standing room, so dense was the mass on board.

Some were laughing, smoking, singing, and shout-

Girls tittered, and seemed very happy in the com-

pany of their sweethearts.

Servant girls, apprentices, and errand boys; fathers and mothers, with their children, all were huddled together above and below, so much so that the hands on board could scarcely move about to man and work the vessel.

Some had bottles and glasses, others large

baskets filled with eatables.

All were calmly drinking, or doing something to amuse themselves; nor must it be forgotten that the everlasting fiddle and harp were there also, which were performed upon by two red-nosed individuals, with shining hats, who appeared to have lived for the past half century on pennyworth's of fried fish and half-pints of gin.

What these two musicians played no one cared

to know.

The only thing remarkable was that at the end of every tune the fiddler would go round among the passengers, and shove his hat under the nose of every one present, and, as one fellow said, "couldn't be choked off," under any consideration.

Nothing in particular occurred on the voyage down the river, except that a young, foppish-looking fellow, who had too much to say, lost his best beaver, and was unmercifully joked, laughed at, and jeered by dozens of rollicking boys and apprentices, who were sucking oranges, smoking penny pickwicks, and the like.

"Vy don't yer take off yer [tile, young 'un ?"

asked one in a bantering tone.

"He can show his false curls, now," said another. "What a fine 'ead o' 'dir he's got,' A need o' but the bristles," another grunted, but and a self-ways another grunted, but and a self-ways another grunted, but and a self-ways and a self-ways another grunted, but a self-ways and a self-ways and a self-ways and a self-ways a self-w

"He's quite the dandy, oh ! He's quite the

dandy, oh !" sung out another.

After a pleasant run down the river, the overburdened vessel, puffing and groaning with its human freight, stopped at the pier, and great was the rush of all on board to get on shore and hurry to the fair.

As Gale, full of fun, approached the scene of the fair, he soon became convinced that "three shies a penny " was one of the chief amusements of all,

Within half-a-mile from the fair, Gale counted no less than forty of these "Old Aunt Sallys'," and every one of them appeared to be up to their eyes in business, and a very profitable business it seemed to be, for Gale never saw but one man at the forty stands who managed to knock down a cocoa-nut or doll.

Gale, as he was on business, as well as pleasure, took care to have his eyes wide open, on the look out for Hautwig, Bandy Bob, or Alf Green.

He therefore sauntered about the forty "three shies a penny," or "old Aunt Sallys'," as they are now called, but he did not see either one of the persons he was in search of.

"Can I try at any o' the sticks I likes?" asked a tall countryman, of a proprietor of one of the "Aunt

Sallys'."

"In course you can," said a rough, hairy-capped fellow. "Any on 'em you likes, squire. Give us your brown, and here's the three sticks."

" May I throw at the middle one, with the cocoa-

nut on it?" asked the countryman.

"Jest w'ichever you pleases, young man." "Jest w'ichever you pleases, young man." "Well, then, I'll have a go. Here's the penny, and give us the sticks. Get out o' the way, there, said the countryman, tucking up his sleeves, and spitting on the palm of his hand, as if he were about to slay a young ox.

speak, at the cocoa-nut, and knocked the stick from under it. The young countryman " took deadly aim," so to

"It's in the hole, upon my soul !" said the rough-

looking proprietor.

"Come, let's have none o' that 'ere," said the countryman, "I have knocked it down, and it's mine fairly enough," and has worked classed "Well, I'm blamed!" said the proprietor, "you

is green, and no mistake."

"Whoever heard o' such a thing ?" said another." The countryman could not for a long time see why he should not have the cocoa-nut, and scratched his head for an idea.

"Try again, sir; better luck next time, sir."

The yokel tried again, and threw the remaining two sticks with such force through the air, that the proprietor of the "Aunt Sally" got rather frightened.

The countryman missed, of course, and was in a

great rage thereat, and swore most lustily.

"Try another penn'orth, squire," said hairy cap; "better luck next time."

"You can't expect to win always, you know, squire," said another; "try again."

The countryman bought three pennyworth of sticks, and began to throw them with great force,

and without the slightest judgment, at the pincushions, cocoa-nuts, and the like, to the great amusement of the bystanders.

But with all his endeavours, he did not win a

farthing's worth. Laipege

"Try agin, sir, try agin; there's nothing like pluck, my young squire."

"He couldn't hit a hay-stack, I think," said hairy-

cap, laughing. sdw

"Couldn't I though " thought the countryman, " Couldn't I who had overheard the last remark. though ; I'll let you all see." so

Mr. Hairy-cap began to bob up and down, gathering the sticks, and laughing at the " yokel, when the countryman gave one more penny, received three sticks, and at the first shy split a cocoa-nut into a hundred pieces, most of which flew in the face of hairy-cap, and before any one could say a word, he threw a second time, and the stick came into such a violent collision with hairy-cap's

ribs, that it made him howl again. "Give me my cocoa-nut," said the countryman. "I'll give you a punch in the head," said Hairy-

cap, "if you you ain't off."

Will you, though ? said the countryman. "I don't think you will. You are all a parcel of cheats."

At this, Hairy cap "put up his hand," and set about thrashing the countryman, and a regular fight ensued among the bystanders, most, of whom took the countryman's part.

But in less than five minutes the countryman gave the bully such a hiding, that he was glad to get

out of the row.

" I think I have seen that countryman before," said Gale, to himself, at His face looks familiar to

In less than five minutes after Gale had left the spot, the countryman overtook him.

"Ain't your name Bagshaw?" asked Gale.

se"(Yes," said the other, gig bemael out

He was a detective univa list prid

"What made you take notice of that hairy-capped fellow for?"

"Oh, for fun, that's all," said Bagshaw, grinning. "Fun, eh? I don't think there is much fun in fighting such a ruffian as he appeared to be."

"Perhaps not; but you don't know him as well as I do. Last year, he and two others were very near cheating a gentleman out of £100 at thimble rigging; but because I put a sudden stop to their pretty little game, they got two bullies I did not know, to waylay me, which they did, and almost killed me into the bargain."

"And that's how you take your revenge."

"Yes, and a very good way, too, I think." and a

di" Didn't he know you again ??' won are you will disguised. You didn't know me at first, I think."

"I did not. You take the character of a young countryman to perfection."

Bagshaw laughed as he said, berso

"I came down to-day thinking that the hairy-capped gentleman would be up to his old game of thimble rig; but I am disappointed. I've got it for him if ever I get a chance." is made a

" Has he got any pals ?"

"Yes, he has three or four. Barney, a half-bred fighting man, used to work with him, besides a bandy-legged cove they call Bandy Bob, and another whose name is Alf Green."

Gale did not make any remark.

"We must not be seen together," said Bagshaw. "No, quite right. Are there many of our men down here?"

"About a dozen, in all sorts of disguises; some are dressed like swells, one or two are countrymen like myself; there is one half-washed blacksmith among us, and several others. But what brings you down here, Mr. Gale? Especial business, I sup-

"Yes, very important business," ganov ym doulg

"Will you want any assistance ?"da ablace

"No, I think not; but if I do, what is the password 'among our men, so that I may know them.'

"'Squally,' is the word. If you get into any difficulty say that one word, and half the police upon the ground will be around you."

"Thanks," said Gale. "But what are all of you up to down here? Is there anything in particular orived three shicks, and at the first shi's bank no cocos-not into a hundred pieces, most of will say."

the face of harry-can and before any stad Wild

"Last year there was a lot of base coin put afloat at this fair, and we haven't been able to trace the gentlemen ever since, 8gs Iwod mid ebem ti tadt kdir

"Haven't you had suspicions?" you om svil)

"Yes; but could never make anything out of

"Perhaps I might be able to enlighten you on that point," said Gale, no Y ... lliw nov Auth I nob

"Indeed !"

"Yes; but not now. If you see me in the fair about nine o'clock to night, and I give you the wink, follow me. some parameters, most sense of "I will."

The two detectives separated, had see and told

Whichever way Mr. Gale went his ears were assailed with deafening noises.

Some were shooting at targets for nuts, others were firing with rifles; shows were everywhere.

Organs were playing, the proprietor of the "Fat Boy" and the only "Living Giant" was beating on

a gong.

The circus, with its band of music was playing away, "the learned pig," "the calf with three heads," "the ring-tail swing-tail monkey," "the crocodile from the Nile," "the living skeleton, who played upon the banjo and sang songs," "the wild bull from the wilderness, which had taken ten long years to tame," "the miraculous dwarf, who would turn, move, and dance about in a doll's house;" these, and a thousand other things, were shouted in your ears whichever way you went.

The "bearded lady," the "man with four eyes," the "white bear" from the Polar Regions, the "baboon" from the jungles of Africa; each and all these wonderful things and personages were painted

on flaming canvas outside.

One showman was shouting against another till

both got almost black in the face. "They are now coming out," shrieked one, with

staring eyes, while his partner began to bray through a brass horn, and beat on a big drum.

"Walk up! walk up! just in time, ladies and gentlemen, just in time ! we are now just about to commence!" roared a fat man, who had wonderful "performing dogs." "Just in time! just in time! and for the small charge of one penny; one penny only to see the most wonderful feats in all nature."

The circus performers in another part were swing-

ing on slack ropes.
"An "Indian queen," just from Calcutta, was about to dance on the tight rope; but they did not say that she came all the way from St. Giles's.

Signor Browni, the strongest man in the world, and Morris Hercules Sampson Johnsoni, his rival opposite, were balancing chairs, iron bars, cart wheels, and the like, to give a taste, or insight, of the performances inside their respective establishments, which performances altogether were forgotten when the customers got inside.

The travelling theatre, with a dozen or more of painted and extravagantly attired performers strutting about like kings and queens, and the poor, broken-winded clown tossing and rolling about, seemed to be the great centre of attraction.

"Hamlet" and "Richard IIL" with "Ophelia"

and "Queen Anne," danced a polka together.

The "Brigand of the Black Forest" and his mortal enemy the "Murderer of the Danube," were drinking a pot of beer together behind the After a pleasant run down th roob a'r skat yenom bardaued vessel, pun'l emit ui ed demit ui ed 'the baman freight, stoppe'l eanemmes of tuoda tau'l.

"They are now coming out lod no Ha to dan ent

"Only one penny !"

"The small charge of one halfpenny."

These were the shouts and cries on every hand, which, mingled with the discordant sounds of drums, and organs, trumpets, hurdy-gurdys, Punch and Judy, and the din of half-a dozen brass bands, made the fair into which Mr. Gale entered a perfect Babel of confusion. old state

Boxing or sparing booths seemed to be extensively patronised; and outside stood men in flannel shirts and hairy caps, or tight trousers and capacious coats, who, with hands to mouth, roared out

"Yer you are, gents | yer you are ! Come and see young 'Stony, the Smasher,' and the 'Terror of the Dials uset to be They are just about to com-mence! Walk up! walk up!'s en and believ we

Then the proprietor, a bull-headed, thick-necked, sturdy, red-faced fellow, would step forward with a speaking-trumpet, through which, with pudding-looking cheeks, he bawled with all his might

"This way, genelmen, this way, this way; come and see the noble hart displayed by the best talent in all England. Men who have fought, and can fight again. Walk up and look at the 'Pimlico Annihilator.' We have the finest stud of boxers in all the world; men of all weights and sizes can be accommodated—walk up—walk up," And having tired himself, the "Annihilator," the "Smasher," the "Terror," "Young Stingo," and

"Old Bouncer," would successively show themselves to the public, and shout with stentorian lungs, each moment in danger of bursting some blood-vessel, or having their heads knocked off.

But in all his walk through the fair, Mr. Gale had not as yet discovered the objects of his search.

Bandy Bob and Alf Green were nowhere to be

For many hours Gale sauntered here and there, first into this show, and then into another, without finding Hautwig or his friends; and he almost began to think that, perhaps, Matty might have been mistaken in what she had told him, your

The fair towards night became densely crowded. Thousands from London and other places poured in by trains and boats, until at last it was scarcely possible to move about at all through the dense mass of holiday-makers on every side.

Gas-lights, candles, links, torches in fact every sort of light was now used to illuminate the dif-

ferent shows and stalls.

People, drunk, were rolling about here and there. Fights were of frequent occurrence, and the jargon of tongues—shouts, yells, and screams—on all sides were more than deafening, they stunned a

Yet the fair was at its height, and as night went on, the confusion, uproar, and unearthly din became

greater and greater each moment.

Everywhere Gale went, gambling was going on at

a furious rate.

Whether for large or small sums, it was all the same; those standing around seemed to be unusually excited at the losses or winnings of their friends or acquaintances.

Roulette, hazard, wheels of fortune, and other games of chance seemed to be greatly patronized, and whenever a secluded spot could be obtained for the game so as not to be seen by the police, "thimble rigging" was in full sway.

Gale, with a sharp eye, soon detected one of these spots, and walked up towards the players in a cool,

unconcerned manner and looked on.

His simple attire and more simple manner threw

the gambling gentlemen off their guard.

"Who lifts the thimble that kivers the pea this time?" was the everlasting question of the proprietor of the pea, the three thimbles, and the small common deal table upon which the game was played.

And, as he thus challenged the company to "try their luck," he moved about the pea and the three thimbles with almost marvellous dexterity.

But what surprised Gale most of all was that the owner of the gambling apparatus was none other than the person he was in search of, namely, Bandy Bob himself.

Gale looked about among the crowd, but could

nowhere see Alf Green.

"Who'll make a bet? Who'll make a bet?" said Bob, shuffling the pea about. "Who'll make a bet? Anything you likes, gentlemen, from a 'tanner' to a 'quid.'''
"I knows which thimble it's under,'' says a

greenhorn, in a half-whisper, to a friend.

"Are you sure?"

"Certain, could swear to it,"

"Then what a fool you are not to bet."

Thus appealed to, the greenhorn stakes half-acrown.

Bandy Bob lifts the thimble which the greenhorn had chosen, when, strange to say, no pea was there! The countryman was thunderstruck.

He could have staked his life that the pea had been under that thimble a moment before.

End yet it had vanished!
"Try again, gentleman, try again; it's all the fortune of war. You can't expect to win every time; try again; better luck next time."

In a moment afterwards a stranger pushed his way towards the table, and laid five shillings.

The thimble was raised.

It was there!

"Here's the money, my gallant friend," said Bob, throwing down a five-shilling-piece; "I'm always willing to pay when I loses, but would rather win, of course."

The "gallant friend" tried his hand once or twice more, and to the amazement of all won each

time, and more than before.

The yellow, shining, gold-looking pieces, however, which Bandy Bob threw down, were not sovereigns

or half sovereigns either, as Gale quickly perceived. They were only "dummics," yet they looked so much like genuine coin, that few would have detected the difference by candle-light, save Gale.

But the detective was as sharp as a hawk. He understood all the tricks of the trade as well

as the gamblers themselves.

"So that's your little game, eh, is it, Bandy?" he thought. "Well, I won't disturb you yet awhile, but have some fun out of you."

He cast his eyes round, and perceived Alf Green,

who had joined the crowd that moment.

Alf was dressed very stylishly, and seemed to be

in league with the person who had won several times before.

"I'll try the metal of these gentlemen," thought

Gale. "Won't you have a try?" said Bandy Bob, ad-

dressing Gale; "it is all fair here, I assure you." Gale did not answer, but rattled a handful of silver in his pockets, as if in hesitation whether to play or not.

Alf Green and his friend heard the sound of the

money, and it made them very uneasy.

Alf approached Gale, and said, "Suppose you and I go halves and have a try; we can't lose it; I'm always very lucky at that game."

"I dare say you are," said Gale; "but I always

like to play alone."

With that he advanced towards the table and staked a crown.

He lifted the thimble. The pea was under it.

"Suppose you go half a sovereign next time," said Bob.

"I don't mind." said Gale.

And he staked his money and won.

This surprised Master Bob and all present.

But Bandy was satisfied to lose a trifle in order to draw on the stranger to play for still higher stakes.

"Suppose we go higher," said Bob. "With all my heart," was the reply.

Gale now staked five sovereigns, and, despite all he could do to the contrary, Bob lost.

He rose from the table as if shot.

"Why, how the devil is this?" he growled. "The pea wasn't under that thimble at all."

"Yes it was, yes it was."
"We saw it."

" All fair, governor, all fair," said the crowd. "Go on, and win all he's got," said many; "he's

won enough from us; now let him lose a little."
"I say it isn't fair," said Bob, striking the table.

"The pea wasn't under that thimble at all !"

"Yes it was! yes it was!"
"We saw it!" shouted the crowd.

"Then, which thimble is it under?" said Gale, laughing. "Let some one in the crowd lift the other two thimbles and see."

"Aye, aye, that's fair enough!"

"Nothing could be fairer !"
"I object!" said Bob.

But before he could perceive it the other two thimbles were raised, but the pea was under neither.

Bob knew this well enough, for when he had raised the first thimble he very cleverly extracted the pea from under it without being perceived by

any one. But Gale knew the trick of old, and quite as

cleverly had placed another one under it. It was this that alarmed Bandy Bob.

He knew that he had extracted the pea himself in the first instance, and at the moment that Gale had made his five pound bet there was no pea under either of them, for he himself had it that moment in the palm of his right hand.

But he did not dare to tell the crowd of it, or they would have smashed his table, and, perhaps,

have half killed him.

He looked and stared at Gale, but could make nothing more of him, for the detective had won every shilling he had.

At that moment Bob winked at Alf Green, and, at the same moment, slapped his pocket, telling him in plain words that he was short of money.

Alf understood the sign, and hurried away.

In a short time he returned, and, without being perceived, handed a very bulky purse to Bandy.

This was perceived by Gale. "Now come the dummies," thought the detective.
"I wonder where they get it from? I must find

"Well, old man," said he, "are you going to play, any more?"

"Look here, my friend," said Alf Green, nudging

Gale. "I want to speak to you."

They left the crowd and went some distance apart.

"Was that little game of yours in fun or in earnest?"

"What little game?"

"Why, placing a second pea under the thimble."
"In earnest?"

"Ah! I see ; you are too clever by half." " Am I?"

"Yes. Why do you come around robbing us of our money in that way for?"

"Robbing you?"
"Yes, me."

"You are in partnership, then?"

"It doesn't matter whether I am or not," said Alf Green, surlily. "Why do you and your friend come robbing poor, hard-working people, for,

"It ain't robbing."

"Yes it is; and for two pins, I'd call the attention of the police to you."

"You had better not," washood and had believe an

"Why, not." "There are too many of us, and besides, we have 'spotted' for the last half-hour."

"You might 'spot,' as you call it, for a whole week for all I care," said Gale.

"Are you going to play again?"
"I don't know; why?"

"How much will you take to square it, and not play any more ?"

"Oh, about a pound or two."

"Well, then, here it is," said Alf, giving him two spurious coins, which looked very much like sovereigns.

"Can't you give me some silver for one of' em?"

said Gale.

"Yes, I don't mind," said Alf.

And he took the counterfeit sovereign, and gave Gale several pieces in pewter metal instead.

After a few moments of further conversation they separated.

" Very good," thought Gale, " I have won some good money, and I have also got a good many counterfeits, both from Bandy and Alf."

He walked away chuckling to himself as he

said,

" Now, if I could only find out old Hautwig, and pounce upon his base metal, I should do

At that moment, and while standing in the shadow of a booth, Gale perceived Alf Green conversing with a long-faced, cunning-looking old

"That must be Hautwig," he thought.

When the two friends had separated, he followed the old man, and found out that he occupied a travelling van, around which a vast crowd of persons were gathered, admiring some flaring canvas pictures, whereon was painted a group of barbarous North American Indians, who were fighting over some handsome girl.

At the door stood a loud-mouthed fellow who was

describing the great attractions of the show in-

"Real wild Indians, gentlemen, every one, the greatest novelty of the age; can never be tamed, and have to be fed twice a day on raw beef, like animals in the Zoological Gardens. Walk up, walk up-be in time. Hear them rattling their chains, ladies and gentlemen; hear them rattling their chains? No humbug about this; they have to be stirred up with a red hot poker before they'll obey. Walk up, be in time, be in time! and for the small sum of one penny."

When he had done old Hautwig took up the strain, and described the immense cage and stout iron bars which had been made expressly for these

North American Indians.

At the same time, to excite the curiosity of those outside still more and more, one of Hautwig's gang came out upon the steps of the waggon, and flourished a red hot poker, which he said would be swallowed by one of the Indians.

A thrill ran through the crowd, and the red hot poker argument was so very powerful that crowds

rushed up the steps.

"Be in time! be in time, ladies and gentlemen, be in time! the last time to-night, positively the last time, and the only occasion for the next fortyeight hours in which the Indian chief will swallow the poker. Hear the chains rattling, gentlemen! hear the chains! real chains, gentlemen! real poker! real Indians! Walk up! be in time! at the low charge of one penny!"

Gale mixed among those who were going up the

steps to see the show.

Many of them gave old Hautwig half crowns, florins, shillings, and sixpences to change, and so much hurry were they in to secure good seats in order to see the "red hot poker trick" that they took little notice of what sort of money the old showman returned to his customers.

Gale pretended to be reeling drunk, and when he clambered up the steps he presented a good sovereign to old Hautwig, who gave him 19s. 6d. in bad

money, and fivepence in copper.

"Very neatly done," thought Gale, as he stag-gered into the show. "Old Hautwig little knows who I am, or he would swallow the red hot poker himself."

But, as he expected, the real, live, barbarous North American Indians in their iron cage was all an imposition.

The "Indians" were real live specimens of

humanity from the Seven Dials.

But they were painted and trimmed up in a very extraordinary manner, and, in all truth, looked very hideous indeed.

They were chained up in their iron cage, and pitched the chains about very noisily in order to

get up a good effect.

When touched by sticks or canes, they screamed and howled most awfully, and jumped at the iron bars (left loose on purpose), and shook them with such energy that many of the simple spectators thought it was all real.

After going through some performance, not worth mentioning, and after listening to five minutes' des-cription of the "wild men," and the enormous price Hautwig had paid for their capture, their ferocious habits, and such like, the curtain was let down upon the "savages," who returned immediately to their pipes and beer.

The door was thrown open, amid loud cries of-"They are now coming out! they are now coming out! Ask them if they are not satisfied! If any one is not so, he shall have his money back! Be in time! be in time! we will show once more tonight! Be in time! be in time!"

And thus old Hautwig continued his show for two

or three hours longer.

But, meanwhile, Gale was laying his plans to

capture the whole lot of swindlers.

He sauntered through the fair, never, for a moment losing sight of one of them; and, from all appearances, old Hautwig was doing a flourishing business with his real wild North American Indians, and passing of a great amount of spurious

CHAPTER CVIII.

IN WHICH THERE IS A SUDDEN COMMOTION AMONG THE WILD AMERICAN INDIANS-HAUTWIG PER-FORMS THE RED HOT POKER TRICK.

THE fair had closed, and it was past midnight.

The poor clowns who had been jumping about all the live-long day, and endeavouring to attract the notice and patronage of admiring audiences, had tumbled for the last time.

Mr. Merryman, in the circus, to use his own phrase, was "regularly done up," and another

"flip-flap" was not in him.

In truth, save here and there an expiring faggot or flickering lamp, all the fair was wrapt in slumber, or behind the scenes were regaling themselves with beef-steaks and beer, after the arduous labours

Gale went his rounds through the deserted fair. and after dodging about for some time, he got under old Hautwig's caravan, and secreted himself.

Hautwig, and his real wild North American Indians (now, of course, liberated from their chains, and captivity), were enjoying themselves over an Irish stew, and from the clattering of plates, and the continual roars of laughter, Gale began to think the wild Indians, after all, were jolly, jovial sort of fellows, and were humbugging the credulous public to very great advantage, both

to themselves and old Hautwig.
"Pass along some more o' that 'ere stew," said one of the Indians. "Likes it amazin' well."
"" Didn't we take in the greenforms?" said ano-

A rare old thing we made on it to-day, Hautwig," said a third.

"Ah!" said the proprietor of the show, with a deep sigh, "all ain't gold that glitters, my lads; it ain't because you sees the show full o' people every time that we are making a good thing on it. No, not by any means."

"Oh! that's always the tale," said one.

"It don't matter how much you make, you is always losing," said another. "I never see such a chap as you is, old Hautwig; I didn't, so help my

Gale heard all of this, concealed as he was under the cart, and as it now began to rain, he covered himself up in an old tarpauling he found there, and

listened still longer.
"I know what old Hautwig is growling about," thought Gale; "he and Bandy Bob go shares in the thimble-rigging job, and he has heard long before this that I won five pounds. It will take all the gilt off their gingerbread for a few days, I think."

But from all he heard, he made sure that the poor devils who were hired at two shillings per day and their grub to "do" the wild Indian business, were not at all aware of the rascality of their em-

He felt confident that they were totally unaware of the passing or dealing in spurious coin carried on by old Hautwig; and, therefore, he made up his mind to have nothing to do with them, come what might.

He remained in his place of concealment some time, when in the distance Gale perceived Bandy Bob, trudging along through the rain and mud towards old Hautwig's caravan.

He whistled twice or thrice, and Gale heard Hautwig over head, shuffling towards the caravan door, which he opened.

"That you, Bob?"
"Yes."

"Can't come in, yet, my joker; these ere Indians o' mine are having their supper; they'll soon wash up and go off to their lodgings."

"All right."

"It's just as well not to let every one know what we've been up to."

"Just so; but come down, I wants to speak to you; only a minute or two.'

This conversation was carried on between the two rascals in an undertone, and in slang words peculiar to themselves, so that the wild Indians inside, if even they had heard it, could not understand the meaning of it.

Hautwig came down the steps, and the rain began

to fall heavily.

He and Bandy Bob got underneath the caravan, and sat on the straw, not more than six feet from Gale, who was curled up under the tarpaulin.

"Have you seen Alf Green?" said Bob.

"In course he told you how I was done out of a fiver ?"

"He did, more's the pity; bad luck to the man who fleeced us, I say."

"It's knocked off all our earnings for the next two days."

"So it has, Bobby, so it has. If Alf hadn't seen it I wouldn't have believed it."

"I was forced to pay, or the crowd would have broken my head " in well! Them cusps ever had such capital

le Ohipia bliw

But I made sure he'd play again. He didn't

"An artful cove whoever he was, and no mistake."

"Alf Green followed him, and tried 'to bounce' him out of the money again; but it was no go, he showed fight, so Alf says, and gathered a rare crowd around him, who took his part, else Alf would have knocked him down and eased him of the lot."

Now, as we know, this was all a lie. Being a bit of a fighting man he had intended to pick a quarrel with the stranger, Gale; but when the detective appeared realy for it, and willing, Alf's craven heart grew faint.

He didn't like the brightness of the stranger's eye, nor the muscular development of his arms and broad chest.

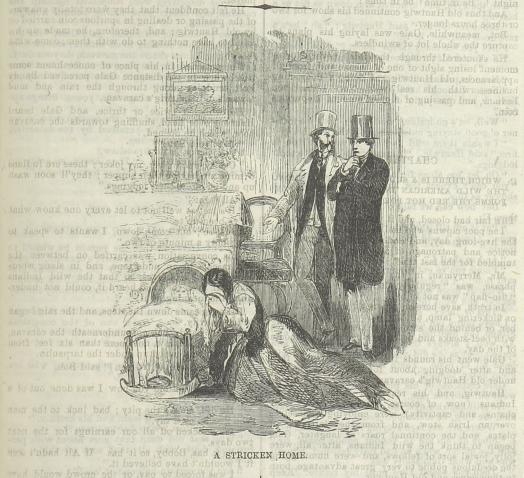
Hence, as we have previously seen, he "squared" it with the unknown detective for a spurious half sovereign.

To keep his credit good with Bandy Bob, however, Alf trumped up the tale told to Hautwig.

Gale, as he lay concealed, and listening, could not but smile as Bob continued,

"Things are getting worser and worser. How's it with you, have you done much to day?"

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, CARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPIAIN THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN



"Oh! 'mazin' well! Them chaps from the Dials take A 1. I never had such capital wild men in all my life, only, you know, Bob, they eats so much. Lor' bless yer! you have no notion how them ere coves can eat—two pounds o' steak every day, and two pots o' malt arter every performance. I struck dead against the malt twice to-day, but how can a cove get over them? They threatened, if I stopped their beer, they'd leave off growlin', and fightin', and rolling o' their chains; that's were they has me, you know. If it warn't for their dreadful noises and horrible faces they pulls, it wouldn't go at all. The beer though livens'em up, and they goes it as fierce and true as life; even I think, sometimes, they must be rale genuine savages."

"But how have you got along with the coin?" A

"Have you any more?"
"Yes, plenty. How have you got along with

it? Did you palm much on it off on the yokels?" "Yes, pretty fair; but not so much as I should like. Alf Green ain't as near a good 'un as Barney was."

"Ain't he, though ?" hour tibero side of "No, he ain't got the bounce in him which the

Pug had." "Poor devil! What's become on him, I wonder ?"

"Lagged, you may depend on it, for summat."
"Come, now, then, you chaps," said old Hautwig, calling to the wild Indians, "don't you lie there all night."

At this moment Alf Green made his appearance. Bob whistled, and he joined them under the cart.

"Well, how goes it, Alf?" said Hautwig. "Did you get rid of your 'stuff?"" "Yes, nearly all; I sold a 'quid's' worth to Young Stingo, at the sparring booth, and he shoved off in no time."

"Did he buy any more?" Levawia a tada w dua)

"Yes; took ten bob's worth," Jian of the life of the transfer of the transfer

"And promised to take more to-morrow."
"Ah," said Hautwig, "Young Stingo would "Ah," said Hautwig, "Young Stingo would make a rare good pal. Wouldn't he, bob?"

"I believe you, old 'un. His werry appearance would frighten any one. Just fancy a countryman accusing him of doing such a thing; it would be more than his head was worth. He's an awful

"He had a turn up with a bloak about it to-"Did he, though ?" to be and to gare visit the sec day," said Alf.

"Yes, and it was all a ball. 'Me pass bad

give you a bad half-crown? he said, and afore you could think of it he let the poor yokel have it between the eyes, and knocked him down as flat as a herring.

"Bravo for Stingo," said Hautwig: "ah! he's a

rare good customer he is."

"Did you see many 'slops' about?" asked Bob.
"No," said Alf; "I never see the fair with so few on 'em."

"None in private clothes?" asked Hautwig.

"No, or I should have known 'em. I don't believe I see one plain clothes man in the whole fair."

"Well, let's go inside," said Bob; "it's no man-

ner o' good staying outside here in the wet."

"I wants them wild Indians o' mine out on it first," said Hautwig. "I must pack 'em off to their lodgings."

"Oh, let 'em alone for a time," said Alf Green; "you can't expect the lads to go out in such a

shower as this.'

"But how can we talk o' business afore such as

them?"

"Put it off till the rain is over, and they have gone. Come," said Bob, "I shall make a move inside."

"And so shall I."

"I hope you've got summat nice an' hot, old 'un," said Bob; "I'm almost famished."

Without more words the trio left their place of

shelter, and went into the caravan.

"This is lucky," said Gale, when they had gone. "I have found out more than I expected. So, young Stingo, the fighting man, is one of the gang, eh? Ah, well, I always thought he couldn't flash and spree about as he did upon honest money. I will have all or none. There is no need of any very great hurry, though."

Gale crept out of his place of concealment, and

went out into the rain.

He still kept his eye on old Hautwig's caravan, and, ere long, he met a policeman.

"Where are our men staying?" asked Gale.

"Some of 'em are in youder public-house, sir," said the officer, when he had fully satisfied himself

who and what Gale really was.

"Then you stand here until my return. Keep your eye on that caravan yonder; if any one comes out or goes in, tell me when I return. I shall not be gone more than ten minutes. Stand beside this booth; don't let any one see you watching.

Gale made his way through the mud and rain, and soon reached the public-house.

He called for sixpenny-worth of brandy and hot water, and began to talk about the weather as if he did not know a single soul then present.

In a few minutes he went away, and the men in the parlour left the place one by one.

Gale waited for them outside, and then directed each what to do.

"Where does young Stingo live?" he asked.

"All right," said Gale; "you go on and do as I

tell you; I will follow quickly,"

Gale then went to the public-house, and left word with the landlord that young Stingo was wanted by Alf Green, at old Hautwig's caravan, and must come directly.

Stingo was very angry at being disturbed out of his drunken slumber, but as he thought that the message concerned a further and cheap supply of base coin, he shuffled along through the wet, and soon reached Hautwig's caravan.

He knocked and entered.

In the meantime, however, Gale had made every disposition for the capture of the whole party

Several detectives were concealed beneath the caravan, and others were hiding behind a neigh-

bouring booth.

"Don't touch the wild men," said Gale, "for the poor devils have nothing to do with it; but directly this young Stingo enters the caravan, do your duty, and be prepared for the very worst, for I fear there will be a desperate struggle, and some of us may get hurt, seriously hurt."

In a few moments after this, young Stingo ap-

proached.

He was accompanied by Hairy Cap, who, as we have seen, was soundly thrashed by the detective, Bradshaw, in the morning.

"How lucky," said Bradshaw.

"Hush!" said Gale. "They are now going up the steps of the caravan. They have entered.'

CHAPTER CIX.

DETECTIVE GALE AND THE COINERS.

DIRECTLY Gale saw that the person he wished to capture had entered old Hautwig's caravan, he gave the appointed signal, and all the constables gradually closed round the waggon, in such a manner that it was almost a matter of impossibility for any one of them to escape.

Gale was now about to mount the steps and knock at the door, when one of the constables hastily approached him, saying-

"Not yet, Mr. Gale, not yet."

"Why not?"

"I see two other parties approaching who are concerned with old Hautwig."

"Do you know them?"
"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"Old Smith, the dog man, and his brother."

"The dog man! who do you mean?"

"Why that old chap that goes about with performing dogs, and all that sort of thing, you know.

"Are you certain he's one of 'em?"

"Quite so."

"And what name does he go by?"

"Old Jemmy."

"All right," said Gale; "we can afford to wait a little while; if we only succeed in securing all the lot, it will be a good night's work."

So speaking, Gale got off the steps, and hid him-

self under the caravan again.

In a few moments old Jemmy approached, wet through to the skin.

He walked up the steps like a man who was perfectly at home, and he ushered himself in without ceremony.

"Hillo, Jemmy, that you?" said all at once.

"Aye, lads, what's left on me.'

"You look down in the mouth, my lad."

"And well I may be. Hautwig."
"Don't the dogs 'take' now, as well as usual?"
"Take!" said Jemmy, in disgust, "take! the devil, no; things are all changing now. You see, the tastes of the rising generation used to be for dogs and monkeys, and all that sort o' thing; but

it's no go now; they wants something more sensational now by half." And as he spoke, old Jemmy, the dog man, helped himself to the contents of a quart pot near by, and

almost drained it to the dregs ere he let it go. It will be seen that before old Jemmy arrived,

Hautwig and his friends had transacted all their secret business without taking the "wild Indians" into their confidence.

For it takes but a minute for coiners and utterers to pass a roll of base metal one to the other.

Therefore, having transacted what they had to do, they were in a merry mood, and hailed old Jemmy's arrival with great applause.

Jemmy's arrival with great apprause.

"Ah!" said Jemmy, "things ain't what they used to be; the 'wild' business is what tells now. Give me half-a-dozen wild Indians," said Jemmy, "And James and mankeys." "they are better than all your dogs and monkeys."

Hautwig smiled, as he said-

"Why, I thought you had a long engagement at Cross's penny gaff, over in the Boro'."

"So I did; but it didn't pay very well arter I got the job."

"How was that?"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it if you'll listen," said old Jemmy, filling a pipe.

"You see, when I left you, Hautwig——"
"Which you never had any occasion to do if you hadn't been so thick-headed."

"Never mind talking about that now," said Jemmy, "that time is past and gone."

"Well, go on now about your engagement with

Cross."

"Well, I was sitting down arter dinner having a pipe in my lodgings at Lambeth, and was growling a good deal about the hardness of the times, when all at once I hears a rat-tat at the door, and arter a minute or two in walks Cross of the Royal Penny

"Jist as usual he walks in as if he were always playing the ghost in Hamlet, and I offers him a

chair.

"He sits down as if he were Macbeth, and puts his arms akimbo, and says, in a awful, sepulchra

"'Jemmy Smith,' says he, 'I've called about those dorgs o' yourn.'

"'My good sir,' says I, 'they is werry wonderful creturs, as everybody knows.'

"'Yes, I have heard they are clever,' said Cross.
"'Clever?' says I, 'you may well say that. There ain't two sich animals anywhere's breathing as my dogs Jupiter and Juno.'

"'You have been out of an engagement for a

long time, I hear?' said Cross, artful as ever.

"'Out of a engagement, sir?' says I. 'You must be mistaken entirely in the party,' says I. 'My dogs are never out on a engagement!'

"It wouldn't do, you see, to let him know as how I wasn't performing, or his price wouldn't be so

much by half.

"Arter a moment or two of solemn silence, Cross

picks his teeth and, says he,

"'What terms would you propose for the use of

them at my theatre over in the Borough?'

"For how long-a week or a fortnight, or what?" says I, "for I closes a engagement with a certain party this werry evening, and it's the last time I plays for him for some time to come. How long for, Mr. Cross?" says I, "for a fortnight of successive nights?"

"'Jest so,' said Cross, throwing out his legs in such a grand style that you'd a thought 'his theatre,' as he called it, was not less, and nothing inferior to her Majesty's Opera House, at least.

"'For a fortnight of successive nights?' said I,

considering. " 'Yes, jest so.'

"'We had ten bob a night at Sadlers Wells," says I.

" 'Ah !' said the great manager ; 'but you must

remember that while the price of admission to the boxes of Sadler's Wells is half-a-crown, the pit one shilling, and the gallery sixpence, I have got neither boxes nor pit at my establishment as yet, and the

price of admission is—ah! you know."

"'I understand yer,' said I, stopping his stuttering, 'I understand yer. It's "Walk up! walk up! jest about to commence! The last time to-night! For the sole charge of one penny," and all that,' said I, imitating a country fair.

"But this I adds in a quiet way,

"'Why you see, Mr. Cross, I've played at sich firstrate places, that I'm not quite sure it would be quite the correct thing to appear on the boards of such a penny establishment as yourn.'

"There's nothing like cheek, you know Haut-

wig," said Jem, again helping himself to the porter.
"'Ahem,' said Cross, very loudly, and getting rather red, for what I said took all the starch of Hamlei's ghost out on him, and humbled him a

"But he presently got red, plucked up his courage, and says he,

"'Well, Smith, you astonish me. You do, most certainly; you astonish me really. This is the first time I've ever heard anything said about the respectability of dogs.'

"' Do you mean to say as how we ain't respect-

able?' said I.

"" Not at all, Smith: I assure you nothing could be further from my intentions as far as regards yourself personally; I only referred to your dogs,

"'My dogs, sir,' said I, in a loud tragic voice, and

looking at Cross full in the face.

"' Yes, Smith, only your dogs, you know.'
"' Only my dogs?' said I, bursting with indigna-'I tell you what it is, Mr. Cross, my dogs are very respectable animals, and I wish that all animals with two legs could always behave themselves as Jupiter and Juno does.'

"I felt so awfully wild, I felt inclined to kick

Cross out of the room.

"'Do you mean any reflection on me, sir ?' said the penny-gaff proprietor, rising. 'Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that your dogs are more respectable than me?

"'I means to say this,' said I, 'I shall never stand by and hear my dogs called in question.'

"'You seem to be labouring under a misconception, Smith, said Cross, 'it was never my intention to underrate the capability of your animals.' "'Then, you do admit they are respectable?"

said I.

"'Yes, I have no doubt they are in their way." "'Ah,' said I, 'that's talking like a man. And now, Mr. Cross,' said I, with the air of a man who

has lots of money, 'now,' says I, 'if you wishes to engage us, my terms to you, considering you have engage us, in terms of the only a penny gaff, are eight beb a-night.'
""Bight shillings a-night? What! that will

"'Eight shillings a-night?

come to sixteen shillings for them both.'
"'You are mistaken,' says I; 'that will just make it a guinea.'

"'A what ?' " 'A guinea.'

"'How do you make that out? You have only two dogs.'

"'Very true,' said I; 'but, then, there's me.'

"'Oh, but it's not necessary to have you, Smith."

"'The devil it ain't,' said I, getting red.
"'No,' said he, as cool as ice, 'no; there isn't the slightest occasion to have you, for you don't

act, you know.'
"'Don't I, though?' says I.

"'No, not in the least."

"'What, then, do you call it, Mr. Cross?' said

I, boiling over with professional fury.

"'You only say one or two words to the animals from time to time, which I or anybody could say just as well.'

"'Mr. Cross,' says I, bursting with rage, 'sir,' said I, 'if we don't go together we don't go at all.

Mark that, sir.'

"'That's quite unreasonable,' says her abrewor

"'No matter,' says I. Me and my dogs, sir, or no dogs at all; that's my bargain. I meaw oH

" But why can you object ?' as

"'The animals won't perform their most extraordinary and wonderful tricks with anyone else but me.

"" I don't see why they shouldn't, Smith, said he. "'But I tell you they won't, and so that's flat,"

". Have you any objections to let me try them?" said Cross at last, after a long time spent in thinking over it.

"'Try 'em? Oh! none in the least; I have no

objections.'

"'Well, then, Smith, suppose you call in Juniter, and see whether, on my running across the room and repeating the words you are in the habit of using, the animal does not seize me by the neck of my coat without doing me any injury? and mos pand

"'Very well, says I, very well; I have no objections, not the least in the world. Here Jupiter,

Jupiter !'

"In a few moments a large Newfoundland dog galloped out of the yard into the room, and stood wagging its tail before Smith.

"'Now,' said Cross, 'I am ready, ones and the said the ran across the room in a staggering manner,

shouting-

"'Ah! ah! the deed is done! Revengelore-venge! revenge!' augoa blo gunnung a sail sud

These were the words always used by Smith, but on this occasion the dog did not stir a foot.

"Cross seemed astonished that the animal did not recognise the last word as he usually did, and seize him by the coat collar as he always did to me, his master.

Well, sir, says I, perhaps you'll admit now that the animal will not perform without me. and

"'I don't know that, Smith,' said he, annoyed; 'it strikes me that if you were to say to the dog, "go, sir," in a harsh tone, when I repeat the last "revenge," Jupiter would at once understand it, and perform the trick, and ydW de enob gov

Mr. Cross; if you wishes to try it again, why do so,

with all my heart.'

"Mr. Cross made a move across the room a second time, shouting, 'Ah, ah! the deed is done ! revenge, revenge, revenge!

"At the proper moment I says in a gruff voice to

Jupiter, 'Go, sir.'

"In an instant Jupiter bounded away, and collared Cross, threw him down on the ground, tore all his coat, and then Jupiter and the gaff manager rolled together on the floor, all among the slops and dirt."

"And what did you do?" asked one.

"Why I thought I should have died from laughing, for Jupiter, mind you, didn't bite Cross at all, but he scarcely left a garment on his back but what was torn almost into shreds.

"' Murder, murder!' shouted Cross, as he lay rolling on the floor. 'Murder! the dog is strangling me; for mercy sake, Smith, take him off, and I'll give you a large salary.' be you said not let

"'A large salary, Mr. Cross,' says I. wed said "'Yes,' says he, 'only take this beast of a dog from off my stomach.'

"I called away Jupiter, who wagged his tail, and considered the whole proceeding to be nothing else but a dress rehearsal.

"Poor Cross was in a fearful plight. at 919

"He was red and dirty, and bruised and torn, and presented such a pitiable appearance that I had to lend him some clothes to go home in.

"He did not forget Jupiter's cleverness, however, and next morning I went over with my two dogs to the Royal Penny Gaff, and, over some stout, Cross joked about the adventure of the day before.

"'Don't mention it to any one, Smith,' said he; 'don't, for goodness sake, or else I shall never hear

the last of it.'

But how about the extra pay?' said I.

Oh, you shall have it,' said Cross of Come tonight and begin your engagement.'

"I began my engagement, and the gaff was filled almost to suffocation every night; yes, several times every night."

"But you didn't give your own name, did you?" "It wasn't likely. I called myself Sig. Mirini, and the dogs were called Hercules and Prospero." "Well, and how did the engagement end?"

"Why, at the end of the week, Cross began to grumble and only paid me just one-half what I ought to have received."

He didn't speak again about the extra pay, I

suppose ?"

"No, not a word, but I made up my mind to have it by hook or by crook." node He swood no

"And did you get it?"

Yes, and more than I expected."

"How ?"

"I had been instructing Jupiter in a new trick, and he performed it to perfection." "What was it?"

"You shall hear. During my engagement I found out that Cross always paid a visit to the money-taker's place every half-hour, and put it into his leather bag.

"This leather bag he invariably put into a breast-

pocket inside his waistcoat.

"Having found out this, I began to instruct Jupiter in his new trick, but before I tried it, I says to Cross 'How about my pay; shall I have it all to-night or how?

"He didn't answer, so I made up my mind that

after all he was trying to swindle me.

"It was Saturday night, and my last appearance with the dogs.

"The gaff was crowded to suffocation, and Cross was in great good humour with the large amount of silver that had been taken during the evening.

"It was about eleven o'clock, and the last act was over

"I says to Cross, who was playing the murderer in the piece, says I-

" 'How about that money, Cross? Am I to get it or not?'

"'All right,' says I; so just at that moment, when Jupiter should have seized the murderer by the collar and dragged him down, he seized Cross so suddenly about the chest that it was a long time before he discovered his loss.

"Jupiter had snatched the leather purse from the

pocket and brought it to me."

"Which you of course kept?"

"As a matter of course. But when Cross discovered the loss of his money, he jumped up again and began to curse and swear in such a manner that he was hissed and hooted at by all of the andience.

"'Finish the piece! Finish the piece!' they

velled with all their might.

"But Cross rushed about here and there like a wild man, looking for his missing purse, but could nowhere find it.

"The audience, however, were bound to have some kind of fun for their money, and so began to tear up the benches, and jumped upon the stage and had a battle on a small scale between themselves and the company, tearing and breaking whatever came in their way, and causing such a riot that it took half-a-dozen policemen to restore

"Cross was marched off to the station, and had ten days' hard labour for creating a disturbance; but Jemmy Smith and his dogs went home and enjoyed ourselves out of the contents of his purse, without thinking it any way wrong either."

Loud laughter greeted old Jemmy on the conclusion of his story, in which the wild Indians

joined most heartily.

Indeed, inside the caravan all was comfortable and snug; outside the rain was pouring in torrents, and each one felt very much inclined to remain where he was and not trust himself out in the deluge of rain.

"There's nothing like humbug, Jemmy," said old Hautwig. "Look at me, see what a roaning

business I am doing."

"Which way?" said the old dog man, with a knowing wink.

"You knows all about it, I see," said Young

Stingo, laughing. "I do," said Jemmy; "but Pd rayther trust to my two dogs than get into the hands of the bobbies."

"Oh, gammon, Jemmy!" said Hautwig, with a scornful laugh. "Do you mean to say that you have never done anything in our peculiar line?"

"No, my lads, nor I shouldn't like to do so either. I can tell you you will be 'copped' sooner or later; that's what I always say." and reduced

"And what brings you here now, then ?" said several.

"Why, to bring you very unpleasant news."
"Unpleasant news?" said all, in a breath.

"Why, what do you mean ?"

- "Mean?" said Jemmy. "Why, I mean to say this: that if the fair to-day wasn't watched by half a score of policemen in disguise, you can shoot me." It was Saturday night, and with the dogs.
 - " Half a score ?"

"Yes, not one lesso! bebworn

"Then I'm off," said Young Stingo.org

At that moment the door opened and Gale entered.

No one knew him; but all felt greatly surprised, and there was something so very peculiar in his looks that they felt sure he could be no friend.

"Who are you?" asked one. "What do you want here?"

"What's your name!" said first one and then

as other.

"Well, gentlemen, my name is Gale. I am an officer, and I come to arrest every one of you for being concerned in robbery, and in uttering base coin.

The four wild men no sooner heard that he was an officer, than they clambered through the windows and ran away like lunatics.

Nor were they stopped.

For, as we have seen, Gale had given special orders that not one of them should be molested, for he had good reasons for supposing that neither of them had had any hand in the wicked practices of their employer, Hautwig.

Young Stingo, when he heard the name and occupation of Gale, made a violent blow at that officer, but Gale dodged, and young Stingo fell right into the arms of two constables, who were that moment advancing up the ladder.

As quick as thought old Hautwig made a rush towards a drawer, in which was a very large quantity of spurious coin.

He was in the act of unlocking it, when Gale gave him a violent blow on the knuckles which rendered him almost helpless, w also

In a few moments the caravan was filled with officers, and the fight became general.

Young Stingo, Bandy Bob, and Alf Green, fought like furies.

Old Jemmy fell flat upon his back, and let them fight it out as best they could, without endeavouring to help either one party or the other.

In less than five minutes, however, all the coiners

were arrested and handcuffed.

They were taken away through the rain, and safely lodged in gaol, after having been searched.

Gale and another officer remained behind to search the caravan, and greatly to their astonishment they discovered not only large quantities of base coin, but a perfect apparatus for making it.

It is needless to say that no one was more taken aback than old Hautwig himself.

When he was placed in a cell by himself, and began to realize the awful position in which he was placed, all his former merriment and indifference seemed to change into rank despair.

He could have committed suicide, so keenly, acutely did he feel, and thoroughly understand his position.

But, like a cunning old rogue as he was, he made up his mind to turn informer, and tell all he knew. Therefore, when Gale had returned with a light cart filled with all manner of things taken out of

the caravan, Hautwig sent for him. seingoost don

"Wel, Hautwig, we have got you at last," and tone. "Why, what have I done?" smins edd tadd "I don't know that, Smith, sai

beybYou E'd "Yes, me."

"Why, everything, Hautwig," said Gale, looking the old rascal straight in the eye. "What have you done, eh? Why, everything, you conning old rascal. Why, I have ferreted out more than a hundred weight of property concealed in different parts of your caravan.'

"Ah, Mr. Gale, it must have been planted there

unknown to me. Beeb edd ! da dA ' guituoda emil "Planted, eh? You are a fine cold humbug to talk of planting, like as if you haven't been making a fortune for the past ten years from the proceeds of robbery. How about that base coin I found in your drawers?" lared Cross, threw

"What base coin, Mr. Gale?" bas

"There, there," said the officer, in disgust, "don't try to play the innocent over me; I know you too well, Hautwig."

"Don't say that, Mr. Gale," whined the old man; "I have never injured you in all my life."

"No; but you have injured, nay, ruined dozens

in your time." sherds out it somls mot saw "Look you here, Mr. Gale," old Hautwig began. "I intend to make a clean breat of it, and tell you

"If you take my advice, Hautwig, you'll say

nothing, for whatever you say may be used against

"Yes, I know, Mr. Gale, I know; but it's no use playing the innocent any longer, for I find I have been betrayed."

" Betrayed ?"

"Yes, Mr. Gale. You could never have found me out if some villain had not 'rounded' on me. "Do you suspect any one?"

"Yes-Barney the Pug, or else the cabman."

"Barney did not; and, as to the cabman, I am cn the look-out for him, and have been for the last month."

" You do not mean that?" said old Hautwig, with glittering eyes. " After him, eh! What for?

"For the robbery down in the country, which you, Barney, Bandy Bob, and Alf Green are concerned in."

Old Hautwig turned pale.

He swore until almost black in the face that he knew nothing about it; but Gale detailed so many circumstances regarding it, that the old man could not refute him.

"You might as well make a clean breast of it."

"And do you intend to arrest the cabman?"

"The first moment I see him."

"And prosecute him?"

"Yes, have the old villain transported if I can." "Ah, Mr. Gale," whined old Hautwig; "I fear

our game is up."

"I know it is. I have been a long time after first one and then another of you, but I hope shortly to have every one of you hung or lagged, Hautwig.

"You won't press it very hard against me if tells you all, will you, Mr. Gale?"
"I can promise nothing."

"But you'll try and poke in a good word for me, now wont you?"

Gale did not answer.

This was always the cry of those who had enjoyed a long career in crime, and were accidentally cap-

And Mr. Gale found out from long experience, despite whatever may be said about "honor among thieves," that nine out of every ten convicted rogues would willingly turn queen's evidence, if by so doing they could lessen their own punishment.

It was with this knowledge and conviction that Gale stood outside the cell door conversing with old Hautwig, whom he called the prince of rogues

and humbugs.

He knew very well that the old man was dying to disclose everything that he knew about his companions if only to ease his own mind. Hence, after a time, he begged that Mr. Gale would procure pen, ink, and paper, and take notes of all he said.

This the detective willingly acceded to, and old Hautwig detailed to him such a catalogue of crime, in which he had taken part, or of which he had been from time to time cognizant, that it made Gale

fairly unwell.

The officer did not much care to hear anything about Barney; but when old Hautwig began to speak of the old cabman and his doings at night, it fairly startled him, detective as he was.

CHAPTER CX.

THE DARK DOINGS OF A NIGHT CABMAN.

"You have no notion, Mr. Gale, what a villain that old cabby is."

"I have suspected he wasn't altogether on the square for years," said Gale.

"And many others besides you, Mr. Gale; but he

has been too clever all along for all of you officers, and even now I very much doubt you could prove any case against him, he is so deep and cunning."

"I know he is, and have heard that he glories in defying all the police."

"So he does; and I have heard him tell some range stories. There has been more than one strange stories. dead body which has ridden inside his cab."

Gale looked up in surprise and horror as he said,

"You don't mean that, Hautwig?"

"I do, though. It has been used several times by the body-snatchers and others."

"Horrible! and do you know the names of any of the bodies which they have removed?"

"Only one."

"And who was that?"

"Old Ford, the gentleman who was murdered in the Red House."

"Was that removed from the cemetery?"

"It was." "By whom?"

"Barney, and another person named Warner."
"You are sure of this?"

"And sure also that the body was conveyed back-wards and forwards in the cab."

"Horrible! but tell me, Hautwig, did they sell you any trifles which belonged to the dead man?"

"Yes." "What were they?"

"Two gold rings, set with diamonds. I bought them with the fingers still in them."
"What!"

Barney and his friend cut off the fingers to save time and trouble.

"I had to saw them off the joints afterwards,' said Hautwig, "Monsters!" said Gale.

"The body was afterwards sold for twenty pounds to some medical students. When they had done with it various parts were placed in brown paper parcels, and thrown into the sewers or rivers at night time."

"What barbarism !"

"Oh! Barney, to my knowledge, has been a capital hand at body snatching for years."

"The villain!"

"He first finds out what rich people are dead, where they are going to be buried, and such like; in fact, he often attends, or rather follows, the funeral, and then, having laid all his plans, he and cabby do the trick very nicely, for your real gentle-folk are always buried with their rings on."

"Hautwig, you astonish me!"
"It would astonish you much more if you knew as much as I do about him."

"I suppose so; but then, perhaps, he may have

told you lies."

"Oh, I have heard it from Barney as well. One night he was called off the cab rank by an elderly gentleman who had a young woman with him.

"'Drive to Hampstead,' said the stranger, wink-

ing at cabby.

"Cabby winks back, and drives them to Hampstead.

"When they got there the gentleman orders him to drive five miles farther on.

"He does so; but when he stops, the gentleman has disappered, and the young girl inside is stone dead !

"Cabby finds a purse on the seat and that's all. "Where or how the gentleman had got out was a

mystery which cabby didn't care about solving. "What did he do with the body? Was the girl's throat cut or anything of that sort?"

"No; it must have been done by poison of some

sort; and so cabby came to the conclusion that he would throw the body into the canal, iastead of making a bue and cry about it."

"And did he do so?"

"Yes."

"And what became of the affair? do you know?"

"I have heard that the body was discovered next day, and in three days afterwards identified by a gentleman as that of his only child. The loss of his daughter preyed so much upon the father that he blew out his brains, and strange to say the title and estates went into the hands of some old lawver."

"Did you hear his name?"

"I did, but forget. All I know now is that cabby received a small parcel shortly afterwards, in which the unknown gentleman thanked him for the wise and discreet manner in which he had acted. The parcel contained, among other things, £100 in gold.

"And what did cabby do with it?"

"Drank it, or gambled it away."

For a few moments Gale did not speak, but at last he said.

"Did you hear whether these estates were in England or the continent?"

I know that the title and estates were both

foreign."

"The gentleman's title, then, would be Count Schmidt, would it not?" asked Gale, referring to his note-book. "And the estates are or were situated near Manheim?"

"Now I come to recollect, I think you are right." "This old gentleman must have been a lawyer, then ?"

"That I know not."

"But I am sure of it," said Gale, "and his true name is Flint. I am after both father and son. When they are captured all my work is done."
Whether the brave and restless detective Gale

succeeded in his designs and wishes, we shall presently see in another chapter of startling incidents and revelations.

hose the wiltering to the property

CHAPTER CXI.

FRANK FORD'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER TOM.

WHILE Captain Tom Ford was roaming the high seas in quest of adventure, and capturing or des-troying everything which bore the flag of Maximilian, the usurper, and would-be emperor of Mexico, his brother Frank, and his brave band of Boy Soldiers, were much occupied in guarding the upper fords of the river, to prevent the French from crossing, and cutting off the supplies of men and material from the brave little army of liberation, under President Juarez.

Frank, by a private letter, learned that his brother Tom was cruizing about in the Atlantic, and, instead of sending his letters to England, as he had been in the habit of doing before, he wrote to Tom, and directed his epistle to the Island of St. Thomas, in the care of the American consul there, with instructions for it to he left there until called for.

Now Tom was of an active turn of mind and body, and when he had nothing particular to do on sea, he invariably put into some near port in order to ascertain, if possible, the movements of Maximi-

lian's vessels.

When, therefore, he called at the Island of St. Thomas for fresh water and provisions of all kinds, he was delighted to find awaiting him a long letter

from the brave leader of the Boy Soldiers, which, in substance, was as follows :-

"DEAR TOM, - Since last I wrote to you from this, our station, on the upper falls of the river which we are guarding, we have had very strange adventures, not with animals this time, but with men-real live Comanche Indians.

"After our battles with lions, bears, wolves, and such like, we were allowed a little peace and leisure from the 'varmints,' as our tall American trapper from the 'varmints,' as our tall American trapper persists in calling them; but in a few nights we were doomed to a great surprise.

"The tall Yankee who had been out hunting one whole day, returned without killing or bringing

anything home with him.

"This very much surprised us all, for, to speak the truth, the trapper is a dead shot, and one of the best hunters I ever heard of.

"Instead of bringing home any game he returned dusty and weary.

"His head was bound up with a handkerchief. "He was bleeding from several flesh wounds in his head, arms, and thighs.

"His mustang pony was blowing and all covered with foam, and quivered, poor beast, in every limb, and almost tottered from weakness as it hobbled into our camps.

"The trapper had used all his powder and ball. "He had but one charge, and that was already in

his rifle, ready for use.

"I knew that something was up; so, after giving him some fresh meat, I questioned him in private, in order that the whole camp might not be aroused unnecessarily.

"'You look very tired,' I said to him.
"'Yes, I guess I am,' said Long Legs, yawning,
and stretching himself on my bed of dried grass. 'I calculate as how any one would be dead beat if they had gone through what I have to-day.'
'''Why, what happened?' I asked.
"'Oh! nothing much,' he grinned; 'I've only had a right smart brush with the red devils.'

" How did that occur?"

""Why, when I left our camp early this morning, I took a path by the river, and went up about fifteen

"'When I halted, and began to look about for game, which I knew was plentiful up there, I perceived, not fifty yards from me, a party of redskins crossing the river.

"'In fact, I had almost ridden right into an encampment of redskins without being observed by

"There was no way to escape except the path I had come by, and I thought of retracing my steps, when, lo and behold! the path was occupied by half-a-dozen powerful redskins.

"'Hillo!' thought I, 'they must have discovered

me, and perhaps are now surrounding me.'
"'There was nothing for it but a determined fight,

I imagined, so made up my mind for the worst. "'I heard them jabbering away among themselves like a lot of monkeys, and, as I understood some-thing of their lingo, I listened."

"'What Indians were they?" "'Comanches-d-d cut-throats every one. I knew them well of old.' " 'And what did they say ?'

"' From what I could gather of their patter, it seemed that one of their chiefs had been across the river, and had got into communication with the French, and the Indians had made a bargain with them to destroy us.'

"' Very polite of them, I'm sure-very."

"'The redskins had new blankets and new rifles,

and appeared to be on the best of terms with them-

"'After a bit I watched them all more keenly than before, and in less than half-an-hour I heard great shouting from the other side of the river.

"'I peeped through the thick foliage of a copse, in which I was concealed, and could perceive another party of Indians, and with them several French officers, and some Indian interpreters.

"'In a moment or two, the river was swarming with boats, which shot out from among the rushes on both sides of the river, and the Frenchmen with their Indians crossed over.

"'These last Indians were a war party of Black-

feet.

"'The Frenchmen brought with them several canoe loads of presents, and odds and ends, and in less than half-an-hour they were all sitting round a great council fire, having a long and noisy 'pow

wow' about what was to be done.

"'From what I could learn, the Comanches and Blackfeet, although they had been for many years at war one with another, were so much pleased with the numerous presents which the French had given them, that they agreed to forget their old quarrels, and each send out a war-party to scour the country, and kill every soul of us."
""That is if they could,' I remarked.

" 'Just so,' said the trapper.

"' Well, what then?

"'After the Frenchmen had gone over the river again, the two war-parties of Indians still sat round their council-fires smoking, but I could see it would have taken very little to arouse them, and cause a sanguinary battle among themselves, for from the looks of the treacherous Blackfeet, and the gestures of the Comanches, it even now appeared that a quarrel was brewing among them about the fair and honest division of the gifts which the Frenchmen had brought over.

""When they had done smoking one of the Comanche chiefs rose up and said that as his was the oldest and bravest tribe he should have the first

" 'He, therefore, seized a rifle on the instant. "'The Blackfeet, perceiving that there was treachery on foot, jumped to their feet and helped

themselves to whatever they liked.

"The Comanches were taken somewhat unawares, but, in a moment, they all rushed forward to seize something, and a general fight commenced among

"' Such shouting, yelling, screaming and cursing you never heard in all your life.

"'They looked like so many devils, dancing about

and fighting like furies. "'I have seen a great deal of Indians,' said the

trapper, 'but I never saw anything to equal that.

Neither side would give in. "'They were about equal in numbers, and they fought with the bitterness and obstinacy of so

many inhuman monsters.

"'Some were scalped, others had their heads cut off, more than half-a-dozen were riddled with balls, and yet for more than an hour they fought the fight went on without abating the least in fury.

" ' But what did you do?' I asked the Trapper.

"'Why, you see,' the Trapper answered,' my blood began to boil when I saw so much barbarity, and I made up my mind to mount the mustang and hook it off as best I could, for one white man among so many red devils stands no chance at all. I jumps on the mustang, and was well nigh clear of the fight as I thought, when I was met by another party of Comanches, who were advancing to take part in the fight against the Blackfeet.'

" 'Then it was a planned affair?' I said.

"'So it appeared to me, for the Comanches had evidently made up their minds to rob and murder the Blackfeet, and had assistance in ambush, not many miles off; but then their chief had commenced the fight too soon, and were getting the worst of it, for the Blackfeet fought like demons.

" 'Well, what happened to you?"

" 'Finding my passage debarred by this second party of Comanches, I made up my mind to retreat.

" 'But they discovered me, and let fly a shower of balls at my head.

"'This wasn't very pleasant, you may be sure.

"'Hang it, thought I, they shan't kill me for nothing, so I lets fly at 'em right and left and knocks over two of their greatest braves at one

"'I don't like the Blackfeet any more than the Comanches, you know, Captain Tom,' the trapper said, 'but as the former were less numerous than the latter, I determined to help 'em a little bit, and fight my way out of the scrimmage as best I could.

"'And tough work it was, you can bet,' said the

Yankee.

"'When the Blackfeet saw me gallop in among them, they all turned towards me, vowing vengeance against the pale-face, and I fully made sure they would massacre me.

"'I made signs to them, however, and when they saw me fire among and kill several of the Comanches, they yelled with delight and danced for joy.

"'The Comanches rushed at me right and left.

"'Every weapon was directed at me, and how I escaped from the shower of bullets seems a miracle.

"'My cap was knocked off; my saddle was almost riddled; several shots struck my arms, thighs, and head, and blood poured out from a dozen flesh

". The Blackfeet warriors, however, fought well, but they were not sufficiently numerous to beat back their enemies, who were now swarming on every side.

" Arrows, tomahawks, and war clubs flew thick

and fast through the air.

"'A dozen times did a tall, war-like brave gallop up and attempt to strike me down.

""But he nearly always got more than he gave, and at last I knocked him off his horse with a heavy blow from the butt end of my rifle, and left him sprawling more dead than alive.
"'Perceiving that the Blackfeet could not fight

much longer I stopped one of their chiefs, and told him he and his followers had better take to their boats, or else steal the Comanche horses, and thus

escape.
"For, strange to say, the fight had begun so suddenly, and had been continued with such vengeance, that most of the Comanches forgot all about their horses, and fought on foot.

"'My advice was received in good part." Pale-face,' said the Blackfeet brave, 'we have met before. You are, and never have been a friend to the red men of our tribe; but I forget all that for what you have done to-day. Your advice is good; we will fly, but to return swiftly again, yea, as swiftly as an arrow from the bow."

"'He galloped away among his followers, and

told them what to do.
"'In a few moments several of the Blackfeet braves fell flat among the grass.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN



"' Several of the Comanches, thinking they were killed, galloped up, and dismounted, in order to scalp them.

"But on the instant the Blackfeet crawled through the tall grass like snakes, suddenly uprose, killed the Comanches, and mounted their horses. Date

"'This trick was played several times very successfully, and at last nearly every one of the Blackfeet managed to get a mount at the expense of their adversaries, who were now more bitterly enraged than ever.

"Those who could not get horses managed to escape to their boats, while their comrades galloped

away. "But the Comanches were not to be thus

"'I was the last one to attempt to escape, and they swore I should not.
"'They surrounded me,

"'My ammunition was nearly all gone.

"'Yet I made every bullet tell.
"Every time I fired one of the Comanches tumbled in the grass, until at last I became giddy "'I knew not what I did, and exhausted.

"'Yet in my madness I fought like a devil, and at each stroke I made with my knife or hatchet I clove the skull or broke the ribs of some red devil.

"' Captain Frank,' said the Trapper, 'you have no notion of what a real good Indian fight is.

"'Your soldiers in the field, fighting one regiment against regiment, or one company against company, is all very well. "In a battle of that sort it is all fair play com-

pared to the Indians.

" 'They dodge about in the grass, tumble off their horses, throw up their hands, and all those sort of tricks to make you believe they are wounded or hurt.

"But lor' bless you,' said the Trapper, 'it is all

deceit nine cases out of ten.

"When you ride up to scalp 'em, they are no more dead than you or I am; but laugh in their sleeve, and at the first chance will pop you over like a squirrel. wortheard in all your life. They looked like so man, blo fo meith worth. a squirrel.

"'Many a good brush have I had with Jem. bI wish I had as many dollars as I have knocked over redskins in my time. I should be a rich man long before now.

"Well, sir,' continued the Trapper, 'I almost began to think my time was come, so exhausted

did I feel.

"'I fought my way on all sides like a madman; and while the Comanches exist as a tribe they'll never forget the 'Red Devil,' as they call me, for my arm was dripping with blood, which trickled off my tomahawk and knife.

"'At last I broke through their lines, and with a

terrific yell they pursued me.
"'It was now a ride for life!

"'I thought once or twice that my mustang pony

would fall under me, so weak was he.

"'Showers of arrows were sent after me, and more than one rifle-ball grazed my limbs; but I stood on my horse's back like a circus-rider, a trick MUSE

No. 42.

which I had learnt long ago from the Redskins, and waved my handkerchief in defiance.

" 'They chased me for more than ten miles without drawing rein; but perceiving that I was approaching some settlement, which they could plainly see by your camp fires, they turned their backs and retraced their steps. Here I am then, Captain Frank, all but exhausted, and I have no doubt but what the red devils will attack us to-night some time.

"This is all I learned from the Trapper.

"He was really so fatigued from hard riding, hard fighting, and loss of blood, that he could scarcely stand.

"The information that he brought, however, was

of the utmost importance.

"In the first place it confirmed my long suspicions that the French were making a league with all the Indian tribes they could.

"By dint of money they had reconciled, or at-tempted to reconcile, the Blackfeet and Comanches, two tribes which for centuries had been at war with

each other.

"This was a sign that the French had great influence with the Redskins, and that they intended to attack us by marching down both banks of the river, and commencing the battle from two distinct

"That this was their intention I perceived at a glance, and made proper dispositions to meet every

chance.

"In the first place I called the Boy Soldiers around me, and explained the situation of affairs in

" Next, I got one of the half-bred Mexicans, who was well acquainted with the Comanches, and gave him secret instructions what to do.

"What his office was, you will perceive from what follows. This half-breed left our camp immediately, and I resolved upon a retreat to a position much stronger than the one I then occupied.

"This resolve seemed to fill the Mexicans with alarm, who could not make out how it was we should be so much alarmed at the approach of a few Indians.

"However, I did not think proper, at that moment, to explain my plans to them, so that in less than four hours our camps were struck, and we moved several miles down the river.

"The half-breed I have spoken of, however, had not left our camp more than an hour when he fell into an ambuscade of Comanches, who had been secreted in the woods and looking out for stragglers.

"This half-breed no sooner fell into their hands than the exultant Indians carried him off in great haste to their chief, who, sitting in his wigwam, smoking, was cursing loudly at the escape of the Blackfeet, and of the slaughter which the trapper Red Jacket had caused among his braves.

"At first the Indian chief was for having the half-breed burned alive, but when it was discovered that he had deserted from us, the Indians were more joyous than ever.

"'Why did you leave the Pale-faces?' asked the Indian chief.

""Because I would not fight against my brothers, the Redskins,' said the half-breed.

"A grunt of satisfaction escaped from the chief. "'They are numerous, are they not?' puffed the chief; 'the Pale-faces count many lodges.'
"'No,' said the half-breed, 'they have not so many

warriors as they had : they have died.'

" Died in war?"

"'No; from fevers and the like."

""'Tis well. Have they ever heard of my braves?'

- "'They have, and are in dread of my brothers the Redskins. They have already removed their lodges to some place of greater safety, in fear.'
- "'What,' said the chief, 'are the Pale-faces so much afraid as that?'

"'They are.'

"'Then they are no better than women or children, They are not the braves I took them for,'

"After a pause, the chief said,
"How am I to know that what you say is

"'Let one of your fleetest horsemen go forth, and he will soon bring back word whether what I say is true or false.

"'Tis well,' grunted the chief.

"He had scarcely spoken, however, when an

Indian rider came galloping into the camp.
"He aulted off his horse, and immediately repaired to the tent of his chief.

"' What news, Grey Eagle?' asked the chief.

- "'The White-faces are moving away from our hunting-grounds; their white lodges (tents) have disappeared like dew upon the grass; their camp fires are out. They marched away with downcast looks and sorrow in their faces.'
- "'Now I know that this deserter has spoken the truth,' said the chief; 'if he had come to us with a lie upon his tongue, he should have died ere sunset.

"After a pause, the chief said,

"'Whither have the pale men gone? Have none of you watched where they intend to put up their lodges again, or have you allowed them to escape altogether?'

"'They cannot escape across the river,' said Grey Eagle, 'for our friends—the French—are there, and, wherever they go, Buffalo, my brother, watches them like a fox in the grass.'

"'Let half-a-dozen of our swiftest riders go to Young Buffalo, then, and, when they have ascertained all they can about the Pale-faces, let them return as quickly as possible.'

"This order was obeyed.

"In less than two hours a courier came from Buffalo, with important news for the chief.

"'Have the Pale-faces escaped us?' asked the chief.

"'No; they have halted a quarter-day's journey from their former camp.'

"' Have any of you approached near to them?' "'Yes, Young Buffalo, Grey Eagle's brother, has been within bowshot of them, and told me to come and report all he thought and saw.

" 'And what did he see?'

"The Pale-faces have lost all heart. They are not the same men we have heard of before. One of their chiefs have died, and they have buried him.'

"Did you see the body?"

"'Young Buffalo did; and says that it was that of the Red Devil, who fought with the Blackfeet against us.'

"The chief grinned with pleasure at this news.

"After a pause he said,

"'Have the white-faces built a high wall round their wigwams, as usual?' "' No. They lay upon the grass, sleeping and smoking, as if danger was thousands of miles away.

"'So much the better, then,' the chief said, 'We will make preparations to attack them to-night. How many white wigwams (tents) have they?'

" Only five."

"'Five? Why they had a few days ago over

""Yes, but there is wailing and death among them. From six to a dozen die off every day, from disease, I hear.'

'This corresponds with what the deserter told He is truthful—'tis well!'

"After another pause the chief dismissed the courier, and called a council of war.

"While they deliberated what to do, and the majority were very distrustful of their own strength to fight with the whites, a second courier came in all haste, and was admitted to the grand council of

"His face was radiant with joy. "'What news?' asked the chief.

"'The very best,' answered the courier, "'Speak it, and lighten the hearts of all. What

of the Pale-faces ?'

"'They are dying off like sick dogs."

"A smile lit the features of all.

"'No less than twenty of them have been laid in their graves.'

"'I cannot believe it,' said one.
"'I and Young Buffalo have seen it,' was the

"'No, chief; we have seen it; we have been in their camps, and are witnesses to the truth of what we say.'

" Well.

"They have dug holes, and placed therein not less than twenty of their braves with their arms beside them; I, with my own eyes, have seen it.'

"'Then some one must have poisoned them,' said the chief, 'if they die off so fast as that.'

"The rest are lying about like women and children; half a score of our brothers could scalp all the rest in less time than it takes to explain it.

"'Their wigwams are rich, say you?'

"'They are. Horses and horned cattle abound; they have barrels of powder, barrels of fire-water (whisky), and everything that could rejoice the heart of a brave warrior.'

"' How may squaws are there ?'

"'About one dozen.'

"'How is the camp laid out? "'It is placed just on the edge of a wood, and they have many fires burning.'

"'You hear what these messengers say,' observed the chief; 'does the news he brings satisfy you one and all?'

"'I for one say do not attack the Pale-faces,' observed an old Indian; 'for I have heard that among these white men there is a band of youths, who have come from a far-off land across the great waters, and that whenever they fight they come off victorious. Some say they are invincible.

"'But you have heard the news that they are dying off, and are being buried as fast as they can

dig their graves.'

"''Tis true,' said the objector; 'but even now I am not satisfied, for the leader of this gallant band I speak of is as brave as a lion, yet as cunning as a fox.

"'Yet even the fox is no match for the Redman in cunning,' said the chief.

"'That may be true,' said the red Indian; 'yet I fear to give my voice for war against these strangers, for I have had fearful, frightful dreams and omens regarding these young braves from the other ends of the earth, and, although I am too old to go on the war trail again, I would advise and dissuade all from any rash attempts upon these pale-faced boys.'

"The words of the old chief were not heeded.

"He was out-voted in the council, which, with the exception of himself, agreed to set out that night and attack the strangers.

"Until night everything was bustle in the

Indian camps.

"Each of the warriors prepared the best of his weapons, and armed himself to advantage.

"The chief gave orders to the squaws, and to those who should remain behind, to prepare everything for a grand feast on their return in the early morning.

" Directions were also given that a party of 50 or 60 young Indians and squaws should start out after them about midnight, in order to assist in bringing in and carrying the spoil.

"When this was done the chief marshalled his band, to the number of about eighty, and, in the dusk of evening started off towards our camp, full of hope and expectation.

"But what had I been doing, you may ask,

"I will explain.

"When Red Jacket, the trapper, went to sleep, I consulted with Hugh Tracy, the Count, the Major, and others, and the result of our conference was that we should strike tents, and move further down the river.

"I gave certain instructions to my faithful halfbreed, who, as you will perceive, acted the part I required of him.

"When he had gone I felt certain that he would quickly fall into the hands of the Indian scouts, which he did.

"I felt convinced also that all our movements in

and around the camps were watched.

"In order, therefore, to deceive the spies, I only erected half the usual number of our tents when we had arrived at our new camping ground, for I wished to deceive the Indians about our numbers.

"A great many of our fellows I told to lie about as if they were sick and to moan and groan most pitifully.

"This part of the performance was acted up to in an inimitable manner, and the boys mouned and groaned as if they were half dead and dying.

"In order to carry out my plan of deception still more I had long pits dug, and in solemn pro-cession laid several of our lads therein as if they were dead.

"But this, as you may imagine, was all a ruse.

"The graves were nothing else but rifle-pits.
"The stiff bodies we placed therein were live lads, fresh and hearty, and ready to fight like

"Each one had his rations with him, and plenty of ammunition also.

"In this manner we buried not less than twenty of our Boy Soldiers in these pits, and left them with orders not to stir until the fighting began.

"While we were doing this and burying our

brave lads, word was brought that two Indians had been observed crawling through our camp.

"They could have been captured very easily, but I forbade any one to molest them, but on the other hand not to pretend that we had seen them.

"As night approached, and long before any fires were lighted, I selected a party of men, and placed them up in the trees, with orders not to fire until they heard the signal from me.

"After this we got all the old clothes we could find, stuffed them with grass, and made a great number of dummies.

"These were placed in reclining positions around the fires, as if they were men asleep.

"Others were put against trees, and, when all was prepared, we lighted our fires, and prepared our supper.

"After we had eaten it we piled a large quantity of wood upon each of the fires, and laid down, as if to rest.

"When the fires grew dim, however, every living man and woman crawled away, and climbed into the trees.

"In truth, about ten o'clock, there was not a single human being of our party who were in the camp, but all perched out of sight in the trees.

"All was death-like silence, silest synd I "The moon had gone down.

"We expected the approach of the Indians each moment, and were fully prepared. We had not to wait long, however.

"The waving of the long grass in the distance told us they were not far off.

"Red Jacket, the trapper, volunteered to be our look-out man, and in consequence he was placed in one of the trees nearest to the path by which the Indians would come.

"The signal he gave us was an excellent imitation of an owl.

"When we heard this 'coo-hoot!' we knew very well that the Redskins were not far off.

"Nor were we mistaken.

"They divided their forces into two parties. "The first division, under the chief, remained where they were, just outside our camps.

"The other division went round to cut off our retreat, and to advance in a different direction.

"We did not dare to breathe a word to each other for fear of being heard.

"From our place of concealment in the trees, however, we could plainly see the stealthy move-ments of our dusky and treacherous enemies.

"Beside the old chief I could perceive my faithful half-breed standing.

"He was the one who was to lead this division

into our camp.
"Presently the second division gave a loud shout, and advanced into our camp from the south.

"Immediately this was heard, our half-breed and his party responded to it with a yell, and rushed into the camp on the north side.

"But in running over the uneven ground, our half-breed purposely stumbled, and fell into one of our newly-made 'graves,' right upon Master Fatty and Buttons, who were crouching down in it ready to fire.

"The old Indian and his followers did not stop for a moment, but rushed headlong forward, brandishing their clubs, and knives, and tomahawks.

"At that instant, and when every single one of

the Indians could be plainly seen in the dim fire light, I gave the word to fire!

"The crash that followed is beyond all descrip-

"The aim of each one was deadly, and more than a score of the Indian braves bit the dust at the first volley.

"How could we help killing them?

"From the newly-made 'graves,' or rifle-pits. two of our best shots rose up and took deliberate aim at the Redskins in the camp, while from overhead we poured upon them an incessant shower of shot.

"They were struck with amazement."

"They expected to find us all asleep.

"But once they got into our camp, from every side poured in upon them a deadly shower of bullets and small shot.

"Taken by surprise, they attempted to escape by retreating, but on whichever side they ran, they were met by a sturdy body of Boy Soldiers, who, shoulder to shoulder, now advanced with levelled bayonets.

"The screams, and' yells, and noise of the Indians were terrific.

"They were caught in their own snare, and dozens of them were already dyeing the turf with their life blood.

"Unable to restrain my brave lads any more, we all descended from the trees, and the fight now became from hand to hand.

"The Comanches fought like fiends, and many of our Mexican friends were knocked over and scalped.

"But not one of our Boy Soldiers were hurt, for they were in a compact body, and moved hither or thither, obeying my orders as calmly as if only engaged in an ordinary drill.

"It was useless to endeavour to restrain the fury of Red Jacket, the trapper, however, for, directly he saw the Indian chief, he dashed forward, and a fearful hand-to-hand struggle ensued between them.

"'Surrender ! surrender !' we shouted, on all sides; but the red devils only yelled out defiance, and fought on to the very last.

"I did not like to see blood unnecessarily shed, so I gave order to Hugh Tracy, the count, and Caspar, to move up their men in conjunction with mine, and thus form a circle.

"This we did, and enclosed not only the Indians, but many of our fellows who were still fighting with

"By degrees we made the circle smaller and smaller, until at last we hemmed in both friend and foe, from which there was no escape.

" ' Cease firing !' I cried out, loudly. "The Indians stood calm, determined, and pre-

pared to die.
"They expected nothing else but death at our

"Judge of their surprise, therefore, when I ordered out of the circle every man except the Indians, and procuring an interpreter among the Mexicans (not the half-breed, for it would have been too great an insult), and spoke a few words to them

" Indians, Comanche braves! you have been caught in your own snares.

" 'You came to destroy us, and are yourselves defeated; but why should you treat us as enemies? We wish to be friends. We are fighting for Mexican independence, and nothing more. We came not to disturb you in your hunting ground; and, in token of the truth of what I say, I will make a league with you, offensive and defensive, which shall date from this day and for evermore. We will live together henceforth in peace and without envy or distrust.

"These words, and many acts of kindness, soon convinced the Indians of the truth of my intentions. They had a week to consider my proposal, but in less than six hours they agreed to all my terms and smoked the pipe of peace.

"We are now the best of friends, and our adventures with them my next letter will show.

"In haste, Your Brother, "FRANK FORD," them a deadly shower of bullets

were met thy a stardy body of Boy Soldiers, who CHAPTER CXII.

Taken by surprise, they attempted to escape by retreating, but on whichever side they ran, they

THE MEETING OF JOEL, OLD FLINT AND WARNER
—STRANGE CHANGES OF FORTUNE—JOEL IS
REDUCED TO BEGGARY AND KICKED OUT OF DOORS BY HIS OWN SERVANTS.

It will be remembered that in a previous chapter the sudden intrusion of Warner upon old Flint and his son was fully described, and how much astonished the two rogues were at the unexpected and unwelcome visit.

At first Joel thought to strike awe into his visitor by assuming a very savage and determined air.

But Warner was much too old a rascal to be imposed upon by any such tricks, and, as we have before described, he not only forced Joel and his father to remain seated, but drew his revolver, saying,

"Dare to stir, either of you, make the least noise or give an alarm, and I will blow the brains out of both of you."

There was something so determined, and yet, at the same time, so cool, in Warner's manner, that it chilled the blood of both father and son.

Joel, in all his life had never felt so uneasy as he now did under the determined eye of the intruder.

There was a deadly devilish twinkle in the stranger's eyes, truly, which neither father nor son could look upon or withstand.

They cast down their eyes to the floor like guilty things, but spcke not a single word.

This was the moment of Warner's triumph.

He smiled on the two villains, and exhibited his white teeth, which shone like the fangs of some

He next approached the table, and helped himself to a draught of brandy.

Yet all the time he kept an eye on the lawyer and his son, and held his revolver, firmly in the right hand.

For he knew of old how slimy and treacherous the lawyer had proved to him.

He felt certain that if he only turned his back upon either of them for a single moment they would stab or shoot him.

Seating himself in such a manner at the corner of a table that he had a good view of what each of them were doing or likely to do, he pulled out a cigar, lit it, and began to smoke with all the nonchalence in the world.

"So we have met again, eh, Flint?" said Warner. "You managed to escape, then, from the cords with which I bound you?"

"Well, and if I have, what of that?" the lawyer replied, in a surly manner, feeling confident once more that he would be still able to escape from

"And so you have found out your long-lost son, I find ?"

"He has, sir," answered Joel, proudly; "and what of that? Can it concern you in any way, might I ask?"

"Oh, yes, a very great deal, I can assure you," said Warner, laughing. "You are rich, you

"Who told you so, sir?"
"Who, the appearance of your luxuriously-furnished apartments, your servants, and such-like, tell me that without asking any questions.'

"Well, sir, and if I am rich, it cannot concern you," said Joel. "I know not what business you have here with my father; but as to me, I know you cannot have anything to do. In fact, sir," said Joel, with the airs of a very superior person, "if you must know, I have just returned from abroad, where I have realized a vast fortune."

"Yes, a vast fortune," said the father, rubbing his hands in great glee at his son's ready lie. "Yes, a vast fortune, acquired abroad."

"Oh, indeed," said Warner, with an incredulous smile; "he has been luckier than you or I, then, eh, old Flint ?" said he.

"I made my fortune, sir, by extensive specu" lations in California and other places."

"You were never in Italy, perhaps, were you?" asked Warner, with a slight smile.

"Yes, I was, sir; I have travelled there."

"And never met any one of the name of Tom or Frank Ford, I suppose?" And is the view work

"No, never; but if I had done so, it would have given me great pleasure in thrashing both of them," said Joel, with a flushed face. "I remember both of them at Bromley Hall, and --

"You also remember, perhaps, how often you were thrashed by Tom Ford, don't you?" said Warner. "I have heard all about it."

Joel looked at Warner as if astonished.
"Know all about it?" said he. "Know all about

Tomasso, the detective; the fire in the Custom House building; the wreck, and the—"
"Stop," said Joel, rising hastily. "Stop," he said, red with rage. "Who told you all this non-

"Nonsense. you call it, eh?" said Warner. "You would not think it nonsense, perhaps, if you knew as I do that the detectives have discovered that you were not drowned on the wreck of the 'Dolphin,' and that the two officers who came over from Leg-horn with you are even now trying to trace you."

"Impossible! All that you say, or insinuate about my son, is pure invention, Warner," said old Flint, in a sudden burst of anger. "He has made his fortune honourably, and has returned to England to enjoy it, like a true gentleman; and more than that, he doesn't want to be annoyed by-

"Any such beggars as you are, I suppose," said Warner, laughing. "I understand, and small blame to him, either, for of all the miserable, miserly old scoundrels who ever lived, Flint, you are the greatest."

From the turn conversation was now taking, it was evident to Joel that bitter feelings animated both Warner and his father.

Under the pretext of leaving the room for a few minutes, he rose from his chair.

But Warner, in a determined tone, bade him remain where he was, and Joel sat down again.

"This is no time for jokes," sail Joel. "What do you want with me, Mr. Warner, or whatever your name is?"

"I will tell you in one word."

"And what is that one word?"

- "Simply this. Are you prepared to divide the treasure of the chest, or must we use force?"
- "Use force?" said Joel, with a quivering lip. "Aye force, in two ways. First make you disgorge my share of the plunder, and, if you are not civil, afterwards send information to all the police stations of your whereabouts."

"You talk very boldly, sir," said Joel.

"Not half as boldly as I should act if you don't follow my advice. It is better to part with half than to lose all."

"Half?" gasped old Flint, in amazement.
"Half?" said Joel, turning pale.

"Yes. Nothing less than that amount will satisfy me," said Warner; "so if you are wise you will hand over to me a portion immediately."

"I refuse," said Joel.
"And so do I," exclaimed Flint.
"You do, eh?" said Warner, smiling. "Well, I'll give you five minutes to think of it. Where is the treasure chest?"

"It is not here."

"Where is it?" and a

"In a place of safety, miles away," said Joel.
"You are lying, both of you!" said Warner.
"The treasure is in this house—in that back room."

"It is not."

"I will go and see," said Warner, rising.

But Joel reached the door first, and rushed into the back room.

The next instant he turned deadly pale, and reeled into a chair.

"Hullo! what's the matter?" said Warner, with a quiet smile. "What ails you?"

"It is gone!" gasped Joel.

- "Gone!" almost shrieked his father.
 "Gone?" What is gone?" asked Warner, with a quiet smile.
- "The treasure [" said Joel. "We are ruined !"
 "Why, I thought you said just now that the treasure was not in the house?" remarked Warner.
- "It was here not half an hour ago!" gasped Joel.

"Then you told me a wilful lie." bod bas salasus "I know I did."

- "You had done better by telling the truth, and taking half," said Warner, smiling, and drinking more brandy. "How could it have been abstracted from the room?"
 - "I know not."
- "No one has entered the back room since I have been here. None that I am aware of," said Joel, "except it were the devil himself."

During the conversation the footman entered the

"Count," said he, respectfully, addressing Joel,

"there is a carman and a cabman waiting outside to be paid."

Paid ? paid for what ?" said Joel, astonished. "For conveying the four gentlemen who called on you about ten minutes ago, count.'

" Four gentlemen !" said Joel.

"Four gentlemen! Very mysterious affair this," said Warner.

- "Fo-ur gentlemen!" said old Flint. "Why, the servant must be mad. No four gentlemen have been here."
- "They called at the house, and were admitted by me, sir."

"By you?"

"Yes, count; they said they were old schoolfellows of yours, and did not need my services in announcing them, so went upstairs alone."

Joel did not know what to think or what to say. He and his father looked as pale as ghosts.

- "And what can the carman want?" said Joel, in a faint voice. "I have not employed any one of that sort."
 - "But the four gentlemen did, Count."

"They did? And for what, pray?"

"They brought some heavy piece of furniture downstairs, and-

The light now began to dawn on the minds of all, and each one seemed surprised as the footman continued to speak.

"What sort of furniture was it?" asked Joel.

"I could not tell, sir; it was wrapped round with carpet so that I couldn't well see it.

"What did you say to them?"

"'Oh, it's all right,' said they; 'we have just purchased this from our friend, the Count.'"

"How long were they in the house?"

- "From the time I opened the door until they left with the bulky piece of furniture was not more than ten minutes."
- "I am ruined!" gasped Joel. scarcely a penny in the word!" "I have not now
- "Very singular; but from the footman's account there seems to have been a clear case of robberv. said Warner, picking his teeth very quietly. "The thieves must have been very clever, indeed. How were they dressed, John?" speaking to the foot-
 - "Oh, in the latest style of fashion, sir."
- "I suppose so. And had they whiskers?"
- "Yes, sir, fine bushy whiskers; and great swells, take them altogether."
- "And so, after robbing your master, these rascals have the impudence to send in their bill for cab hire and cartage, eh? Well, well, that beats all I ever heard of before. Who ever heard of such impudence? It is adding insult to injury."

And as he spoke he laughed loudly at old Flint, who was trembling with excitement, and as pale as

"Call the cabman and carman up here," said Joel; "I wish to speak to them."

These two knights of the whip soon came upon the scene, and answered all the questions put to them in a very dry manner.

"Four toffish lookin' gents came in my keb, and told me to wait for 'em. I did so; and soon arter this carman comes up, and he waits outside also. Presently the four gents comes out o' this house wi' something bulky wrapped up in a carpet, or summat o' that sort, and puts it on that chap's cart,

and orders him to drive to a certain place, which he did. The four gents gets into my keb again, and I drives 'em off to an oyster-room, where they had a jolly good feed of oysters, and when they had done, they writes a note and gives it to the waiter, who gives it to me, and the note said I was to call here for my money, as they had none. I goes into the oyster-room to try and find 'em, but the master was in a worse stew than I was; for his customers had eaten four dozen natives each, besides ale and stout, and when the waiter returned from giving the note to me, the four coves had hooked it out by the back way without paying a rap."

Warner listened to what the cabman had to say, but "for the life of him," he said, he couldn't help laughing.

The carman gave his testimony in a similar manner.

He had been hired by two gentlemen to carry away a heavy piece of furniture; what it was he didn't know. He took it to a warehouse down by the Thames, and waited there some time. The two gentlemen came at last, took charge of the goods, whatever they were, and gave him a note to Joel for his charges.

"I know nothing of the whole business at all," said Joel.

"Except this, that I have been robbed of every penny I possessed in the world, and now, instead of being what I was but two hours ago, wealthy and independent, I am now as poor as the poorest beggar can be, and without means or income of any kind."

For a moment all present maintained a dead silence.

Old Flint sighed deeply, and could scarce believe it possible that such a great loss and so vast a misfortune could have fallen upon him so suddenly.

But a few moments before Warner's arrival, he had been congratulating himself on what he and Joel would be able to do with the large sum

which was in their possession.

And now, as he looked across the room at Warner, who sat smiling, with a look of inhuman triumph, he felt certain in his own mind that he had been privy to the scheme which the four unknown men had carried out.

Joel's countenance was the very picture of blank despair.

He was penniless, and knew not what to do. The cabman and carman also pressed him very hard for their money, but, save a very small amount in silver, he had nothing wherewith to pay them.

In this emergency, and with a laugh, Warner came to the rescue.

"I don't like to see tired, honest men like you are done out of your money," said he, "and rather than you should suffer, I will pay you myself,"

And Warner put his hand into his pocket and pulled out such a large handful of silver and gold that made Joel's avaricious eyes twinkle again with envy

Old Flint, however, was now certain that Warner knew something of the sudden and mysterious

robbery.

He bit his lips with anger, and rolled his old eyes

about in a wild manner.

"I always thought that devil Warner would prove more than a match for me," the lawyer thought.

But he did not give his impressions any expression

in words.

"If I were you, sir," said the cabman, politely,

"I would call in the police, and tell them all about

it."
"So would I, sir," said the footman, very respect-

fully, "Yes, so would I," said Warner; "let us call in

Old Flint gnashed his teeth at this remark.

Joel's blood curdled in his veins at the word "police," and he sat in an arm chair, pale as a sheet, and biting his finger nails in impotent rage.

When the cabman, carman, and footman left the apartment, old Flint tried to smile, as he observed,

"Well, luck is against us this time; we have played the game, and have lost, my son.'

"You have played the game for a long time and very successfully, I think," observed Warner, "for I haven't touched a single farthing of the booty

yet."
"Nor I," said old Flint. "It was no fault of yours that you did not, though," said Warner; "but you were too elever by half, old man. Instead of dealing fairly with me, you have always played the rogue and vagabond, and now you are reduced to your proper stationyou are a penniless beggar. I always told you I would have revenge," said Warner, bitterly, "and so I have."

He rose to depart, and as he did so old Flint approached him, to whisper.

"What is it you want?" said Warner, in a surly

"I want to ask a favour of you."

"What is it?-to get a rope to hang yourself with ?"

"No, not that exactly," said old Flint, with a faint smile upon his face. "You were always fond of joking, you know, but the real truth is, my dear friend, I haven't a shilling in the world, and-

"Yes, I dare say, but you don't get anything out of me-no, not one farthing."

And as he spoke these words, there was a world of fierce hatred flashing from his small dark eyes,

that caused Flint to wince again. "No, Flint, if you were drowning and one halfpenny would save your life, that half-penny I would not give to you. We part now and for ever. While I thought you had old Ford's riches in your keeping, I would have followed you like your own shadow all the days of your life; but now that you have lost it and every hope of recovering it, you are harmless; you can go your way and totter into the workhouse."

"Harmless, am I?" said old Flint, with a vindic-tive look "no I am not harmless. Warner, beware! I am an old man, but I can bite like a reptile, and

in the dark too,"
"Can you? ha, ha," laughed Warner, scornfully.
"Perhaps you would like to turn informer?"

"It matters not what I intend to do, but you must remember, I have not yet forgotten all the insults and bodily injury you have inflicted on me, nor will I to my dying day. You will hang yet, mark my words for it."

"Indeed! and for what, pray? Our little job at the Red House, perhaps, you mean?"

"I do."

Flint; take care of yourself, Count."

"Then there will be four of us who will hang together; you, I, Jonathan, and -

"Who else?" "Why, your son, yonder, the grand, penniless imposter, Count Schmidt, ha, ha! Count, eh, what next? Not much account now, I think, Good-day,

And with a loud laugh Warner slammed the door of the room and went downstairs.

He met the footman in the hall, to whom he

"My man, if you will take my best advice, go and demand your wages and leave the house; the Count upstairs is an impostor, and is not worth a single farthing."

"Indeed, sir!" said "Jeames," in amazement. "You astonish me. Why, I always thought he was possessed of thousands."

"It is not so. He has not enough to pay for a night's lodging, I tell you. Besides, he and the old man, his father, upstairs, are thieves."

"Thieves?"

"Nothing less, I assure you."

"You frighten me, sir. Why, there are dozens of tradesmen in the neighbourhood who have trusted him for large amounts."

"Then, tell them to send in their accounts at once-or, what is better, have the two knaves arrested."

Thus describing Flint and his son, Warner left

the house.

"Jeames" was not long in informing the household of all that he knew and suspected.

The servants were up in arms in no time.

The man cook threw his pots and pans about in a phrenzied fury.

He pulled his whiskers, got red in the face, cursed and swore, and flourished a large carving knife in a most desperate manner, threatening all manner of things to everybody.

The females ran upstairs, and packed their boxes in great haste, while "Jeames," the footman, tucked up his sleeves, and prepared himself to-

punch somebody's head.

In the meantime, however, old Flint and his son had not been idle.

They prepared for instant departure.

"It won't do for us to remain here a single hour longer," said the old man. "If the police get wind of this affair, both of us will be discovered, and then it's all up."

Joel packed his boxes hastily, and crammed into

them everything he possibly could.

In less than twenty minutes he had closely packed several trunks with everything of value, and then rang the bell for "Jeames." dailing and to sweet

The summons was not attended to odone to continu

He rang again and again.

But still there was no response.

"This is strange," thought Joel; "but an hour ago these servants would almost fly to obey my wishes; but now they are all as deaf as door posts."

"I wonder if that villain, Warner, has divulged any secret," said old Flint.

"No, it cannot be," said Joel. "I wish, I had shot him."

"That would have made too much noise; a knife

would have done it more quietly. "Then why didn't you do it?" growled Joel. "He was too powerful for one man, or for two either."

Joel sneered at his aged parent, and rang the

bell again more violently than ever.

"Jeames," if the truth must be told, had been so much overcome with Warner's strange news that he had visited the wine cellar, and helped himself so liberally to wines and other liquids that he was half drunk.

At last, however, he heard the bell, and in his shirt-sleeves, and a bottle in hand, he struggled up-

"What means this?" demanded Joel, in angry tones. "Where is your coat, sir? and what means

that bottle in your hand?"

"It means this," said "Jeames," stuttering and spluttering; "it means this 'ere. I want's my wages and extras, right down on the nail, and, if you don't let me have it, I shall be under the painful necessity of punching your head, for I've found out you're no account at all, and there's an end on it, and no better than a chimney-sweep in disguise. There, them's my sentiments !"

"Rascal!" gasped Joel.

"Knock the drunken villain down," said old

Flint, very valorously.

"You'd better come and try it on, old 'un," said the tall footman, holding up his hands in a pugilistic attitude. "I've got plenty of friends to back me ; here they con e.

At that moment, all the servants in the house

came clamouring into the room.

Seeing the footmen in his shirt sleeves, and in fighting attitude, the servants made sure he had been struck by some one; and, therefore, encouraged him on by shouting-

"Give it to 'em, Jeames."
"Hit 'em in the eyes."

"Call the police."
"Jeames" squared up to his late master, and, although not sober, he quickly knocked the count sprawling upon the floor.

Old Flint, hearing the alarming cry of "police," rushed through the angry group of servants, and managed to reach the head of the stairs.

When there, however, he encountered the man cook, who administered such a vigorous kick, that it sent old Flint headlong down stairs.

Neither Joel nor his father dare shout for help, for fear of attracting any attention from officers in the streets; and this was the reason why they bore their punishment so meekly and silently.

But directly Joel got upon his legs again he pulled out a dirk knife, and, with sundry horrible oaths, threatened to kill all who came near him.

One of the maid-servants, however, with a broom-handle struck his arm so violently that the knife fell harmlessly upon the ground and made Joel dance again with pain. He knew not what to do.

To stay among his infuriated domestics would have been madness, he thought; and yet what must he do?

Leave all his luggage behind?
This was a sad thought to Joel, whose sole wealth in the world now consisted of clothes and the like.

"Go and fetch a constable," said the footman; "he shan't use knives among us English people!"

One of the servants ran downstairs with this intention, when, with a sudden bound, Joel burst from the circle of his tormentors, and cleared the stairs a dozen at a time, his hair all dishevelled, his coat and trousers torn, a bloody nose, and a black-eye.

In this unenviable guise he ran forth into the his servants shouting and bawling at his street. heels like so many wild animals,

"Stop thief! stop thief!" was the cry.

But Joel, with the swiftness of a startled hare, ran down a mews, and, disappearing in a dirty, narrow court, filled with costermongers' barrows and baskets, he was lost to view.

Breathless, tattered, and now reduced to beggary, the lawyer's son was a guilty fugitive on the face of the earth, despised by all and hateful even to himself.

THE BOY SOLDIER OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



od ten vine CHAFTER CXIII. ta albert moon

CAPTAIN TOM FORD ENCOUNTERS A TERRIBLE STORM-CAUGHT IN A CYCLONE-THE GRAPHIC ACCOUNT THEREOF.

THE stirring events narrated in a preceding chapter were scarcely over, and Captain Frank's camp was once more put into regular order, when, tired and worn out with their fighting and watchings, most of the lads lay down to sleep round their camp fires.

During the night a strange horseman rode up, and, without much ceremony, made his way up to Captain Frank's tent, and delivered various letters, one of which was from his brother Tom.

As might be supposed Frank for a moment threw aside all other letters, and eagerly scanned that

of his brother, which ran as follows:—
"In my last letter to you I recounted our various encounters and adventures with the enemy on the sea, and, in continuation, have now to say that when I had taken my own vessel and prizes into a neutral South American port I determined to sell both my ship and the prizes in order to purchase a small, swift-sailing English iron clad, which was for sale in the harbour of Havannah.

"Having stored my guns and other valuables on shore, I and a great number of my best men took passage in a British mail steamer for Cuba, but had not left the port of Carthagena long when we en-countered one of the most terrific storms man ever heard of, an account of which I now send to you.

No. 43.

"In regular order, then, I may say that H. M.'s royal mail steam-ship 'Antelope' left Carthagena with a gentle breeze, and, as she passed out of harbour, looking so seaworthy, so taut, and so trim, received and returned the hearty cheers of the crews of the British man-of-war 'Bengal' and 'Carnatic,' at anchor there.

"Little did we then suppose that in a very short space of time our noble vessel would be in the most imminent danger, combating, to her utmost strength, with a cyclone of no ordinary violence.

"The time of the year, and the appearance of the weather, did not, in the least, lead the oldest sailor to even dream of such an event.

"At 4 A.M. on Friday we had a light breeze, fine weather, and a long, heavy swell from the north-east, light breeze and cloudy, with a rainy appearance and heavy sea.

"All the port holes were now shut, and plain sail set. Showers of rain, and breeze freshening, but nothing particularly threatening.

"The swell on the sea was supposed to be the result of wind on the ocean some days previous, we being then in the gulf.

"9 A.M.—Barometer rapidly falling, breeze and swell increasing, the anchors were now secured inward, and quarter-boats hoisted close up. Breakfast being well over, we were chiefly on deck, with just that little amount of interest amongst us that is occasioned by seeing the wind increasing, and

the top-gallant sails furling, with a second reef

taken in the top-sails.

"10 A.M.—The wind came in such hard squalls that the foresail could not be reefed, and the fore-

topsail was blown to pieces.
"11 A.M.—Matters looked very serious; ladies and most of the passengers below; mizentopsail blown to ribbons; the hard squalls rapidly increasing to a very heavy gale. The atmosphere all round, to a landsman, even, looked very threatening, with a kind of thick, hazy appearance.

Noon.-We are now in a terrific gale, shipping very large quantities of water down the stoke-hole; the sea washed off the battened tarpauling from the skid grating; maintopsail blown out of the bolt ropes; port quarter boat blown away from the davits, and jolly-boat washed from the stern,

"The scene on deck now was striking; the comfortable steamer, with its awnings and comfortable chairs everywhere on its roomy decks, had, as if by the wand of a magician, been changed in a short two hours into a perfect chaos of desolation-ropes stretched here and there across the deck to enable the sailors to hold on by; the awnings gone, after cracking themselves to pieces and firing as it were vollies over their own graves; the chairs and benches smashed to pieces, and the noise of the elements heightened by the sharp reports of crack-

ing sails and splitting masts.

"The barometer falling rapidly; the ship lurching heavily and shipping tons of water over her lee gunwale and quarter; starboard life boat and quarter boats carried away, taking the massive iron stancheons with them; forecastle at times almost buried by the sea and filling the lower forecastle.

"The ship was evidently running into a cyclone; the captain, therefore, determined to round the ship to with her head N.N.E. This dangerous operation he performed very successfully, and also managed to lash and secure the rudder. The sea which curled over her when she dipped her stern carried our captain completely off his legs, providentially inboard, and a Chinaman caught him.

"1.30.-Our jib-boom was carried away, taking the foretopgallant mast with it. The sea was now

tremendous, and, if anything, increasing. "The scenes below in the cabins on the starboard

side were not exhibarating to passengers.
"The water which had been pouring down forward on the main deck, found its way aft, and

literally filled the cabins.

"With each lurch of the vessel the water in the cabins ran up the sides, washing up the lower berths, upsetting the apparently heavy wash-hand stands with their marble tops, and sending all the trunks and boxes with tremendous force backwards and forwards. It was not possible to stand in these cabins for an instant, without the greatest liability of getting a leg broken from something dashing against it.

"The ladies were collected in the cabin on the port side, and nothing could surpass their patient

endurance at this alarming time.

"On our upper deck the work of devastation still going on; the starboard cat-head was now washed away, taking the best bower-anchor off the forecastle; the anchor remained hanging by the shankpainter or chain, and beat against the side of the ship, knocking a hole some eight inches in diameter.

"The weather rendered all attempts to secure the

anchor utterly useless.

"2 P.M.—The barometer showing a tendency to rise a little; wind veering round to the S.W. with the same force, and blowing inboard the weather

life boat, bringing the forest iron davit with it, and fetching up again the funnel; the gig and quarter boat turned over by the same squall.

"3 P.M .- The mizenmast-head carried away, the wreck hanging about to leeward against the

"Maintonmast went short off by the rigging; water increasing fast in the stoke-hole and engineroom; the ship labouring heavily; all the deck gear washed in and smashed; lee bulwarks gone in many places, awning-booms, lower booms, coops, and ladders.

Every exertion was now made to overcome the rapidly increasing water between decks, and in the engine-room and stoke-hole, by baling and pumping, and to keep the seas out by getting tar-

"In this last operation the second officer was carried away to leeward, and his leg badly broken in two places by a hen-coop.

"The passengers' cabins on the starboard side were by this time nearly demolished, as to fittings and their contents; with each lurch of the ship the water rushed in and out in volumes, sweeping everything, and beating up everything into one

mass of pulp and debris.
"4 P.M.—We had now seven feet of water in our stoke-hole and engine-room, but forward only eighteen inches; the water not increasing, but washing about with such violence that the stokehole plates and fire-bars were absolutely washed

up, and the fires put out.
"It is a very uppleasant fact to learn in a steamer in a hurricane that our greatest power for control-

ling the vessel is gone.

"What would we now have given to have heard and felt that vibrating screw which, in ordinary

occasions, is such a nuisance. "Still the captain, who never for an instant left the 'con' (i.e., watching the steering), kept us well up against the storm, and, by his skill, effected

as easy a position for the vessel as it was possible.
"Not a stitch of canvas could we show, but, by our yards, kept her head well up, all hands hard at work baling and pumping; but the best pump of all on the upper deck, called the 'Dountons,' could not be got to work at all for a long time.

"When dirt, bits of coal, &c., are washing about down below in a gale, as must be often the case, it seems these pumps are very liable to get the 'hose' case the rose was seven feet under water, it was at present inaccessible—the pipe was accordingly cut above the rose and corked well down to that depth.

"Subsequently the second engineer and the car-penter did, though with that great depth of water, get down and cleared the 'hose;' this difficult and dangerous operation was most valuable to us, and they deserve great credit for it.

"From this time up to 7 o'clock every effort was

directed to getting the water under.

"7 P.M.—Ship a complete wreck, Fires had been out for some time, and daylight gone; sea

and wind still very high.

"8 P.M.—Gale decreasing, but shipping large quantities of water to leeward ship labouring very much from the water in her.

"9 P.M.—Weather moderating, but little impression made on the water in the ship: squalls still very heavy, but at long intervals.

"SATURDAY MORNING .- How long and weary and anxious was that Friday night; but the first dawn of Saturday was cheering, for though the sea was still very high the gale was decidedly moderating.

"6 A.M .- The barometer inclined to fall, and the weather looked very squally, with thunder and

lightning.

"8 A.M.-All working hard, and the 'Dounton' pump doing its duty-water not decreasing-and some leak supposed to exist, though not a large

"10 A.M.—The anchor before mentioned we were now able to secure, and to move about more freely on the deck.

"How shorn of its beauty did our noble ship

appear.
"Forward, in addition to the damage already mentioned, the bob stays and lee bowsprit shrouds were broken; iron outriggers bent double, all the rigging very slack; traces and lifts carried away to leeward, and in knots, with the remnant of the sails, rudder chain gone and jammed on the screw, starboard quarter galley swept away.

"7 P.M.-Reduced the water to five feet in the

"7 P.M.—Reduced the water to live feet in the engine-room and stoke-hole.

"A little before this we got the 'donkey engine' at work below, and on deck, about 4.30 p.m., the steam had helped a little working of the 'Dounton' pump. How refreshing to the pussengers was the sound of 'steam,' a sure relief to the really war hard work at the pumps. really very hard work at the pumps.
"11 P.M.—The engines began working very

slowly, and we felt our troubles would now soon be lightened if only we could keep the fires lit and

steam up.

"12 P.M.—Fine weather; but ship with a strong

list to starboard, and rolling heavily.

SUNDAY, May 1st.—Engines working slowly; pumping still going on and baling; the crew very exhausted, and but little impression being made on the water in the ship.

"We could not get up sufficient steam to throw much of their labour of pumping on the engines; and, therefore, considering all the circumstances, the captain, at 5 a.m., resolved to return to port.

"In the wisdom of this all concurred-neither passengers, crew, nor ship were in a fit condition to encounter another severe gale, and the weather

looked far from settled.

"The passengers formed a strong able-bodied force, and very fortunate it was for the safety of the ship and for themselves that they were so strong, for, unquestionably, the unaided efforts of the crew and stewards could never have so far reduced the water as to get the fires lit.

"It was a pleasant sight to see passengers of all ranks and ages working vigorously at the pumps

and baling.

"We formed ourselves into gangs and worked in succession, each gang doing a fixed number of strokes.

"In the great heat the work was very conducive to intense thirst, and the number of refreshing jugs of 'shandy gaff,' made and brought to us by a young member of our community, will always be gratefully remembered.

"The party of engineers of the Royal Navy, coming from China, were very valuable, from their

hearty working and help at the pumps." On this morning, the last task falling to the passengers was to form sanitary gangs, and clear the debris out of the cabins.

"This duty performed, the saloon was a little more bearable; but the cabins still remained very offensive from the smell of wet clothes, boards, &c.

"2 P.M.—I fancy few steamers or ships have gone through such severe weather coming so suddenly on

"She is a splendid ship, and stood wonderfully

the tremendous blows which she constantly received from the sea, making her tremble from head to stern-had we shipped seas to windward we must have foundered.

"Such severe weather is, I believe, seldom known, and, on account of the heat, these mail ships have a great number of large openings along the upper

deck and main deck.

"Caught thus suddenly in a cyclone, the seas effect an entrance before it is possible to securely cover in the said openings. *

"The admirable skill, energy, and pluck of the Mexican captain and his officers are worthy of all

"The crew undoubtedly was completely cowed, but the European officers came out more than equal to the emergency.

They were everywhere at the right time, doing

the right thing.
"They and they only made gallant, but vain attempts, in the first tremendous gusts of the hurri-

cane, to take in the sails.

"The chief officer, and chief engineer, were very prominent in their devotion to their duty, and it is difficult to say which service presented the most danger—the attempts to keep the engines going, whilst the sea was pouring down into the engineroom, and steam flying almost in every direction, or that on deck where the wind had its full swing, and blocks, ropes, spars, boats, hen-coops, &c., were dash-

ing about in all directions.
"The passengers have marked their sense of the services of the captain, officers, and steward, by presenting the captain with a letter and a sum of £100 to purchase a piece of plate; the chief officer and chief engineers with letters and sums of £50 to each; and the stewards with a sum of £90 divided amongst them. I must not omit to note that the value of a body of strong able-bodied stewards was fully shown; no men could have worked better, more cheerfully, or more willingly. The stewardesses received separate presents, having lost all their effects. Many of the officers of the ship have lost all their baggage, and the passengers on the starboard side have suffered severely. The married parties especially on that side of the ship have lost, on an average, by luggage utterly ruined,

not less than £80 each.
"When we arrived at Carthagena once more, I took passage for one of the Texan ports, and by stress of weather we were obliged to run into the

little harbor of San Patricio, where we now are.
"I have not time to write a longer letter this time, for the winds have moderated and we shall sail again in less than an hour, perhaps, for Galveston.

"Thinking that a few lines from me would be agreeable, and hoping at the same time that both you and our gallant little band of Boy Soldiers are well and hearty up the country.
"I remain, your Brother,

"TOM FORD.

"N.B.-I send this letter by an American who is on his way to join the republican army in search of a brother of his, a trapper, who has long been in the Comanche and Blackfeet country.

"He is a gallant fellow, and if he finds you in his rambles, make him welcome for my sake. When I reach Havanah, I shall write again, for I am in a great hurry to get a good ship, for the other had

^{*}Some ship, supposed, on account of the number of silk bales floating about, to be a China ship, apparently was lost in the "cyclone." On Monday morning we passed bales, and the bedy of a lascar lashed to a mast.

been so knocked about by wind, storm, and cannonshot, that it was scarcely sea-worthy. When I get the iron-clad, however, I shall give the enemy 'pepper,' you may be sure. "T. F."

and by comparing accurate facts and fig

curace race, and neures. "From a triend I obtained the sage an encountersign by which regularly initiated Mexicon ORDER BLEET VO DESCHAPTER CXIV. delen enso

VANKEE SAM — THE SCOUT AND SPY — STIRRING

THE next letter which Captain Frank opened proved to be an order from Juarez, which commanded him to leave the part he was then guarding and to descend the river as fast as possible, for the French were about to attack him in great force.

Captain Frank did as he was commanded or w His camps were struck that same night.

Before morning he was a long way from where he had bad such a sanguinary and midnight meeting with the Comanches.

The Indians, however, as we have seen, swore friendship with the Boy Band; and how they fulfilled their promise will be seen in another chapter of startling interest.

When, therefore, the company of Boy Soldiers had joined the main body of the Republican army, they were constantly on the move to and fro, for the English boys were favourites with Juarez, who had great faith in their bravery, and accordingly em-ployed them always on the most hazardous enterprises.

There were several American volunteers who had joined Frank's company, and they proved excellent soldiers; but if they had one fault more than another, it was their fondness for scouting and acting as spies.

But there was one called "Yankee Sam," a spy, who had rendered great service to the whole Republican army, and to Frank's company of boys on more than one occasion, and saved them from the treachery of the French or their renegade Mexican followers.

This Yankee Sam was, or rather had been, a person of property before the coming of Maximilian and the French; but rather than oppose the cause of the people, he left his Mexican estates, and joined Juarez even as a private soldier.

Yankee Sam, the scont and spy, was the talk of the whole army, and his exploits on his famous grey mare, "Nancy," were numerous and almost beyond belief for daring.

It is not our intention in this place to speak much personally of this famous spy, but an account writ-ten by Captain Frank Ford to his friends in England contains many things about Sam which are well worth remembering.

In one of his letters Frank says:

"We had just pitched tents one evening, after a long march in the cold winds, over hills, through woods, and immense quantities of mud, when, lying down smoking on a bundle of hay by the camp fire, we heard the jingling of spurs and harness, and looking up saw Yankee Sam and his grey wearily ambling by.

"The invitation to take a cup of coffee was eagerly accepted by our old acquaintance, and his mare being properly provided for he was so charmed with the savour of sundry beefsteaks broiling on the coals that he consented to take up his quarters with we far the night." with us for the night.

"With a circle of some twenty officers and men we made a pleasant party round the immense fire of blazing oak logs.

"Some were engaged with cards, others wrote

letters home.

"A fiddle was not far distant, with a laughing crowd of dancers going through a cotillon.

"Many were cooking, eating, sleeping, and picket guards were going out on duty.
What's the news, Sam? asked one.

"How's all the girls in Mexico?" chimed in

another.

"'How much is whisky over there, Sam,' questioned a third, and so on.

and reclining; 'but we had a first-rate time of it. We fooled the French as usual, and had a jolly old spree in Mexico city; danced with the girls, had lots of tip-top whisky and cigars, and brought back letters for the fellows; went wherever we darned pleased; seized two of General Bazaine's orderlies with despatches-found them in bed a little way back-and brought them over the river safely, papers and all.

"'We had some difficulty in crossing at the old place, so while some of our videttes were fussing about and attracting attention, four of us, in Yankee costume, swam our horses, and soon reaching a friendly house changed clothes, and put out again, for we could heard the French galloping about furiously in all directions. Our boys took to the woods, and never left it until within thirty miles

of Mexico city.

"'Talk of the Mexicans taking Maximilian, 'tis all bosh la I've lived there for fifteen years, and should know something about it, and am positive that ninety-nine out of every hundred are true Mexicans if they only had a fair chance to express themselves.

"" Freedom of speech, indeed! or freedom of the press !- it is all nonsense.

""None dare speak openly, and should the newspapers even hint at French tyranny, a prison is assigned them without judge or jury.

"As to habeas corpus—that is a thing of the

"'While I was in the capital the members of the Legislature and Senate arrived, and every one in the least suspected of true national feeling was waited upon as he landed from the car or at his hotel, and, without the slightest explanation, conducted to dungeons.

"There are fortifications of immense strength overlooking the city, and every gun in every bat-

tery is shotted, and pointed at the city.

"As the French confess, with a laugh, "all these works were raised, not to protect your city, but to destroy and lay it in one indistinguishable heap of ashes should the slightest indication of a revolt betray itself."

And they claim that Mexicans are loyal, and have brotherly love for them.

" Yes, as much love as the lamb bears the wolf. 'A lady cannot walk the streets in a dress of her own choice without its being noticed and commented upon by hundreds of red-breeched soldiers or spies, and should she wear any colours indicative of Mexican sentiment is immediately arrested and insulted.

"'As to taking the "oath of allegiance to Maximilian," so called, thousands have done so from sheer necessity; but argue that it is forced, and that they do not, and will not, consider themselves faithful to those who have proved unfaithful to every compact and every instrument,

"'And they are right. What can the thousands

of Mexicans do?

"'Is not the country overrun by all the villains and spies the French can control or hire? bwor

"Are the masses armed? " Can they organize?

"'Can they, without shackles, boldly declare their sentiments or wishes to a civilized world? "'What would you have them do?

"'Can they escape across the borders or the rivers into the United States has bridge beauty

"All the railroads and boats are in French hands, and you cannot travel ten miles round your birth-place without a "pass" in your pocket, or be dodged or accompanied by an armed spy.

"Can we even pray in our churches unre

"No; several ministers are now already in jail, not for denouncing Maximilian in public or private, but simply from being suspected of cherishing ideas antagonistic to those of the French's bas sugges

What must the people do?moz bad oW

"Without a legislature of their own free choice; without civil tribunals of common justice, with no appeal to higher authority than the will of the French; without implements of war, resources, or place of meeting-what would we have them do?

"Rise like raying, unarmed fools, to be merci-lessly butchered by trained bands of hirelingsthe offscourings of the earth?

Better as it is. suso

ic Talk of the Mex "Tis now a game of 'diamond cut diamond'play hypocrite with hypocrites, mos won

"But the day will come when the true sentiments of Mexicans will be fully known and itself

"'Yes, that's all very good, Sam; no one disputes it. We know that the Mexicans are "sound" enough, but take a drink out of the count's canteen -prime old Rye, too-and go on with your trip, said one, who was yawning, and wanted something exciting to keep him awake. dir

"'Well, boys,' continued Sam, refilling his pipe, one of my scouting trips is much like all of them,

and not very interesting; but to go on.

"'When we approached the city I told the boys we had better separate, and meet as strangers at one of the hotels ort bebast ad as noon b

"We did so, and as the guard was not over vigilant around, or in town, I got along very well, and met several friends-but avoided some acquaintance from foreboding suspicion.

"' Having stabled my mare at an out-of-the-way place, I called on an old friend, and was surprised to find him giving a party to some dezen French officers. daiba

"'He laughed, and introduced me as a friend, and before long we passed the bottle freely, and got along swimmingly. I bore out my character as a Yankee admirably, and spoke splendidly about the Empire, and a hundred other bygone catchlines, and was put down by the French as a 'regular brick," &c.

"'I did not drink much, but danced with the girls, condoled with them on the trials and privations of the times, and procured a large amount of information, dropped in scraps from the half-intoxicated French, nearly all pertaining to the number and disposition of their troops, and slept at my friend's house that night.

"'According to promise, I called on one of the French next morning, and as he was officer of the day we walked arm-in-arm over the fortifications, everything being explained to me, and by well-put questions I extracted all the information possible, and by comparing statements arrived at pretty accurate facts and figures.

"'From a friend I obtained the "sign" and countersign," by which regularly initiated Mexicans might detect each other, and by this means spent several days very agreeably in the city.

"'I was surprised, however, to find so many belonging to the secret Mexican organisation, for I could not be in any assembly long ere signs were exchanged, and I have not unfrequently heard staunch members of the Club speaking very loudly in favour of Max in the presence of the French, when at the same moment signs to the contrary were frequently passed between us. This.

"'They manage this thing well in Mexico city, and have plenty of funds to assist our needy sympathisers who come under their notice.

"'Constant correspondence is maintained with Juarez, and semi-weekly dispatches sent to them by ways and means which the French authorities can never discover.

"'But of all the Mexicans, the women are the most ardent and open in the expression of feel-

"When officers ask them to play or sing, they usually comply by performing the most rebellious kinds of music, in the most modest and artless manner, causing the visitors to sit uneasy in their scats, and look very serio-comic.

"'Not that all such things can be done with im-

punity, by any means.

"I know some and have heard of other instances where our female friends have been taken up and put into gaol for speaking or singing seditious sentiments, or causing excitement by wearing party colours upon the stage or in the streets.

The theatres, however, being organs of public taste, were under the protection and guidance of the French, and nightly crowded by soldiers, who sat hour after hour applauding clap-trap pieces, in which French soldiers accomplished miracles of heroism; or when dying, did so wrapped up in the red, white and blue flag, with a flourish of trumpets.

"It strikes me that the Frenchman proper may be truthfully termed a theatrical and imaginative

being, and be wrought upon by "effect."

"'From childhood they are supplied with a multitude of books of equivocal taste and morality.

"'Their historians are partial; their swarms of novelists persons of fervid imaginations reared in all forms of atheism, and decidedly unreal in all

"Their theatres, also, are the public expounders of prejudice and bad taste.

"'Until of late all battle-pieces had for subject the wars with Great Britain, and we know that one Frenchman was always considered equal to a dozen Englishman, and on the stage, like Samson, they slew their thousands with loud applause, and ended with a large expenditure of "blue fire," and a waving of banners.

"'That is all very good, Sam,' broke in a fat old captain; 'but go on with the narrative, "taps" will sound presently, and I must be off to my guard."

"When our party had sufficiently enjoyed themselves, and effected the purposes intended, we met and devised plans for the return.

"From the information of a trusty friend, it was deemed advisable to be extremely cautious, as everything on the Rio Grande indicated movements of importance, and the different forts were doubly guarded.

"General Mezia, Maximilian's right-hand man, had been in secret conference with the authorities for several days, and in private circles bragged of

what he was going to do.

"He was not going into winter quarters until the vile 'rebels' were driven from his front, and

they did so at rebel expense, &c.

"As General Mezia acted in conjunction with General Lopez, at Matamoras, across the river a piece, it was not a matter of much doubt whence the blow was likely to come, so we hastened back again as speedily as possible.

"The nearer we approached the river, the more

difficult it was to proceed.

"The French had so many men lying along the main roads, that it was almost impossible to

"We picketed our horses in the woods when near Matamoras, and held a council of war.

"I proposed to procure the countersign by stratagem, if possible, and go into Matamoras.
"The rest of the party vehemently dissented

from such an adventure, but promised to stay at the house of a friend till my return.

"I had resumed my half-French uniform, and proceeded cautiously along the road, according to the directions of friends, and as it was just sunset saw innumerable camp-fires in every direction.

"From a distance I perceived picket guards round a fire, at the forks of the road, and was com-

pelled to halt.

" Hitching the grey mare in the woods, I proceeded on foot, and crept among the brushwood until within thirty paces of the nearest guard.

"Having lain there for an hour or more, some one approached, and I faintly heard the countersign of 'Puebla,' given, and, being satisfied, cautiously returned, mounted the mare, and galloped along the road, roaring the Marsellaise.

" 'Halt I' shouted the picket, as I unceremeniously approached.

'Who comes there?'

" 'A friend with the countersign,' I answered, hiccuping, and pretended to reel in the saddle.

" 'Advance, friend, and give the countersign,' replied the sentry, with a laugh, for, thinking me an officer returning from a jollification, he scarcely noticed the countersign.

" Passing along I could not help lingering near

my old estates.
"Regiments of Frenchmen were camped upon them; my woods, fences, and barns were all destroyed, and they had converted the dwellings into guard-houses, where dozens were howling in intoxication.

" Possessed of the countersign, I found no difficulty in passing from place to place, and enjoyed myself until midnight with a lot of officers who were bent on a drinking bout.

"One of them had brought important despatches from General Bazaine, and was to return before sunrise.

"'But,' said he, 'if they think I am going to travel thirty miles again to-night, the general is much mistaken. I shall just go out of town, and put up at Paulo's for the night; what say you, Smidt?' said he to another aide, a Belgian.

"' You are not going on with your papers to-night, eh? They'll keep, man, they ain't important, so let's make a night of it, and put in an excuse of lame horses!'

"Both agreed to the plan, and about an hour

afterwards proceeded on their way together.

'I knew P---'s plantation very well, and resolved that both their persons and papers should visit this side of the river, and immediately started for my party, awaiting me.

"Having watched in which room these worthies were domiciled, we lay in wait, and I hit upon the

idea of separating them.

"Accordingly, I rode up to the house and inquired if Captain Smidt was there. I had been told he was, and had been sent by General Mejia to call him immediately.

"Smidt soon made his appearance, cursing and swearing in every dialect of Dutch and English.

"'Some cot dem tyful hat watched him, sure unt he was a gone schicken, else how old Mejia know him not gone ?'

"I condoled with Smidt, and ere we had gone many paces, he was seized and secured without a

show of resistance.

"When Paulo was about to blow out the candle,

I knocked again.

"He was in a terrible temper, and when he shoved the candlestick close in my face to see who it was, almost staggered with astonishment. (See cut in this Number.

"He fully recognised me, but presenting a re-volver at his head, and placing a finger on my lip, I passed in, and a companion stood guard over him,

while I went upstairs.

"Knocking at the door, Smidt's companion an-

swered, and I entered.

"He was surprised, but glad to see me. I had heard him state his intention to stay at Paulo's all night, when in the tavern, and thought I'd follow suit, intending to go on and join my regiment in the morning.

"After smoking and partaking of some brandy I had with me, we talked for a long time on the sub-

ject of arms and accoutrements.

"He had a magnificent pair of revolvers, and it was my ambition to effect his capture without bloodshed. I handed over for inspection my selfcocker, empty, and he pushed across the table his loaded weapons.

"I fingered them coolly for several minutes, and with apparent thoughtlessness, cocked them both.

"Presenting them at his head suddenly, I informed him who I was, and commanded him to dress immediately and follow me.

"'Resistance is useless,' I remarked, 'the house

is surrounded.

"Deadly pale and almost paralyzed, the courier dressed and was conducted to his horse.

"We started off without a whisper, and soon

arrived at the spot where Smidt was guarded.
"In my absence the boys had gagged him, stop his eternal prattle, and when he recognized his companion, handcuffed, I thought his hair would stand on end with astonishment.

"With our prisoners in the centre, we briskly trotted along the bright moonlit road, and ere long

caught a distant view of our camp fires.

"The river, we knew, was well guarded at nearly all points; hence, for the sake of caution, we stole

through the woods and made up a plan.

"Two of our party were to advance boldly to the river, give the countersign, and say that they had volunteered to cross to reconnoitre the Republican

"This news would spread up and down the bank, and the mounted men especially feel anxious to converse with their comrades, and attended little to their posts meanwhile.

"The ruse answered admirably, and, while I saw one particular spot deserted, our party issued from the woods and swam their horses across.

"No resistance was offered by our prisoners,

"We had explained to them the importance of silence and obedience, while revolvers were always pointed to enforce submission.

"We had scarcely crossed, however, when in the distance we saw two squadrons of the enemy dashing along the river bank in great commotion.

"Twas lucky we had used all expedition, as some one at Paulo's must have informed on us.

"As I stood in a thicket, listening to their angry conversation, I could not help laughing heartily at their annoyance, and they must have heard it, for one said.

"'That's him; I know his voice, major.' on the

"'That you, Yankee Sam?'

"'Yes, that's me. How are you, major & Fine night, isn't it? I shall give you another call

"I could scarcely get out of the way before a perfect shower of shot was dropping all around

me."

"Yankee Sam's narrative was listened to with great interest by the Boy Soldiers, for it was well known that the brave fellow had lost nearly all his property in Mexico, on account of the war, although had he not taken up arms he might have retained every acre of all he was poseessed."

CHAPTER CXV. on 10011 days

m's knesking al shaid or shoulest barns and com-wared, and illouished, and rustic churches by the swing elegand hoot bredge and rustic churches by the wayed to year yearly laged, bad glock or nasculine, rose-

THE BATTLE OF MATAMORAS-THE VICTORY OF THE REPUBLICANS.

In another part of this present letter which Captain Frank wrote to his brother, the brave young fellow describes what happened a few days after the narrative given by the tall Yankee round the camp fire in the boys' camp.

He says, speaking of that part of the Republican army to which he was attached in a more particular

manner :-

"I thought at first to write but a short account of our doings here; but as important events have taken place within the past forty-eight hours, I cannot allow the mail messenger to go without say-

ing a few words regarding them.

"And although we are in high spirits at having soundly thrashed one of Maximilian's best generals here near Matamoras, our sufferings have been extreme throughout the entire campaign; but, though troubling and inconveniencing us, to some degree, have tended to doubly harden and make our limbs as tough as steel.

"Continually marching through non-inhabited districts, we had to depend upon Fortune for supplies, as our stores were few, and the departments particularly 'slow' in such 'fast' times as we have

experienced.
"Over mountains, through 'gaps,' across rivers, streams, creeks, &c., our progress was toilsome and

"But few doctors meddled with any one.
"'A good tough march' was the prescription for all, and not more than a hundred could be found upon the sick lists at any time during our frequent

and rapid journeyings to and fro, continually harassing the enemy, cutting off supply trains, bushwhacking ' for whole days with them, scouting and scouring the whole country was our constant occu-

"Cavalry led a hard life, and must have been made of brass to support the trials incident to their

daily duty.

"Among the mountains a party of these partisan horse would watch all the roads, conceal their fires, and hang around the enemy with pertinacious watchfulness, and at the least opportunity dash into them, capturing and destroying as they went, living as best they might, and doing whatever they pleased, generally.

"As scouts these men were invaluable, They were here, and there, and everywhere.

"No track could be kept of them.

"Their dress was of skins or anything that came to hand, and so long as grass was found for their hardy, wiry, Indian horses, the riders cared little for food, dress, leisure or relief from duty.
"The enemy were watched like mice, and no

movement could take place from the Upper Rio Grande to the mountain regions, but some of these 'irregulars' were fully aware of it, and informed Juarez thereof.

"The enemy vowed vengeance against these hardy fellows, and sought to train their horsemen to the wild, half-Indian kind of life practised by

ours.
"But just imagine obese Dutchmen, such as Maximilian had brought over with him, rivalling the swiftness, daring, and endurance of our wiry

"They were posted on mountains and in the passes, guarded fords, bridges, and roads, as ours did; but their loss was continual, and the mysterious disappearance of stores, horses, waggons, and men, unaccountable; so that they were withdrawn, and the experiment abandoned as an expensive and fruitless one.

"Entirely masters of the roads, and every route by land or water, our horse and foot had lively times on outpost duty, and stood all fatigues with-out grumbling, but rather enjoying it, seldom troubling Juarez for supplies of any kind, save ammunition, but frequently driving into camp large numbers of beeves, hogs, fodder, corn, and whatever could be purloined from the enemy.

"Flanks, front or rear, the Imperialists hardly dared to move, except in large bodies. Our guerillas lay in every bush, and many an enemy was found lying dead at his post without a trace of those who did the deed.

"These partisan horsemen were remorseless. "They expected little mercy if captured, and spared but few found in arms against them.

"Some of our men, falling into the hands of the enemy, were hung on the spot; but this only heightened the animosity on either side, and when French soldiers were found dangling from trees by the roadside, the enemy thought it wise to recognise these Partisan Liberty Rangers as legitimate soldiers.

"After our Rangers had hung a score or more of the red-legged Frenchmen, or Mexican renegades, the enemy began to think it wise to deal with all prisoners who fell in their hands with the common usages of war.

The reason why Juarez called us from the Upper Rio Grande down to Matamoras in such haste was

soon apparent to us all.

"The truth was, that General Mejia, with a strong force of French, and Mexican traitors, was marching down to take us by surprise, if they could,

and capture the city.

"They had to cross the San Juan river in order to get at us—a stream not very far from the city, and, as the bed of the stream was often perfectly dry, they anticipated very little trouble in getting

"But the San Juan is one of the most unreliable

streams in all the world.

"In twenty hours it will rise twenty feet high, from immense floods which flow occasionally from

the mountains inland.

"As it happened, the bed of the river was perfeetly dry when Mejia was only a few leagues distant, and, to prevent him from crossing it, our generals thought it wise to keep their troops continually moving to and from, in order to prevent

"As might be supposed, then, Juarez, gave us very little rest, and marched us about both night

and day.

"While we were away from Matamoras, however, dodging the enemy, the San Juan suddenly rose to a great height, and prevented Mejia from advancing further, at least, for some time.

"But while we were away, however, several spies left the city, swam the San Juan, and fully informed Mejia of our doings, whereabouts, and total

"So well had they managed matters in our absence, that several French engineer officers crossed the San Juan and mapped out all the country round about the city.

"The good people of Matamoras, however, little

dreamed of what our real intentions were.
"Our company of Boy Soldiers were ordered back to the city, and encamped not far from the walls, outside in the fields.

"This, our sudden return, took many of the citizens by surprise, nor could they make it out why so few of us should now appear to dispute the advance of the French, who, all very well knew, were not far off.

"We did not satisfy their curiosity, however, by giving any explanations, but kept our mouths

closed.

"Judge of the surprise of all, however, when at sunset the next (Saturday) evening, our whole force marched back unexpectedly, and camped on the same ground which they had done a month before.

"I felt very glad to see the return of all our force, for I now was sure that much of the fatiguing, guard, and other duties would be taken off our hands.

"But I was doomed to disappointment once more,

and so were all our gallant boys.

"About three a.m. on the next (Sunday) morning while I and the boys were doing camp guard, one of our generals rode into our camp very hastily.

"Not a drum was beaten, not a bugle sounded, yet in ten minutes all the tents disappeared, and the army waggons moved off on the road to Monterey.

"The troops were drawn up ready to move at a moment's notice, and what all this sudden change might mean none of us could tell without it was that we were ordered to retreat once more,

"The doubt, however, was soon cleared up.

"Juarez and his staff of generals were soon heard approaching.
"All our men being formed, one of the generals

rode up and said

"' Mexican patriots, the enemy are approaching; they have, or will, perhaps, soon cross the San Juan. 'As you know, they greatly outnumber us, but we must fight, yes, and fight hard, for there is not a single road by which we can retreat with safety, and we need not expect reinforcements, for there are none nearer to us than ten leagues. The enemy, I understand, muster fourteen or fifteen thousand men in two bodies, and are well off for artillery.

"' As I said before, there is no hope for us except in fighting in a determined manner, and Mexico expects that in the approaching combat every man will do his duty, and let your cry be for "victory or

"These few words, hurriedly spoken, gave great courage to our men, and if they had been allowed. they would have made the welkin ring again with their shouts.

"At the word of command we marched after our

generals and were on foot many hours.

"We ascertained from scouts and spies that the enemy had crossed the river much higher up than we expected, and were committing all manner of depredations on all those who in any way countenanced the Republican cause.

"Taking up the line of march, we passed northwards through the most picturesque and delightful farming country the eye, perhaps, ever beheld.

"All was decidedly pleasant in aspect, and the

people remarkably so. "The lands were highly cultivated, the cattle fat and of superior stock; farm-houses, out-houses, and servants' quarters were all regularly, substantially, and neatly built, scrupulously clean, and possessing an air of comfort and contentment superior to anything I had ever seen on the continent.

"Mountains and valleys, hills and dales, fine springs and majestic woods came into view at every turn of the road, while overloaded barns and corncribs, neat school-houses and rustic churches by the wayside, cosy villages, and strong, masculine, rosycheeked inhabitants, contrasted favourably with the tumble-down appearance, sallow, fever-and-agueish aspect of the immensely wealthy, but careless and fast-living cities by the sea.

"The habits, dress, look, language, and all things reminded me much of Spain; but nothing more so than the buxom, rosy-faced, and white aproned mothers and daughters who lined the wayside, and brought out all their stock and store to entertain our merry, dusty, and weary soldiery toiling up the

hills of this beautiful region.

"Our reception by the inhabitants was enthusiastic and cheering. It was rumoured that the country was nought else but a den of traitors, but, certainly, their cordial behaviour fully contradicted the whisper.

"As this country was in the north-eastern corner of the state, it was mountainous and rolling. river ran on two sides, north and east, while in the north-west we could see the mountains which separated us from the road to Monterey.

"The ferry lay under the northern extremity of the heights, the San Juan washed its foot, while on the opposite bank towered perpendicularly the

heights of Monterey.
"The distance by the river (unnavigable here) from Matamoras to the Ferry was about forty

miles. "The land route was about thirty-five miles, with two or three very small towns in the valleys

Pontsville being but four miles from the Ferry, and on the south bank, a body of the enemy were reported in possession of this last-mentioned place, and to questions our general grinned goodhumouredly, and promised to 'shake them out

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN. THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



We did not satisfy their cariosity, however,

"The whole aspect of the country was unbroken rolling land, but to the north stood a cluster of three hills, all alone in the landscape, the tallest and most conspicuous of which was called the Peak. The Imperialists occupied this on our approach, and had a full view of all that transpired on our side of the river, the distance being but twenty-five miles to their forces.

than the buron, rosy faced, and white-apro

"Their pickets lined the whole river, from the Ferry to Pontsville, and it was impossible for any to approach the San Juan without the fact being instantly telegraphed from post to post to General Mejia, who now was chief in command. Our general, to deceive the enemy, had divided his force into small parties, with an over allowance of tents.

"And as white canvas-covered waggons were continually seen moving about over the hills, and as our various camps were wide spread and plentifully supplied with fuel, it was thought by their journals that Juarez was in chief command of us, and had not less than from 30,000 to 40,000 men.

"Our whole force, however, did not number more than 3,000 infantry, four light field-pieces, and a squadron of cavalry. Our general, however, moved

us about continually.
"Now we marched opposite the Peak, our tents still standing in the old camp ground, near Matamoras.

"Next day would find us in some other direction.

ing any explanations, but kept our mouths "So that at last the enemy were completely deceived as to our number or position, and were even on the qui vive. (vehrute

"Such were our movements that scouts daily informed us of the enemy's counter-movements, who, with whole brigades and divisions, were continually moving from place to place to prevent our supposed attempts at crossing.

The Imperial commander Mejia was an old school-fellow with Juarez, and smart messages, it is said, were frequently passed between the rival commanders across the river.

"Picket firing was constantly maintained between the guards on opposite banks of the stream, with more animosity, however, than any decided

"The enemy was still on our side of the San Juan at Pontsville, and it was determined first to entice them into the interior and then surround them, if possible.

"Scouts came in daily, correctly informing us of the position, number, and depredations of the enemy, but we were sorry to learn that the in-habitants of the surrounding country patronized

"They had on several occasions betrayed our men to the enemy.

"Our general had warned them to desist harbouring the foe, but they replied by concocting a plan to destroy all our cavalry in the neighbour-

"An old broad-brim proprietor of an antiquated hotel, invited the captain of cavalry to halt and refresh his men.

"The soldier willingly did so, but while engaged at dinner the whole premises were surrounded by several hostile squadrons.

"Our men mounted and fought their way out as best they could, but lost half their number in killed

and missing.

"Exasperated at the perfidy of these fanatics, our general summoned his brigade, and leaving camps standing, to deceive the telegraph at the Peak, sallied forth towards Pontsville long before

day.
"When the sun rose we had just halted on a lofty hill, and lay in the woods. The scenery on either hand was enrapturing. East of us lay a wide expanse bathed in gold, while the San Juan and Rio Grande, winding to the sea, were covered with a dense white vapour that sparkled like molten silver.

"Clouds capped the Peak, while to the west rose dark lines of mist-covered hills and mountains, with snow-white villages dotting the undulating landscape, while the distant crowings of early fowl could be faintly heard upon the morning air.

"The column pushed rapidly forward, but ere midday large black clouds gathered on the mountains, and tremendous rain poured into the valley, deluging everything, and swelling the streams.

"At 'secure arms' all manfully trudged forward through mire and flood, but as we approached our destination horsemen could be seen hovering and rapidly disappearing in the distance.

"With our cavalry to the front we moved forward at a quick pace, but could never secure any of the horsemen we saw moving on the hills. Halting within a mile of Pontsville our cavalry unexpectedly came upon a large body of horse, and, without hesitation, charged them.

"A desperate encounter ensued.

"The enemy gave way.

"A running fight took place, friend and foe simultaneously charging through town, in great confusion and fury, the enemy being at last driven into the river in sight of their whole force drawn up on the opposite bank.

"'Finding the place deserted, and malcontents fled, we departed next morning without damaging the village, although both officers and men were sufficiently incensed to have burned the miserable place to the ground.

"Long excursions of this nature were of weekly occurrence, for our general seemed to delight in

keeping his men moving.

- "But what the causes might have been we never knew, and to the remonstrances of sundry fat old officers, who did not much relish marching and countermarching, retreating and advancing, the general swore roundly, and threatened to kick them out of his office.
- "It cannot be denied that our position was a critical one, and required great caution.
- "The enemy were now fully aware we did not meditate crossing, and massed their troops at different points to dislodge us, if possible, from our
- "All our reinforcements were leagues distant, and from the state of the country it was impossible to bring up supplies or receive reinforcements.

- "Our general was told to 'hold the place at all hazards, and such instructions to a 'fighting general,' were likely to be fulfilled to the letter.
- "In other points of view the possession of Matamoras was of paramount importance.
- "It was populous, wealthy, and the most fruitful in supplies of any county in the State.
- "It had been somewhat disaffected, but that had all passed, and now none were more enthusiastic for independence.
- "The rail and other roads ran through the town, and should it fall, a large area of fruitful country would come into Imperial hands, with its accumulated crops-a consummation devoutly wished by the Imperialists, as the country they were then inhabiting, beyond the San Juan, was incapable of supplying wants, keenly felt.

"They had, moreover, to pay for all things among, their 'friends,' whereas by being quartered among the 'Republican rebels,' all things would follow, and save vast inconvenience and expense.

"These considerations made our service very irk-

some and arduous.

"With a river front of over forty miles to guard against a superior force, and a multitude of spies, required the utmost vigilance and self denial.

"Our videts, who were young and inexperienced, occasioned much annoyance and unnecessary march-

"Such was our habitual life of excitement that we could not call a single hour our own.

- "Night or day reports would come in of some imaginary advance," or 'crossing,' and night or day, fair or foul, we marched to the threatened point, to find our supicions undeceived, until at last, our general, in great wrath and with tremendous oaths, vowed to hang the first cavalry man that brought in false alarms, and the officer commanding likewise, for permitting it.
- "After this informal order, we were much relieved, and enjoyed our leisure hours as best we might in town, or country if furnished with a 'pass,' from the provost marshal or officer of the day.
- "Once, however, the cavalry were correct in their reports.
- "Some of Mejia's men were in the habit of crossing in large boats, and despoiling the country.

" All kinds of things were stolen by them. "They committed all manuer of outrage upon unoffending women and children, whose fathers or brothers were in our army, and not unfrequently burned the house above their heads.

"Our company of foot was sent up, and lay perdu in the woods for more than a week without

"At last two large scows were seen approaching containing more than a hundred individuals, some of them being renegades, but most of them French soldiers, and all well armed.

"Two other scows, similarly freighted, were descried crossing higher up.

"Both landing-places were in full view of us, and when most of them had departed on their depredatory excursions, the guards at the boats were surrounded, and surrendered at discretion.

"The prisoners were secured in the woods, and

we awaited the return of the marauders.

"After a few hours, one of the parties approached in a body, well laden, but, probably, informed of our being in the neighbourhood, observed willtern order excitent a property of the control observed military order against a surprise.

- "When they had unconsciously advanced within our ambuscade, I stepped forward, and demanded a surrender.
- "I was answered with a volley, but before they could reload, every man was weltering in his blood, dead or wounded.
- "The second boat's party, hearing the firing, rushed towards the landing-place.
- "Our heroes fell back some few paces, and awaited their approach.
- "Having to pass the spot where their companions lay, they halted and gazed with horror on the destruction before them.
- "At the same moment I called on them to surrender.
- "The dead and wounded were placed in a scow, and two men, paroled, conveyed them across.
- "We had captured in this little affair 150 fine English rifles, 60 revolvers, 6 swords, and over 100 prisoners, besides having killed or wounded 75 others.
- "We procured waggons for all those things the rascals had stolen, together with arms, accountements, &c., and marched our prisoners to town—the civilian renegades in front.
- "Not a man in our party was scratched in this meeting, and received with modesty the encomiums of our general, who sarcastically remarked, on hearing an account of the affair,
- "' Mejia, the scoundrel, will learn to keep his thieves at home in future."
- "This and several other successful affairs very much embittered the feeling between pickets on the river bank, and the firing was incessant.
- "Indeed, they brought down whole regiments to oppose our guards, and maintained an incessant fusilade from sunrise till dark.
- "Not only this, they brought forward field-pieces and endeavoured to disperse our pickets by destroying every tent or hut that might be in range.
- "In fact they asked no questions, but smashed everything within reach, and unhoused several poor farmers and labourers who had not wherein to lay their heads.
- "More than this, their firing was mere waste of ammunition, and betrayed but little skill.
- "When our artillery answered, they invariably retired, and at last mounted some heavy pieces on a rising ground back of the Ferry, and incessantly shelled, in the vain hope of destroying our camp, which they had not manhood enough to attempt to take.
- "Their numerous shells, however, from some unknown cause, although rifled and of very best quality, always fell short.
- "Being out on picket, we enjoyed ourselves amazingly among the farmers, who willingly furnished all things needful, and as our camps were near the little town of Rainford, many pleasant hours were spent there among the pretty quakeresses and widows—the latter being very numerous and handsome.
- "With their little town of one street screened by surrounding hills, the inhabitants seemed perfectly happy and contented, for they possessed a fine mill, two woollen cloth factories, several tanneries; had a large meeting-house, two small chapels, a newspaper, and excellent grazing land all around them.
 - "In general aspect it looked much like a Spanish

- village, only that the inhabitants were even prouder in step, wore better goods, and had rosy, wellcut features that plainly indicated the best of 'blood.'
- "Many of the males had decamped to Maximilian's army; but the women, Heaven bless them! were as true as steel, and behaved like heroines on all occasions. Sweet little Village of the Hills, long may ye flourish!
- "From deserted and intercepted travellers we gleaned particles of information occasionally which left little doubt that recent acts of boldness were but forerunners of mischief, and every day witnessed greater vigilance and caution on the part of officers.
- "The more distant detachments were called in, and save a picket guard, under special instructions, our whole force fell back nearer to Matamoras, at which point all flanking forces must necessarily first appear.
- "This ruse was resorted to to be wilder the enemy, who were accurately informed of all our movements by spies among the townspeople.
- "What this habitual retreating and advancing might mean none could tell,
- "It sufficed that our general ordered it, and the men obeyed cheerfully, although frequently marching in drenching rains and impassable mud.
- "In order to be positively informed of the enemy's movements and intentions, several bold fellows in our command volunteered to cross the river, dodge the pickets, and push into the interior as far as Mexico city.
- "One of the three brave men was no other than our old friend, the Yankee trapper, the same who had befriended the Boy Band in so many ways, and had earned for himself the name of Red Devil among the Indians.
- "He mounted a favourite mare of mine, which I had loaned him for the purpose, and started out at midnight.
- "He managed to elude the enemy's guards, and passed through them unobserved.
- "He reached Pontsville, and engaged himself for an hour or two, and then made his way to the river San Juan.
- "He arrived on the banks in safety, and swam his horse across.
- "Prowling around the camps of Mejia, he obtained very valuable information, and was about to return to our camps again, when some rascal or other, who was paid for the information, divulged the secretathat the Red Devil was not an Imperialist, but a staunch Republican, and formed one of my own company of Boy Soldiers as a volunteer.
- "Red Devil was totally unaware of this, and after he had recrossed the San Juan again in safety, he was suddenly chased by a whole squadron of light cavalry.
- "His position was a most perilous one; but putting spurs to his mare he galloped madly onward."
- "Meanwhile, however, shots were whistling round him.
- "One, who took more accurate aim than the rest, hit Red Devil in the shoulder.
 - "Yet he was not unhorsed."
- "The wound was a most painful one, and he lost much blood.
- "Yet onward he sped like the wind, the hussar squadron in full chase after him.

"While jumping a ditch, however, some one of the soldiers in pursuit fired again.

"This time Red Devil was hurt in the thigh, and so great was the pain and so [great his weakness that he fell from the saddle, and with one leg in a stirrup, was dragged along the ground. (See cut in present Number).

"How long the brave fellow might have been dragged along the ground no one can tell, had it not been that at that moment a party of mounted Republicans, headed by Sam Gale, advanced to the rescue, and thus saved Red Devil from certain death.

"Sam Gale was not aware of the presence of the hussars, for he and his friends were at that moment returning from a scouting expedition.

"But directly they saw how things were, they raised a shout, charged the hussars, and drove them off successfully.

"Yankee Sam, and his friend the 'Red Devil,' felt so much annoyed at their mishaps that they resolved to gather two or three hundred volunteers, who should be well mounted, and thus penetrate into the lines of General Mejia around Pontsville.

"I need not tell you that such a proposal was received by our brave boys with loud cheers, all of whom procured good horses, and were eager for the fray."

"Myself, the Count, Major Caspar, Hugh Tracy, the 'Red Devil,' and Yankee Sam, were chosen the leaders of this party, and, having procured several small pieces of light cannon to serve as 'flying artillery,' we filled our havresacks with food, and our canteens with wine, ready for the expedition.

"We remained in camp several days, waiting for favourable weather, and in the meantime sent out scouts to see 'how the land lay' around us, and on our destined route.

"From scouts, out several days before, it was ascertained the enemy had a strong force of cavalry quartered on the proposed route, and that a fight would be inevitable.

"Rising with the sun, our men dashed along the roads, and, as the enemy's pickets were unable to tell what this immense cloud of dust meant that rose on the distant landscape, our force actually rode through one of their cavalry encampments before the alarm was given.

"The enemy were for the most part absent at the time, and sustained but little loss save the total destruction of their stores, capture of spare horses, and a few prisoners.

"These latter, being mounted, were placed in charge of the rear guard, and the excursion proceeded.

"The delay at this camp had given the enemy warning, and, when we progressed some miles further, several squadrons of dragoons were observed drawn up on a slope ready to receive us.

"A halt was sounded, two squadrons were sent forward, who dashed at the enemy full gallop,

"The Imperialists remained long enough to discharge their revolvers, and not attempting to charge down hill, broke and fled precipitously."

"Their officers were the last to retire, and seemed disgusted with the poltroons they commanded.

"A few accourrements, pistols, horses, &c., were found here, and in a neighbouring camp, and on we dashed as gaily as ever.

"We had not proceeded many miles when a

strong body of the enemy were discovered admirably posted, with skirmishers thrown out in front.

"Our advance, consisting of one squadron, went ahead, drove in the outposts, and rode in full view of the enemy, five squadrons strong, and attempted to draw them out,

"The commander, not observing our whole force screened in woods a mile distant, sallied forth to exterminate our advance.

"The latter, however, returned up the hill, over it, and, when half-way down, were met by another squadron—both advanced again, and met the enemy advancing up on the other side.

"Sam gave the word, and our horsemen, spurring their steeds into a maddening gallop, charged among the enemy, and were sabreing and pistolling right and left before they fully recovered from astonishment.

"The conflict was hand to hand, and conspicuous in our foremost ranks were the Count and Caspur.

"The fight lasted about ten minutes, and ended in the Imperialists' flight, who dispersed in all directions, and would not heed their trumpets sounding the rally.

"As our men advanced down into the level plain they were again attacked by a fresh body of horse.

"But a third company coming to our assistance made the combat more equal, and finally routed them with loss.

"We captured many prisoners, a lot of fine horses, sabres, trumpets, and pistols, together with their well-provisioned camps found a half-mile further on, with all things as their owners left them.

"And among other articles lots of superior saddles and harness were immediately appropriated, and not allowed to be burned with all things else.

"Having refreshed our men, and remounted many, we continued on our travels, and were cheered on every hand by the country people, who, informed of things by the frightened Imperialists, lined the road-side and waved hats and handkerchiefs in high glee.

"',I told 'em you'd come along one of these fine mornings' said a fine old gentleman, standing at his door with two daughters, and shaking with laughter, 'Take care of my son, Yankee Sam, and drive all the skunks into the river!'

"' Hurry on, boys, hurry on! the varmint ain't more nor a mile ahead! We're all Imperialists (!) down here, you know. One of their camps is just over the hill, and has lots of horses. Darn'em! Go in, boys, give 'em the devil!'

"'Hold on,' said a fine young girl, with a gun in her hand, 'I've got four of the rascals in my house; they thought to hide until you passed, but seeing your boys coming, I made them deliver up their weapons, and stood guard till you arrived.'

"Sure enough the Imperialists were there, but soon accommodated with horses, and being placed in charge of the rear-guard, on went the column again; clouds of dust rising on every hand, and artillery jingling along the roads. Rustics on fences, negroes on door-steps and wood piles, others at the plough or spade; all rushed forward, yelling and clapping hands like madmen.

"' Pile in on 'em, Massa; 'we ain't no Imperialists down dese diggins!—fotch it to 'em, white folks, and make 'em clar out of Mexico. We want none ob em among dese chickens.'

"Such were their acclamations as we passed on in our circuit of the country.

"As the whole rear of Mejia's army was by this time fully alarmed by fugitives flying in all directions, it would have been madness in us to have followed the usual roads in its vicinity, we therefore pushed towards the routes of their depôts and intercepted large waggon trains approaching, laden with stores of every description, and destroyed them.

"The horses and mules were entrusted to the rear-guard, and so proceedings continued.

"Waggon trains were seized on all the roads leading to depôts and head-quarters, and burned; their guards and drivers accommodated with spare horses, and sent to our rear. Approaching villages, all French and Imperial property was burned, and prisoners seized.

"Several army surgeons, captains, quarter-masters, commissaries, &c., were obliged to mount mules and follow, much to their astonishment and chagrin.

"Approaching the river railroad the command was divided to scour all the roads, and appointed to meet at a designated rendezvous.

"Several schooners espied at anchor were seized and burnt, together with valuable cargoes of clothing, stores, &c., but several slipped cables and escaped.

"Some half-dozen waggon yards, with scores of vehicles of all kinds, were fired, and teamsters added to our list of prisoners, when plans were laid for capturing the afternoon train then due.

"As the locomotive was heard approaching, and not sufficient time to tear up any portion of the track, troopers lined the sides of the road, and were ordered to take dead aim at the engineer.

"Such of our men commenced firing when the engine was fully a hundred yards distant, and as the driver suspected foul play of some kind he turned on steam, rushed past the station, and shoved off several logs placed on the rails.

"Many of the passengers, to escape the hailstorm of shot, jumped off the train and were crippled.

"Some few ran to the woods, but were picked up by our men, together with many who ran from the station on our first approach.

"All were taken, but the train escaped, although many on it were killed or wounded; the cars being, for the most part, uncovered, or freight trucks.

"The gallant fellow who drove the engine was also killed by an accurate shot, but his bravery and foresight deserved a better fate.

"Continuing our raid in all directions, our parties destroyed property to the amount of several million dollars, but always secured whatever arms, horses, or prisoners, fell in our way, until, wearied with labour, the gallant troopers made for the appointed rendezvous, which was not far from a small village where several main roads joined.

"The first party that arrived found that the place contained several finely furnished sutlers' stores, and depôts of goods deposited thus far in the rear of the army, to be conveyed up to the front as circumstances demanded.

"They were, in fact, central or wholesale establishments, to furnish regimental sutlers, and elegantly stocked with everything necessity might require; having tasteful bar-rooms attached, in

which were sold champagne, and all sorts of expensive wines and liquors.

"When a party of our fatigued and dusty men hitched horses and entered, they were so unprepossessing and unpresentable, that all present rose, including several officers who had trotted to the rear 'to spend the day' convivially.

""Brandy, gentlemen?' inquired the fat proprietor, urbanely. "Certainly!"

And, presenting decanters, our men began to imbibe freely.

"' Might I enquire to what cavalry you belong, gentlemen?' asked the proprietor, acutely surveying our dusty figures from head to foot.

"" We?' answered one, laying violent hands on a box of havannas, and emptying the decanter. 'Oh, we are Imperial cavalry, just arrived; a new regiment raised in Tampico, just returned on a scouting party after the rebel leader, Yankee Sam.'

"'Yankee Sam, ch? You don't mean to say that he is in our lines, do you? Well, let him come, that's all, and although I'm not in the army, I'll show him a thing or two, just see if I don't.'

"And as his eye glanced over a fine case of revolvers exposed for sale, he seemed as valiant as Ajax.

"The rest of the company were dressed too finely to shake hands with our dusty fellows, and smoked and talked apart in dignified reserve.

"Hearing the approach of a squadron, our troopers went to the door, and the landlord prepared bottles and glasses for his expected visitors.

'" Are these some of your party, gentlemen ?'

"'Yes,' was the reply, 'and as 'tis no use of fooling any more—we are Yankee Sam's cavalry!'

"Every one present was struck dumb with astonishment, but soon disarmed and made prisoners, being seated on mules and delivered to the rear-guard approaching.

"As there were four or five large establishments of this kind in the neighbourhood, our commander paid attention to all, providing them with shoes, clothes, new weapons, and literally 'ate out' the establishments, until not a box of sardines or can of oysters or preserves remained on the premises.

"Such a feast our men had not enjoyed for many

"All took whatever articles were needed, and the rest destroyed.

"Fruits, preserves, sardines, oysters, bread, fine biscuits, crackers, champagne, brandy, whisky, and ale, &c. &c., were all consumed; but none of our men forgot their perilous situation, and remained sober.

"Horses were fed, and about midnight, all prepared for the start home."

"'Twas foolish to attempt to return by the same route, so, as he had entered on the right of Mejia's lines, Yankee Sam determined to make the grand tour, and make his way out by the left.

"The whole army was aroused, and cavalry patrolled all the roads; but none knew the country half so well as Sam, so that he rapidly and quietly pushed forward by unfrequented lanes and paths, and safely arrived on the banks of the San Juan.

"No bridges being near, Sam swam his horse across, and all followed save the artillery.

"An old farmer had witnessed the crossing, and showed the way to a broken bridge a little way up stream,

"This was quickly repaired with logs and underbrush, and just as the first dawn of morning topped the trees, the whole command was safely on the south bank, and cautiously picking their way, for they were still in the enemy's lines, and at the most difficult stage of the journey, being gradually approaching their encampments.

"The main body followed a by-path through the woods, but scouts were sent out ahead, and on the

"" Who goes there?" and a shot was the almost instant challenge.

"Our scouts rapidly fell back to the main body as directed, and as the Imperial mounted outposts pursued, were in the midst of us, and secured.

"This occurred on several occasions, but, by good fortune and daring, the whole command reached the main road, and, utterly exhausted, halted on the outskirts of our lines, the enemy being within a mile, and in full force.

"Excitement had strung both man and beast since their start.

"But now that all were safely through the adventure, and passed on their way to camp, their appearance was most jaded, care-worn and dusty, having been many hours in the saddle without dismounting or drawing rein.

"The fruits of this excursion were several hundred head of horses and mules, more than a hundred prisoners, a perfect knowledge of Mejia's position, force, and resources, and the destruction of property to the value of several millions.

"The enemy were signally defeated on several occasions in combats with an inferior force.

"We killed and wounded many, remounted all that required it, furnished the command with fine weapons, saddles, harness, and clothes, and lost but one man in the last combat.

"Many of the prisoners took the affair goodhumouredly, mounted on mules as they were, but several doctors were apostrophizing Jupiter and all the gods about the cruelty of placing them on saddleless animals with sharp vertebræ, and swore roundly against riding sixty miles without rest or food !

"Grumbling was of no use,

"Ride they must, and the chop-fallen, wretched appearance of these sons of Galen was ludicrous in the extreme, and their horsemanship wonderful under the circumstances.

"The appearance of this gallant band was certainly very unprepossessing, for the men were dusty, dirty, and looked more like negroes than whites.

"Their horses could scarcely move, and riders had overweighted them by hanging on saddle-bows, strings of shoes, bundles of blankets, new weapons of various kinds, the horse and entire outfit being not unfrequently Imperial property.

"Several of them were scarred or cut, but manfully sat their saddle, and took no heed of hurts, and marched along through our lines as gaily as possible, saying 'they would not have missed the

trip for anything.

"Such an adventure was worthy of remembrance, and those who participated had right to feel proud; for here was a small band, commanded by a dashing horseman, who had been for more than sixty hours within the enemy's lines, capturing and destroying as they went, and though engaged in several com-bats, with superior force, had returned with the loss of but one man.

"Mejia felt humbled, as any general would have been, but resorted to his old practice of telling but half the truth; and in his despatches, spoke of it as a trivial affair, and scarcely worthy of mention.

"In retaliation, the French cavalry made frequent incursions into counties within the limits of their own lines, though never attempting to cross ours, and spoke of each exploit as wonderful affairs.

"Had they crossed our line, and committed half the havoc acknowledged to have been done within their own, their achievements might have been worthy of mention; but they knew too well the character of our men to attempt any such adven-

"However, from those constantly arriving in camp, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that Mejia was strongly fortifying on the river, so as to serve as a safe base of operations, whence supplies could be easily transported into the interior by their extensive waggon trains, boats, &c. Pontsville was held by a French colonel, Burgos, and a strong force, was strongly fortified, and being on high ground commanded all approaches from the interior, the river being open for the transit of any number of

"Juarez determined to march forward and attack it, but was informed that large bands of outlaws and others were devastating the whole country on his left, and threatened to get in his rear.

"Suddenly diverging from his proper route, Juarez sent an officer up in that direction with a small force of hardened determined men, and so secretly was the expedition conducted that they unexpectedly came upon the renegade Mexicans at a creek called La Palma, and after a confused fight of some hours, drove the enemy from the field, pushed forward to their head-quarters, and captured it, with everything left intact.

"Joining the column under Juarez again, our army of 5,000 effectives and five guns pushed forward again towards Pontsville, and arrived in the vicinity.

"Our 'irregular 'horse, Yankee Sam's (for I can call them nothing else) did good service in scouring the country for supplies, and keeping the enemy within the lines of the town, and although frequently inviting combats, the noble Imperialists remained quietly within their chain of breastworks, and refused every offer.

"By the 18th our ammunition waggons and artillery had arrived, infantry were rested, and Juarez broke up encampment at the Fair Grounds, two miles from town, and advanced against the

"The Fair Grounds was an admirable position for us had the enemy ventured to attack, for it was surmised that upon hearing of us at Pontsville, Marshal Bazaine would have collected his available force, and coming up in boats, reinforced Colonel Burgos, and chased us out of the country.

"His genius was befogged.
"He did nothing of the kind, but quietly remained where he was, enjoying serenades, balls, parties, &c., in the blissful state of vice-regal pomp and parade, being quite oblivious of everything save waltzes, bands, and perfecting the trappings of his renegade 'incapables."

"Driving in the enemy's outposts round the outskirts, Juarez was fully aware of the strength of the place, and made dispositions accordingly.

"He knew that there were several boats under the bluff, which keep open communion with the north bank of the river, and that the enemy's supply of water depended entirely upon the river.

- "Assaults could be of little use, as all advance upon the place was by an up grade, and that the public buildings and other strong edifices had been converted into forts, strongly fortified, and mounted, sweeping every approach.
- "His men knew, however, that there were immense supplies of all kinds in the place, together with cannon, horses, waggons, ambulances, thousands of small arms, important state documents, and much specie, which had been robbed from various places throughout the country.
- "As all were in the highest spirits, and held the enemy remarkably 'cheap,' dispositions were immediately made for commencing the siege.
- "Many thought that officers were too slow and careful in approaching through the outskirts, and resolved to charge the enemy's line of intrenchments placed higher up in town.
- "They made the trial, and suffered considerably, so that it was evident cautious measures were the best.
- "One part of our force moved forward, and, without much opposition, occupied a good position north-north-east of the breastworks, and with two batteries maintained an effective and destructive fire upon them from which there was no escape.
- "Another command, also, moved up south-southwest, and was also favourably posted.
- "Each of these brigades had supports within call should the enemy sally down from the hill, and attempt to dislodge them from hastily-constructed field-works.
- "While a heavy body of sharp-shooters were thrown out in front, harassing and cutting off their gunners, and such as dare appear in sight, carrying water from the river, wells, &c., a gradual approach was made upon the foe, who lost every hour from the deadly accuracy of our skirmishers, and made several faint attempts to dislodge them.
- "But the enemy would scarcely appear ere rapid volleys were fired into them, completely smashing up all such bold intentions, and they would wildly rush back to houses, breastworks, &c., to get out of the way of further loss.
- "While all this was progressing in and around town, Juarez received word that Colonel Saunders, a Mexican renegade, was coming down the north bank of the river to oppose him.
- "When this force reached a point twenty-five miles above the city, Saunders crossed 2,000 of them, leaving an officer in charge of the remainder.
- "Our men, however, knew these renegades of old, in many a fight, and, taking to the woods, maintained such a nurderous fire that they were soon routed, with a loss of more than 200, while we lost but 10.
- "We formed a junction with Juarez, and instilled new ardour into the whole army.
- "But, although Saunders was badly whipped, it was known that others were approaching, also, on the north bank, thinking to cross over and assist Burgos with over 1,500 cavalry, depending upon the ferry-boats for transportation.
- "But these boats, lying snugly under the bluff, Juarez determined to capture at all cost, particularly as a large steamboat, also lying there, was reported to contain considerable quantities of stores, &c.

- "Directing an officer to this point, he carefully approached from the west, along the river's edge, within part view of the fortifications, and effected the important capture in gallant style, removing the vessels beyond reach of destruction.
- "Mejia saw the manceuvre when too late, but opened a vigorous fire upon the party, and as many men fell, on account of the enemy's possession of a house on top of the bluff, several companies were detailed to attack it.
- "Although advancing under a deadly fire from musketry and artillery, our men took it in gallant style, but with loss.
- "As this house was within 150 yards of his main works, and could be made to command them, Mejia collected a strong force, sallied forth, and retook it, slaughtering every one without mercy.
- "The enemy were not long in possession of the strong dwelling, ere our forces attacked and carried the high grounds north of it, and pounded the house so much that the enemy vacated it as untenable.
- "Thus we were gaining ground on all sides, and the enemy's position becoming more and more circumscribed every hour.
- "Our artillery, moving upon conquered positions, blazed away right and left, sweeping everything before them.
- "Mejia's position, however, was still a strong one, and he could have held out for a long time; but being completely cut off from water, his men were failing in strength every hour.
- "Hearing that Bazaine was fast approaching the north ferry landing, Juarez got up steam on his captured boats, and transported a strong force on that side, and managed the enterprise so warily, that Bazaine barely escaped capture, his whole command retreating in the wildest disorder, leaving hundreds of tents, camp equipage, and large stores behind untouched.
- "Since the first opening skirmishes on the 13th, we had gradually worked our way through town.
- "But 'real' business, as I have said, commenced on the 18th, with great success on every hand.
- "And it now being the 20th, over fifty hours of incessant fire had been maintained on both sides, their loss being very considerable.
- "When Mejia found that his boats were captured, and that, instead of fighting their way to him, had 'skedaddled' in all directions, he gave evident signs of giving up all hope of resisting the gradual approach of Juarez around him, since it was impossible to obtain water for his men on constant duty night and day.
- "Still fearful of some other's arrival to raise the siege or reinforce, our men redoubled their efforts in every way, and maintained a heavy fire from all points.
- "So that, being perpetually powerless, Mejia hoisted a white flag on his works towards 4 P.M. on the 20th; firing ceased in all directions, and loud, deafening yells from all points of the compass informed us that Mejia had unconditionally surrendered!

Seeing the hopelessness of the defence, Mejia fled from the town himself, leaving Colonel Burgos a prisoner in our hands.

"When the enemy stacked arms, and marched out, we found that we had captured 4,000 effectives, rank and file, 120 commissioned officers, several stands of colours, brass bands, &c., two mortars,

five rifled guns, over 4,000 stand of arms, scores of sabres, lots of cavalry and waggon harness, 800 horses, waggons, mules, ambulances, medical outfits numerous,

"Immense supplies of every description; much clothing, shoes, tents, ammunition, camp utensils, &c., &c., together with about 1,000,000 dollars, stolen from various banks, which were instantly returned.

"Burgo's sword was instantly returned to him by Juarez, in a 'neat speech,' and all the prisoners being paroled, were immediately sent on their way rejoicing.

rejoicing.
"Such jubilation as was in every camp, you have

no conception.

"As I informed you, Yankee Sam's arm was wounded in his escape from pursuit, and he suffered much pain therefrom.

"To keep my promise I partly wrote and partly dictated this scrawl, so that you may form some accurate idea of our doings.

"The mails between us are few and far between, but I look for a letter from you every day.

"Love to all your boys and any old friends, for I suppose you meet old schoolmates every day in various parts.

"I do not know how long Juarez will remain here, but judging from reports, suspect he will be again moving—heaven only knows where—in a few days.

"Frequently during the battle I saw several hundred citizens drive their vehicles near the battle

grounds, and convey away the wounded.
"And to see a muddy, ragged, bandaged soldier

"And to see a muddy, ragged, bandaged soldier lolling in a fine silk-trimmed carriage was no uncommon sight.

"In fact, such was the anxiety of citizens to carry off the wounded, that one of their omnibuses, approaching too near the enemy's lines, was captured by an ambuscading party, and carried off in great triumph as a trophy.

"This omnibus was but one of many furnished for this humane purpose, and several were capsized in the mud, and rendered useless for all future

service.

"The poor fellows seemed perfectly contented with their treatment, and lay up in bed smoking cigars or drinking 'brandy toddy,' as happy as lords.

"In fact, many of them liked the change, and would not exchange their honourable scars for any

amount.

"Cigars, brandy, find food and raiment were different from rags, constant duty, hard fare, and incessant marching.

"I could not help smiling at the striking contrast exhibited between the wounded and the unhurt.

"The former would loll at parlour windows or in comfortable hospitals at Matamoras, reading and smoking.

"And those who could not move always had visitors beside them, chatting to or reading for

them.

"Some who came out of camps to visit would look round with almost a jealous eye upon the many comforts provided for invalids.

"Ragged, sunburnt, and ill-fed as they were, many could but jocularly smile, and good-humouredly wish some friendly bullet had thrown them into such comfortable quarters.

"When the wounded visited their comrades in camp, their appearance was so much improved, they looked so bright and cheerful, and had so many stories to tell about pleasures and pastimes, that our doctors caught many feigning sickness, so as to be sent to hospitals in town.

"Theatres were the great temptation, and as convalescents were permitted to attend them, with properly signed 'passes,' these places were nightly crowded with military audiences, scores having

arms in slings or bandaged heads.

"Such pieces, such music, such yelling and laughter were never heard before, and poor musicians in the orchestra were tired to death, the audience accompanying with vocal efforts, or embellishing them with a running accompaniment of stamps and howling.

"Blood and thunder' productions were greatly in vogue, and those pieces wherein most of the characters were killed rose decidedly in the as-

cendant.

"A 'tip-top fight' was what the boys delighted in, and an unlucky hero would never fall without an accompanying yell,

" 'Bring on your coffins !'

"Had these men free access to liquor, its effect would have been disastrous; but thanks to the viligance of the provost-marshal, a spoonful could not be obtained for love nor money.

"This liberty granted to convalescents, therefore, was productive of good, and a greater per centum returned to camp, and much sooner than they would have done if strictly confined to the limits of hospitals.

"As it was, those who were unfortunate enough to be confined in military hospitals recovered more slowly, and the men betrayed an evident dislike to

return to camp.

"Some of our generals, however, did not approve these theatrical entertainments, and on one occasion, posted a cavalry picket around the doors, and all who belonged to his division were marched unceremoniously to camp!

"For a few nights following, few attended, but as this was considered too severe upon the sick and wounded, the boys received their 'passes' again,

and theatres were filled.

"No convalescent, however, was allowed more than a week to run around, but as soon as money vanished, he preferred camp to town, and soon returned.

"The wounded and sick were always treated with marked politeness and kindness, and should any attend church, the place of honour was always assigned them.

"Great affection seemed to be lavished upon

privates.

"Officers, for the most part, were treated coldly by the masses, and allowed to shift for themselves as best they might.

"It was considered far more honourable to carry a musket than to loiter round in expensive gold-

corded caps and coats.

"Much could be written upon the great kindness shown to our troops by the ladies; but although the women of other places did much for the common cause, their noble-hearted and openhanded sisters of Matamoras far surpassed them all.

"Nothing that human nature could do was left undone.

"And, although much of this kindness and care were thrown away upon rude, uncouth objects, their humanity, patience, and unceasing solicitude are beyond all praise and requital.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



CHAPTER CXVI.

CAPTAIN FRANK FORD STILL WRITES OF WAR OPERATIONS IN MEXICO-WHAT TOOK PLACE AFTER THE FALL OF PONTSVILLE AND THE CAPTURE OF THE IMPERIAL GARRISON - A GRAND SEA FIGHT-ONE REPUBLICAN IRON-CLAD FIGHTS AGAINST AND DEFEATS MANY SHIPS OF THE IMPERIALISTS.

"DEAR BROTHER,-In continuation of my last letter, I may add that after the fall of Pontsville all went well with our little army.

"But what gave us all great pain was that the Imperialists were in strong force at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and shut out all our communication at sea.

"Knowing full well that the French and Imperialists would soon attempt to ascend the river and capture Matamoras in that way, we therefore immediately began to build a raft to retard their progress, and put bounds to Imperial curiosity.

"Hence many old rafts of huge cypress logs, found moored in the river and tributaries, were floated down.

"Woodmen were busy in the timber at various places, cutting down immense trees, the sound of whose fall, crashing in the forest, was like distant thunder.

"In less than a week a raft was formed in two

No. 45.

parts, which, when made fast, would stand 'b' ting' from all the 'rams' in the world.
"Nor could the enemy fire it, for the timber was

so green, or so perfectly saturated from months and years of exposure in the water, it could defy all the turpentine Mexico might produce in a century to kindle a single stick of it.

"This being speedily and excellently accomplished, the enemy being safely placed at a respectable distance, Captain Parker, an English volunteer, and his officers razed one of the vessels, and began the formation of the ungainly 'Juarez.'

"Carpenters, wood-choppers, sawyers, and blacksmiths voluntarily gave a hand to expedite proceedings.

"An old engine was placed in her, and the work of plating commenced very vigorously.

"But how could we get plates, bolts, screws, machinery, &c., &c., when the scene of construction was far away from all supplies of every nature, in an out-of-the-way river, and close to a very small town, devoid of everything but pretty women?

"By superhuman exertions, however, many things were procured, and having four large guns aboard, and plenty of ammunition, volunteers were not wanting to man her, particularly as it was certain she would have terrible fighting to do ere reaching Bagdad, at the mouth of the Rio, her point of destination.



"When finished and ready for service, I visited her, and from the use of much indifferent material in structure, supposed she would be sent to the bottom in quick time, when opposed to the magnificent rams and iron-clads watching for her at the mouth, or drawn up in parallel lines to receive her when passing the channel of the river.

"She was large, rough, strong, and ungainly—vulnerable in many places, and the top imperfectly

covered.

"So that, should a stray shell drop through the roof, her destruction was almost certain, as the

magazine was somewhat exposed.

"Many were desirous of commanding, as it was hoped she might eclipse the doings of all others; but after a little reflection Captain Parker gave her in charge of a Mexican.

This officer grumbled much at the deficiencies apparent in the craft, and particularly of the engines, which were old, and of doubtful capacity.

"'Do you refuse to command, sir?' asked the captain. 'If there is anything you object to in her, state it, and I will go myself-either you or I must command !'

"'I do not object, sir,' was the quick reply. 'If you take command, I only ask to be captain of a gun, for I'm bound to go in her, one capacity or

"'Very well, sir,' said the captain, going ashore in his quiet manner, 'make things ship shape immediately, and wait for orders!'

"Things were soon prepared, and orders re-

ceived.

"It was deemed advisable to keep the hour of her departure a secret.

"Yet it became known in some way to the enemy at the mouth, who steamed off and on all the time.

"At night the raft was unexpectedly opened by a few volunteers, and the 'Juarez' slowly and noiselessly floated several miles down stream, and was perfectly lost in the dense fogs which fall at evening.

"Next morning, at the first rays of the sun, steam was raised, and by keeping close to the heavilytimbered banks, she cautiously proceeded, and as the fog lifted, espied three of the enemy's finest

gunboats in the river, near the mouth.

"Two of them backed down, while the largest

opened fire immediately, and very briskly.

"The 'Juarez' was moving slowly from defective engines, but fired deliberately and with telling effect, crippling the enemy at the first broadside, who ran the magnificent craft upon the bank, and struck colours at the moment our boat was passing.

"The captain, finding his engines to be useless, depended solely upon the stream, and could not stop to take the splendid prize.

"For he knew many boats would soon appear to

oppose his exit from the mouth.
"So that, although using more steam than could be generated, boldly pushed into the broad stream, rapidly firing at the two gunboats retreating before him.

"It was at this point of the action that we could discern all that transpired from batteries on the

bluffs.

"As soon as the 'Juarez' rounded, the whole Imperial fleet hoisted anchor, and were in two lines-one each side of the channel at the sea

"Frigates, rams, gunboats-all were ready to annihilate that iron-clad mass of timber slowly floating towards them.

"Presently an iron-clad left her position, and

boldly steaming up between the lines of dark hulls opened fire at a considerable distance.

"The 'Juarez' was silent.

"And nought was seen but a rush of steam as the monster slowly entered the channel, which seemed to please the single enemy, who steamed up nearer and fired again.

"In an instant the bow gun of the rebel replied, smashed the boiler and machinery of the enemymen jumped overboard, and the vessel sank imme-

diately.

"This exasperated the fleet, which now opened with a terrific roar from both squadrons until the side of the 'Juarez' looked like a mass of sparks floating between parallel lines of curling smoke.

"Few dared approach, however, and those so timorous received such fearful handling that they immediately put back, and were content to fire at a

distance.

"To us, on the bluff, spectators of the scene, the slowness of the 'Juarez' was unaccountable, for she seemed encircled with fire and doomed to destruction ere emerging from the ordeal.

"" What's the matter with her?"

"'Why don't she clap on steam and rush through them?'

"'They'll sink her in three minutes!' &c. were

the remarks of all.

"Yet onward she went, slowly picking her way, the enemy believing she was only enticing them in her way by apparent slowness!

"'Twas not the case.

"Her engines were worthless, and audacity alone

was carrying her through.

"Still fighting at long range, the Imperial fleet slowly followed, and the nearer she approached the bluff the quicker the 'Juarez' fought, until finding her safely under our guns at Bagdad, the enemy gave up the chase, and amid our cheers on the bluff, and a salvo of guns, the 'Juarez' slowly turned the points and was moored before the city !

"From commotion visible among the enemy's vessels of all classes, the activity of small boats passing to and fro, and succession of signals exchanged between commanders, it was evident that many of them were badly crippled, for several were towed to the banks and run upon the sand.

"One vessel had sunk, several were towed away, while the vigorous working of pumps among them testified that shots had penetrated in different quarters, and that they felt infinite relief in her

"Various fragments of wreck soon floated down from the scene of conflict, which proved that chance shot had visited more than one unlucky transport, while with glasses we could perceive two powerful gunboats, which, like ants, were dragging their crippled companion out of further danger.
"'Twas vexatious to think that all the spoil was

e caping us, and all felt particularly annoyed that the gunboat which had struck her colours to the 'Juarez' should thus easily escape, for it was the

finest in the fleet.

"It could not be helped, however, and when the truth became known, regarding the utter failure of our engines, and the danger to which she had been exposed every moment during her passage, all felt surprised she had done so well, and inflicted such loss upon the enemy; for had the fleets known the true cause of her slow progress, not a fragment of her would ever have floated down so majestically and triumphantly.

"From preparations visible among the fleets, it was conjectured some important undertaking was afoot among them, and every precaution taken to prevent

a surprise, or mar the lustre of the day's doings, so that when we saw many of their transports moving up the river towards evening, and the gunboats cleaning up and clearing decks, it seemed to indicate that powder and ball were intended for us in earnest.

"As night closed in, none expected an engagement of any kind, but alarm-guns warned the garrison to be on the alert; when sooner than expected, several vessels appeared before our batteries, and

the engagement opened with great fury.

"While the bluff batteries were contending with most of the fleet, several of the Imperial squadron ran past, and opened with an awful roar upon the 'Juarez,' lying broadside to shore; while several boats from below engaged our guns south of the town, and such was the awful uproar and activity of gunners, both friend and foe, that although quite dark, everything could be plainly seen from the frequent and rapid flashes.

"The noise was astounding.
"The bluff batteries above and south batteries below the town seemed all on fire, while the 'Juarez,' engaged with several heavy gunboats and frigates, was rocking from the immense weight of metal hurled at her every moment.

"But as she was bound fast to shore, and the enemy could not remain stationary in the stream, their vessels slowly drifted past towards the lower

batteries.

" For a long time this unearthly noise was maintained on both sides, and it was once supposed that the Imperial boats would grapple with the 'Juarez,' and take her.

"But such was her steady and destructive fire, that they slunk off in the darkness to longer distance, and never seemed inclined to try it again.

"The woods facing Bagdad were literally blown

down by chance shots from our side.

"While the river was all afoam with hundreds of water columns rising and falling every minute from the same cause.

"And 'tis more than probable, had not our bat-teries concentrated their fire upon the enemy engaged-with our solitary iron-clad, it would have fallen into their hands.

"But such a shower of shot and shell assailed them from three points, and so numerous were small shot pouring into their ports and decks, it was impossible for a human being to appear without

instant loss of life.

"So that after a fierce and obstinate engagement the enemy's boats escaped down the river in a crippled condition, while the upper fleet moved up stream with great expedition amid the long and enthusiastic cheers of our garrison and citizens, who lined the works in great glee, making night hideous with their wild and defiant shrieks and shouts.

"Thus ended the first bombardment of Bagdad, and although nought but glory can attach to all engaged, I am sorry to say not less than four or five were killed and some half-dozen wounded on board the gallant iron-clad, most of them receiving injuries in the night attack of the enemy's gunboats.

"But beyond these casualties I hear of none whatever throughout the garrison, for all are in high spirits, and desirous of meeting the enemy again at

any time and in any number.
"After the affair of Pontsville, Juarez re-formed his army, and remained some short time where he was, but subsequently fell back, for it was known that Bazaine's force of 4,000 were hurrying on to join 8,000 strong, who were about to cross the river, and drive us by degrees into the Gulf of Mexico, or some other place.

"He had already crossed the river as we fell back, and was camped at a place rejoicing in some dozen houses, and having Paxtillo for its name.

"Juarez gathered every man he could, and

marched out to give battle.

"We camped within five miles of Paxtillo, and could plainly see the long line of camp fires.

"Our cavalry had been closer for many days before our arrival, and were noticed by the enemy, but not molested.

" Early next morning (Sunday), and long before dawn, our line of battle was quietly formed, and as we had no camp fires, our presence was not known.

"Marching in three grand divisions, we approached nearer to the enemy's camps, deployed columns, and commenced the attack.

"When about two miles distant from Paxtillo, the enemy had seen us, and a general alarm was raised—such drum beatings, trumpetings, signal guns, rockets, &c , you could never imagine.
"But although this confusion might appear on

one part of their line, Bazaine was informed of our

vicinity the night before.

"As we approached nearer, sunlight began to

appear.

Clouds of sharp-shooters fanned out in our the dark green landscape over which our dark lines were rapidly moving.

Presently long curls of smoke from the wooded hillocks to our front were answered by screaming shells and loud reports, and artillery bugles were sounding up and down our line.

"We galloped to the front, and opened a brisk fire, while to the extreme right and left we could faintly hear pattering vollies of musketry.

"The sun now rose in true Mexican brilliancy,

and shortly became intensely warm.

"At all events, it so seemed to the artillery, for we pulled off coats and jackets, strapped them on to caissons, and, rolling up our sleeves, began to roll into' the Imperialists with great gusto.

"Such a noise you never heard, and I am deaf

"But feeling determined to pay off old Bazaine for our scrape at Puebla, our onset was fierce and dashing, and the continual command was 'forward,

boys, forward.'
"Sometimes we moved up a few hundred yards,

unlimbered and worked away awhile.

"Then moved forward again and again, until at last we found ourselves blazing away among the tents of a division, having to withstand the fire of not less than twelve pieces.

While all that remained was three out of our four, the fourth gun having been upset by a stray

shell, and rendered unserviceable.

"Ammunition was fast giving out, and supplies were far to the rear.

"And, as our infantry were now rushing through the camps, we stopped firing, and retired to a patch of wood to cool the guns.

"'Hold on a while, boys,' our brigalier said in passing, 'the boys are hard at it in front, and we shall find some better guns for you in a few moments.'

"In half-an-hour the musketry fire somewhat

subsided to our front.

"Orders came to unhitch teams, and select a set of guns from some twenty that had been captured.
"We did so, and claimed for our use four splendid brass fellows-two six-pound rifles, and two twelve-

pound howitzers.

"Having found lots of ammunition, we were ordered in again, and went forward at a gallop, the horses being much superior to our old mules, and powerful in harness-thus you see us re-equipped on the battle-field-and turned the enemy's guns on them.

"It was now nearly eleven o'clock.

"Reports from different parts of the field represented our generals as having driven the enemy pell-mell before them, capturing camp after camp, and immense supplies of all kinds.

"From the continual change of scene, from field to wood, from camp to camp, and incessant fighting, I could not realize the lapse of time, and could

not believe it to be more than 7 A.M.

"The heat, however, began to be very oppressive, and, as we gradually became short-handed, officers dismounted, and served the guns with right good-

"Our progress now became much slower than

before.

"The enemy had collected in great force towards our front, and had several powerful batteries in

full play against our further advance.

"Had we not been reinforced in time, our little battery would have been snuffed out; but Escobedo, under whose care all artillery had been placed, sent ample succour, and the duel between us became hot and determined.

"By continually changing position in the open ground we escaped much loss, but we made the

woods in front smoke again.

"I had noticed our infantry cautiously moving up through woods on their flank, and orders came to cease firing.

"The enemy saw the danger, and moved up their

"With a sudden movement up rose several regiments of ours, gave a shout as usual, and ran across the open the open ground and up the slope without firing, but dozens of them knocked over by artillery every moment.

"On they went, however, colonels and colours in front, until they got near to the infantry, when volley upon volley greeted them in quick and

savage style.

"The artillery fight lasted full half-an-hour. "Reinforcements went up rapidly until at last

the guns were silenced.

"A wild yell rent the air, and immediately the order came,

"'Artillery to the front."

"We moved forward rapidly and passed the scene of the fierce engagement I have described, and found not less than twelve guns deserted, as many more having been drawn off during the fight.

"The loss in infantry seemed large. The enemy had received an awful lesson, but fought to the last. "Our opponents at this point were Frenchmen, fellows of true grit, and fought like heroes, dis-

puting every inch of ground with great determination and valour.

"We came to a place where the Mexicans had encountered some German regiments; it was like a slaughter-house for the poor gunners, few of ours being visible anywhere.

"The fight was not over, however, by any means, as incessant musketry on our flanks fully proved.

"It seemed, from the line of fire, that our wings were out-flanking the enemy, or that they had been fighting too fast for us in the centre.

"After a little breathing time we commenced the onward movement a third time, deserted camps being to the right, left, and on every side of us.

"The temptation of so much plunder led scores of our young troops to halt on some excuse or other.

"And the result was that hundreds were lost to their respective regiments, and hung behind for purposes of spoil.

"I was sorry to see this, and remonstrated with

many.

"But their excuses were so natural or plausible

I could do nothing with them,

"The majority had not been from home more than a month, and having beaten the enemy in their immediate front, thought the game was all over for that day.

"Many were footsore.

"Others famished, and not a few perfectly exhausted.

"Driving rapidly through the camps, the scene of slaughter was plain on every hand.

"The enemy had re-formed their line again, and

the roar of artillery opened immediately.

"We had scarcely got into position before six pieces opened on us with great fury, and, in fact, all along the line.

"The first shot killed several horses, and smashed

up an empty caisson.
"We changed position somewhat, and got within better range of our friends, whose horses and caissons were behind an old farm-house.

"We hammered away at the house and blew the roof off, knocked in the walls, and got a sight at the caissons.

"We did not much care about the guns, for they were firing very rapidly and wildly.

"After a little manœuvring we pointed fairly at

the caissons, and were about to fire. "'Hold on !' shouted our general; 'point at the guns until ordered-there is a little game on foot.'

"The 'game' aforesaid was concocted by the

colonel of our supports. "The infantry were to creep up on all fours,

while we maintained a furious fire, and being concealed by the smoke, should wait until all our shot was concentrated on the caissons, and blowing them up, the infantry should make a sudden rush and secure the guns.

"The plan succeeded admirably.

"We suddenly charged on the caissons, and blew most of them up; but before the guns could be removed, the infantry were upon them, and desperately engaged with opposing regiments. "The guns were ours, and proved very elegant

and costly.

"The line was temporarily broken; but fresh troops came pouring in, and ultimately forced to

"Yet in strengthening one part of their line they

weakened another.

"And by a vigorous push our infantry and artillery made a wide gap lower down to our left, and rushed through it like a torrent.

"The fighting now became very confused.

"Different sections of the enemy's line wavered and broke, and were crowded into a very small space by large masses in their rear, which seemed undecided which way to go or what to do.

"Of course our generals did not give them much time to consider, but poured in upon them, and drove them in confused masses towards the river.

"The fight was desperately maintained by the Frenchmen, who fought like panthers.

"But it was of no avail; our admirable plan of battle was still maintained by the quickness and coolness of our several chiefs, among whom I would

especially mention the count and Caspar.
"The former, of course, was ever with his fond artillery, and seemed as cool as a cucumber among thirty pieces blazing away like furies.

"Caspar, however, had achieved a great success

in capturing prisoners.

"But while all were in high spirits at our evident success, and at the prospect of soon driving the enemy into the river, couriers looking pale and sad passed by reporting that Juarez was wounded while personally leading an attack on a powerful battery.

"This news wrought us all up to madness, and without leave or licence all pushed forward and assailed the enemy with irresistible fury, driving them down to the edge of the river in utter confusion and disorder.

"It was now about four o'clock, and reinforcements were reported as rapidly advancing to Bazaine's relief, but were yet several miles from the

river's edge.

"From some cause I could never ascertain a halt was sounded, and when the remnants of the enemy's divisions had stacked arms on the river's edge preparatory to surrender, no one stirred to finish the business by a final assault.

"It was evidently 'drown or surrender' with

- "And they had prepared for the latter, until seeing our inactivity, their gunboats opened furiously, and, save a short cannonade, all subsided into quietness along our lines.
- "Night came on, and great confusion reigned among us.

"Thousands were out in quest of plunder.

- "Hundreds had escorted prisoners and wounded. "Scores were intoxicated with wines and liquors
- found. "Yet still the gunboats continued their bombardment, and reinforcements arriving in haste, crossed
- the river, and formed line of battle for the morrow. "It could not be denied that we had gained a

great victory.
"Thousands of prisoners were in our hands, in-

cluding many officers of all ranks.

"We captured many pieces of cannon, enormous quantities of ammunition, and stores of every sort.

"Many hundreds of tents, camp equipage, hundreds of horses and waggons, much clothing, and

eatables of every possible description.

Many standards were ours, and in fact, waggonloads of everything pertaining to the camps and commissariat of a superabundantly and lavishly supplied enemy.

"But where were our men?

"With the exception of a few thousands of welldisciplined men under Escobedo, and others, our whole army had scattered far and near, as very young and raw troops always will, if not kept firmly in hand.

"And yet our outposts brought word hourly that large masses of the enemy were moving across our whole front, and it could not be doubted that ere the sun again rose, the whole of Bazaine's forces combined would be hurled upon us, weak, wounded,

and scattered as we were.

"Although Escobedo had committed a great mistake in not pushing the enemy to conclusions the day before, he exerted himself untiringly for the morrow.

"Stragglers were gathered, positions taken, and the greatest exertions made to secure the invaluable

spoil of the battle-field.

"Every spare horse and waggon in the service was employed in the work, and property worth many millions was conveyed to the rear during the night.

"The artillery were sorely taxed.

"Their horses were occasionally used in trans-

porting supplies during the night, and could scarcely get an hour's rest.

"Couriers and orderlies were dashing to and fro all night, inquiring for this general or that, who could not be found.

"Despatch bearers looking for Escobedo and other chiefs.

"Thousands of wounded were moaning and groaning all around us.

"Large fires were consuming everything that could not be transported.

"And so it continued until cocks on neighbouring

farms crowed the hour of midnight.

"Wearied beyond all expression, I lay down on bundles of straw, with my feet to the fire, and soon was fast asleep.

"I know not how long I slept, but it seemed that in my dreams, I heard constant picket-firing going, hurried voices, and clanking of chains.

"When I was awakened, the battery was about to move off.

"So shaking myself, I saddled, and was soon on the move.

"It seems that battle was inevitable.

"And although not yet twilight, our men were moving to and fro, and all seemed inspired with new life and confidence.

"Everywhere large fires indicated the destruction of property, which plainly showed that Escobedo did not consider himself strong enough to hold the ground any longer.

"Just at dawn picket fighting became angry and

'In an hour after sunrise we fired our first shot. "Bazaine had gathered his shattered regiments and brigades as best he could.

"But when our men met them, they gave ground, and every one thought for some time that victory would crown our efforts a second time.

"But after we had wasted our newly-regained strength on the dispirited battalions of the day before, in came fresh troops, and terrible fighting ensued.

"In some places we drove them by unexampled feats of valour.

"But man is nothing more than bone and blood, and sheer exhaustion was hourly telling upon both man and beast.

"Until about noon we retained the ground heroically.

"But it became evident every moment that numbers and strength must prevail.

"So that although we had gained everything up

to this hour, a retreat was ordered.

"Escobedo had prepared all the roads for this movement.

"There was no hurry or confusion.

" Everything was conducted as if in review. We slowly fell back, leaving little of consequence be-

"We thus in an orderly manner fell back about two miles, and obtaining a favourable position for our small force, re-formed line of battle, and waited several hours.

"The enemy did not stir.

"They seemed content to hold the field and not pursue, and did not move five hundred yards from their original position of the morning.

"It having become known during the night that the enemy had despatched a strong force to cut off our retreat, Caspar was sent off with a respectable number of men to drive them from Pontsville Ferry, which they occupied. We were ordered to go in another direction for the same purpose with two

guns; the count was in charge of Caspar's infantry,

but Caspar had sole control of the cavalry,

"At 4 A.M. next morning, we cautiously took up the line of march, and when within a mile of the Ferry abruptly left the main road and approached the heights.

"We could distinctly see the tall bold rock at the

Ferry, encircled by mists and clouds.

"And as we journeyed quietly through the forest and ascended the steep wood-covered mountains, the sun rose, revealing the swiftly-flowing river, as I have elsewhere described, with here and there a white dwelling of the town sleeping in the quiet morning air, at the base of the gigantic rocks which overhang the Ferry.

"With excessive labour we pulled the pieces up the face of the hill, and had them in an ambushed position overlooking the town long before the

enemy had sounded reveille.
"Their camps about the Ferry were distinctly

"Various trenches, forts, and earth-works were counted and examined with glasses; the whole panorama of the valley lay several hundred feet

"While on every road leading to and from we

saw numerous picket fires and videttes.

"There was no sign of Caspar or his command. "When the mists of morning cleared away, and the distant woods were visible, small faint columns of smoke indicated where his forces lay along the main road.

"At the base of the hill on which we were a streamlet ran towards and emptied into the river,

a mile northward at the foot of the town.

"So that on the north and east, two different rivers ran winding through the landscape, while beyond the first-named stream in the valley lay a picturesque village, where the commandant of the post and merchants delighted to dwell in the peculation times of old.

"The chief buildings, however, were now converted into barracks and storehouses, establishments that Caspar had long beheld with a jealous and covetous eye.

"About 7 a.m. I observed several horsemen dash from the distant woods and approach the village in

great haste.

"The drums began to beat very wildly.

"Shortly afterwards clouds of dust indicated Caspar's approach.

"At 8 a.m. to a minute he halted on the main road, and fired a shot at the infantry barracks.

"This was a signal to us.

"We hoisted a flag, and two shots answered that all was right.

"The enemy were not long in assembling, and could be seen swarming into their field works and rifle pits.

"Skirmishers were sent out by both parties, and little puffs of smoke and faint reports told that they were hotly engaged.

"The enemy did not seem inclined to leave his

fortifications.

"Yet to draw Caspar forward, sent out two

regiments as decoys.
"They were saluted with round shot and shell, and quickly turned and fled to the woods southwest of the village.

"They were mistaken in their calculation.

"For as they approached the timber, volleys saluted them, and a squadron of cavalry dashing forward on their flank, cut down many, and dispersed the rest in wild confusion.

"Caspar now advanced several hundred vards

"The foe brought forward field pieces and

fresh regiments to oppose him.

"While this was progressing our artillerists had taken accurate range of the chief storehouse, mills, &c., and then shelled very fast into them.

"This unexpected assault seemed to discomfort the enemy within the town and suburbs.

"And although they endeavoured to save their stores, most of them were fired, and the buildings smashed.

"Had they ascended the opposite heights (not, more than half a mile across the river), our position would have proved untenable.

" For they were much higher than those on which

we were.

"They did not.

"Our cannonade was maintained with great

"Every object within reach being smashed up in succession.

"The enemy now began to cross the river on flats at different points.

"Observing it, a few shell were directed towards them with decided effect.

"The flats capsized, and submerged the parties on them.

"Still the enemy advanced, and still Caspar held

his ground. "As the Imperialists advanced in line of battle he put forth a few to meet them; but the latter, at

the first fire, broke and fled. "The Imperialists seeing this, gave a tremendous

cheer, and ran forward with the bayonet, but in

confusion and with broken lines. "And as they advanced towards the woods out came a regiment of cavalry, and was among the Imperialists in a few moments, pistoling and slashing awkwardly with sabres.

"The cavalry attack was made in great confusion, and most of the enemy effected their escape by running into a very large fortified house used for

barracks in the village.

"Caspar observed this place, and stealing along the road with his 24-pounder on waggon axles, directed a few well-aimed shells at it, broke the walls, blew off the roof, and the refugees sallied out to their nearest lines in great confusion, and with

"This unsatisfactory style of fighting was maintained with fluctuating success until noon, when a courier swam the rivulet, ascended the mountains, and begged us to bring our force into the valley, and assail the enemy on the right, while Caspar pushed the centre.

"Our orders forbade-we dare not go; and although the men crowded round me and begged to be led against the enemy, I was compelled to

refuse.

"The cannonade was renewed with great fury by either party, and many shells came screaming over and on to the heights on which we stood, but with no effect.

" Caspar, seeing that the enemy greatly outand were endeavouring to surround numbered, him, used his field pieces with so much destruction as to hold them in check while he drew off his small force to a better position.

"The rustics Caspar had with him becoming accustomed to the thing, gallantly advanced and repulsed the enemy; while Caspar, conspicuous on a white horse, led on the cavalry, and made several very brilliant charges.

"Having effected his main object, viz., of de-

stroying the mills, storehouses, bridges, &c., Caspar slowly retired, having captured several hundred stands of arms, some prisoners, much ammunition,

stores, &c.

"For while he had attracted the enemy's attention by fighting, and driving in their advance, his troopers were scouring the country in all directions, seizing waggons, and vast quantities of commissary stores, &c., unprotected.

"As he retired behind the woods, scouts came in and reported the enemy endeavouring to cut off

our retreat.

"But by expedition and coolness we soon descended the mountains, and, reaching the main road, occupied the point crossing a hill, and placed our pieces in position ready for a determined fight.

" For although few, the men were truly desperate, and, to use their own expression, 'spoiling for a

fight.'
"The enemy perceived the strong position, and over-estimating our force, retired without firing a

"While bivouacked that night, a courier came dashing towards us, and brought the stirring news that Bazaine, with a heavy force, was marching to cut off Escobedo.

"The latter had hastily retreated, bag and baggage, ten miles; we must immediately follow

him as best we could.

"If the enemy had really entered, a courier would inform us of it on the road, and give time to branch off towards Matamoras to get under pro-

"This indeed was startling news.

"The men had travelled much and were excessively weary.

"I decided not to call them up for a few hours,

but gave them rest.

"Towards twilight all were quietly awakened

and informed of the state of things.

"The men good-humouredly arriving at the conclusion that we had better 'up stakes and dust out of the neighbourhood in 'a mighty big hurry.'

"Our waggons were sent out of the way by a road leading south-east, with directions to halt at a

certain point for further orders.

"We marched through villages like shadows-all were abed, and not a dog barked-and continued at a great pace towards Matamoras.

"Towards evening we halted on a large hill overlooking the town, and received orders to keep to the woods and proceed on to our brigade.

"The rain fell in torrents, and the roads were awful, as all roads in Mexico are at this reason.

"When within a mile of our resting-place a courier brought orders to halt for the night, and proceed to Matamoras at break of day.

"With much swearing and grumbling at Escobedo's idea of strategy, the order was obeyed, and foot-sore, and dirty, and shoeless, we pitched tents on our old camping-ground, one of the companies being detailed to hold the mudwork on the hill, called by the dignified term of 'Fort Escobedo,' though it had no guns, and was not pierced for

"This company, together with the other three, detailed men to picket at the river as usual, and were

instructed to wait until further orders.

"First from one place, then to another, up and down hills, over mountains, moving away during the night from one place, and returning next dayeverlastingly on the move-thus we live out here.

"If this eternal marching through mud, rains, and snow, means 'strategy,' Escobedo possesses more of it than our whole army put together.

"We first moved here, next day moved back, in a few days moved back again, thence from one place to another, until at last I began to imagine we were commanded by some peripatetic philosophical madman, whose forte is pedestrianism.

"With little or no baggage, we are a roving, hungry, hardy lot of fellows, and are not patronized

at all by parsons or doctors.

"The latter have a perfect sinecure, and I would wager that all the medical stores in our department don't amount to more than a dozen doses of blue

"In fact, we don't want medicines, and have not

time to get sick.

"Up one mountain and down another.

"Now watching this 'pass,' next night watching some 'gap,' or 'ford,' or 'bridge.'

"In fine, we seem to do nothing else than 'gap' it, 'ford' it, 'bridge' it.

"But there is no such thing as 'passing' it, for we are but few, and every man must stick to his post or the general will very quickly want to know the reason why.

"He may be a very fine old gentleman, and an honest, good-tempered, industrious man, but I should admire him much more in a state of rest than continually seeing him moving in the front.

" And such a dry old stick, too! " As to uniform, he has none.

"His wardrobe isn't worth a dollar, and his horse is the only valuable and presentable feature about

"And don't he keep his aids moving about!

"Thirty miles' ride at night through the mud is nothing of a job; and if they don't come up to time, I'd as soon face the devil, for he takes no excuses when duty is on hand.

"He is about 45 years old, medium height, strongly built, solemn and thoughtful, speaks but little, and

always in a calm, decided tone.

" From what he says there is no appeal.

"He seems to know every hole and corner of this country as if he made it, or at least designed it for his own use.

"He knows all the distances, all the roads, even to cowpaths through the woods, and goat-tracks

along the hills.

"He sits his horse very awkwardly, although, generally speaking, all Mexicans are fine horsemen, and has a fashion of holding his head very high, and chin up, as if searching for something skywards.

"Yet although you can never see his eyes for the cap peak drawn down over them, he sees everything

and nothing escapes him.

"His movements are sudden and unaccountable. "His staff don't pretend to keep up with him.

"Consequently, he is frequently seen alone, poking about in all sorts of holes and corners, at all times of night and day.

"I have frequently seen him approach in the dead of night, and enter into conversation with sentinels, and ride off through the darkness without saying 'God bless you,' or anything civil to the officers.

"The consequence is, officers are scared, and the men love him.

"He was a student in France, but never remarkable for any brilliancy.

"What service he has seen was in Texas, where

he served as lieutenant of artillery.

"At one of the battles there, his captain was about to withdraw the guns, because of the loss suffered by the battery, and also because the range was too great.

"This did not suit our hero.

"He advanced his piece several hundred yards, and 'shortened the distance,' dismounted his opponent's guns, and remained master of the position.

"He left the army, and was professor of mathematics and tactics in the University of Mexico, but was generally looked upon by the students as an old fogey of little talent, and not over-gifted any

way.
"It is my opinion, that this man will assuredly

make his mark in this war.

"For his untiring industry, and eternal watchfulness, must tell upon a numerous enemy unacquainted with the country, and incommoded by large bag-

gage trains. "Escobedo evidently intends to supply himself at the enemy's expense, and, as he is a true fire-eater, and an invincible believer in our 'manifest destiny,' poor Maximilian will find him a disagreeable opponent to confront in the mountain passes or at the many fords.

"The Mexicans have an idea that he is veritably 'the coming man,' and from the numbers joining him, it looks as if he meant mischief.

"But to form an accurate idea of the doings of this man, it is necessary to state in proper order the various affairs in which he has been engaged since last I heard from you.

"When we reached Matamoras I was glad to hear that a fresh division had formed a junction

with us.

"Within a few days we learned that tremendous forces combined under command of Marshal Bazaine. were again slowly advancing, swarming over the country like locusts, eating or destroying everything, carrying off property, capturing negroes, and impressing them into service; driving in our pickets, &c. and had camped about three miles off.

"This was a startling position for us, truly!

"Our main line of communication was in their possession, and we obliged to travel many miles round to keep open intercourse!

"We have but two lines of road, and both were

taxed to the utmost.

"But what could we do with but one, while the enemy had several outlets by land and rivers for

advance or supplies?

"To add to our misfortunes, Matamoras was a miserable site for encampments, utterly destitute of water, good or bad, and what little could be obtained was scooped up from the sand, or from pools fed by occasional rains.

"You fully know the place and are aware that, although there were then not more than ten thousand camped here, the water was so bad many frequently gave money for a gallon from indifferent

wells.

"Except to keep open free traffic with the south, Escobedo would not hold the place five minutes, particularly as out of fifteen thousand men present, the heat, insufficient and bad food, wretched water, and other causes, had reduced our effective strength

to about ten thousand.

"Add to these disagreeable things the fact that Marshal Bazaine did not seem inclined to fight us in our breastworks, but occupied ground north of the town, which, you know, was higher than ours, and began intrenching, depending on time and patience to work up till within shelling distance, and then destroy us at leisure.

"Notwithstanding our small force, and the tremendous odds against us, Escobedo put a bold face upon matters; frequently marched out and offered battle, but, to our surprise, he found them unwilling to leave their entrenchments, which grew larger

and more numerous every day.
"But if things looked so discouraging in our little army, among troops born on the soil and accustomed to the heats, rains, sudden changes, and abominable water, what must be said of the French general's losses from similar causes in his numerous and well-appointed army of men, who were never before in such a climate in their lives?

"Their loss was truly appalling-it is beyond

conception!

"As long as Marshal Bazaine held the road to our front and another on our left flank, he seemed sufficiently contented to advance slowly upon us, and having more or less completed a vast line of elaborate breastworks, began to manœuvre on our right, so as to gain possession of the other road; thus leaving Escobedo in possession of but one line to the south, viz., the south branch road.

"Such intention was early perceived by Escobedo, who moved counter to the design, without weaken-

ing Matamoras itself.
"The labour and pertinacity of Bazaine were

wonderful.

"Having to build roads as he advanced into the interior, he employed large bodies of men, and when trenches were opened before Matamoras, his army had completed several fine military roads to his immediate front, by which ponderous guns and immense trains of supplies were regularly moving to and from his base of operations.

"For a distance of thirty miles or more, ox, horse and mule teams, were unceasingly moving night and day, much facilitating the speedy con-

struction of his works, miles in extent.

"Sickness, however, greatly weakened his forces, and chills, fevers, chronic disorders, and agues, filled the hospitals, and occasioned large ambulance trains to move to and from the river continually.

"His sanitary system was much superior to ours, and scores of deep wells were bored, and an ample supply of water obtained, while we in Matamoras were almost decimated for the want of a sufficient quantity, and the surrounding country filled by our sick men, too weak to stand, reduced to skeletons from heat, exposure, chills, &c., &c.

"Indications became apparent, however, that since Bazaine would not advance from his works, Escobedo must be compelled to retreat at no distant day, or be massacred at discretion by the enemy's guns, which every day approached nearer and

nearer with apparent impunity,

The Imperialists were sorely afraid we would retreat.

"In that case all their mammoth trench and road-building would be vain, and nought left to compensate them for their patience and sufferings. "Immense roads, as I have said, were dug and

levelled through miles of timber.

"Unheard of supplies of shot, shell, and mammoth mortar batteries had been brought to the front with infinite labour, and much sacrifice of life and money, when early one morning all our army quietly decamped towards Monterey, and, ere the mists had risen were beyond sight or hearing.

"A few regiments were thrown out to our front as usual, and maintained picket firing, but were much surprised to receive orders to fall back, and could not believe the army had left.

"For the movement had taken place so quietly, orderly, and unexpectedly, that it required ocular proof to convince them of the fact.

"When the pickets retired from the front the enemy quickly perceived it, and, though much astonished, prepared to pursue.

THE BOY SOLDIER OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE DEATH STRUGGLE!

"Mortified at their failure, the enemy followed our trail vigorously, and, owing to some miscarriage of orders, two waggon trains of miscellaneous, but not valuable baggage, fell into their hands, together with several hundred sick, and a few old arms.

"I do not know, but believe we did not lose a single gun, caisson, or pound of ammunition; for, when we had left, it proved Bazaine had been quietly withdrawing from Matamoras for a space of three weeks, but so strictly had all orders been fulfilled, and so secretly, that three-fourths of the army could not realize and would not believe it.

"It was true, nevertheless, and, had it not been for the accidental capture of the two small baggage trains, through wilful carelessness, this retreat would perhaps stand unrivalled in the history of warfare, as being the most secret, successful, and disastrous blow which a feeble army ever dealt to an all-powerful and confident enemy.

an all-powerful and confident enemy.

"Escobedo proved most expert, and deserves credit, for you are aware that miles of fine roads and mammoth earth-works had been erected at great cost, to within four hundred yards of us.

"Bazaine had stored his camps with immense supplies, destroying hundreds and hundreds of horses, waggons, mules, carts, &c., in transportation.

"He had prepared for a bombardment of an indefinite period, built magazines, barracks, repaired railroads, built bridges, &c., thus occupying the whole spring in preparation.

No. 46.

"In one moment all these plans were thwarted, and the hot season too far advanced for them to move a mile farther into the interior.

"Thus all the labour, expectation, patience, loss in life, immense expense, and fruitless strategy of Bazaine proved worthless, and his army weakened by sickness, far more than could ever have been from actual battle.

"Save a few hundred sick, and the baggage trains mentioned, we lost scarcely anything worth mentioning, and arrived at Monterey without adventures of any kind, save flying rumours from the rear, where the enemy was following us up, shelling the woods furiously on every hand, but never approaching within gun-shot of our rear-guard.

The distance was twenty-five miles south of Matamoras, and the place selected for our stand an excellent one.

"The enemy did not follow, however; the season was unfavourable, so that finding a supply of good water, and eligible sites for fortifications, we were comfortably placed, and not fearful of consequences.

"You can very well imagine Bazaine's chagrin at Escobedo's retreat, and, as might be expected, the French were railing at us for running away, calling us 'cowards,' &c., for not remaining to be shelled out at discretion.

"Much comment exists in the army regarding this movement, and it took all by surprise.

"Opinions differ materially, and it is said that

Juarez blames Escobedo extravagantly for allowing himself to be driven to any such necessity.

"I doubt this report.

"We had scarcely arrived at Monterey ere it was known that fleets were approaching, to unite in silencing the batteries at Bagdad-the only town on the river which blockaded navigation to the enemy -and as it was thought a land force would cooperate with the gunboats, our brigade was sent to assist in its defence.

"I was appointed to command the post, and did everything in my power to place the Bagdad a good

posture for defence.
"Bagdad is situated on the south bank of the river, and did good service as a depôt during the war, being the only safe crossing upon the river.
"Thousands of men, supplies, and materials were

continually passing to and fro.

"Much of our provisions, &c., for the armies in the east and west being derived from Texas and

other parts.

"So that, could the enemy silence our batteries and seize that town, all the agricultural products of the north and west would pass down to them unmolested to the Gulf.

"It would give them free access to the whole river front, supply them abundantly with all things, and, having us fairly on the flanks, they could operate with impunity upon numberless points, divide our forces, and subjugate us piecemeal.

"The north bank of the river, for several miles above Bagdad, gradually rises higher than the com-

mon level.

"So that immediately above Bagdad there are high bluffs, which command the river, north and south, cover the town, and can sweep the peninsula across the stream, formed as it is by windings of the river, and which is much lower land than the east side, and subject to overflows.
"The Rio Grande, above Bagdad, runs north to

south, and suddenly bends.

"So that the point of this peninsula came immediately under our guns at the bluffs, and few boats could pass or repass without receiving damage, since the stream at that point was not one half mile across, and the usual channel immediately under our batteries.

"As will be seen at a glance, Bagdad was an allimportant point to the enemy, who, aside from military ends, desired free navigation for their com-

merce.

"It was a vital position to us for the same reasons, independent of the fact that its occupation would throw that country into the hands of the enemy, and cut us off from regular and large re-

ceipts of stores.
"As the enemy had swept everything before them on the river, except at Bagdad, it was considered we could make but feeble resistance, as the country around was nought but a district, short of agricultural supplies, and connected with the interior and main army at Monterey by a single road much overworked and unsound.

"When June advanced, and rivers began to rise, the smoke of numerous boats below the city, reconnoitring, was daily observed to be slowly ap-

proaching.

"Our foundries and other shops were busy night and day

"Timber was hewn on every side for breastworks,

magazines, and hospitals.
"Within a few days, formidable breastworks, earthworks, and rifle-pits were dug on every hand, and the river bank lined with marksmen to sweep the decks, should an enemy appear.

"The streets running parallel with, and at right angles to, the stream, were cleared of all combustible material, and orders given for women and children to leave immediately.

"Women, for the most part, refused to go, and many dug holes in the ground, made them bombproof and comfortable, so that, if forced by the

boats, they could seek refuge therein.

"The whole town was burning with patriotism, and the women were more fierce, if possible, than the men.

"Everything was prepared for a bombardment. "Yet business progressed as of old, to some

"There was nothing of that flurry and excitement visible among the people which thoughts of a cannonade might naturally create.

"Batteries on the bluff were manned night and day, but so concealed it was impossible to discover

the position or number of pieces.
"In truth, we had not more than twenty guns

and the artillerists perfect novices.

"They were eager for the 'fun,' however, and ably supported by some splendid troops, who would rather fight than eat.'

"The women seemed to have changed their feminine natures.

"They wished every building crushed to powder

rather than give up.

"And if any of the French soldiery could have seen them, young and old, arming for the worst, and bent on mischief, it would not have given them pleasing ideas of the warm reception prepared for an Imperial landing.

"Everything ingenuity could devise was resorted to by dames to facilitate military preparations.

"Expense, loss, fatigue, and danger

despised.

"All were in rivalry to make sacrifices for the common cause, and even stripped sheets and blankets from beds for the use of the sick.

" More than this.

"It was announced the commandant of the town needed flannel for ammunition, and none could be

"In less than an hour several hundred flannel petticoats were sent to him, with compliments of

the late wearers.

"While on picket duty one morning at the river bank, south of the town, a gunboat was seen coming up round the bend, with a white flag flying, and much speculation ensued as to the cause.

"A boat soon landed at the wharf, and communicated with the commandant, asking for the surrender of Bagdad, in the name of Maximilian.

"The answer was instant-"'We never surrender! "The gunboat departed.

"All now knew what was in store, and began cleaning arms, preparing for the combined attack of both fleets, which none could doubt would

attempt to unite and destroy us.

"The following day, from bluffs above town and on high grounds, a few miles from Bagdad, we could plainly see the fleet of gunboats and transports steaming towards us, and at evening saw smoke ascending from ther funnels, while anchoring west of the peninsula before described.

"From the character of the river's winding, this peninsula faces—or, as the sailors would say, 'lies broadside to'—Bagdad, being about one half-mile

"So that were it not for woods a vessel would be in sight for twenty miles or more ere rounding the point and passing under the bluffs.

"A day or two after an answer had been returned the Imperial commodore, one of his iron-clads was signalled from below, and, soon after appearing round the southern bend, put on steam, and advanced rapidly and boldly towards us, evidently bent on running the gauntlet of our guns.
"Coming within distance, it was perceived she

carried numerous and heavy guns, was shot-proof,

and had no one visible on deck.

"When nearing the town, under full head of steam, one of her ports opened, and a head thrust out, shouted to pickets on the bank,

"'Oh, you republican rascals!' and a torrent of

such-like compliments.

"He was instantly answered by a volley of small

arms, and quickly dropped the port screen.

"When abreast of the city, and steaming boldly to round the point, three or four white puffs were visible on the bluffs, and simultaneous roars accompanied, while round shot plunged about the gunboat, spurting up jets and columns of water around

"Still pushing forward, her helm answered readily, and when rounding the point and abreast of the bluffs, a quick succession of bright flashes glanced from her dark sides, and, amid deafening roars, the ground was ploughed up in all directions round our guns, while quick answers from our side made the water spout around her, as if a thousand whales were blowing.

"Thus it continued for some time, without inter-

"The gunboat was throwing shells, and our batteries vomiting round shot.

"Though not disabled, it was clear she had been

repeatedly struck.

"Yet, when rounding the point and getting out of danger, she gallantly presented her larboard to the batteries, and giving a parting broadside, was soon from view behind the trees, safely anchored.

"It was now apparent that we could do but little with the enemy's ships, for our shot glanced from their sides in showers of sparks, and damaged them but slightly.

"So that it was deemed necessary to erect a strong battery south of the town for the better re-

ception of other visitors.

"They were not long in coming.

"Being informed of the inefficiency or insufficiency of our batteries, several others ran past, inflicting no injury, but, in many cases receiving much.

"The fleets having now formed a junction, prepared to bombard the town.

"And, by way of preliminary, to get the range, sent several dozen eleven-inch shell across the peninsula, which, save a horrible screaming noise, did little harm more than throw up tremendous clouds of dust and sand wherever they chanced to

"Their transports now began to assemble rapidly until a truly formidable fleet was gathered, and all imagined them heavily freighted with troops,

destined to co-operate on land.

"Had the peninsula been less thickly timbered, our batteries could have played sad havoc among them, for the distance was not more than a mile in

a direct line.

"Yet every shell thrown by us was weste of ammunition, since the vessels were so close in shore that it required more skill than our gunners possessed to clear the woods with nicety, and drop shell among them, drawn up as they were in single line, broadside to the beach.

"But while the enemy in early morning or cool

of evening would favour the city with a few hundred shells and even amuse themselves long after starlight with such pastime, a few young naval officers were up a branch of the Rio, and having blockaded the passage to the enemy with immense rafts, cut in and floated down from extensive forests in that vast region of swamps, were actively engaged in building a huge iron-clad, which was destined to sally out and drive off the enemy.

"The enemy were fully aware of our activity up that river, and correctly informed of all our doings with the ships and craft which had taken refuge

"To keep fully informed of our mysterious doings up that branch of the Rio, three of the finest boats were detached from the fleet to carefully watch the mouth of the tributary.

"And for this purpose they always kept up steam both night and day for fear of any sudden move-

"Yet the fleet daily maintained a hot and vigorous cannonade upon Bagdad at all hours, save during the intense heat of mid-day.

"Their troops were landed from transports, but

never came within view.

"Yet from scouts and spies we ascertained the enemy had seized hundreds of poor Mexicans in that part, and were actually digging a canal across the peninsula, which it was hoped would divert the waters of the river from its proper bed, and leave Bagdad high and dry as an inland city.

The idea was a bold one.

"The present undertaking, however, did not promise good results.

"The stream was too strong, and could not be

diverted.

"So that although numbers of their men sunk and died under their labour-being several miles long— it was not prosecuted, hundreds having found early graves in that low, marshy, and deathly climate.

"Yet still the bombardment continued daily, and thousands of shell, round shot, and other missiles were hurled at our city.

"But strange to say, except in some half-dozen instances, I know not one house which was more

than slightly injured.

"One shell entered the church on the hill, and made a large hole above the great window, but passed out through a window, and buried itself in a sandhill.

"Another struck the school house on the southwest corner, ranged through the building, and made the interior like a basket of chips, subsequently exploding in an engine house hard by, carrying off the roof to parts unknown.

"A small frame building was fired near the ferry landing, and, being old, was allowed to burn to

the ground.
"Yet, considering the number of shells thrown, and the streets of wooden houses towards the river, it is extraordinary how any escaped, or how the city was saved from daily conflagrations.
"Three shells entered the hotel, and upset the

dinner things-slightly.

" A hundred shot were fired at the court-house, many feet above the level of the river.

"From its position on a hill, with a large banner continually floating there, was a conspicuous mark for the enemy.

"They made some capital shots at it, truly, and one entered the dome, two feet below the flag-staff, ranged downwards to the entrance hall, andfizzled!

"The wharf-boat at the landing was partly sunk

in the first days of the bombardment.

" And I am happy to state that a row of wooden buildings on the levee, owned by a race of sleek Jews, was knocked into a mass of splinters, and no longer recognizable.

"A few evenings since I saw a Mr. Moss standing behind a house, gazing on the ruins of his 'Cheap Store' and 'Emporium,' soliloquizing. "I might have heard what he said, but a distant

explosion informed Mr. Moss the enemy were still inclined for business, and he had better run-which he did in great haste-away.

"Yet what had the enemy effected by this bom-

bardment?

"Comparatively nothing.

"They could not pass our batteries without great loss or damage.

"And although thousands of shells had been hurled at the town, not a house of importance had

"Business was continued to some extent, and people moved about, dodging the shells as best they could.

"Our batteries were intact.

"Two guns were all they had dismounted, and we were now better prepared than ever.

"We had not lost a man from the bombardment, "Save a good old lady who was killed while carrying refreshments to the sick, and an old man watching the distant fleet, not a drop of blood was shed, despite all the noise and great exertions of the enemy.

"When shells came thickly, those who had dug caves in the ground retired to them, and suffered

nought but inconvenience from the enemy.

"And strange as it may seem, during the whole cannonade, which lasted a long time, they never fairly got the range of our batteries on the bluff, although continually firing in that direction.

"The bombardment, however, was not without

intermission.

"Sometimes we were favoured with an uninterrupted tornado of shot and shell for many hours, and then all would subside again, and people reappear in the streets as if nothing had taken place.

Occasionally, the spectacle was truly beautiful. "Standing on a hill two miles from the bluffs, the whole scene was delightful, when witnessed in the

cool of evening.

"For the snow-white houses of the quiet town, with flags flying in every direction, stood out in bold relief against the rich dark green of the landscape, or in striking contrast of the light-blue skies,

with rising stars.

"While from the west, behind the thickly-wooded peninsula, thick clouds of sulphurous smoke curled from the dark sides of the fleets, as monster shells by scores were screaming through the air in all directions, bursting in town, or ploughing up the ground all around our lofty batteries.
"For many hours after sunset would the strife

continue.

"And long after the moon had dipped beyond the dark lines of forest fringing the broad, swift waters of the Rio Grande, bright flashes lit up the heavens to the west, and earth-shaking reports succeeded, as scores of shells and iron bolts were vomited forth from invisible vessels, pyrotechnically coursing through or exploding in the air, bursting over the town into a shower of parti-coloured, meteoric fragments, leaving vapoury circles of sulphurous smoke sensitively trembling in the starlight.

" How long the enemy intended to remain in

position before the town was a matter of conjecture,

though not of anxious inquiry.

"For as long as ammunition lasted, we cared little for their obstinacy and waste of powder against us, since experience had taught all to laugh at their noise.

"Yet, although despising their efforts to destroy the place, we were careful to husband our re-

sources.

"For although material was inexhaustible with them, it was difficult to procure with us, owing to the lack of waggons and resources.

"Our gunners never fired at random, and seldom

failed to hit the object intended.

"This the enemy knew, and although the gunboats had passed up without positive destruction, experience taught Imperial and French commodores it would not be safe or wise to try the experiment a second time.

"For our men had become wonderfully expert, and tried their rapid advance in gunnery to the great annoyance of the enemy on more than one

occasion, and with destructive effect.

"It thus seemed, therefore, that the commodores would not allow more vessels to run the blockade from the south, although several were in view desirous of attempting it.

"They were perforce obliged to stand off and cannonade, independently maintaining a cross fire

upon the town.

"The intense heat had now passed, and sickly weather came in with fevers among the unacclimated enemy, cooped up in their ships amid smoke, heat, confinement, deathly night vapours of the lands and

"And though suffering extremely in every way, they were farther from realizing their hopes than

"It was computed they had at anchor more than twenty boats playing on the city, together with a land force of several thousands, scores of transports,

"And ordnance officers affirmed that they had fired more than 5,000 shells during the bombardment, without counting rockets, round shot,

iron bolts, &c.

"For a few days they were inactive, but did not

prepare to depart.
"They had abandoned the canal project, after digging more than a mile, and spies informed us their wheelbarrows, tools, &c., were scattered around the peninsula, and every house was an hospital.

The commodores were nonplussed.

"And as their large fleet lay at anchor on the ripless, copper-coloured river, with a cloudless sky, under the scorching sun, without the echo of a voice, without the motion of a leaf, or flapping of ensigns from a breath of air, the cries of sand-cranes coming to and fro reminded one of some river of death, with hospitals for ships, and spectres for crews."

CHAPTER CXVII.

THE STORY OF YOUNG DON CARLOS AND ELVINA.

ONE evening during a cessation of hostilities, the Boy Soldiers were much amused by the stories told by old Mexicans who had flocked to the standard of the people.

But of all who assembled round the watchfires of Young Frank, none were more welcome than old Don Roberto, who seemed to have at his fingers end the whole history of Mexico from the time of Montezuma down.

"You never heard, I suppose, how young Don Carlos (Don Toros' son) won his fame and fortune, did you?"

"No," said all, " but we have read of him in history."

"I dare say you have," said Don Roberto, "but I am nearly one hundred years old now and know more of such things than most people, therefore if you will poke up the fire and pass the wine around I will tell you a story of more than passing interest about young Carlos and the first Spanish settlers in

"Hear, hear," said all. And old Roberto began :-

"The tall black towers of Toros Castle loomed out in grim and bold relief against the moonlit sky. "Watchfires flickered and flamed on its many-

gabled battlements.

"A solitary banner floated lazily in the soft Sep-

tember wind, and all was still.

"The vale, with its green and mossy hills, stood out in the far perspective of ethery blue, where twinkling stars sparkled and shone with everchanging ray.

"While midway in the blooming, undulating landscape of a thicket and dense forest, the river wound round and round like a silvery thread that marked the bloodstained borders of Mexico and Texas.

"All the earth seemed sleeping in the lap of love-

liness and peace.

"The very air was laden with the perfumes of field and forest.

"The mocking-bird, with thrilling song, warbled

on bush and tree.

"Save this, and the gently moaning night winds, naught caught the ears of trusty sentinels who, with sword and spear, battle-axe and mace, walked their nightly rounds on the castle walls of Don Toros, the lord and bold defender of far-famed Rio Grande.

"The draw-bridge was up.

"The castle, towering to the midnight skies, was

silent as the vaults of death.

"Two steel-clad trusty knights stood watch and ward at the massive gates without, the deep moat rippled sluggishly in the moonlight, reflecting

myriads of twinkling stars.
"Yet within, and close to that black and massive gate, there slumbered in picturesque carelessness and confusion a hundred grim and valient men-atarms, who, in an instant and at a single word, would have been ready to contest the right and with their dearest blood any who dared insult or assail that solemn portal with unwarranted rudeness.

"Silence reigned in all the spacious courtyards of

the castle.

"None but the steel-capped sentinel, with flashing sword or spear, walked in the granite-paved, far-echoing, moonlit galleries or cloisters.

"The banquet hall, a common resort of knights and squires, pages and attendants, had lost its busy

appearance of feasting and revelry.
"Long oak tables were rolled against the lofty walls, where flapped in fitful gusts of wind a hundred victorious banners, and where flashed in the twilight a hundred shields of far-famed knights and lords, who did homage and gave service to the warrior, Don Toras.

"Around the blazing faggots of the banquet-hall gathered gallant knights in dazzling armour.

" Some told the tale of wars, of wounds and scars

received in battle, while attendant squires and pages, highly born, whispered apart in silence, or in secret sighed for the long-sought time when they should have won their 'golden spurs' on the field of victory and honour.

"Weary stag-hounds lay on the rush-covered

floor, soundly sleeping at their masters' feet.

"Yet, even in slumber, they dreamily growled as if then engaged in some exciting chase in the wellknown forests of Texas.

"Knights and nobles were there, indeed, clothed in steel from head to heel, with swords of ponderous length and weight belted on their thighs, and nodded drowsily in the fire-light, or walked to and fro.

" For none knew at what moment the alarm might be raised from the watch-towers or postern gates that the enemy had burst across the border, bent as usual on some predatory inroad, and prepared to destroy or kill with fire or sword all who dared oppose their ravaging march through the adjacent country.

"Horses in the stables were always saddled, and

ready for instant use.

"Knights themselves, and all in Toros Castle, were wont to stand prepared for conflict both night

"Nor was it an uncommon sight to see lords sit at the banquet table cased in mail, to carve the baron of beef with gloves of steel, raise golden goblets and quaff ruby wine through their visorbars, or, with corselet laced, to lay them down to rest beside the faggot fire, and pillow their heads on cold, hard bucklers.

"Such was the warlike custom rendered necessary at every castle and stronghold through the restless violence of the merciless Borderers, and at no place were such preparations on a grander scale than at Toros Castle, for it was famed as being the most formidable one along the Rio Grande.

"Yet, while all was still in that grim, gigantic pile of battlements and towers—while the old don slumbered peacefully in his gorgeous chamber, forgetful alike of foreign wars, of intrigues at home, or the incessant inroads into his domains by ruthless hordes of marauders, there was a youth who paced his chamber with restless step, and could not slumber.

"It was young Don Carlos.

"A bold and handsome youth was he, of feature fair, and flowing raven hair.

"His step was elastic.

"His form and figure noble. "There was fire in his eye.

"A dilating nostril and a stately manner which bespoke alike both his descent from kings, and an unbrooked ambition and fiery temper.

"Again and again did he gaze from his lofty casement upon the far-off silvery Rio, splashing and flashing and sparkling like a mass of manycoloured diamonds twinkling in a bed of green.

"But he sighed, and waited hour after hour. "Yet left he not his post of midnight obser-

"In this chamber also a noble, fair-faced youth lay upon a couch of sable furs.

"The book had dropped from his sleepy hands. "He was fast bound in slumber, and smiled unconsciously in his sleep.

"This was his faithful companion and friend. "Young Don Carlos again and again looked forth

from the lofty turret far away towards the towering hills of Texas, but saw not that which his keen eyes so eagerly sought.

"'He will not come to-night,' sighed Carlos, and left his apartment thoughtfully and slowly.

"He had resolved to proceed along the long stone corridors, and ascend the loftiest battlements in order to have a still more extended view of the surrounding country.

"When young Spinola, with a loud shout, awoke from his sleep, looking startled and deadly pale.

"With clammy brow and flashing eyes he darted from the chamber, and sought his friend, companion, and lord, and Don Carlos.

"Carlos, however, unknown to him, had ascended the watch-tower stairs, and at that moment stood on the loftiest pinnacle of the castle!

"" What of the night, guard?' asked Don Carlos, with a troubled brow, pacing up and down.

"' All is quiet without, my lord,' said the sentinel, in tones of genuine reverence and respect.

"'You have well scanned the high roads that run through the forest across the Rio?'

"'Yes, in truth, most noble Carlos; such were the orders of the captain of the watch.

"'And have seen nothing?'

"'Nothing, good my lord.'
"Strange! 'tis very strange,' mused Carlos, with a heavy heart.

"'Are you sure that while on guard you have neither seen nor heard ought?'

"' No, in truth, my good lord."

"'Nor your comrades of the night-watch either? I expected a trusty yeoman messenger to-night, one who was ever faithful and true; he tarries long, and comes not far from the border.'

"Even while thus he spoke, and peered over the moonlit battlements, he saw that which at first seemed to please and afterwards to startle him.

""'Tis he! it is! it must be Hubert!' he said. 'See vonder, or do my eyes deceive me, guard?' said Carlos.

"In the distance, far, very far away, a small black speck was seen crossing the moonlit landscape, and speeding hastily to the covert of the forest.

"Presently this unknown object was observed to be closely followed by four others !

"Onwards they come! it is an exciting seene; it seems to be a race for life or death.

"The five small black objects become larger and more distinct each moment.

"The first one seems almost overtaken by the

"'Poor Hubert! brave, gallant Hubert! it must be he! it must be he! the border ruffians give him

"'My good lord, did you see their rude weapons flash in the moonlight?'

"'See! there it is again,' said one.

" 'He falls !'

"' No; he cuts his way through, and dashes away from them !'

"' He seeks the forest shelter."

"' They are now lost to view, Don Carlos.'

"'I saw one fall."

"'Yea two, good, my lord.'

"'They must be robbers assailing some laggard traveller, for he had a white horse under him.

"Such were the several exclamations of the guard and officers of the night-watch who had witnessed the exciting chase in the moonlit plain below.

"A white horse, say you?' Carlos asked, in

doubt.

" 'Yes, my good lord.'

"'Then it was not Hubert,' said Carlos; 'he will come to-morrow with the dawn. What we have now seen must have been an affair with forest cutthroats.

"As thus he spoke, and turned away from the group of guards, young Spinola walked up to him hastily on the castle walls, looking pale and troubled.

"'Why, my faithful Spinola, what would ye with me?' said Carlos, in a jocose tone, as he shook his young companion by the hand. 'Thou look'st as if some frightful ghost or goblin had disturbed thy wits and slumber.

"'So there has, Don Carlos,' young Spinola coolly

replied.
""Why, man, what mean ye?" said Carlos, laughing. 'Surely my friend, Spinola, has not turned old dame, that he believes in dreams and witchery? What ails thee? Could'st not sleep without me, then? Come, come, look pleased again; don't be angry with me. I love thee too well to see thy comely face so sorrow-laden. Come, I'll watch no more to-night. Let us to bed; thou shalt pour into my ear the dreadful dream which hath paled thy rosy cheek, and, when Hubert arrives in the morning, we will-

"'What of the morning, Don Carlos?' Spinola

thoughtfully asked.

"'Why, off we are to the hills, and merrily slay the deer.

"' Methinks good Hubert will never more re-

"'What say you?' said Don Carlos, the colour mounting to his face. 'Not return! what mean

"'Indeed methinks he will not. I feel certain

he will not.

"'Suppose you, then, that he has turned a dastardly traitor, and revealed all my secrets across the Border? It cannot be. You know not Hubert so well as I. He would serve me with his heart's blood.'

"' He never will more.'

"' What mean ye?' young Carlos asked, striking his foot impatiently on the ground. 'You were not wont to speak in riddles thus. What reason have you to doubt good Hubert?'

"'I do not doubt him; he is, and has ever been, the very pink of honour itself-never a truer or more faithful yeoman hired to serve Don Toros or

his son.'

"'Right glad am I thus to hear my bosom friend so speak of him.'

But still for all he will never return, Don Carlos.'

"'What prompts you to think so? He is the best forester on the whole Border; none can track or catch him. He it was who taught me how and where to hunt, and now I know all the range from these walls far across the Rio, aye, up to the battlements of Bexar; a stouter heart or braver man ne'er pulled bow or threw a spear. I would trust my soul's fortune in his hands. He it is, as you know,' continued young Carlos, 'who is my messenger to Elvina, our old enemy's fair daughter.'
"' And Elvina has caused his death,' said

Spinola, in a half whisper.

"Don Carlos started back at the words which Spinola had so solemnly uttered, and gazed on his friend's pale face like one just starting from a

"At that moment, however, and while they yet stood on the battlements, the thoughtful mood of Carlos was broken by the clanking footsteps of a man in mail who approached him with a slip of parchment in hand.

"'Don Carlos,' said the young knight, bowing gracefully, and saluting, 'at first methought this mission was for my lord, your father; but the

messenger who is called Hubert-

"' Enough,' said young Carlos, taking the small strip of parchment from the knight's mailed hand, and which was covered with and secured by full a dozen waxen ends. 'Thanks, brave sir, your native wit hath taught thee that all which comes by messenger is not intended for my father.'

"The knight smiled grimly, and was about to

"'Stay, Sir Knight,' young Carlos said, opening the note, and eagerly reading it by the ruddy glare of the turret watch-fire, which, like a blood-red flag, flapped and waved against the rapidly darkening sky. 'Stay, good sir, stay; methinks this note requires instant answer. Would you--'

"'I am at your bidding, my good lord,' the knight replied. 'The messenger requires an answer, so he told me, and with immediate dispatch would post

away again.'

" Excellent fellow! Brave Hubert, my heart yearns towards him for his fidelity and love,' young Carlos said, with a countenance flushed with joy.

"'Shall I wait for an answer, sir?' the knight

asked.

"'One word from me is all sufficient. Tell him not to tarry on the road, and my message is, that I will fly, at the proper moment, to the place that is

"'That you will fly at the proper moment to the place that is named, such is your verbal message,

Don Carlos?'

"" It is; and you might add, as the matter is of moment, that I will write and send a messenger forthwith, but that at the moment my impatience is too great.'

" The knight bowed and retired.

"For a few moments neither Carlos nor young Spinola spoke; but walked slowly and silently to their chamber.

"Carlos cast himself upon a downy lounge, and by the lamplight read again and again the precious message which had been brought to him,

"His eyes seemed to dance with joy, and his face

was flushed with excitement.

"Long before morning broke, while even yet the stars struggled with approaching twilight, young Don Carlos arose from his sleepless couch.

"He went into the apartment of his dear and

faithful young friend, Spinola.

"'He sleeps sweetly,' said Carlos, thoughtfully,

and with a smile.

"'No one would dream of his faithfulness to me; yet Spinola believes in dreams, and that is

"'I do not sleep, Don Carlos,' said the youth, opening his eyes; 'nor do I lay too much stress upon the importance of dreams.'

"After a pause, he added-

"'You call it childish and silly to believe in the warnings which may visit us in sleep, but I do not. If glad tidings ever come to me in slumber, I heed them not; but, if I am warned of danger, I always heed the message, whatever it be.'

"Young Spinola's manner was so unusually calm, composed, and strange, that young Carlos felt a

sort of sorrow for his companion's fears.

"But you told me, Spinola, that good Hubert

would never return.' " I did so.'

"'And this warning you say occurred in a dream ?'

"'It did.' or solud Bins 'sloring many of

"'Then for once you must confess yourself wrong.'

"'I do not, Don Carlos.'

with a quiet smile. 'All men have their 'No.' " No.' and if an one stops in to there is no all it is "'But Hubert not only returned, as you know; but has gone forth again on another message for me to the fair Elvina.'

"' Did you see him?"

" See him ?' "' Yes, see him.' T act yaddan mov dom al'

"'I did not."

"'Then why still persist in saying that my pre-

dictions are still untrue?'

"'Did he not arrive at the castle gates? Did I not receive his message and send another? Did I

"'Did you see him, I ask again?' said young Spinola.

"'I did not.'

"'Then I am still right, for Hubert has not re-

"'It was his ghost, then.'

"'It might have been his ghost, or anything you may please to fancy; but it was not Hubert!"
"'Not Hubert."

" No.

"'Then who else?'
"'That I know not.'
"'A friend, think you?'
"'Perhaps so.'

" Perhaps so.' " Or an enemy?'

"' Possibly an enemy in the guise of a friend.' "'Impossible. I cannot-I will not believe, it

Spinola.

"As you please, Don Carlos." "After another pause, young Spinola laid his hand gently on the shoulder of Don Carlos, and

"' Carlos, did I ever wrong you?" bib sloning

"' No, never.'

"'Or ever give you other than brotherly advice?'

"'You did not. I prized your friendship more than that of any person living.'

"Spinola smiled, as he said again— "'Did I ever refuse to accompany you in any expedition ?'

" 'You never have.'

"'In your hunting excursions, where traps were laid for you by the native Mexican princes, have I always fought by your side?'

"'Yes, ever.'

"'And yet, for all this, Don Carlos, although in a measure we have been reared and grown up together, I find of late that you have distrusted me, spurned my advice, and looked coldly upon me.

"'Nay, Spinola, you wrong me.'
"'No, Carlos, I do not; you do not love me as you did.'

"Carlos did not reply.

"'I know you do not, and because I have always dissuaded you from continuing this attachment with Elvina.'

"' Mention not her name in words so cold, Spinola,' said Carlos, passionately. 'I love her dearly, devotedly, and almost to distraction.'

"'I know you do-you have always done so.

But what of that?'

"'What of that, say you? Why, she loves me in ""That may or may not be."
"Do you doubt it?"

" ' I do.'

"'Then, Spinola,' said Carlos, reddening, 'if you doubt the truth of her devotedness to me, you

are not my friend.'

"'I thought you would say as much,' said Spinola, with a quiet smile. 'All men have their ambition, and if any one steps in to thwart it, that one is considered an enemy.'

"' What reasons have you for supposing that she

does not love me?' " ' Many.'

" Name them.'

"'Is not your father, Don Toros, a Spanish invader of this soil?'

'He is, and many others beside.'

"'What made him rear this castle with so much care and expense?'

"'As a safeguard against the natives and their

Indian allies.'

" True.

"'But what of that?' said Carlos, in doubt.

"Why, this: if these native princes and their Indian allies were so peaceably inclined, if they bowed willingly to the yoke which the Spaniards had thrust upon them, why build strong castles, and why retain scores of armed knights and military adventurers around us?'

"' For fear of treachey.

"'That is the very word, Don Carlos—treachery!
Beware of it; for not all the strong places in the
world could defeat the cunning of these native
princes and their Indian friends if they once made up their minds to destroy us.'
"'You are raving, Spinola! The descendants

of Montezuma have been thoroughly subdued long

"' They have not, Carlos. Their constant dream is for the liberation of the land from the Spanish invaders.'

"'And what are dreams worth?' said Carlos,

laughing.

Spinola did not heed the laugh, but asked-"'Has Don Toras, your father, ever visited this prince Catalka, whose daughter, Elvina, so much enraptures you?'

" 'He has not.'

"'The last time they met was in the battle field ?'

"'It was.'

"'Catalka and his forces were routed by your father, Don Toras?'

"'They were; and my father was raised in rank in consequence.

"'But Don Toras knows nought of this your love for Elvina?'

"'He does not.'

"'Nor would he approve of it?'

"'Perhaps he would not; and, for this reason, I have always observed the greatest caution and

secresy about it.'

"'More than once,' said Spinola, 'I have been tempted to act the true friend in this matter, but you would have looked upon me as an enemy had I done so.'

" 'What then did you meditate?'

"'To tell your father the whole secret.'

" But you did not?' said Carlos, rising in anger. "'I did not; but I say, again and again, that I fear Catalka, Elvina's father, knows of the whole affair.

"'And what if he does?'

"' He will, if he has not already, take advantage of it to ensnare you, and perhaps slaughter every Spaniard in this part of his former dominions.'
""Dreaming again,' said Carlos, with a hearty

12 AU 67

"'No, I am not dreaming, Carlos. You do me wrong-a grievous wrong! And to prove my friendship I will do aught you wish; go wherever you bid me, or even lay down my life if you will prove the truth of my attachment.'

"'I do not need fresh proof of your love, Spinola,' said Carlos, "but I came here to speak

to you on particular business.'

"' Name it.'

"'It is hazardous.' "' That matters not.'

"'It also requires the greatest secresy.'

"'It is of love, then?"

"'It is. I have resolved to visit Elvina once more, and bear her away from her cruel father.'

"'And bring her hither?"

" No.

"'Where else would you convey her, then?'

"'Anywhere, but not here; it would entail certain death on both, for Don Toros, my father, hates the name of Catalka, and all who belongs to

"'That fact is well known,' said Spinola. 'No two enemies ever hated each other with such intensity as they do; and why, therefore, prosecute this wild passion ?-it can never end in good.

"'She is so beautiful,' Carlos exclaimed, in a

rapture.

" 'But you dare not return to your father's halls with her.

"'I know it. I have made every preparation to fly to Spain.'

"Madcap that you are, Carlos! This wild ad-

venture will bring ruin on us all. "'I care not,' said Carlos. 'None but the brave deserve the fair. I have sworn that Elvina shall be mine, so there's an end of it.'

"Half-an-hour had not elapsed after this communication, when two gallant young horsemen were seen to emerge from the gate of Don Toro's castle.

"They were none other than Don Carlos and his

faithful friend, Spinola.

"They were splendidly mounted, and their horses neighed and pranced along the lonely road in splendid style.

"'How far is it to Catalka's castle?' asked

" Several leagues."

"'It will be broad daylight ere we reach it."

"'No, not if we ride fast.'

"So saying, they spurred onwards in the beautiful twilight, and their glistening spears and shields were soon lost in the depths of a dense forest through which they had to pass.

"They did not observe anything particular as they journeyed along, so intent was Don Carlos in dilating upon the charms of his ladylove.

"But at the very moment they had left the gates of Don Toro's castle, several mysterious lights could have been seen flittering about on adjacent hills.

"The winds sighed mournfully.

"The trees shook in the breeze with a melancholy murmur.

"The calm around made both Carlos and Spinola thoughtful as they entered the forest.

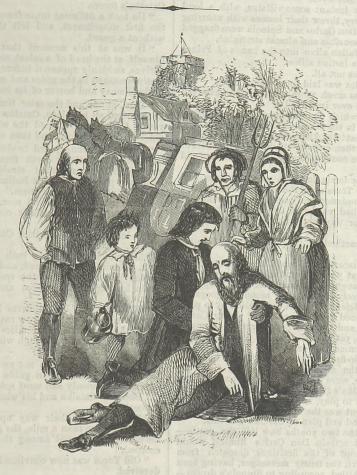
"They cantered along, however, and soon left the forest far behind.

"In a short time they arrived at the mouth of a mountain gorge through which it was necessary to

"This gorge was the common boundary between the domains of Catalka, the native Mexican prince,

and Don Toros.

THE BOY SOLDIER; OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



THE ACCIDENT.

"It was called Wolf Gorge by the natives.

"Skeletons of animals were plentiful on every hand.

"The place was dark, gloomy, treacherous, and deadly in appearance.

"It was truly named Wolf Gorge, for it was dangerous alike to man and beast, so numerous were ferocious animals in and around it.

"In this cheerless place, however, Elvina had often met her lover, and Don Carlos knew all its windings well.

"Spinola turned pale as he entered the gorge,

but revealed not his fears.

"The screams and yells of all sorts of wild animals now greeted their ears on all sides, making the lofty and craggy rocks echo again and again with the dismal noises.

"Onward they went, however, and were about in the centre of the gorge, when Carlos stopped

his horse.

" ' For the first time in my life I fear treachery,'

said he, half aloud.

"' Have you seen anything, then?'
"' No, nothing unusual. I have often been here before, but never felt such gloomy foreboding as I do now.'

"'Then let us return, Carlos. I beg of you to return; not for my sake, but for your own."

"'No,' said Carlos, 'I have come thus far, and will not think of such a thing; it would be unmanly, and unworthy of a Castilian to do so.'

"The place they now were in was not more than twenty feet wide.

"On either side rose perpendicular rocks covered with bushes and stunted trees.

"The place was as dark as pitch, and save a faint streak of starlit sky overhead, nothing cheerful was to be seen.

" For some time they journeyed onwards.

"At last in the distance Don Carlos perceived, or thought he perceived, an object dressed in white which waved its hand towards him.

"His heart beat high with expectation.

"'It is, it is Elvina,' he said. 'She is on horseback, and is beckoning me onward.'

"With these words he clapped spurs to his good steed, and hurried onward.

"He and Spinola had not proceeded far, however, when dreadful shouts assailed their ears on all

"They were entrapped-they were ensnared!

No. 47.

"Both the youths drew their swords, prepared to

fight hard for their lives.

"But at that instant some villains, with a loud laugh of mockery, threw their lassoes with unerring aim, and both Don Carlos and Spinola were dragged to the earth insensible and almost strangled.

"They had fallen alive into the hands of Prince

Catalka and his Indian allies!

"But this was not all.

"A deeper plot was laid for old Don Toros.

"Catalka was much more cunning than ever old Don Toros had ever imagined.

"This plot which Catalka was now developing, had long been in the mind of the crafty native. "It is true that he and his people had been defeated in battle more than once by the Spanish invaders of

that part of the country, under the guidance of old Toros.

"Part of his lands, in truth most of them, had been seized by Toros; and the native prince, though pretending submission and obedience to the newlyarrived ruler, had vowed in his heart not to rest either night or day until he had taken signal revenge.
"And the method of his proceeding was simple

enough.

"He had discovered, through the agency of an Indian spy, that young Don Carlos was enamoured of his only daughter, Elvina, and that they had often met secretly in the lonely mountain gorge. "When sufficient time had been allowed to pass,

Catalka imagined that the passion of young Carlos was inflamed, and thus he had entrapped him and young Spinola, yet not before all his plans were fully

prepared for immediate execution.

"The watch-fires, which Don Carlos had not observed at the moment of departing from his father's castle, were for no other purpose than to signal to Catalka's friends to act the part they were each intended to play, and to inform them that the present moment was the one agreed upon.

"The method and plan of Catalka was this. "Directly the two youths had left the castle—which he felt certain Don Carlos himself would do, upon receipt of the fictitious despatch from Elvina, Hubert, the trusty messenger, having been stopped and killed, according to Spinola's dreama large party of Indians were ordered to appear suddenly before the castle of Don Toros, and invite an attack.

"This the Indians did.

"As soon as old Toros was informed of this he

laughed good-humouredly.

"He did not think it possible that mere Indians would dare to oppose his knights, and other armed

"Nor was he incorrect.

"For when Don Toros ordered out a party of armed men, the Indians fled towards the defiles of neighbouring mountains, closely pursued by the old Don's adherents.

"When this was accomplished, however, a courier arrived at the castle-gates, post haste, and almost out of breath, informed Don Toros that the party of knights and soldiers who had but recently gone forth, were almost surrounded by Catalka's whole force.

"But this information was not wholly true.

"The Indians enticed the Don's retainers and friends into a mountainous defile, and a fierce fight

"Had the Indians stood their ground there they would have been exterminated by the knights.

"Be this as it may, old Toros, in a great rage, rose from his couch, and, gathering all his men together, he sallied forth from the castle, bent upon slaughtering not only the Indians but the whole of Catalka's forces.

"He took a different route from that pursued by the first detachment, and left the castle almost

without a guard.

"It was at this moment that Prince Catalka himself, at the head of a select and brave body of natives, suddenly appeared before the gates of the castle, smashed in the gates and gained possession, to the dismay and horror of its inmates.

"Thus, at one and the same time, so craftily had he arranged all his plans, Catalka not only secured young Carlos, but enticed the whole force out of old Toros's stronghold, and then captured it.

"Leaving a strong guard behind, Catalka in less than an hour sallied forth from the conquered stronghold, and marched straight towards the mountain pass in which his Indian allies were hotly engaging those sent after them.

"Thus taken in front and rear, Don Toros's followers could not successfully contend with their

numerous opponents.

"In less than half an hour Catalka gained the

victory.

"Many of the Spaniards, both of high and low rank, were killed or captured, and the natives took up the line of march to the spot where the false guide had taken Don Toros and the last of his

"Old Toros and his followers had unwisely followed the guide up a narrow ravine, which ended (at the distance of several miles) very abruptly in a solid wall of rock, through which there was no

passage at all.

"Of this old Toros was not aware, nor would he have followed the Indian guide at all unless the latter had expressly and most solemnly assured the old Don that Catalka and his whole force were there concealed.

After wending their way up this treacherous ravine for more than a mile, the guide slipped from his horse, disappeared among the brushwood, and escaped.

"Old Toros was now convinced that he had been

deceived.

He, nevertheless, cheered on his men, and made every preparation in case he was attacked.

Still proceeding farther and farther up the ravine, in order to reach more quickly the territories of Prince Catalka, which, he knew, were just beyond the mountain range, his vanguard galloped back with the startling information that there was no outlet of any kind.

"With dreadful maledictions on the heads of Catalka, and all who had aided him, Don Toros

prepared to retreat.

"But at that moment fearful sounds reached his ears.

"It was like that of distant thunder.

"What could it mean?

" No one could tell.

"Not a man dared whisper his suspicions.

"Again and again the sounds recurred, and they reverberated along the broad, dry, and timberedged ravine, with sudden and loud explosions.

"The nearer they approached the mouth of the ravine the more frequent and ominous were the sounds which fell upon the ears of the benighted Spaniards.

"The mystery was soon explained.

"Catalka and his men, now joined by all their forces, having in their midst young Carlos and Spinola, had allowed old Toros to pursue his way as far up the ravine as he pleased, knowing full

well that there was no outlet.

"In the meantime, however, all of his available forces were busily engaged in chopping down the heavy trees which grew on each side of the ravine.

"In this manner they prevented the retreat of

Don Toros.

"Dozens of immense trees fell with a loud crash across the ravine bed.

"This was the cause of those loud sounds which

the Spaniards had heard.

"When, therefore, they approached the place of exit, old Toros found himself helpless and unable to proceed.

"Nor could his men get at Catalka's forces on

account of the obstructions.

"In addition to this the native prince had posted scores of his Indian allies on projecting rocks, whence, at a given signal, they hurled down showers of stones and arrows upon the heads of the devoted Spaniards.

"For one or two hours this sort of fight was carried on, until at last Catalka thought it time for

himself to personally engage in the conflict.

"He feared death, it is true; and he knew beyond a doubt that if old Toros could get near him, the desperate and despairing Spanish chief would hew his way through scores of men to get at him.

"Cunning-like, he ordered some of his men to mount an adjacent rock, and there, in the morning light just dawning, to exhibit the captive son before his own father's eyes.

"This was done.

"The sight was unexpected by any of the Spaniards, and least of all by Don Toros.

"The old chief gazed on his son as if he was an

apparition.
"It struck more terrors to his soul than all the

weapons of Catalka's army.

"Surrender!' shouted Catalka, in a voice of thunder.

"And as he spoke, an arm was upraised to slay the youth before his father's eyes.

"The old Spaniard's heart sank within him.

"Carlos was his only child, and he loved him to distraction.

"Paternal love, and soldierly pride were waging

in his battle-scarred breast.

"He would save his son, but yet would rather die than sully his honour, particularly at such a moment as that, when death was staring him in the

" Catalka was triumphant.

"He and his followers made the ravine ring again with their shouts.

"But suddenly Catalka's cheek turns pale.

"He is about to sacrifice Carlos before the father's eyes, when at an unexpected moment, his daughter Elvina, who, unknown to her father, had followed the expedition, crept through the dense brushwood, and frantically running towards Don Toros, threw herself at his feet.

"'I am Catalka's only daughter,' she said, aloud, and in a wild proud manner, 'and have been the innocent cause of all this bloody strife. Don Toros, I love your son and he loves me! If my father is intent upon murder, here is my bare neck; raise your sword and despatch me also!'

"For a moment an awful pause ensued in the

ranks of all.

"Both fathers were subdued.

"What strife could not attain love achieved.

"The combat ended.

"The lovers were united,

"Catalka and Don Toros shook hands, and never since that time has there existed strife of any important character between the Spaniards or their descendants and the natives of this part of the Rio Grande."

Thus ended the strange story of old Roberto, concerning one of the fiercest feuds which ever

existed in Mexico.

CHAPTER CXVIII.

CAPTAIN FORD'S LAST LETTER FROM MEXICO-BLOODY BATTLES AND DEEDS OF DARING-THE LAST FIGHT-THE OVERTHROW AND CAP-TURE OF MAXIMILIAN - THE FALL OF QUERETERO-GREAT REJOICINGS AMONG THE LIBERATED PEOPLE.

"DEAR BROTHER, — In my last last letter I described to you all that had happened to myself and the gallant band of Boy Soldiers, which I have

the honor and pleasure to command.

"I now proceed to relate the last and most desperate battles in which we have been lately engaged, which sanguinary conflicts, I am happy to say, have at last resulted in the capture of the Emperor Maximilian himself, and the overthrow of the throne which he wished to raise up in a foreign land against the wishes of the Mexican

" My last letter informed you that, after the action, we were on our way near to Potosi to recruit and

"We had not remained in this wilderness of a place many days when information was brought that Maximilian had suddenly stopped, and was somewhat bewildered by the unexpected discom-

fiture of his generals.

"Instead, therefore, of following up the advance they halted, and formed a junction at Potosi, having a total of some twelve or fifteen thousand men, well armed, disciplined, and counting among them a heavy force of German and Belgian regulars of

" Escobedo, however, was daily receiving re-inforcements, and in a few days could count upwards

of nine thousand in his command.

"But thousands had no arms whatever, and had to depend upon chance or fortune for them.

"It seemed to be determined by our generals to

advance upon the enemy.

"But there soon arose much bickering among the officers regarding precedence in command. Escobedo and Lopez did not muster more than 4,000 men; but because the former had been appointed brigadier-general by the authorities, and Lopez had not yet been recognized at all by them, he claimed that precedence of command belonged to him, although Lopez's troops mustered 10,000, had been successful, their general had distinguished himself in former wars, as in this; whereas, it was said, Escobedo had not yet shown any signs of genius or capacity.

"Lopez waived every distinction, and was willing to take any command, or do anything which might tend to overthrow the power of the enemy, and rid

the country of its oppressors.

"Many generals, however, were averse to advancing on the enemy at all, but desired to fall back, so as to draw the enemy away from their base of operations.

"But Escobedo argued that the enemy were comparatively weak to what they would be in a short time, our men were anxious to advance, and that the country ahead of them would prove rich in supplies, and successful battles do much towards arming the hundreds rallying to their standards; while by giving up the country we had conquered, the 'moral' effect upon the country at large would prove distressing.
"Finding Lopez averse to advancing, Escobedo

asked him to loan a few thousand stand of arms for

his men, and "he would fight alone."

"This Lopez refused; but receiving peremptory orders to advance upon Maximilian, he acquiesced with a bad grace, and the march for Potosi commenced.

"Such a march, and such an army, you could

never conceive.

"We were equipped in every way that chance or

circumstances permitted.

"There were all kinds of weapons, and every sort of attire; so that had a stranger beheld us, toiling along over hill and dale, through dust, &c., day by day, he would scarcely have thought there was any 'discipline' or 'fight' in us.

"There was not much of the former, it is true,

but any quantity of the latter.
"All were terribly pugnacious; but, except ourselves, there were few regiments that had reliable arms, most of the men carrying with them the old flint lock muskets and rifles brought from home, and devoid of bayonet.

"They all had hunting knives, which would have

answered very well in a hand-to-hand encounter.

"But from the character of the enemy it was thought they would present few opportunities for using them.

"Provision was also very scarce.

"Our commissary and quarter-master's departments, but recently organized, were very indifferent, and it was very seldom the men drew full rations of anything.

"They made up for all deficiencies, however, by laying violent hands on everything that came within reach, appropriating large quantities of corn, and

"They also extensively patronized the various corn-cribs on their several routes; and, shelling the corn, pounded it between rocks until reduced to powder, and then made bread.

"Hogs were plentiful, as also beef cattle; and farmers, being friendly to our cause, willingly sold

all things for Republican paper.

So that this much relieved the commissariat, and

eased the line of march.

"Lopez, with his column, led the way; Caravajal followed; at last, came the hero and patriot, Escobedo, with his ragged, half-fed, and ill-armed band of Mexicans.

"After many days of toilsome travel we approached a point thirty miles south of Potosi, where it was reported Maximilian's forces were encamped

on hills beside the road.

"We halted.

"Next morning, we cautiously advanced again, but found that the enemy had decamped, and gone

in the direction of Potosi.

"Their strength we could not ascertain with precision, but learned they had at least 10,000 men, well-armed, excellently drilled, and counting thou-

sands of mercenaries among them.
"They also had a strong force of cavalry, and some twenty pieces of artillery, Mejia's battery being considered one of the best in their army,

"Our effective force amounted to about 5,000 illarmed, badly-drilled men, and some 6,000 horsemen, who were, for politeness sake, called cavalry.

"But they had not a particle of discipline among them, being armed as best they could, with every imaginable weapon, and their horses resembling skeletons, more than anything else.

"They had been drilled to serve on foot, but no drilling in the world could effect systematic action

among them.

"Finding that the enemy had fallen back the day previous before our advance-guard, we hurried forward in pursuit, and marched over twenty miles as best we could, the roads and hills being dusty and heavy, and the men completely broken down with fatigue, and from want of proper or sufficient supplies.

"We camped at a creek about ten miles south of

Potosi.

"And the whole country was scoured for every and any sort of provision that could be collected.

"Everything that fields produced was instantly appropriated, and many of us were thankful for the abundance of green corn, and such like, which neighbouring farms produced.

"Lopez had halted his advance on the right of the road, assisted by Caravajal; while Escobedo was on the left of it; and thoughtless of danger in fact, never dreaming of Maximilian being in the vicinity at all-threw out no pickets; or, if any were in advance, they were few indeed. During the evening, little was thought of but fun and frolic, as indeed all our evenings were.

"Most of the men were dancing and kicking up their heels until a late hour as lively as if the enemy

were a thousand miles away.

" Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, the sharp report of fire-arms on our right and rear awoke every one.

"The word passed from mouth to mouth,

"'They are here!"
"'Fall in! fall in, we are surprised!" " 'Quick! quick! we are surrounded!'

" 'Fall in ! fall in !'

"Lopez was surprised, as none will venture to

"And before his line was formed, loud drumming in Escobedo's command convinced him that we were all in a precarious condition.

"One of the enemy's generals was attacking our

right and rear with great vigour.

"And his shot and shell were bouncing into our camps, knocking everything about in great confu-

sion.
"Such a scene of excitement and hurry no mortal man could ever conceive as 'reigned in our midst on that eventful morning.

"Soon as the men recovered from excitement, thrown on their accoutrements, and formed line, things began to mend.

"But the enemy by this time had advanced some distance, and was playing the mischief with us in

our quarter.
"Maximilian, however, hearing that his general was fairly engaged on our right, pushed the centre and left with great energy.

"The Mejias' battery was admirably posted on an eminence, and ploughed up the ground in our front

with mischievous earnestness.

" Sustaining the onset as best he could, Escobedo rode up and down the line with hair streaming in the wind, cheering, forming, encouraging his ragged musketeers, and posting them as well as might be done, to prevent further encroachments of the enemy.

"And by their incessant discharges and accurate

aim, they stopped advance, and equalized the fight in the centre and left, while Lopez was stemming the storm on the right and rear.

- "Finding that some of their guns were playing havoc with our men, Lopez determined to make a bold dash and drive them.
- "Collecting a few men, he rushed to the right and rear, but found one of our batteries already engaged in that quarter, and by accuracy of fire had disabled them.
- "Taking advantage of their confusion, Lopez dashed forward with his companies, and before the enemy could recover from astonishment, five guns fell into our hands.
- "Other forces instantly following up the move-ment, our horse dashed in upon them with terrific shouts and yells, discharging their shot—guns, rifles, and revolvers, at short distance; captured the sixth, their last gun, and begun cutting and slashing about them with wild vengeance and

"The enemy in this quarter was totally routed!

"His infantry, opposed to ours, were not better than Dutchmen usually are.

"Their flight was expedited by artillery, which

hammered away at them, dropping shell into little groups of them, and clearing our whole front in that direction.

"But if things were thus successfully progressing on our right, Maximilian was pushing Escobedo with great vigour in the centre and left.

"Our artillery manfully stood to their guns against the accurate and deadly fire of the Belgian regulars.

"But the loss was considerable.

"The enemy occupied a hill, and all advances upon them were opposed by tremendous discharges from their whole force, occupying that elevated position.

"But as reinforcements arrived from our right, together with artillery, Maximilian perceived that we were determined to win the field, and that nothing short of desperate courage could turn the tide setting against him.

"Rallying his forces in a gallant manner, he rode to their front, and waving a handkerchief, cheered them on, making himself a conspicuous mark for

our marksmen.

"He had been wounded in the leg early in the day, but rode to the rear, had it dressed, and laughingly observed that 'all was going on well, and he'd turn up trumps before night,' &c.

"He rode forward to the front again; this time, our whole force was pushing a-head vigorously, and gradually advancing up hill.

"The [idea seemed to be that Escobedo was endeavouring to capture Mejias' batteries.

"But they were gradually withdrawn, and changed position.

"Masses of infantry gallantly rushed forward to dispute our advance.

Their vollies were deafening.

"The whole hill seemed to be vomiting forth

"Clouds of smoke hung over all, and our advance

was extremely difficult.

"The men were in fine spirits, and rushed boldly to the attack, cheering, shouting, yelling, and keeping up an accurate fire of musketry.

"Cannon to the rear sent shell and round shot whizzing over head, and making great slaughter among the enemy.

"Maximilian (whom I recognised on the field)

was dashing about in great haste, from point to point, cheering and leading his men.

"But as we reached the top of the hill, I never saw him afterwards, but thought he must have fallen, for every one was aiming at him, as he rode about so fearlessly.

"As soon as we reached the brow of the hill, the enemy were found strongly posted, and seemed determined to make a stout resistance.

"We cheered, and made a rush for the guns. " But masses of their infantry came forward and

protected the retreat.

"It was not until our whole force was collected and hurled at this point, that they finally gave way, and left the field in great confusion.

"Having secured the field, the wildest excitement

ensued.

"Our cavalry were sent forward to follow them up; but little was effected.
"We captured many prisoners, arms, ammunition,

stores, &c.

"After pursuing several miles, we returned to camp, and made ourselves comfortable on the good things which had fallen to our lot.

"Binos, a bosom friend of Maximilian, was found among some two thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners, and was decently coffined and sent on for interment.

"When the body of this officer was found upon the field, it was discovered that two small buckshot had penetrated, one above, and the other below, the left nipple, having caused almost instant death.

"When conveyed to the rear in a dying state, he exclaimed to his servant-

"'I'm afraid all is over for Maximilan!"

"He was not more than forty-five years of age, small in stature, wiry, active, dark hair and complexion, small black eyes, fond of military pomp, but an excellent, though restless, and ambitious

"His great activity in aiding the suppression of Republican feeling in Mexico city endeared him to the Imperialists.

"He seized the arsenal, erected defences round the city, disarmed all Republican sympathizers, and rapidly rose from captain to major-general in two months.

"His cruelty to all suspected Republican sentiments, and conscienceless behaviour in the administration of affairs, will long be remembered by all who had the misfortune to live under his brief and arbitrary rule.

"He was brave, and had his troops imitated his reckless daring, things might have been very un-

favourable to us.

"His body was deserted by every one, and was interred by us in a metallic coffin, but subsequently given to his friends, who removed it to Belgium, where it now reposes beneath a costly monument.

"We captured six cannon, many waggons, stores,

and five or six hundred stand of arms. "Our loss was estimated at 250 killed, and 1,000

wounded and missing.

"Of these Escobedo claims to have lost 150 killed, and 500 wounded.

" Of the battle-field I can say little.

"Our generals had but a shadow of true discipline in their commands.

"But the men fought well, and that was all that

saved us. "Had it not been for their impetuosity and valour we might all have been in Jericho or some other

foreign country, as both General Binot and Maximilian crept upon us during night, and took up commanding positions, from which the latter was driven with much difficulty, and not until after an obstinate and bloody fight,

"We ought to thank our stars that things turned out so favourably to us, as the most sanguine could never have anticipated such a complete over-

- "It had great effect among thousands of f wavering' minds, and many rushed to our camps from all quarters, so much so, indeed, that Escobedo knew not what to do with them.
- "He had already thousands around him without arms, but as other forces in the south-east were daily augmenting, it was thought that arms in plenty would be forthcoming for all, though none had any idea whence.

"We were not like other armies.

- "Our arsenals did not contain a single musket save several hundred muskets captured at this present battle ground, which is called Silver Hills.
- "Escobedo's men had nothing but what they had originally brought from home with them, having no regular cartridges, and nothing in which to keep those they made in camp.

"Many had to put ammunition in their hats or pockets, to protect it from the weather, a proceed-ing extremely wasteful and unsafe, but which could not be avoided.

"This late battle, however, had brought us many useful things, and among others, a few tents, which gave our encampments some little appearance of military habitations.

"But they were so few, that nine-tenths of us slept under the bare canopy of heaven, in all weathers, which, though very romantic in ideal illustrations of wars, is a very uncomfortable state of affairs in 'real' life,

"But, worse than all, there seemed to be a jealousy growing up between commanders, and division in their councils.

"Mexicans were daily flocking to Escobedo, and his name seemed a talisman among them, while Lopez was scarcely mentioned except among his own immediate friends.

"Nor was his capacity as commander looked upon so confidently as that of Escobedo, whose desire seemed to be to 'push a-head,' and not give the enemy breathing time, but follow up every success, and strike terror into them by rapidity of movement, and invincible energy.

"Lopez did not seem to me to be the whole-

souled patriot that Escobedo did.

"For his quibbling about precedence of command, and his flat refusal to advance without it was conferred upon him, leaked out among the men, and his own troops saw selfish ambition at the bottom of all, with no record of educated talent to sustain it.

"Escobedo, however, has acquired historic fame by his deeds in Mexico, and has learned the art of

war from experience.

"His recent acts and clear-sightedness gives evidence that nothing was lost from age, but that increase of years had only added greater coolness and circumspection to all his acts.

"When our troops had fully rested themselves, therefore, and various departments reduced to a better system of daily routine, Escobedo desired the whole army should move towards Queretero, seize the enemy's stores, supply the unarmed with

weapons, and, if need be, procure them upon the battle field, ere the foe could recover from late defeats, and mature plans.

"For information was constantly reaching us that Maximilian now was actively engaged in forming a large army near Queretero, and, having funds and supplies, was determined to put his forces into the field in a style of imposing grandeur and portentous strength.

"Lopez did not approve advancing to meet the enemy, but wished to fall back on the frontier, and allow the enemy to weary themselves in hunting for him.

"Here was a difference of opinion, and no unanimity of sentiment or action.

"Escobedo now was amazed and annoyed.

"He collected all the men and arms he could, indeed, nearly all we had, and left and pushed forward alone towards Queretero, being hailed everywhere as the chief and father of all.

"You never saw such patriotism as was displayed

on every hand.

- "And although, at least, we were a poor undrilled body of adventurers living upon the public, and trusting to heaven for supplies, our regiments and brigades were animated with a burning enthusiasm for action, and an unbounded confidence in our leader, which were enough to carry us through any enterprize.
- "Everywhere we went, however, signs were numerous of the wanton waste and wicked recklessness of Dutch dastards and fanatics in the pay of Maximilian.
- "Truly the barbarities of our foes are beyond al description.

"All law, save military law, is suspended.

- "Banks robbed of specie, wealthy men 'compelled' to contribute largely for the wholesale destruction of friends, relatives, and rights.
- "Prisons full in every city where their rule is paramount.
- " All law is laughed at, dwellings seized, property confiscated, sold, and carried away.
- "Farms destroyed, cattle driven off, barns, houses, &c., burned before their owner's eyes.
- "While mothers, wives, sisters, or daughters are insulted and disgraced, and oftentimes murdered.

All this is true.

"And I do not exaggerate, for things are bad enough.

"They could not be worse, with all the colouring in the world.

"Our whole march has presented harrowing sights.

"Widows, wives, children, and the aged, standing houseless by the wayside, their homes in flames and ruins, 'because the Republicans are coming, and it is a military necessity.

"Are these men who do all this?

- "You know their character too well to sup-
- "It is those valiant Belgian and Dutch heroes of Maximilian, runaways from battle-fields, who show their paltry spite to helpless little ones, whose fathers and brothers are fighting for freedom.
- "These are the worthies—the offscourings of Germany and Holland—who, in uniform, dog the heels of Maximilian; who are thus brave and fero-cious to women and children, and dare not stand before half their own number of men on the battlefield!

"Not that the name of Mexicans should be placed on such a record.

"Yet there are ambitious leaders among them, who riot in rack and ruin, and care not who perish,

so they may rule.

"Think you that kings and others dare show themselves as military leaders of those they gather from all quarters, and pay to cut our throats?

"Not they !

"Such men stay at home, talk much, realize immense fortunes by peculation and politics, but do not practise what they preach or some might excuse them.

"The Republicans put bullets in their rifles, and they know it too well to approach within a less

distance than thousands of miles.

- "Here, in this unhappy country, a German empire is dreamed of among the enemy, and already their generals are assuming all the trumpery and airs of foreign courts, without any of their talents or worth to sustain him.
- "Maximilian already travels in state, has a German body-guard, and tricked out in what appears to be the cast-off finery of a third-class theatrical wardrobe, with paste diamonds and glass bugles thrown in to add to the ferocity and ugliness of his precious corps of Dutch butchers and sausage makers.

"When he travels on the river an entire steamboat is sufficient to accommodate his majesty.

"Guards pace before his door night and day.
"Servants in gay livery hand around wine on

silver waiters.

"Grooms and orderlies are shadows, and poor imitations of the same class of servants in German

"Grooms and orderlies are shadows, and poor imitations of the same class of servants in German cities, while the ruling language of the court is *very* low Dutch.

"When will all this farce end? Not while money

lasts.

"And, even if Maximilian had not unlimited powers conferred by those at Paris, his audacity is sufficient to keep up the spirits of his obese, greasylooking and tipsy revellers to a considerable length of time.

"Such is an outline of things as learned from two of our friends just arrived from the city of Mexico, who add that 'riff raff' from all Europe are enlisting under Maximilian, and daily parading through the streets to the music of German bands.

"But to return to the pursuit of Maximilian, and of other battles in which we were engaged, not forgetting the last and greatest of all which terminated our stay in Mexico and Maximilian's empire, namely the battle of Queretero.

"About midnight, and after we had had a good rest, all of Escobedo's preparations being completed, we began to move on, and felt certain that Maximilian would dispute every mile of ground on our way to his great and last stronghold at Queretero.

"The old count's command in advance hugged the river, and his troops halted in a wooded slope near the stream, and within five hundred yards of the position the enemy had retreated to.

"The movement was silently effected, and in the dim light I could plainly see the work before us.

"A farm house was situated about half a mile from the river, on high ground, which sloped towards the bank.

"A creek ran in front of the dwellings, and at

right angles to the river.

"No bridges were discovered on which to cross and get in the rear, where rose majestic woods filled with troops.

"The 'rise' was crowned with strong breastworks, commanding all approaches, and rifle pits on the flanks covering the creek!

"Caspar and his command occupied higher grounds to the left of this position, screened by woods, while the entire front was open fields.

"The count commanding, had been to consult with superior officers, and returning, found the enemy had discovered his covert, and were vigorously shelling it.

"His men jumped to their arms, and advanced

in the twilight.

"The mound to the left in front, the banks of the creek on the flank, and elevated rifle pits to the rear, were soon crowned with rapid flashes of artillery and musketry.

"The disparity of numbers and position would have appalled any troops but those selected to

storm the place.

"Skirmishers advanced to the front, and, occupying bushes on the edge of the creek, maintained a brisk and deadly fire, and cleared the opposite bank in little time, while the main body advanced with lond shouts to attack.

"Volunteers constructed temporary bridges on which to cross, but the passage was obstinately disputed, and resulted in loss.

"Once across, the infantry fight became ani-

mated,

"While three companies of artillery poured showers of shell into their works, and silenced several guns.

"Caspar, on the left, was slow in his advance; but the old count, riding over, soon had them in rapid

motion.

"And as our right had pushed some distance a-head, they assailed the right with terrific yells, and finding a passage across the creek, were soon on a line with our right.

"The enemy's infantry, though numerous, seemed

disinclined to venture on open ground.

"While our wings held theirs in check, an assault in front was determined upon; but Caspar, estimating our force insufficient, sent for reinforcements unknown to the count, so that when I came on the scene with my gallant boys, the chief command devolved on me.

"Waiving it, however, our artillery opened at

shorter range with terrific noise.

"But, suddenly ceasing, up rose the centre, rushed across the creek, up the 'rise,' over the dry ditch, and were swarming over the parapet, shooting and bayoneting the troops defending it!

"The sight was grand.

"Men standing on the parapet were fighting in

every conceivable attitude.

"And as the sun brilliantly rose over the tree tops, illumining the scene, the semicircular line of fight, with its streams of fire, bursting of caissons, shouts, yells, and charging on the right and left—the centre occupied by the strong redoubt, crowds of combatants rushing in and out, with a sea of heads swaying to and fro round our banner floating on the wall,—all was soul-stirring, sublime, and horrible.

"The fight on and around the hill, supports advancing from the woods, the volley and rush of ours to prevent it—the occasional discharge of cannon in the works—men clambering up and tumbling from parapets, the yells, shrieks, and shouts of friend and foe in that central position, clouded with vapour, all spoke of a terrible attack and a desperate resistance.

" One wild shout!

" Out poured the enemy.

" And as they rushed across the open ground to the woods, then came our men through the opening in pursuit — reeling, bleeding, shouting, powderblackened, and fainting,-madly firing random shots, and sinking from fatigue.

Quickly the line was formed in rear of the works -all joined in the final charge-cannon belched forth grape and cannister into the woods, tearing down limbs and trees, when one ringing shout passed along the line.

"Double quick" was the order given.

"Our men fired at fifty yards, yelled, charged into the timber, and scattered them like chaff before the wind.

"All was over !

"They hastily retreated through the wood, and

our cavalry could not follow.

" Cannon, small arms, prisoners, and stores were the trophies of victory; but wearied with several hours' severe fighting and loss I took up the advance. while the others rested round the well-fought redoubt.

"Our troops began to move in strong columns, shouting and yelling vigorously as they passed, and saw guns, prisoners and stores strewn on every side, with fatigued, dusty and ragged brigades, resting in the shade.

"Haste was evidently an object with General He knew that Maximilian had en-Escobedo. deavoured to force his men into an energetic resistance thus far, so as to gain time to protect his main army in the neighbourhood of Queretero, near the river.

"Cavalry scouts were therefore rapidly pushed ahead, and infantry followed, batteries being at hand to withstand any sudden exhibition of force, and open the fight, should they feel desirous of trying the fortunes of war in any of the very large

open farms intervening between us.
"The advance, therefore, was prosecuted with vigour, and it was scarcely 9 a.m. ere the several divisions were rapidly approaching the enemy. order the three columns proceeded through the country towards Queretero, but were frequently halted and formed in line to invite a combat with the enemy in fair open ground,

"They would not accept our frequent challenges, however, but slowly retired through the woods, feeling confident in the strength of their position at

the city.

"Arriving at a plantation or ranche, one and a-half miles west of the city, General Escobedo took up temporary quarters there, while the columns halted in the open to await the arrival of others. Unacquainted as I was with the various roads, escapes were frequent from horse pickets stationed on the roads, through dense woods, so that having run the gauntlet of pistol shots more than once for intruding upon disputed territory, and not inclined to be hurt through mere motives of curiosity, I returned to our lines, scattered through the woods and hitched my horse among scores of others round the house, where Escobedo and a crowd of officers were gathered in council upon the doorsteps and grassy sward. I had never seen so many of our generals before, and amused myself by smoking a

cigar,
"Escobedo's temporary quarters were not far batteries and troops on the south bank, and in a

direct line across.

"'Twas now about 1 p.m,, and as we had full

possession of both banks of the river thus far, several couriers rode over, and heavy batteries immediately opened upon the woods on the north bank, about a mile to our immediate front, so as to clear the way for our further advance.

"Our skirmishers were far in advance, popping away in the timber, and occasional discharges of field-pieces told us that we were gradually working towards Queretero.

"The enemy had abandoned a fine field-work at the ranche, and several other important structures still closer to the river, which had frequently contended with our cannon.

This house was badly shattered by our shot and shell, and seemed to be very shaky.

In the upper rooms we saw large stains of blood near where a shell had entered, and prisoners said that Maximilian had used the place sometimes in his journeys along the lines, and that on one occasion, while all were abed, a shell came whizzing across, and cleared its way completely through the walls, killing one aide-de-camp and severely wounding another.

"Be this as it may, some one was killed at this spot during our frequent artillery duels, for outhouses bore every evidence of being used for hospitals, while numerous mounds of earth spoke of sepulture.

"The whole yard and orchard were now occupied

by officers, aids, couriers, and prisoners.
"Escobedo sat in the south portico, buried in reflection, neatly dressed, his fine, calm, open countenance and grey hair being purely military in caste, and, as he leaned his head in thought, presented an excellent opportunity for an artist to sketch.

Juarez sat in an old garden chair, at the foot of the steps, under shady trees, busily engaged in dis-posing of sandwiches, and his canteen of water, with feet thrown against a tree; he presented a true type of the hardy campaigner.

His gay uniform had changed to brown, with many a button missing, his riding-boots were dusty and worn, but his pistols and sabre had a bright polish by his side, while his charger stood near, anxiously looking at him.

With uniform buttoned up, though a very warm day, Juarez refreshed himself, and conversed freely

"Maximilian's position was admirably chosen, and well fortified.

"To defend it he had brought over many troops from the south bank of the river by bridges not more than a mile away, protected from all attack by a strongly fortified camp and hill in the southeastern corner of the place, its foot being washed by the creek before mentioned, which empties here into the main stream.

"When the divisions, therefore, debouched from the woods near Queretero, the Imperialists were plainly visible in battle array on the high grounds, while the glitter of bayonets in the blazing sun of a June afternoon was dazzling.

"A few shells were sent, as compliments, at the head of our column, but missed; but they never fired a shot from the belt of timber crowning the ascent from the centre, west, and north-western boundaries of their position.

"They wished to deceive and lead us to suppose the passage to the north-western quarter would be undisputed, and that all they desired was a fair,

open fight, when we reached the plateau,

THE BOY SOLDIER OR, GARIBALDI'S YOUNG CAPTAIN.



"It was now afternoon, and having opened the fight to the left, the Count and Caspar moved through the woods to the west, and having got sufficiently under the hill to prevent loss from shell thrown from the north-eastern quarter, each commander gathered his troops well together, gave the word, and under a storm of lead from the hill, ran eastward, parallel with a brook, gave the word 'by the left flank—double quick!' and in less than three minutes Caspar on the right, the count in the centre, and myself on the left, were rushing along the open towards the brook, descended the 'dip,' jumped into the brook, tumbling and clambering over logs and brushwood, and contending with a heavy force of the enemy defending a long breastwork, and rifle-pits on higher ground, to the rear.

"The character of this approach was the best that could be devised, for had these troops marched in the fields, instead of creeping through the woods and hollows, to the west of this 'rise,' few of them would have survived the hailstorm which awaited

them.

"By cautiously approaching at right angles with the brook. until near it, giving the word 'file right, double quick' until each had got into position in line, and then 'by the left flank—double quick!' it brought the troops directly under the rising ground, protected from the fire of the northeastern quarter.

"And by rapidly moving they got so near the brook, that cannon on the rise to the rear could not be depressed sufficiently to hit without killing their No. 48.

own men, who were now hand to hand with ours at the brook, and obstinately defending their line of breastworks.

"In such a position, and on such broken ground, officers saw it would be impossible to ride, and, as many horses had been shot in the morning, we left our steeds in the woods, where they had been quietly drawn up.

"And when orders came to advance we dismounted, buttoned up coats, pressed down hats, drew swords, and dashed forward on foot, and in front, giving commands in loud tones, which the troops heard audibly amid the roar of the enemy's musketry.

"Though many fell in the rush while filing right from the woods across the open, down the dip to

the brook, none faltered.

"Ranks closed up as soon as broken.

"Each brigade seemed emulous of the others in keeping a straight and unbroken front as if executing 'double quick' movements in a divisional drill.

"There was much confusion at the brook.

"For it had been deepened and every impediment thrown in the way against our passage,

"But having safely conducted our commands fairly under the hill and safe from numerous fieldpieces whose shell harmlessly screamed and whizzed overhead, officers soon restored a perfect front.

overhead, officers soon restored a perfect front,
"Once across the brook our men scaled the
wooden and earthern line of wall that overlooked
it, and were soon desperately engaged with masses

of infantry who retired up the hill and kept up a deafening roar of musketry upon our further

"The situation was critical.

"But while our skirmishers 'fanned out' in front, and from behind every tree fired into whole regiments before them, lines were reformed, and cheers told of our advancing again.

"Concealed in bushes their swarm of skirmishers disputed the ground inch by inch, while an unbroken line behind them on higher ground fired over the heads of their sharpshooters upon us.

"In fact, there were thousands of combatants opposed to us; first, a dense body of skirmishers.

" Next, a few yards to the rear, and on higher ground, an unbroken line of battle.

"Thirdly, still further behind, and on the edge of the unwooded plateau, a line of cannon, which, depressed as much as possible, fairly shaved our heads, blew off our caps, and broke bayonet

"'Warm work, this!' one remarked, as he ran in our rear towards the right, with a regiment to meet a flanking force entering the woods from the north-eastern plateau. 'Warm work, colonel, but push them hard, sir, for everything depends on us.

"This admonition was not necessary to stir up

our men.

"They knew that fewer would fall from rushing to 'close quarters' than by advancing slowly, and firing from 'long taw.'

"Accordingly, the word rang out from wing to to wing: 'forward, march!"

"With indescribable yells, the advance began. "The woods were soon completely filled with

smoke, so much so that the position of the enemy could only be ascertained by a sudden flash of light across our front.

"Standing erect our men would reply with a deliberate volley, at fifty yards; rush forward, crouch and load, while the return volley swept over our heads, cart-loads of leaves and branches falling, well-nigh burying us.

"Our men instantly aimed up hill, but sufficiently low, at the line of legs just visible under the

smoke.

"And such was their precision, that as we steadily advanced, we had to stride over bodies which lay just as they had fallen, in regular line, but seldom with faces turned towards us.

"The destructiveness of our fire far surpassed anything I have ever witnessed; but owing to the Indian style of fighting instinctively adopted by our men-viz, of standing erect, taking deliberate aim, and firing; instantly bending low, or crawling several yards to the front; rapidly loading, waiting for a "return;" and judging distance by the line of legs visible under the dense vapour, which did not fall within two feet of the ground-our casualties were unaccountably few, and those mostly shot in the hand or arm, owing to the overshooting of the enemy.

"But while things were thus progressing with this portion of the field, with the enemy gradually falling back through the woods to the plateau, Escobedo was vigorously pushing the centre of the line, and some of his forces coming into action on the left, by a road approaching the field in the

north-west.

"Being driven from the wood and up the hill on to the plateau by our right and centre, they fell

back, and threw forward a heavy force of artillery which swept the open field and tore down the edge of the captured woods in which our forces were resting and reforming.

"Fatigued and torn as we were, the most difficult and desperate fighting was yet before us.

"For in the north-east their heavy masses of infantry stood in admirable order, half a mile away.

"And the array of shining bayonets, waving banners, and a perfect circle of artillery flame rapidly shelling north and south-west, plainly indicated that before we could advance through their still standing camps many thousands would inevitably fall.

The count attempted to move forward in the centre, but his division, thoroughly exhausted by hard marching and constant fighting, was unequal to the task, and was drawn in favour of my own boys.

"The troops succoured Casper on the left, and had been actively engaged since the combat opened, but the regiment of Frontier men was held in reserve, and as this was the 'great fight' in which they had participated, a desperate part was assigned them to act.

"While dispositions were being made for the final struggle, the sun sank upon the scene, and perhaps mistaking the causes for our inactivity, Maximilian moved up heavy masses, of infantry to drive us from the woods.

"This was too much of a joke.

"For our infantry, now fully rested and re-formed, calmly remained in the edge of the forest, and awaited their approach.

"Their advance was beautiful, and as they came on in unbroken line, with colours waving, and men cheering, a thrill of admiration was felt by all.

"When within a hundred yards our men lay close to the ground.

"They received the volley, and rose to their feet at a 'ready.

"Imperial commanders jumped to the front, and led on their men to the 'charge.'

"They advanced a few yards in unbroken lines, "A few paces nearer their line began to waver, and swayed from wing to wing like a curving wave.

"But ere they recovered from apparent indecision -while colours rushed to the front, and commanders pranced about and shouted-our whole line delivered an accurate and deadly volley, which seemed without end, and simultaneously yelling, dashed out from the edge of the woods, rushed headlong through their own smoke, and were upon the disorganized masses of the enemy bayoneting, pistolling, and knifing, in the wildest manner, driving them in the utmost confusion through their camps, seizing many guns, and approaching within a few yards of cannon hastily thrown forward to cover the fugitive masses.

"Much was gained by this charge, but as not a single piece of our artillery had yet been brought into action.

"The lands were flat and open.

"Their guns opened upon us with redoubled

fury.
"The left of their lines was still held by powerful earthworks, and our right exposed to a flank move-

"This latter they attempted to achieve, but the old count, in withdrawing from the centre, had marched by our rear, and lay in wait, under cover

of the conquered strip of woods, so that when their forces appeared on our right, up rose the brave old count to meet them.

"They were apparently astonished.

"But while engaged in reforming their lines, and bringing forward fresh forces to make a desperate effort to restore the lost equilibrium of things, their right was assailed with great fury by our left.

"Another force, assured of our victory, was rapidly marching through country to their right

and rear.

"The absence of artillery sorely perplexed us, and particularly on the left, where their cannon were sweeping all approach with canister and grape.

"Several regiments had been thrown forward to capture these pieces on their right, but, having proceeded to some distance, they were exhausted and baffled by the enemy changing position and gradually retiring.

"Occasionally rising to their feet, our thinned and bleeding regiments staggered forward a short distance further, but suffering severely, they again fell on their faces, and picked off scores of cannoniers, completely unmanning several guns.

"As to the advance of their infantry, they cared

not a jot.

"It was exactly what they desired.

"Their cavalry charged; but, without forming square, our men closed up their broken files, and received them with such unerring aim that they never essayed to gallop down upon us again.

"Their infantry next appeared; but without waiting for them, our men rushed forward and fired, while they rushed back again in unmanageable confusion.

"Again and again their guns fired; it was evident they were gradually preparing to retreat, but while several regiments were annoying their guns and killing scores of gunners, a wild shout arose to the rear.

"On came the Frontier-men at a run, officers in front charging among their redoubts and guns—smashed up their right—and while desperately engaged against great odds, the whole line closed up, and a hand to hand conflict ensued at all points!

"Clouds of dust, woods smoking on every hand, long lines of musketry fire, the deafening roar of artillery, and piercing yells, arose on every hand.

"The dark, dense mass of the enemy slowly retired through their camps, across the creek and though the woods in the north-east part of the field; bursting of caissons, and explosion of ammunition waggons, lighting up the scene on every hand.

"But while myself and others were hurling our commands at the stubborn enemy, and rapidly capturing guns, munitions, and prisoners at every turn, the distant roar of cannon, miles away to our front, breaks upon the ear, and news is soon brought that Escobedo in person is breaking their line of retreat towards their fortified camps on the north bank of the river, and has already captured several thousand prisoners, including cannon, waggons, and officers of all ranks.

"And thus the battle of Queretero was over, and the victory ours!

"Couriers and generals and regiments moving to and fro told that the enemy were to be hard pushed, and nothing left undone to completely annihilate those which had been opposed to us.

"So that, though the roar of musketry to our

front, and southward across the creek, told that we were driving them closely towards their fortified hills and camps near the city, it was certain these movements and preparations were in anticipation of hostilities on the morrow, should Maximilian essay a second attempt to maintain possession of the city, under cover of his numerous fortifications still untouched, several of which in the distance could be seen, not more than a mile away, with camp fires burning and rockets quickly ascending in the star-lit sky.

"The field was rich in booty.

"I myself counted several magnificent brass guns pointed south-west and north-west, with caissons, and horses, and dozens of cannoniers, just as they were left by vanquished owners. Camps, clothing, thousands of prisoners, and immense quantities of small arms, banners, drums, etc., etc., were gathered in a few hours, while most of the troops lay where they had halted, and fast asleep; many using a dead man for a pillow!

"The destruction was certainly awful, and, if many guns fell into our hands, heaps of men round them told that they had been heroically defended.

"Many horses were shot, but the enemy finding themselves unable to carry off the guns had deliberately cut the throats of uninjured animals to prevent them falling into our hands.

"Without giving the enemy breathing time, a council of war was held, and a vigorous pursuit was resolved upon.

"This determination on the part of Escobedo and our other generals was a wise one.

"Spies from the city of Queretero came out in dozens, and informed us of the state of affairs in that city.

"It was ascertained from these men that the Emperor Maximilian had staked almost his very existence on the result of the battle just fought.

"He was reported to have said that if the combat should take an unfavourable turn, that there and then would be a termination to his hopes of empire.

"He is said to have raved and sworn like a madman because of the departure of the French

troops for Europe.

"But Maximilian was deceived by the impostors who surrounded him.

"They told him that the Mexican people loved him, and desired the establishment of an empire among them, and that they would not desert him.

"All this was false.

"The people as a nation absolutely abhorred the very idea of an empire founded by an Austrian prince, and resolved to die in defence, not of him, but of their own national rights.

"That this was the true sentiment of the people cannot now be doubted.

"A succession of bloody encounters in all quarters proved to Maximilian that the masses were heart and soul with Juarez and the Republicans, despite the petty intrigues of Lopez and a few others who wished to sow the seed of desertion in the ranks of the peoples' army.

"The people of Queretero were burning with impatience for the advance of Escobedo and our

gallant men.

"Without taking much time to consider, therefore, our army marched boldly towards the city of Queretero,

"And after a hot siege and many sanguinary encounters, we assaulted, and would have taken the place at the point of the bayonet, but Maximilian and his staff, giving up all hope of assistance or success of any kind, surrended himself to Escobedo amid the enthusiastic rejoicings of all Mexico.

"Thus, my dear brother, I have recounted to you all that has happened to myself and my gallant band of Boy Soldiers in Mexico, and it remains for me to add but a few words more regarding several individuals whom you know, and to say in very brief tones what has become of them.

"In the first place, the old count, who had been with us so long, and distinguished himself so very much in this war, has been offered a command of importance, under General Escobedo, in the regular Republican army.

"He did not at first think of accepting it, but the smiles of a famous Mexican beauty won him

over.

"He at last resolved to settle in the country, and I believe has done so.

- "May a long life and joy be his share through life, for none of us can forget the white-haired gentleman, or his kindness and gallantry on al occasions.
- "Caspar was also invited to stay in the country, but he refused, and the reason was this:—
- "A few weeks ago he received a very important communication from a legal gentleman in England, who discovered, after much labour, that Caspar had been cheated out of a large fortune by knavish relations.
- "Caspar did not leave us for several weeks, for he could not believe in his good fortune.
- "In the meantime, however, a second letter came, telling him that those who had so long deprived him of his just rights had been seized, cast into prison for forgery, and that they had made a full confession, to the effect that Caspar was the only son of Sir Robert Caspar Phillips, in Wales, and that, when a child, he was stole away, and never afterwards heard of, until discovered through the exertions of Mr. Ferret, attorney, of London.

"Caspar, as might be expected, departed for Europe at once, bent upon marrying his old sweetheart, and no doubt will arrive in London long ere this reaches you.

"The two American trappers who have so long and faithfully accompanied us in our varied fortunes have left the army, and are now in the city of Mexico—dancing, and singing, and spending their money like princes.

"Fatty, after many troubles, dangers, and lots of frolic, has at last succumbed to the winning ways of a rich young Mexican widow, and married her.

"He intends to visit England, he says, and resolves to astonish every one of his relatives in his costly gold-laced Mexican garments.

"The young widow seems very fond of Master Tony, and not many years hence we may expect he will be the happy father of a large family of bouncing boys.

"He struts about with gold spurs and ridingwhip, sombrero trimmed with gold tassels, and styles himself—Don Antonio Waddleduck.

"Young Buttons was loth to part with Tony, but does not like Mexico, he says, but prefers to get a sweetheart in merry old England, and hence returns home with me.

"If I am at all successful with uncle's affairs when

I return, I shall reward the faithfulness of Buttons most handsomely, for he shall never want for anything while I live. I have grown to like the merry little imp so much that I could not now part with him.

"Hugh Tfacy, than whom a nobler, braver English youth never breathed, is at present unsettled, and has not made up his mind what to do.

"Escobedo points him out to all as the finest specimen of a gallant soldier in the whole army.

- "Juarez has, three or four times, had interviews with him, and endeavoured to prevail upon Hugh to stay in Mexico; but has not won him over as yet.
- "All sorts of honours would be showered down upon Hugh Tracy if he were to stay; but from what Hugh says, I think he will go with us to Europe to see his friends once more, and then, perhaps, he may return to Mexico, and settle down for life.

" As to myself, I will not say much.

"Suffice it for you to know that when Juarez and Escobedo heard of my determination to depart for Europe, they got into a terrible rage, and swore that they would not part with me on any consideration.

"One of the grandest and most responsible positions in the Republic has been repeatedly offered for my acceptance; but I have declined them all, for I could never think of leaving old England for ever. You know how ardently I have loved Nelly Lancaster for years. How, then, can the smiles of any fair one, however noble or wealthy, make me prove false to her?

"No, Tom, a true soldier is also true to his plighted word. I love Nelly Lancaster, and I care not who knows it; and, be she now sick or poor, she is the same to me, and have her for a wife I will, if it costs me my life.

"While finishing this letter, I cannot but reflect and feel some regret at the number of our gallant boys who have fallen in this war.

"The Boy Soldiers were ever foremost on all occasions, and, as a consequence, many, very many, have fallen on the field of glory.

"Few, very few, of those gallant lads who followed me from Bromley Hall School, have lived to see the end of this bloody war; but those that are alive, though bearing many honourable scars, and entitled to rich rewards for their heroism, have determined to return home with me, and, in the bosom of their families, tell the tale of distant wars around the merry crackling fires in their own homesteads.

"At this moment, and before I close, I have received a commission sent you by Juarez, who wishes you to take a command in the Republican navy. Whether you will do this or not remains with yourself to decide.

"One word more, and I close this, my last letter.

"We are coming to England by the next mail steamer.

"Each and all of us that remain of the Boy Soldiers have been handsomely rewarded with honours, decorations, gold, and continual feasting, and all we can say as our parting word is—

"'Success to the Republic of Mexico, and its brave people!'

"Yours, &c.,

"FRANK FORD,"

CHAPTER THE LAST.

IN WHICH INNOCENCE IS TRIUMPHANT, AND VILLANY MEETS A JUST REWARD!

BUT while the stirring events narrated in the preceding chapter were transpiring far beyond the sea, let us glance at the sudden change in affairs at home.

Gale, the detective, now that he had old Jonathan, Barney, and others in custody, worked night and day to capture every one who in any way had anything to do with the murder of old Ford at the Red House.

Slowly but surely he got upon the trail of the two miserable fugitives, Lawyer Flint and his rascally son Joel, alias Count Schmidt.

With the instinct of a bloodhound, he followed them from place to place, and, when least expected, he pounced down upon them, and lodged them in one of the strongest prison cells in Bow Street.

The old cabman was next looked after, and in less than a week was discovered one night waiting for a part of the Bromley gang of housebreakers, who, at that moment, were engaged in robbing a bank situated in a dark, lonely and unfrequented street in the city.

Gale recognised the old cabman at a glance.

He did not raise any alarm at the moment, but procured the assistance of several other officers, who waited until the burglars had finished their work.

Their plunder was quickly placed in the cab, and when the driver was just in the act of whipping his horse to start off, Gale and his officers pounced down upon the vehicle, surrounded it, and, after a severe fight, in which knives and pistols were freely used against the officers, the villains were all secured, and conveyed to Bow Street handcuffed.

Gale was wounded in this encounter, but not dangerously.

But, judge of his joy when he discovered among these desperate characters no less a person than—

Warner

Gale forgot all about his wound, and felt so much rejoiced that he had at last captured every one concerned in the murder at the Red House, that he stopped out all night on the spree.

The case was now completed.

Yet one important part remained to be discovered,

Where was the treasure chest?

This thought gave Gale much trouble for an hour or two.

For it is always a rule of honour with expert detectives to secure not only whatever prisoners they are in search of, but the treasure also.

Believing that Warner and his friends of the Bromley gang might know more about the immense wealth which had been so mysteriously stolen from young Flint's lodgings than any one else, he visited the cells and had a confidential chat with one of the Bromley men who seemed more chicken-hearted than the rest.

As this fellow did not much relish the idea of penal servitude for life, he told Gale all that he knew about the expert robbery, which, in a few moments, had reduced "Count Schmidt" from opulence to extreme poverty.

When the hiding-place of this treasure was thus discovered, Gale lost no time in securing it.

This, then, was the end of the brave detective's labours in ferreting out all concerned in the barbarous robbery and murder of old Ford at the Red House.

When informed of the whole matter, Captain Tom Ford danced about the room for joy.

He felt very impatient for the arrival of Frank in England, and the trial might have been put off for some time but for an accident.

Warner was so enraged against old Flint, Jonathan, and Joel, that he sent for Gale, and made a full confession of the whole affair unknown to Flint.

The lawyer, in turn, to save, as he thought, his old neck from the gallows, made a confession also to the prison chaplain, wrote it out and signed it with his own hand.

But he did not mention a single word of what part he had taken in the murder long ago of the bride and bridegroom at Bromley Hall.

But this was supplied by old Jonathan himself.

Ever since the old villain had been in prison, he seemed haunted both night and day by frightful spectres.

His oaths and blasphemy were appalling to hear.

His hair turned gradually to a snowy whiteness, his teeth chattered, his eyes rolled, and he danced about like a maniac.

In his fury he accused old Flint of every crime he could imagine, and when, in a temporary state of calmness, he told the tale of horror concerning his own and old Flint's horrible deeds at Bromley Hall, he made the officers around him shudder again.

Not only this, but he acknowledged the murder of old Flint's clerk in Green Court, and of his systematic cruelty and brutality to sundry children who had died under his hands at Bromley Hall.

When these horrible revelations had been made, old Jonathan was seized with sudden cramping pains during the dead of night, in his cold cell.

Thinking that the old villain was only raving, as usual, no notice was taken of him.

But next morning revealed a most horrible spectacle.

He was lying on the floor of his cell, curled up like a ball.

His eyes were protruding, and he had torn the flesh from his arms with his teeth, in some intolerable agony.

He was dead!

A more horrible sight could not be imagined than this.

But of the rest, they lived to stand their trial for wilful murder.

Barney, Warner, old Flint and his son, were severally placed in the dock, and their own confessions were more than sufficient to condemn them. Flint and Joel were condemned to be hung.

As they left the court, Joel stopped for a moment and seemed to shiver in every limb.

His gaze encountered that of the handsome youth, Captain Frank Ford, and several of the Boy Soldiers, who had returned to England but a few days before.

Joel stared, and a volley of insane curses poured from his lips, but he was hurried to his cell and heavily ironed. Warner and Barney were also condemned to die for murdering the policeman in old Flint's office, but even to the last Warner preserved his coolness, and even smiled in triumph as he stood on the gailows, side by side with old Flint.

The fatal bolt was drawn; four human beings were launched into eternity; Calcraft got his money

and grinned!

But what shall we say of the brave man, Gale? He was promoted and made a superintendent in the detective force, and after many years of useful and indefatigable services, he retired from active life, rewarded, as he should be, with a handsome pension. But the most pleasant moments of his life, Gale was wont to say, were passed in the company of Captain Frank Ford and his beautiful young wife, Nelly Lancaster, who, with Captain

Tom and Caspar (now also married to his faithful sweetheart) were in the habit of giving frequent balls and parties at their residence in Belgravia.

And old Lancaster, who once had detested the mere mention of young Frank Ford, was now often heard to say to his friends,

"The best day's work I ever did was to give my consent to the marriage of my daughter to young Frank Ford, for he is one of the most handsome, gallant, and opulent gentlemen in the kingdom, and Nelly loves him ardently."

To which the company rising would often rejoin,

"Fill your glasses to the brim, and let us drink long life and happiness to all the Boy Soldiers; and of times since to Frank Ford, the Boy Soldier, Garibaldi's young captain."

THE END

TOOK OUL! TOOK OOL!!

The most Startling and Wonderful Story ever placed before the Public will aboutly appears webselve by consolering bost Arabous of the day, entitled—

ROVING JACK,

THE PIRATE HUNTER;

- and ,40

ROBBERS FOE, BY SEA AND LAND.

This Story will abouted which the onest sensetional and Thirding Mileschires over which or Wrockers, Plantis, and Religious; this some and conficus, which is a sensetion for bold Program courage. All will d'ACE, sure l'image l'industrial and Mileschire l'industrial and Mileschire Adventurés by senset d'industrial and des noves beservently and the destruction of the horder of th

REMEMBER,

ROVING JACK,

THE PARE HE DAY

WILL SHORFFY AFFRAR:

A SPLENDID PICTURE of the PIRATES' ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE and CONVENT, and No. 2 given ever with No. 1

THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND!

Sporely will be Dalkished in Woolly Numbers, poles One Poury.

THE BOY SAILOR

OR. LIFE ON BOARD A MAIN-OF-WAR.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERSTING STORIES OF THE DAY!

Interwoven with the Tele will be dead.

A Graphic Account of Wrecking, Wreckers, Emuggiers, and Mon-of-Wars' Men Ashore, with various wild Legende of the Cornish Deast.

C. S. AND A COLUURED WRATTER WITH No. 1.

LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!!

The most Startling and Wonderful Story ever placed before the Public will shortly appear, written by one of the best Authors of the day, entitled—

ROVING JACK,

THE PIRATE HUNTER;

OR, THE

ROBBERS' FOE, BY SEA AND LAND.

This Story will abound with the most Sensational and Thrilling Adventures ever written of Wreckers, Pirates, and Robbers; this new and exciting Story will prove that, for bold English courage, ROVING JACK, the Pirate Hunter, in all his Wild and Daring Adventures by sea and land, has never been surpassed. His attacks on the fierce Pirates at sea; his bold and lion-like courage in the Robbers' Cave when awaiting death; his desperate encounter with the Red Pirate; his gallant plan for escape with his young companions, will be read with intense excitement by all.

REMEMBER,

ROVING JACK,

THE PIRATE HUNTER,

WILL SHORTLY APPEAR.

A SPLENDID PICTURE of the PIRATES' ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE and CONVENT, and No. 2 given away with No. 1

THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND!

Shortly will be Published in Weekly Numbers, price One Penny,

THE BOY SAILOR;

OR, LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING STORIES OF THE DAY!

Interwoven with the Tale will be found

A Graphic Account of Wrecking, Wreckers, Smugglers, and Men-of-Wars' Men Ashore, with various wild Legends of the Cornish Coast.

No. 2 AND A COLOURED WRAPPER WITH No. 1.